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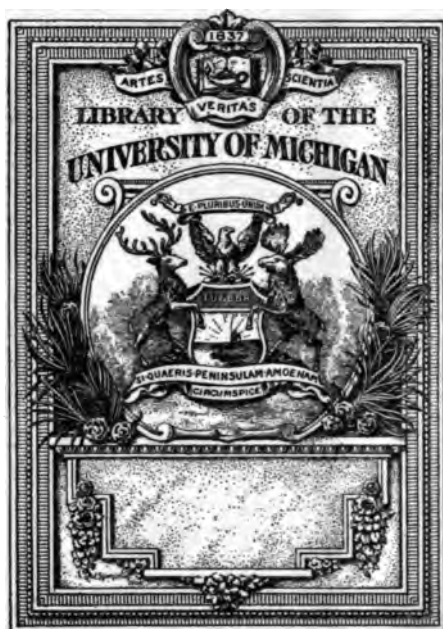
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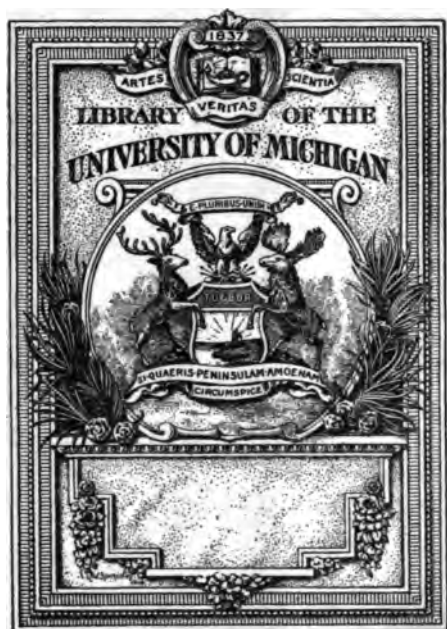




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HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO. IX.—THE PHILOSOPHER.

THERE are few things in history more curious than the position which philosophy has occupied in the world since ever men began to think upon their thoughts. By general consent the title of a great philosopher has been allowed to represent the highest eminence to which the human mind can attain. Something more stable and not less divine than poetry, more lofty and comprehensive than mere science, more searching than theology, more profound than ethics—embracing and transcending common reason, common observation, all the best gifts of ordinary mortals—this noblest of pursuits has everywhere taken the foremost rank in the opinion of the world. It reveals itself out of the depths of antiquity the oldest of all studies. Before physical science had come into being, or when it existed but as a series of distorted guesses at the wonders of external nature, philosophy was. Though it has changed with every changing generation, developed, waned, undergone countless revolutions, there has been no break in

the thread of its continuous labour. How charming is divine philosophy! There is no intellectual occupation to which the common mind yields such unvarying reverence. Poetry is to some but a light art, a minstrel's song, half amusement, half waste of time. Of science, even at the present day, and much more in former ages, men have asked, *Cui bono?* but it is a kind of instinct in humanity (as appears) to respect philosophy. There is no educated man of the present or of many preceding generations, who would not take shame to himself if obliged to confess that he knew nothing of, or had no sympathy with, this science of the soul. We may scoff at the unpractical tendency of abstract thought, at its exaggerations, its unrealities, its want of a true hold upon the steady soil; but yet there is not one of us who is not more or less impressed by the often misapplied title of "the greatest thinker of his age." We may—nothing more probable—dislike the bearer of that title, disapprove of him, feel that by very ex-

cess of logic he makes himself futile; yet we cannot contest the supremacy it confers. And thus, looking back along the line of ages, there appears to us a line of great figures—figures almost more notable in their calm than those of the greatest practical agents the world has seen. Bacon, for example, in the rich Elizabethan age. The greatest of English poets is on the same scene, and with him a sovereign of personal note and mark, great statesmen, and some of the most picturesque and noble gentlemen—Sidney, Raleigh, Essex—that ever adorned England. Yet, even in presence of Shakespeare it is difficult to say that Bacon is not the most illustrious—for his deeds? alas! no—his deeds damn the man—but because of his transcendent eminence as a philosopher. It is thought, and thought only, that gives him his supremacy. It is needless to pursue through history the names of those who have won on the same ground a long-enduring fame. Yet the science which has conferred this fame has become in modern times the most unsatisfactory, the least beneficial, the most impractical of all knowledges. Amid the busy world, in which every man has his work to do and his burden to bear, to walk over real thorns that tear his flesh, and burning ploughshares that penetrate to the bone, the greatest thinkers have but lived to prove that nought is everything and everything is nought. Their researches have only led them to the conclusion that nothing can be found out. It is the labour of Sisyphus, never ending, still beginning, which has cast over them the mist of splendour through which posterity beholds them. Instead of expanding our horizon and bringing new truths to our knowledge, the only practical issue of their labours has been to reduce the number of our beliefs and make us uncertain of all things. Each new thinker who has risen in the world of modern philosophy has taken something from us. Even

the concession grudgingly made by one has been annulled by his successor. Let one man afford us the cheering certainty that our consciousness is a reality, and that we can know and be sure that we live; another comes after him to declare, no: that Something lives of which we are a part; Something which we cannot understand, yet may believe; and that this Something is the sole reality in the universe. If one grants us the power of perceiving the image of things so truly as to be able to trust in our conception of them, another contradicts him with the assertion that the images alone exist, while of the things we can have no assurance; and a third follows with the still more disheartening warning, that we must not trust even those images, our minds being like a distorted mirror, full of false reflections. A discouraging, humiliating, unadvancing science, making progress, perhaps, in method and form, but, so far as result goes, arriving only at the conclusion that it is itself a delusion and impossibility. All other knowledges have contributed something to the common stock of human profit: philosophy alone has given us nothing. She has bidden us believe that we live as shadows in an unreal world—that nature and all her glories are but the phantasmagoria of a dream—that the skies and the winds are but so many notions of our own uneasy, restless brain. While we, the ignorant, have been roaming, not uncheerily, about a world full of sunshine and of moonlight, she has groped on from one darkness to another, losing a faculty, a faith, a scrap of feeble certainty, at every step. Such is the story as traced even by her own votaries. Yet it is this constantly-failing, constantly-dissatisfied science which has given their chief title to immortality to some of the names most known and famous in the ordinary world.

Let it be understood, to begin with, that the present writer has no

pretensions to touch the history of philosophy as a philosopher should. It is with the eyes of the outside spectator, or, as the subject of this sketch expresses it, *the vulgar*, that we regard its strange, long-continued, unproductive toil. We do not attempt to take up its phraseology, or to explain its changes, so far as they come under our notice, from within, but from without. Without overstepping that barrier which separates the external sphere, in which everything is real to our rational faculties, from the interior, in which all is image and idea—some notion, we think, may be given of what was going on at a certain period in the inner circle, and how its movements affected, and were affected by, the outer shell of practical existence. The eighteenth century was full of philosophers and philosophising, and yet it cannot in any way be described as a philosophical age. It is an age of rude contact, wild prejudices, petty motives, everything that is most foreign to the principles of pure thought. If there had been any practical tendency in the science to elevate men's minds, and bring them to a better atmosphere, a more fit opportunity for the exercise of its influence could not have been. But this is an agency which no philosopher claims. In utter disinterestedness, without hope of gain or reward, the thinker goes on in his sphere within a sphere. The world and its doings are nothing to him—men and their ways are beneath his notice. While the world beats the air in its fierce fever, while it fights and struggles with all the perversities of life, he stands, in the dim Camera Obscura of his own consciousness, gazing at the reflections of things turned topsy-turvy by the laws of nature. Is it a real world that is outside? No. It is but some phantasm, probably quite unlike the moving current of images that come and go. There are no things in his universe—there are but thoughts;

or if anything exists besides thought, it is that Something—be it God, be it devil, be it matter or substance, or howsoever the word may change—a vast darkness, which no man can fathom or define. The great sea raging outside has little influence on the calm flux and reflux of his tidal river: now it ebbs to some bare unity, called, it may be, Idealism, it may be Sensationalism; now it rises in a tide infinitesimally greater, to acknowledge a duality of mental power. In endless succession come those fallings and flowings. The spiritual conception rises with Descartes, rises with Spinoza, ebbs with Hobbes, begins to mount with Locke, swells to a spring-tide in Berkeley, falls back to the lowest water-mark in Hume and the philosophers of the Revolution. Yet how small a space is represented in this coming and going! From Descartes, who was sure of himself, to Hume, who was sure of nothing, the distance is scarce so much as might be represented by the line of glistening pebbles or muddy bank between high and low water-mark. And so far as the big universe was concerned, these great thinkers might have been but so many children weaving their endless bootless games upon the margin of the stream. Man knew as much and as little of himself at the end as at the beginning. He knew as little of the speechless forces round him; he was as ignorant of whence he came and whither he was going. It may be said that true philosophy proposes no end to itself, and is beyond all vulgar longings after a result; but we reply, that our estimate of its extraordinary, brilliant, and bootless labour—a labour which has confessedly occupied some of the finest intellects in the world—is made from without, and not from within. No one questions the strange interest of these inquiries to all who get within the magic circle. But to what purpose is this waste? asks

the bewildered spectator; and neither from within nor from without is there any reply.

The reigning philosophy of the time was that of Locke, when George Berkeley came into the world; one of those serious moderate compromises between two systems of which the English mind seems peculiarly capable. Rejecting as untenable the philosophy which deduced everything from individual consciousness, and yet not material enough to deny some power to the mind itself in conjunction with the senses, Locke formed the conception of a double action always going on in those dark recesses of the human intellect which have never yet given forth their secret to any inquirer. His decision was, that though sense supplied the mind with all its materials, yet there was in the mind a certain power of reflection and rumination over the material supplied which made every final conclusion a joint process effected by two powers acting together—experience bringing in the corn, but reflection grinding it in the mill. According to this theory, no innate principle, no intuitive certainty, belonged to man. True, he might move about among the phantasms of earth with a certain vulgar external sense of their reality, but to know any one thing exactly as it is, was for ever denied to him by laws immutable. His own ideas of things were all his possession; they might not even resemble the things themselves, and probably did not—but they were all to which he could attain. The ground on which he walked presented to him certain appearances of verdure, beauty, solidity, various and extended surface; but these were but impressions made on his senses, combined and accumulated by his intellect, and not, so far as he knew, affording even a fair representation of the earth in its own individuality. And yet the earth possessed an individuality, and the something, the

substance, whatever it was, really existed. With these impressions, Locke insisted, it was meet that man should be satisfied. Satisfied or not, he had reached the end of his tether. To go farther was impossible—to gain anything like absolute knowledge was impossible: the contentment thus enjoined might be to an eager spirit only the forlorn and pathetic resignation of a being blindly stumbling among the ghosts of things; but to Locke's calm and unexaggerated intelligence it was the reasonable contentment of a creature born to no better enlightenment, able to derive pleasure and pain, though not knowledge and certainty, from the shows of nature, and bound to make a virtue of necessity and put up with its inevitable deprivations. Most men do so without finding any difficulty in the matter; and it was fit and right that they should do so, concluded the philosopher, with a calmness and moderation which were indeed the characteristic sentiments in his case of philosophical despair. He was resigning his own science when he said it. "Locke gave up philosophy as hopeless," says Mr. Lewes. To this point had the silent tide crept up when Berkeley came into the world.

And here the spectator who knows the age will brighten with a thrill of warmer interest. The philosopher who was about to awaken the discussions, the laughter, the ridicule of the eighteenth century, is no abstract being shut up in a fictitious world. In him life gives no contradiction to fame. There is not a spot in his existence for which his warmest admirer need fear the light of day. Bishop Berkeley was not only a philosopher, he was a man. His being was not starved upon the meagre fare of speculation, but nourished by all the generous currents of existence. A life full of active service to his kind, full of the warm impulses of a spontaneous, frank, open-hearted Irish nature—a sensibility so keen as to lead him

even to Quixotisms and oddities of kindness—give such a warm background to his philosophy as no other great thinker within our recollection can equal. A man who is ready, at an age when men are supposed to consider their own comfort, to sacrifice himself in one of the least comfortable of missions—a man moved in later years to pause in his philosophy in order to promulgate tar-water—grand specific for all the physical ills of humanity—one who feared neither poverty nor neglect nor derision for what seemed to him at the moment the best he could do for his fellow-creatures,—is such a man as is rarely met with in the sphere of philosophy. No mental system has called forth such contemptuous criticism, rude laughter, and foolish condemnation—none has been denounced as so visionary and unreal; yet Berkeley is the one philosopher of modern times who brings the race within the warmest circle of human sympathies, and casts a certain interest and glow of light from his own nature upon metaphysics themselves.

He was born in the county of Kilkenny, in March 1684, of one of those families of English colonists who have so curiously affected the history and character of Ireland. He himself was of the second generation after the immigration of the household, and presents himself to us with so many of the best features of the traditional Irishman that it is difficult to refrain from identifying him with that busy, eloquent, restless Celtic genius which common opinion has given to the country of his birth. There are no details but the drier of his youth. He was educated, in the first place, at Kilkenny School, then taught by a Dr. Hinton, and at fifteen was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Dublin. Wealth there seems to have been none to make his family conspicuous; and their descent from the Berkeleys of Stratton was apparently illegitimate, and did not count. His

extreme youth at the time of his entering the University would seem a sign that his great powers had been early developed; and it is apparent that his vivacious temperament, and the ferment of universal rebellion against recognised views and modes of thought so common to young men of genius, soon drove him into utterance. His first publications were upon mathematical subjects, and one of them, at least, was written before he was twenty. At twenty-three he was admitted Fellow of his College, and two years after published his 'Theory of Vision,' a work which we cannot here discuss, but which Mr. Lewes tells us, in his 'History of Philosophy,' made "an epoch in science." Up to this moment no light except the feeblest twinkle of history falls upon the young man. How he lived, or what were his surroundings, are matters entirely invisible to us. "He was much addicted to reading" the "airy visions of romances," his biographer tells us, not without an insinuation that these studies helped "to give birth to his disbelief of the existence of matter." The connection is one which we fear it would be difficult to trace, though the suggestion is delicious. The romances with which Berkeley amused his eager and manifold intelligence must have been those splendid fictions of the school of the 'Grand Cyrus,' which little Lady Mary Pierrepont a few years before was reading in her nursery. But the young philosopher, it is evident, did not confine himself to fiction. "Disgust at the books of metaphysics then received in the University, and that inquisitive attention to the operations of the mind which about this time was excited by the writings of Mr. Locke and Father Malebranche," concurred with his novel-reading to incline him towards a new system of thought. And it is evident that there were in Berkeley other elements at work,

differing from the ordinary motives of the philosopher. Though there is no want of candour in his reasoning, nor any disingenuous attempt at the probation of any system distinct from that of metaphysics, there is a foregone conclusion essentially unphilosophical in his mind from the outset. It is "in opposition to sceptics and atheists"—it is "to promote" not only "useful knowledge," but "religion," that he gives forth his philosophy to the world. This motive gives warmth and force to his words, and heightens every energy of thought within him; but it is not the passionless search for truth, whatsoever that truth might happen to be, which is the ideal temper of philosophy. One can imagine the young man's nature rising into a glow of pious enthusiasm—high indignation with the frivolous doubting world around him—a passion of lofty eagerness to change the spirit and atmosphere which fills his country and debases his age. Under all the measured composure of his demonstrations, this light of meaning glows subdued, like the sunshine through the golden-tinted marble which serves for windows, as many of our readers will remember, on that Florentine hill where San Miniato watches the dead. He is betrayed not by any act or even word, but by the intense still light of purpose and meaning in all his speculations. Each step he takes conducts him not into new and undiscovered lands, where each inch of space may, for ought he knows, contain a discovery, but, with a steady regularity and stateliness, to one great point at which he has aimed from the beginning. He has covered over the cross on his buckler, and fights for the moment in armour which bears no cognisance; but yet he is as truly, according to his perceptions, the champion of religion, as if he wore the outward appearance of a Crusader. It is curious enough,

and looks like a kind of natural punishment for this beautiful and touching disingenuousness, that Berkeley's idealism holds the place of a stepping-stone to the unmitigated scepticism of Hume. The strain was too great for the common mind, and produced a reaction; and the assumption by the idealist of all power and perception to the intellect alone, provoked an examination of that intellect on the part of the sceptic such as nothing human can bear. But, we repeat, there is no disingenuousness in Berkeley's reasonings. They are even pronounced to be (philosophically) irrefutable—a fact which is no demonstration whatever, either of their truth or of the cessation of other attempts equally irrefutable (philosophically) to prove them at once futile and foolish. So charming is divine philosophy!

But the impression we derive of Berkeley as a man, in the first outburst of his powers, is by just so much the more attractive and lovable as this secret meaning within him is unphilosophical. Such an ardent, impassioned, generous young soul, as those which, some forty years ago, facing the infidel world with all the fervour of youthful opposition made beautiful by piety, began that peaceful revolution in France, which has, alas! developed into Ultramontanism, and many things less lofty and lovely than Montalembert and Lacordaire; such a young knight of Christianity as about the same period the English Church gave birth to, among the earlier followers of Newman—to develop (again alas!) into Oratorists and Ritualists—was the Irish youth, fallen upon evil days for religion, surrounded by scepticism and that brutal freethinking which belonged to the eighteenth century, reading Locke and Malebranche and the 'Grand Cyrus' in his rooms at Trinity, and feeling his heart burn within him. Such a one, throbbing all over with spirit and soul and genius—half scornful of, half indifferent to, the body

which was, as he felt to his fingertips, but the docile servant of his growing, swelling, creating mind—such a one to acknowledge that sense was all, or almost all, that man had to guide him! The fashion of the age did not run in the way of great missionary exertions in our sense of the word; and Berkeley had actually embarked in the tortuous ways of metaphysics. It is not difficult to imagine with what a silent ardour, with what light in his young eyes, he turned to elaborate his own system of thought. Philosophy is always free to do what youth is always inclined to; and that is, to spurn all previous foundations, and begin from the beginning for its own hand. Thus the field was open for the Idealist; no tradition of his science bound him to respect the theories which had preceded his. An iconoclast is nothing to a philosopher. Berkeley put his foot upon Locke without a moment's hesitation, and strode on to the often-contested and never-conquered field.

It was in the year 1710, when he was a young man of six-and-twenty, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, working with his pupils in the obscurity of an island much more distant in all practical ways from England than it is now, that the 'Principles of Human Knowledge' were published. He does not seem in all his subsequent life to have gone beyond or much developed this early work. But in order to enable the ordinary reader, who is not a philosopher, to follow the true sense of his argument, it must be permitted to us to pause once more and make clear the difference between the world of actual life and the world of philosophy. If the arguments belonging to the one are received as applying to the other, they are simple absurdities, such as no man other than a fool or madman could hold or dwell upon. Dr. Johnson's "peremptory refutation," as Mr. Lewes called it, of Berkeley's theory by the easy expe-

dient of kicking a stone, and Reid's similar argument about breaking his head against a post or stepping into a dirty kennel, are simple sillinesses, strange though it may be to give such a name to the sayings of two such authorities. They suggest a confusion of the two worlds, quite excusable in the vulgar, but unpardonable in the learned. Outside everything is real to us. In our practical concerns we do not pause to discuss what images are imprinted on the eye, or what sounds on the tympanum. We hear and we see, which is quite enough for us. Neither do we pause to consider how it is that an impression of something snowy white or blazing crimson is conveyed to us when we look at a rose; the rose does not seem, but is, red or white. It is rich with perfume; it has thorns that prick and moss that clothes it. We walk on solid soil without for an instant contradicting reason by the supposition that the foot which strikes that steady surface, and the earth that receives it, are but phantoms of our senses. The most profound and the most ideal of philosophers walks abroad like other men, and accepts the ordinary accidents of nature with that unhesitating natural conviction which he can no more contest than he can doubt he ever so much—doubt his own existence. The stone and the post are as indubitable to him as to ourselves. Few philosophers have lived so healthful and full a material life as the man who denied the existence of matter; but then he never denied its existence in the outer sphere of fact and everyday reality. "That what I see, hear, and feel doth exist—i.e., is perceived by me—I no more doubt than I do of my own being," says Berkeley. "I do not argue against the existence of any one thing that we can apprehend either by sensation or reflection. That the things I see with my eyes and touch with my hands do exist, really exist, I make not the least question."

Out of doors, in common daylight, common air, in the life which he enjoyed fully, with all his young faculties strung to its pleasures and its wonders, Berkeley was as other men. A keen observation of everything going on around him is apparent in his letters. The "horrible rocks" of the Alpine passes make his heart melt within him; the miseries he sees in France as he passes through it "spoil his mirth." Wherever he goes it is with open eyes, full of vivacity and human kindness. This is the world we live in, the world familiar and homely, whose facts are incontestable, whose delights console, whose horrors appal us. In respect to its stones and its posts, its roses and its landscapes, Berkeley is at one with all mankind.

But lift the curtain which hangs over the door of the philosopher's study, and it is a different world which you enter. He sits there in the silence, with his books round him, with his desk before him, a musing and bewildered creature, and asks himself what is real, and what is a vain show. In that silence there is but one thing that makes itself evident, so as no man can contradict it. He himself is—that is the point from which he starts. It may not, perhaps, be capable of elaborate demonstration, but yet it is, even by a philosopher, indisputable. He is there, but what are these visions around him? All that he can understand of the merest table or chair is, that it conveys a certain notion to his mind. The tree that looks in at his window is, he knows, not green in itself, but green by right of some property in his eyes that makes it so. His hand touches something on which he leans—what is it? But for the hand that touches, the arm that leans on it, the thing would have of itself no conscious being. What is it, then? What can we ever know about it? Folly to laugh at to the echo outside, but within actually the subject

which has occupied for ages the closest thoughts of the greatest thinkers. The carpenter who made this bit of oak or mahogany into shape, no doubt, with open mouth and eyes, and with inextinguishable laughter, would tell the philosopher all about it; but the philosopher, for his part, knows nothing about it. He cannot tell how that dead thing can be. He looks at it on every side, and can make nothing of it. Is it the shadow of some mysterious unknown thing which exists unseen, unfathomable, in the wide wastes of earth? or is it only so far as it impresses its likeness upon a seeing eye that it exists at all? This is the question he makes to the blank silence, which gives him no reply. The conclusion came to by the philosophy of Locke was, that a vast phantom called Matter did exist in the world—that houses and mountains, and even tables and chairs, *were*, in some shadowy way, because of this vast substantial soul, if such an expression may be used, which was behind them. As the soul lives, according to the Christian faith, because God lives, so things were, according to philosophy, because Matter was. What it was, how it was, or what connection it had with all these eccentric signs of its presence, nobody could tell any more than anybody, unassisted by the light of revelation, can tell what God is, or how He unites Himself to His creatures. The other was an Earth-God, a kind of heavy inanimate soul to the inanimate universe. It brooded upon the depths a visible darkness. It found an Avatar, like the Hindoo Divinity, in every new development of solid shape and size. Such was the idea current in the darkling world of philosophy. We repeat, all this had no more to do with the ordinary globe than a chemical knowledge of its constituent parts has to do with the refreshing influence of a draught of water. Outside, all was plain matter of fact, indisputable reality, a

world full of things and beings of many sorts and varieties; inside, there were but, as it were, the shadows glimmering confused upon a mirror—sometimes growing into dark shapes, sometimes dispersing into mere vapour. To bring the processes, the reasonings of one world into another, would be simply absurdity. In the one, liberal nature takes everything for granted; in the other, nothing is believed, nothing allowed—everything put to severest examination. Without fully acknowledging and perceiving this distinction, and that with a candour and clearness which is not displayed by either Johnson or Reid, we can neither understand Berkeley's system nor that of any other great leader of (so-called) thought.

After this preface, we may venture to give such an indication as comes within the range of an ordinary observer of the views contained in the 'Principles of Human Knowledge,' written when he was six-and-twenty, by the brilliant young Irishman, which, Mr. Lewes tells us, "made an epoch in metaphysics." These principles are: That spirit, the unseen being of God and of man, is the only real and knowable existence in the world: that the Earth-God—the inanimate abstraction Matter, in which external things were supposed to live and have their being, as the soul lives and has its being in the life of God—is a mere invention of human fancy: and that we can form no conception of the world around us except as perceived by us. Such are the plain and simple foundations of Berkeley's system. From this it will be seen that much laughter was expended by the age, and many shafts of dull wit shot at the philosopher which fell entirely wide of their mark. In these clear and simple principles there is nothing about the non-existence of stones or poets.

"The only thing," he says, "whose existence I deny, is that which philosophers call matter or corporeal substance.

And in doing this," he adds, with a touch of humour, "there is no damage done to the rest of mankind, who, I daresay, will never miss it. . . . So long as we attribute a real existence to unthinking things distinct from their being perceived, it is not only impossible for us to know with evidence the nature of any real unthinking being, but even that it exists. Hence it is that we see philosophers distrust their senses, and doubt of the existence of heaven and earth—of everything they see and feel, even of their own bodies. And after all their labour and struggle of thought, they are forced to own we cannot attain to any self-evident or demonstrative knowledge of the existence of sensible things. But all this doubtfulness which so bewilders and confounds the mind, and makes philosophy ridiculous in the eyes of the world, vanishes if we annex a meaning to our words, and do not amuse ourselves with the terms absolute, external, exist, and suchlike, signifying we know what. I can as well doubt of my own being, as of the being of those things which I actually perceive by sense—it being a manifest contradiction that any sensible object should be immediately perceived by sight or touch, and at the same time have no existence in nature, since the very existence of an unthinking being consists in being perceived."

This, then, is the much-talked-of, much-laughed-at idealism of Berkeley. Like every other system of philosophy, it involves the disciple in a thousand difficulties. To say that the furniture of a room, that the landscape seen from the window, exists only when the inhabitant of that room beholds the one or the other, conveys (or would convey, were we outside in the ordinary world) a manifest absurdity. But he is not without his answer to all such objections. "The table I write on I say exists—that is, I can see and feel it—and if I am out of my study, I should say it existed, meaning thereby that if I were in my study I might perceive it, or that some other spirit actually does perceive it. . . . But, say you, there is nothing easier," he adds, "than to imagine trees, for instance, in a park, or books existing in a

closet, and nobody by to perceive them. I answer, you may so, there is no difficulty in it. But what is all this, I beseech you, more than framing in your mind certain ideas which you call books and trees, and at the same time omitting to frame the idea of any one that may perceive them? but do not you yourself perceive or think of them all the while?" Thus the idea widens, gathering to itself all forces of imagination and memory. These outside mysteries of nature live in your perception of them, live in your thought of them. When darkness falls over those woods you know, and makes them invisible, are they not there alive, breathing, rustling under the night wind, in your thoughts? and if not even in your thoughts, how can you tell what benighted creature, desolate of all comforts, may haunt them, making the gloomy glades alive with the consciousness of a human eye? or what angel, leaning from the heavens, may charm them into reality? Or, higher still, does not God look and behold, giving them existence with His glance? "Some truths," says the philosopher, his gaze widening, his mind swelling with an exaltation worthy his subject, "are so near and obvious to the mind that a man need only to open his eyes to see them. Such I take this important one to be—to wit, that all the choir of heaven and furniture of earth—in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, have not any existence without a mind, that their *being* (*esse*) is to be perceived and known; that, consequently, so long as they are not actually perceived by men, or do not exist in my mind, or that of any other created spirit, they must either have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some eternal spirit." Where could there be found a theory more touching or more sublime? All the choir of heaven, and all the furniture of earth—all the little stars unnamed and unknown in their

systems—all those unseen isles of paradise which lie in undiscovered seas,—hanging, as in their proper atmosphere, like the motes in the sunshine, in the light of the eyes of God! Never has a nobler conception filled the heart of any poet. The young soul in which it had its origin has such a right to the name of Seer as falls to few of the most nobly endowed among men.

It is not within our range or sphere to follow this new system through the storm of argument, laughter, and discussion which it called forth. It is enough for us to state what the theory was, which even at this present day brings a smile to the lip of many an ignorant bystander at Bishop Berkeley's name. The strain of subdued enthusiasm and lofty poetry in the book attracted many minds; and so did the close and unbroken chain of reasoning, of which Hume said, "that it admitted of no answer," although it produced no conviction. If the pretensions of philosophy are admitted at all, Mr. Lewes tells us that Berkeley is irrefutable. "He failed, as the greatest philosophers of all times have failed, not because he was weak, but because philosophy was impossible," says the historian of philosophy. The book, a small octavo volume, never came to a second edition so long as its author lived, but yet became at once sufficiently known to win him some fame, and to puzzle the brains of the philosophical world. "Mr. Berkeley published, A.D. 1710, at Dublin, the metaphysic notion that matter was not a real thing," says Whiston in the 'Memoirs of Dr. Clarke'; "nay, that the common opinion of its reality was groundless, if not ridiculous. He was pleased to send Dr. Clarke and myself, each of us, a book. After we had both perused it, I went to Dr. Clarke and discoursed with him about it to this effect, that I, being not a metaphysician, was not able to answer Mr. Berkeley's subtle *premises*, though I did not at all

believe his absurd conclusion. I therefore desired that he, who was deep in such subtleties, but did not appear to believe Mr. Berkeley's conclusions, would answer him; which task he declined." Thus the young Irishman splintered his lance upon the world without finding any immediate champion to do battle with him. There was a pause of consternation in that misty, doubtful, uncertain sphere. The old philosophy "did not appear to believe," but "declined the task" of replying. It was some time before it found breath and courage enough even to acknowledge the challenge.

For two years after this the young Fellow of Trinity remained in Dublin, no doubt doing his work with the joyful energy of his youth and enthusiastic temperament. During this time "the principles inculcated in Mr. Locke's two treatises on Government seem to have turned his attention to the doctrine of passive obedience," says his biographer, "in support of which he printed the substance of three *Commonplaces* delivered by him that year in the College chapel." He himself explains this publication, by way of preface, with a mixture of that lofty optimism which distinguishes all his thoughts, and which so often carries men of his stamp, in their very pursuit of the highest good, into conjunction with the meanest tyrannies—with that frank straightforward opposition to the great antagonist he had chosen for himself, which is equally characteristic of the man. The age was not favourable to the doctrine of passive obedience; all its political order, in short, was founded upon a flat and practical contradiction of the theory. So far from passively obeying, England had but lately expelled her hereditary monarch, had set in succession two daughters of the exiled king upon his throne, and was now plotting the introduction of an altogether new family of rulers, leaving the old in banishment, in the hope that her new lords would do

her will instead of demanding of her that she should do theirs. Right or wrong, such was the principle rooted deeply by recent events in the heart of the nation. An opposite opinion meant at that moment Jacobitism, revolutionism, anything but devotion to the powers that be. In short, the title of the powers then actually existing to the obedience and devotion of the people was of so unreal a character that such a treatise at such a time looked very much like either rebellion or nonsense. Berkeley, however, meant it as neither. This is how he explains his curious exposition of duty:—

"That an absolute passive obedience ought not to be paid to any civil power, but that submission to government should be measured and limited by the public good of society; and that, therefore, subjects may lawfully resist the supreme authority in those cases where the public good shall plainly seem to require it—nay, that it is their duty to do so, inasmuch as they are all under an indispensable obligation to promote the common interest: these and the like notions, which I cannot help thinking pernicious to mankind and repugnant to right reason, having of late years been industriously cultivated and set in the most advantageous lights by men of parts and learning, it seemed necessary to arm the youth of our University against them, and take care they go into the world well principled; I do not mean obstinately prejudiced in favour of a party, but, from a nearly acquaintance with their duty, and the clear rational ground of it, determined to such practices as may speak them good Christians and loyal subjects."

Perhaps nobody but an Irishman could have sent forth in perfect good faith at such a crisis a work of such a kind. Queen Anne was sinking towards her end. It was the general meaning and expectation that the new family, with no claims whatever upon the obedience of the nation, should be set in her place; and it is little wonder that this whimsical big bull should have been afterwards produced against

Berkeley, when he was recommended for promotion to the new Majesties. In the long-run, happily, it did him no harm; nor is there the least trace that he had any intention of turning the eyes of the young fervid English-Irish community towards the exiled Stuarts, who alone, sacred in their divine right, could have any claim upon the passive obedience of their hereditary subjects. His aim was honestly to prove "that there is an absolute unlimited non-resistance or passive obedience due to the supreme power, wherever placed in any nation;" and unappalled by the amazing contradiction of circumstances around him, he worked out his theory with a calm as perfect as if the social order of the empire had never been disturbed. A few months after this publication, he went to England for the first time, and was received with enthusiasm. The whole guild of literature seems to have opened its arms to the young philosopher. Steele on the one side, and Swift on the other, brought him into the heart of all the society of the day. Addison, at this or a subsequent time, was so much interested in him that he took the trouble of bringing about a meeting at his own house between him and Dr. Clarke, in order to the discussion and reconciliation, if possible, of their different views. Pope writes to him that "my Lord Bishop Atterbury was very much concerned at missing you yesterday," and entreats him to "provide yourself of linen and other necessaries sufficient for the week; for as I take you to be almost the only friend I have that is above the little vanities of the town, I expect you may be able to renounce it for one week, and to make trial how you like my Tusculum, because I assure you it is no less yours, and hope you will use it as your own country-villa in the ensuing season." Atterbury himself, a more congenial spirit, adds his praise of the young

adventurer in terms which seem high-flown to the sober ears of posterity. "So much learning, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels till I saw this gentleman," says the Bishop. Thus, universally admired and adopted by the wits, the young man's short career "in town" must have been a continued triumph. He published there the 'Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous,' in which his new system of philosophy was once more set forth and elucidated to the world. The form of dialogue was one which pleased the age; but it has radical disadvantages at all times, and especially when dealing with a subject so difficult. The reader cannot but feel that the hapless interlocutor, set up there to be driven into one corner after another, compelled to make the most damaging admissions, and finally beaten and triumphed over, is in every respect a man of straw, rather enfeebling than strengthening, with his weak objections, the strain of the argument; nor are the dialogues so readable (although so evidently intended to be more readable) as the grave work which preceded them. What with this publication, and his warm reception by society, Berkeley's short stay in London must have been sufficiently full. He is said to have written several papers for the 'Guardian,' only one of which, however, can be identified as his. He was introduced and recommended specially, it would seem, by Swift, who was one of his many friends, to that strange hero of romance the Earl of Peterborough, then about to start upon a mission as Ambassador to the Court of Sicily and other Italian States, and became his secretary and chaplain. In the suite of this remarkable and eccentric personage Berkeley left philosophy and England, and went out, wandering on an errant course

certain points." Of this meeting a curious story is told. The priest was in his cell when the young clergyman, heretic in more than religious faith, went to see him. He was discovered "cooking in a small pipkin a medicine for a disorder with which he was then troubled—an inflammation on the lungs. The conversation naturally turned on our author's system, of which the other had received some knowledge from a translation just published. But the issue of his debate proved tragical to poor Malebranche. In the heat of disputation he raised his voice so high, and gave way so freely to the natural impetuosity of a man of parts and a Frenchman, that he brought on himself a violent increase of his disorder, which carried him off a few days after." Thus Malebranche died of Berkeley in the most curious, tragi-comic way; and indeed few contrasts could be more striking than that of the old French priest in his cell, with his pipkin and his cough, shrill and worn, yet impetuous still, and the strapping young Fellow of Trinity, with the fresh winds blowing about him, and all his youthful powers in full vigour. He was a month in Paris, and made full use of his time; and his power of conversing with his fellow-travellers, and understanding disquisitions at the Sorbonne, full of French fire, is not one of the least of his acquirements. There are, alas! many fellows of colleges, men full of philosophy and fine attainment, who even in these travelling days might be found to hesitate at such a test.

From Paris the travellers went on to Italy, daring the dangers of the Mont Cenis pass on New-Year's Day—an experience which Berkeley seems to have found appalling enough. "I can gallop all day long, and sleep but three or four hours at night," he writes, from the sunny side of the Alps, to his dear Tom. The account of his

travels contains, of course, nothing new to the modern reader; indeed he acknowledges, even at that period, that "Italy is an exhausted subject." Yet he does not hesitate to give a sketch of Ischia to Pope, —one of those little bare, yet not unsuggestive, descriptions of the "delicious tale" in which the age abounded. To Dr. Arbuthnot, another of the friends his reputation had made for him among the wits, he sends his account of Vesuvius. Wherever he goes, it is with his eyes open, his mind intent upon the sight and understanding of all. This first expedition lasted not quite a year, but was immediately followed by a second, taken in charge of a pupil, a Mr. Ashe, son of the Bishop of Clogher, who had previously been Provost of Trinity College. Between these two expeditions he had a fever, of which Arbuthnot writes to Swift with friendly playfulness. "Poor philosopher Berkeley has now the *idea of health*, which was very hard to produce in him," he says, "for he had an *idea* of a strange fever on him, so strong that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing a contrary one." Thus his friends, with kindly jeers, smiled at the Idealist; as indeed it has been his fate to be pursued with jeers, not kindly, from that time until now.

He was absent for four years on his second expedition, and, it is apparent, made himself acquainted with the depths of Italy as few men can, even at the present day. Nor was he so much occupied with his travels as to abandon speculation. On his way home, stopping at Lyons in one of the many pauses of those slow journeys, he composed what his biographer calls "a curious tract, 'De Motu,' which he sent to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, the subject being proposed by that assembly." This paper "Concerning Motion" was afterwards published in London in the year 1721, and is in perfect agreement with the characteristic strain

of Berkeley's philosophy, his theory being that all motion centres in God, the one Great Mover of the universe. Even these abstruse reasonings, however, though carried on in conjunction with the cares of a traveller, were not sufficient to occupy his many-sided intelligence. In the same year, 1721, the period of the South Sea catastrophe, the eager Irishman, full of interest and concern in everything that affected his country, sent forth 'An Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain,' which falls, with a mixture of quaint wisdom and simplicity, upon ears warped from the modesty of nature by those suggestions of political economy which were then unknown to the world. Berkeley's cure for the evils of his country is that simplest, most indubitable, and yet most impossible of cures—that men should become better, wiser, and purer. "Whether the prosperity that preceded or the calamities that succeeded the South Sea project have most contributed to our undoing," he says, "is not so clear a point as it is that we are actually undone and lost to all sense of our true interest: nothing less than this could render it pardonable to have recourse to those old trite maxims concerning religion, industry, frugality, and public spirit, which are now forgotten, but, if revived and put in practice, may not only prevent our final ruin, but also render us a more happy and flourishing people than ever." The reader follows the argument with a certain reverential amusement, if we may use such words. This eighteenth century was the falsest and most artificial of ages, and yet what a depth of simplicity must have lain in the heart of a nation to which the philosopher could recommend, as to a primitive people, this noblest primitive remedy! Let every man become religious, modest, industrious, says the dreamer; where is the difficulty?—apart from any national crisis, is not this every

man's duty, every man's highest interest?—and all will come right. The succeeding practical suggestions are even more utopian. He thinks "if the poor-tax was fixed at a medium in every parish, taken from a calculation of the last ten years, and raised for seven years by Act of Parliament, that sum (if the common estimate be not very wrong) frugally and prudently laid out in workhouses, would for ever free the nation from the care of providing for the poor, and at the same time considerably improve our manufactures. We might, by these means, rid our streets of beggars;" he adds, in his simplicity, "even the children, the maimed, and the blind, might be put in the way of doing something for their livelihood. As for the small number of those who by age or infirmities are utterly incapable of all employment, they might be maintained by the labour of others; and the public would receive no small advantage from the industry of those who are now so great a burden and expense to it."

Had the philosopher lived to see the dreaded and hated workhouse of our own day, how strangely would he have been surprised by the result of his suggestions! He goes on to imagine how the same tax, "continued three years longer," might set our roads in order and render our rivers navigable; "so that in the space of ten years the public may be for ever freed from a heavy tax, industry encouraged, commerce facilitated, and the whole country improved"! Our genial reformer next proceeds to suggest "some reward or privilege to those who have a certain number of children," and that the public should "inherit half the unentailed estates of all who die unmarried of either sex"! Taxes upon "dead bachelors" he holds, with a delightful scorn of the creature, to be "in no sort grievous to the subject"! Nor does he let women altogether escape, though touching that chapter with

a light hand, like the gallant gentleman he was. He would have sumptuary laws, restraining "the luxury of dress which giveth a light behaviour to our women." He would have order taken with public amusements, the drama reformed, the masquerade abolished. He would have "a pillar of infamy" to mark the memory of the swindler with an odious immortality. He would have a "parliament house, courts of justice, royal palace, and other public edifices built" suitable to the dignity of the nation, with decorations of pictures and statues, in order "to transmit memorable things and persons to posterity," to "spirit up new arts, employ many hands, and keep money circulating at home;" though this project, he fears, would "be laughed at as a vain affair, of great expense and little use to the public." Last of all, he would encourage public spirit by "erecting an academy of ingenious men, whose employment it would be to compile the history of Great Britain, to make discourses proper to inspire men with a zeal for the public, and celebrate the memories of those who have been ornaments to the nation, or done it eminent service. Not to mention," he adds, with the quaint humour which now and then breaks in upon his grave argument, "that this would improve our language, and *amuse certain busy spirits of the age*, which, perhaps, would be no ill policy."

This essay holds no such important place among Berkeley's works as we give it here; and yet we know nothing which more illustrates the spirit of the man. Bits of true wisdom are in it, with interminglings of that fantastic theorising of which a "thinker" so called, seldom shakes himself absolutely free when he takes to planning for the good of the outside world; yet how different, even in his most fantastic moment, how modest and sober, is our Idealist in comparison with most intellectual dreamers! He was in London

at the time the essay was written, seeing around him on every side the consequences of the national madness. And yet he was in very fine company, and made much of in the brilliant world when he reappeared from time to time bringing tidings with him, as it were, from the ends of the earth. One of the places where he is most visible to us at this distance is in the little philosophical parties which gathered round the Princess of Wales in her opposition Court in Leicester Fields. She gave the philosophers one evening in the week, and found recreation in their learned talk. "Of this company were Dr. Clarke, Hoadley, Berkeley, and Sherlock. Clarke and Berkeley were generally considered the principals in the debates that arose on these occasions; and Hoadley adhered to the former, as Sherlock did to the latter." Thus they discussed and rediscussed—Caroline, with her bright eyes, looking on, with the ready interest and keen wit which distinguished her. To such a little oasis of brightness and social enjoyment our wandering philosopher comes by times, gleaming out suddenly into the midst of the wit and the embroidery. But it never seems to have had the fascination for him that it had for Swift, nor did his lingering advancement and the unproductive character of royal friendship embitter the sweeter temper and gayer heart of Berkeley. He went back to Ireland in 1721, as chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant, without any apparent reluctance to leave the society even of Leicester Fields, and found there fortune and preferment awaiting him of which, probably, he had never dreamed.

The fortune came in the most curious way from a woman unhappily too well known to the world—the hapless and foolish creature whom Swift's love and indifference drove to distraction and death. Poor Vanessa, tragical, self-willed, despairing woman, had seen young Berkeley with her terrible hero in

1713, when she was at home and all was well with her; and in the rage and anguish of her deathbed, the unfortunate soul bethought herself of the young man who seems to have touched all the world with a feeling of his goodness. She left her whole fortune—wildly indifferent to her own kindred, wildly indignant with the man on whom she would fain have bestowed it—to be divided between Berkeley and another of her friends, though it was years since she had met the philosopher, and there seems to have been no special friendship between them. His share amounted to about £4000—no inconsiderable matter for a man without fortune. This curious incident does not seem to have made any breach in the friendship between himself and Swift, which is remarkable enough. A year or two later the preferment came in the substantial shape of the deanery of Derry, which was worth £1100 a-year. By this time Berkeley was forty—not the most adventurous of ages. After long waiting, he had at length attained such a climax of his temporal hopes as justified him in marrying and settling, as people say. Marry he did after a while, but the idea of “settling” was far from having any place in his mind. Not quite six months after his appointment to the deanery we find him once more setting out for England with the strangest errand. Not philosophy this time, which in most previous cases had been found quite compatible with the strictest regard to a man's private interest. On the contrary, it was Quixotism of the wildest description, such as never philosopher had been known to be guilty of before. An idea had seized upon his busy brain more dangerous than any onslaught upon matter. It had occurred to him some fine day, no one knows how—in the learned babble of Leicester Fields perhaps, or on the Italian hills, or amid the salt spray on the shores of his own island—to think

of certain ignorant savages far away over the seas, where a new English empire seemed forming on the shores of America. America itself was hidden in the mists of the future, and no premonition warned Dean Berkeley of that immeasurable Yankee nation which was so soon to come into being. It was “a scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christianity” that began to work in his teeming brain. The unhappy Red men, so dwindled, so miserable and hopeless, bore an interest then which it seems now strange to contemplate. Nobody knew how they were to be swallowed up and pushed out of their places; and men had already dimly opened their eyes to the value of that great continent as a place big enough and rich enough to supply room for the overflowings of the mother country, however vast these overflowings might be. And in this case, how important was it to conciliate, and cultivate, and Christianise the native race! To be sure there were but two things to do—that, or exterminate them; and extermination had not dawned upon any mind as the preferable alternative as yet. Accordingly, the new Dean is scarce warm in his seat before this idea, however conceived or suggested, begins to work so strongly in him that he cannot rest. Derry and £1100 a-year, and all the advantages of place and position, become as nothing in comparison with these savage Americans. Yet there is a certain statesmanlike calm even in his fervour. It is no wild solitary expedition on which he longs to set out. His scheme is to carry a staff with him—to go accompanied with his brotherhood, a colony of evangelists. Their work was to be done by means of “a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.” In 1725 he published his plan for this expedition. He himself was to resign his appointment and become head of the college on the magnificent stipend of a hun-

dred pounds a-year; and his eloquence and enthusiasm had so won upon his friends, that no less than three young Fellows of his University declared themselves willing to accompany him, abandoning all their prospects. To gain an endowment for this college, Berkeley set out in the end of '24, armed with all the recommendations his friends could give him, to men powerful in Church and State. Here is one of these commendatory letters, which not only throws the vivid light of personal revelation upon Berkeley, but reveals out of the darkness, in one of his softest moments, a tragical figure, still more remarkable and universally known than himself. The letter is addressed to Lord Carteret, then Lieutenant of Ireland, and it is Swift who writes :—

"3d of September 1724.—There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone for England—it is Dr. George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth about £1100 a-year. He takes the Bath in his way to London, and will of course attend your Excellency, and be presented, I suppose, by his friend, my Lord Burlington; and because I believe you will choose out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man and his errand. He was a Fellow in the University here, and, going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect there called the Immaterialists, by the force of a very curious book on that subject. Dr. Smalridge and many other eminent persons were his proselytes. I sent him secretary and chaplain to Sicily with my Lord Peterborough; and upon his Lordship's return, Dr. Berkeley spent above seven years in travelling over most parts of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came back to England he found so many friends that he was effectually recommended to the Duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made Dean of Derry. Your Excellency will be frightened when I tell you all this is but an introduction, for I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and

power, and for three years past hath been struck with a notion of founding a University at Bermuda, by a charter from the Crown. He has seduced several of the hopefulest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment; but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a little tract which he designs to publish, and there your Excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academic-philosophic of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries, where he most exorbitantly proposeth a whole hundred pound a-year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him and left at your Excellency's disposal. I discourage him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible and a vision, but nothing will do. And therefore I do humbly entreat your Excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design, which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage."

Berkeley's pamphlet, which was published early in the ensuing year, sets forth at length all the necessity and advantage of this wonderful scheme. He begins by lamenting "that there is at this day little sense of religion, and a most notorious corruption of manners in the English colonies settled on the continent of America and the islands," and that "the Gospel hath hitherto made but a very inconsiderable progress among the neighbouring Americans, who still continue in much the same ignorance and barbarism in which we found them above a hundred years ago." After summing up the causes of this condition of affairs, one of which he describes as the mean qualifications, both in learning and morals, of the clergy, who are, in many cases, "the very dregs and refuse" of the Church, he propounds his plan—a plan which has been adopted in recent

days with at least as much success, we believe, as has attended any other missionary scheme—of training young natives as missionaries to their countrymen. Conjoined with this was the prospect of being able to educate “the youth of our English plantations” to fill the colonial churches; but it was on the savages evidently that Berkeley had set his heart. Religion is failing, he thinks, in the Old World. “In Europe the Protestant religion hath of late years considerably lost ground, and America seems the likeliest place wherein to make up for what hath been lost in Europe.” High dreams of a continent evangelised and a new world brightening into Christianity rise to his mind as he speaks. Nor is the scheme without its intermixture of romance. It was in “the Summer Islands” the college was to be planted—its principal with one hundred a-year, its fellows with forty. “Several gentlemen,” he says, “in all respects very well qualified, and in possession of good preferments and fair prospects at home,” were ready to engage in it—“to dedicate the remainder of their lives to instructing the youth of America and prosecuting their own studies in a retirement *so sweet and so secure*.” Rock-encircled islands, so defended by nature that foe or pirate could not come near them, lavishly supplied with all that nature needs; tranquilly free from trade, yet with a little navy of sloops coming and going between them and the world; a vast sea around, which cools the hot breezes and softens the northern winds; a climate “like the latter end of a fine May;” tall cedars to shelter the orange-trees; the calm of philosophy, the light of love (for was not the missionary sage about to be married?), a splendid aim and a hundred pounds a-year! It was the most wonderful combination which ever presented itself to a dreamer’s eye; a bower of bliss, an academic grove, and at the same

time regeneration of the earth and a new world won to God. No wonder the fervid Irishman haunted St. James’s like a ghost, and struggled to get rid of the rich prize of his deanery, its wealthy stipend and dignified leisure. He got his will so far as words went: after a long and tedious struggle he attained to a charter for his college and a (promised) grant of £20,000. His heart was so moved by his success, that, so far as we are informed, for the only time in his life Berkeley burst into song. His “success drew from our author,” says his biographer, “a beautiful copy of verses, in which another age will acknowledge the old conjunction of the prophetic character with that of the poet to have again taken place.” How far Berkeley would have consented to the realisation of his hopes as carried out in the strangely-different fashion intended by Providence is a different question; but yet the verses have enough of that strange mixture of blindness and insight which we call the prophetic faculty, to merit a place in the record of his life:—

“VERSES ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS
AND LETTERS IN AMERICA.

“The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

“In happy climes, where from the genial
sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
And force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

“In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth or
sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

“There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic saga,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

“Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;

The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is its last."

It is strange that these verses should never have been suggested by any enterprising American as the national anthem of the new empire—curiously falsified so far as Berkeley's meaning went, yet taking, like so many other bits of unconscious prophecy, a wonderful signification of their own.

On the 1st of August, 1728, Berkeley was married to Anne Foster, a daughter of the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons—a lady, as he himself says in the quaint phraseology of the time, "whose humour and turn of mind pleases me beyond anything I know in the whole sex." On the 6th of September the pair set sail from Gravesend upon their amazing mission. Mr. James and Mr. Dalton, two young men of fortune; a Mr. Smilert or Smibert, "an ingenious painter;" and a cousin of Mrs. Berkeley's, "my Lady Hancock's daughter," made up the little party. Berkeley took with him "a pretty large sum of money of his own property, and a collection of books for the use of his intended library." Thus the wild enterprise was actually carried out with such defiance of prudence and such devotion to a purpose as perhaps no mature man newly married, and with the responsibilities of individual life upon him, ever manifested before. He was now over forty, an unenthusiastic age, and the position which he thus abandoned must have been, both in income and rank, fully up to his highest hopes. Nevertheless the philosopher set sail, America shining before him in a haze of coming splendour, the empire of the future, "Time's noblest offspring." We fear America has proved ungrateful as well in the present advanced state of her history as in the immediate result of Berkeley's mis-

sion, and has not added, as she ought, the name of this early and fervid believer in her destiny to her beadroll of saints and heroes.

But the little mission never got to Bermuda. The party went to Rhode Island, and took up its residence in Newport, a town "containing about six thousand souls, the most thriving, flourishing place in all America for its bigness." In this small community Berkeley found "four sorts of Anabaptists, besides Presbyterians, Quakers, Independents, and many of no profession at all," but all living in tolerable peace and quiet, and all agreed, or politely professing to be so, that the Church of England was the second-best. Here he purchased land and built a farmhouse, meaning to make of his new property a stock farm to supply the future college at Bermuda. But the months passed wearily on, and the first flush of hope wavered, and the promised Government grant, without which nothing could be done, was not forthcoming. Anxious letters, full of increasing care, came from the troubled missionary. Though he threw himself at once into clerical work in his temporary abode, it was work with no satisfaction in it. If this were to be all, he could not but bethink himself that "upon all private accounts I should like Derry better than New England." His friends, wearying too of the quiet of Newport and the suspense, went off to Boston, and upon various expeditions. There his first child was born, and "a great joy" to him. "Among all my delays and disappointments, I thank God," he says, with quaint sobriety, "I have two domestic comforts that are very agreeable, my wife and my little son, both which exceed my expectations, and fully answer all my wishes." But yet notwithstanding these solaces, even Berkeley's stout heart began to fail. His letters convey the idea to us of a man on a headland straining his eyes

out to sea for ships which will not come. The winds blow him chance bits of news in an irregular, half-reliable way. Now it is that one of the men whose co-operation he had hoped for, has been made a bishop at home, which calls from him an impatient sigh of congratulation, "since I doubt we are not likely to see him in this part of the world." Now it is the heart-sickening tidings that a ship has been cast away with letters on board, which probably would have brought consolation. But consolation in the shape of his £20,000, Berkeley was not destined to receive. With his wife only standing by him, and his baby to amuse him, and his ear continually on the strain for such echoes from England as might come across the sea, the indomitable soul set to work again, and produced, by way of occupation to his anxious leisure, the 'Minute Philosopher,' a book intended for the refutation of the freethinkers of his time. It was "written in a series of dialogues on the model of Plato," and contained—besides a long strain of close and powerful argument, which of course, in the change which has come over scepticism, as well as other modes of thought, is little better than a fossil at this time—many pleasant quaint indications of the manners of the day, the "dishes of tea," in which even freethinkers seemed to delight, and the little landscapes, quaint compositions, like the pretty artificial background of one of Stothard's engravings, where they meet the virtuous rustic, and find all their skill and cleverness crumble to nothing before him. Such was the fashion of the age; and nothing can more clearly manifest the difference between that period and our own, than the contrast between the freethinker as set forth by Berkeley, who was himself a man of the world, and knew what he was describing—professed libertine and scoffer, setting pleasure high above

virtue, and almost professedly denying God in order to be free of the restraints of His law—and the pious, even pietistic, doubter of our own time, with his high morality and his tender conscience. Berkeley knew of no such refined and wonderful being. His Alciphron and Lysicles are fine gentlemen, "bloods" of the fullest flavour. And yet this is how (being on a visit in the country) they manage their meetings: "As we sat round the tea-table, in a summer parlour which looks into the garden, Alciphron, after the first dish, turned down his cup, and, reclining back in his chair, proceeded as follows——" How comical are the little changes of manner and custom which a century makes; and how much more than comical, how amazing, the difference in sentiment and thought!

But in the mean time no news or bad news came from England. The money from which the endowment of the Bermuda College was to have come was otherwise appropriated; and Sir Robert Walpole, on being finally appealed to, made answer, that of course the money would be paid *as soon as suited the public convenience*, but, as a friend, he counselled Dean Berkeley to return home and not to await that far-off contingency. Thus the whole chivalric scheme broke down. Berkeley had wasted four years in the blank existence of the little New England town, had "expended much of his private property," and spent infinite exertions and hopes in vain. A long period before his actual setting-out had been swallowed up in negotiations to obtain this futile charter and unpaid grant. He gave up, on the whole, some seven years of the flower and prime of his life to the scheme thus cruelly and treacherously rendered abortive. It is so that England treats the generous movements and attempted self-devotion of her sons. Had it been a factory or a plantation, there might have been some hope for Berkeley;

but a college with only ideal advantages, mere possibilities of influence and evangelisation,—what was that to Walpole, or to the slumbrous proaic nation over which he ruled? A generation later, indeed, that Utopia in the Summer Islands, had it been planted, might have been of use to England; but there have been few statesmen in our island of more generous temper than that of the Jewish king, who was satisfied that there should be peace in his time. Berkeley returned in 1732 to England, his hopes over, so far as the New World was concerned, his deanery gone in the Old World, his money spent, and the cares of a growing family upon him. Had he but contented himself with pleasant Derry and his £1100 a-year, as any other philosopher would! But here our Idealist stands alone among philosophers, and in a very small minority even among men. One friend he had who understood and appreciated the man. Queen Caroline, herself advanced from Leicester Fields to the full glory of St James's, lost no time in doing what a queen could do to compensate him for his failure. But even queens in England cannot do everything they will, and it was two years before Berkeley was provided for. At the end of that time he became Bishop of Cloyne, and returned for the remainder of his active life to his native country, henceforward to employ all the powers of his intellect for its advantage, and to spend, in comparative obscurity and unceasing beneficent genial work, the latter half of his days.

Nothing can be more curious, especially at the present moment, than the incidental light thrown upon the Ireland of a century ago by the life of such a man. It would be difficult to conceive anything more unlike the Ireland which plays so large a part in the political world to-day. At that time nobody had so much as begun to think of the rights or wrongs of

the nation, though it possessed that highest of supposed advantages—an actual Parliament of its own. We have already said that in Bishop Berkeley's own character there is so much of the traditional Irishman that it is difficult to avoid identifying him with the country in which he was born; and yet everything in his biography, as in all contemporary works, goes to prove how entirely distinct was the native race from the English colony which ruled and represented it. The Irish are not much more to Berkeley than were the Red men whom he had so longed to preach to. They occupied, it would seem, a position not dissimilar. They were savages, to whom a benevolent protecting colonist was kind, teaching them the first principles of social economy, and elementary rules of prudence and self-interest;—and whom a bad colonist was correspondingly hard upon as upon an abject and inferior race. The schemes that were current in the island for introducing manufactures and industries of various descriptions—the great society which distributed flax-seed and lent tools, and coaxed the pitiful barbarian into helping himself, bear all the character which attend the bringing in of civilisation in the savage corners of the earth. Paddy himself, our old witty well-beloved friend, does not seem to have had any existence when Bishop Berkeley wrote the 'Querist,' or when Chesterfield set up an anxious and short-lived Vice-Regality at Dublin, and Mr. Prior, the "dear Tom" of Berkeley's letters, established his society. At that day he was a wild aboriginal man, no gleam of his natural genius having yet shone through his uncouth guise—as unlike the Paddy brought into knowledge (we suppose) by Miss Edgeworth, as is the factious and irrepressible Irishman of the moment. And certainly, if it were wanted to prove the beneficial action which a Protestant bishop might exercise in such a

country, no better example could be found than that of the Bishop of Cloyne. When thus settled permanently in his own island, Berkeley devoted himself to its interests with all the enthusiasm of his nature. Probably his episcopal work was not very engrossing. The year after his installation in his bishopric the 'Querist' was published in Dublin. Its object was a general exposition, not of the wrongs, but of the vices of Ireland, with many practical suggestions for their remedy, one of which was the establishment of a national bank. Industry, cleanliness, content, and that honest work which is in so many cases to the Celt as to the savage rather a curse than a blessing, are what he recommends and urges with perpetual iteration.

"Whether there ever was, is, or will be, an industrious native poor or an idle rich?" is the first question in the 'Querist'; and on this he rings the changes with infinite variety and wealth of illustration. "Whether the bulk of our Irish natives are not kept from thriving by that cynical content in dirt and beggary which they possess to a degree beyond any other people in Christendom? Whether the creating of wants be not the likeliest way to produce industry in a people? And whether, if our peasantry were accustomed to eat beef and wear shoes, they would not be more industrious? Whether Ireland alone might not raise hemp sufficient for the British navy? Whether the upper part of this people are not truly English by blood, language, religion, manners, inclination, and interest? Whether we are not as much Englishmen as the children of old Romans born in Britain were still Romans? . . . Whether, if drunkenness be a necessary evil, men may not as well drink the growth of their country? . . . Whether there be upon earth any Christian or civilised people so beggarly, wretched, and destitute as the common Irish? . . . Whether there be any country in Christendom more capable of improvement than Ireland? Whether my countrymen are not readier at finding excuses than remedies? . . . Whether it be not a new spectacle under the sun to behold in such a cli-

mate and such a soil, and under such a gentle Government, so many roads untrodden, fields untilled, houses desolate, and hards unemployed? . . . Whose fault is it if poor Ireland still continues poor?"

This last pregnant question has been handed on to us like so many of the others, and does not seem much nearer a reply now than in Bishop Berkeley's day. But it is curious to see this perennial question approached from the side of national compunction and a desire to mend. To think that neither a national bank, nor the distribution of flax and hemp seed, nor the promotion of manufactures in general, should have brought any cure to the distracted country, would probably have much perplexed the ardent philosopher, thus reasoning with his own people with all the heat and vehemence of an anxiety bordering on despair. Some time later he treated the same subject in a still more remarkable and individual way, addressing, under the title of 'A Word to the West,' an eloquent remonstrance and exhortation to the Catholic priests of Ireland. Among all the remarkable productions of his genius there is none more remarkable than this. Indeed, Berkeley's fame as a philosopher has but obscured the singular exertions in the most practical of all fields of public labour which would of themselves have distinguished any other man. The way in which he addresses "your reverences," with a dignified respect and full acknowledgment of their influence, has been but too seldom emulated in Ireland. We are told in his biography that the priests returned "their sincere and hearty thanks to the worthy author" in the 'Dublin Journal,' "assuring him that they were determined to comply with every particular recommended in his address to the best of their power." The kind of advice thus given by the Protestant Bishop, in his acknowledged eminence as at once a sage of the highest reputation and a man

experienced in the world, to the homely priests of a country a thousand times poorer and more wretched then, than it is now, will be seen from the following extracts :—

"Be not startled, reverend sirs," he begins, "to find yourselves addressed by one of a different communion. We are indeed (to our shame be it spoken) more inclined to hate for those articles wherein we differ, than to love one another for those wherein we agree. But if we cannot extinguish, let us at least suspend our animosities; and, forgetting our religious feuds, consider ourselves in the amiable light of countrymen and neighbours. Why should disputes about faith interrupt the duties of civil life? or the different roads we take to heaven prevent our taking the same steps on earth? Do we not inhabit the same spot of ground, breathe the same air, and live under the same government? Why, then, should we not conspire in one to promote the common good of our country? We are all agreed about the usefulness of meat, drink, and clothes; and, without doubt, we all sincerely wish our poor neighbours were better supplied with them. Providence and nature have done their part: no country is better qualified to furnish the necessaries of life, and yet no people are worse provided. . . . Whether it be from the heaviness of the climate, or from the Spanish and Scythian blood that runs in their veins, or whatever else may be the cause, there still remains in the natives of this island a remarkable antipathy to labour. You, gentlemen, can alone conquer this innate hereditary sloth. Do you then, as you love your country, exert yourselves.

"The house of an Irish peasant is the cave of poverty—within you see a pot and a little straw; without, a heap of children tumbling on the dunghill. Their fields and gardens are a lively counterpart of Solomon's description in the Proverbs. . . . In every road the ragged ensigns of poverty are displayed. You often meet caravans of poor, whole families in a drove, without clothes to cover or bread to feed them, both which might be easily procured by moderate labor. They are encouraged in this vagabond life by the miserable hospitality they meet with in every cottage, whose inhabitants expect the same

kind reception in their turn when they become beggars, begging being the last refuge of these improvident creatures. . . . The Scythians were noted for wandering, and the Spaniards for sloth and pride. Our Irish are behind neither of these nations, from which they descend, in their respective characteristics. 'Better is he that laboureth and aboundeth in all things than he that boasteth himself and wanteth bread,' saith the son of Sirach, but so saith not the Irishman. In my own family, a kitchen-wench refused to carry out cinders because she was descended from an old Irish stock. . . . At the same time, these proud people are more destitute than savages, and more abject than negroes. . . . Having long observed and bewailed this wretched state of my countrymen, and the insufficiency of several methods set on foot to reclaim them, I have recourse to your reverences as the *dernier resort*. . . . Raise your voices, reverend sirs, exert your influence, show your authority over the multitude, by urging them to the practice of an honest industry, a duty necessary to all and required in all, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics, whether Christians, Jews, or Pagans. . . . When so many circumstances provoke and animate your people to labour, when their private wants and the necessities of the public, when the laws, the magistrates, and the very country calls upon them, you cannot think it becomes you alone to be silent or hindmost in every project for promoting the public good. Why should you, whose influence is greatest, be the least active? Why should you, whose words are most likely to prevail, say least in the common cause?

"Perhaps it will be said, the discouragements attending those of your communion are a bar against all endeavors for exciting them to a laudable industry. . . . To this it may be answered that, admitting these considerations do in some measure damp industry and ambition in persons of a certain rank, yet they can be no let to the industry of poor people, or supply an argument against endeavouring to procure meat, drink, and clothes. . . . It will be alleged in excuse for this idleness, that the country people want encouragement to labour, as not having a property in the lands. There is small encouragement, say you, for them to build or plant upon another's land, wherein they have only a temporary interest. To which I answer, that life

itself is but temporary; that all tenures are not of the same kind; that the case of our English and the original Irish is equal in this respect; and that the true aborigines or natural Irish are noted for want of industry in improving even on their own lands, whereof they have both possession and property. . . . A tight house, warm apparel, and wholesome food, are sufficient motives to labour. If all had them we should be a flourishing nation. . . .

"But admitting even, for the various reasons above alleged, that it is impossible for our cottagers to be rich, yet it is certain they may be clean. Now, bring them to be cleanly and your work is half done. A little washing, scrubbing, and rubbing bestowed on their persons and houses, would introduce a sort of industry, and industry in one kind is apt to beget it in another. Indolence in dirt is a terrible symptom, which shows itself in our lower Irish more perhaps than in any people on this side the Cape of Good Hope. I will venture to add, that, look throughout the kingdom, and you shall not find a clean house, inhabited by cleanly people, and yet wanting necessaries. That same spirit of industry that keeps folk clean being sufficient to keep them also in food and raiment. . . .

"If you have any regard (as is not to be doubted) either for the souls or bodies of your people, or even for your own interest or credit, you cannot fail to inveigh against this crying sin of your country. . . . Were this but done heartily—would you but 'be instant in season and out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort,' such is the ascendant you have gained over the people, that we might soon expect to see the good fruits thereof. . . . It stands upon you to act with vigour in this cause, and shake off the shackles of sloth from your countrymen, the rather because there be some who surmise that yourselves have put them on. Right or wrong, men will be apt to judge of your doctrines by their fruits. It will reflect small honour on their teachers if, instead of honesty and industry, those of your communion are peculiarly distinguished by the contrary qualities, or if the nation converted by the great and glorious St. Patrick should, above all other nations, be stigmatised and marked out as good for nothing. . . . Many suspect your religion to be the cause of that notorious idleness which prevails

so generally among the natives of this island, as if the Roman Catholic faith was inconsistent with an honest diligence in a man's calling. But whoever considers the great spirit of industry that reigns in Flanders and France, and even beyond the Alps, must acknowledge this to be a groundless suspicion. In Piedmont and Genoa, in the Milanese and the Venetian States, and indeed throughout all Lombardy, how well is the soil cultivated, and what manufactories of silk, velvet, paper, and other commodities flourish! . . . To which I might add, that the person whose authority will be of the greatest weight with you, even the Pope himself, is at this day endeavouring to put new life into the trade and manufactures of his country. Though I am in no secret of the Court of Rome, yet I will venture to affirm, that neither Pope nor Cardinals will be pleased to hear that these of their communion are distinguished above all others by sloth, dirt, and beggary; or be displeased at your endeavouring to rescue them from the reproach of such an infamous distinction."

It is unnecessary to apologise for quoting so largely from this extraordinary appeal at a moment when Ireland and its affairs are again in the ascendant, and when so graphic a picture of its condition a hundred years ago, and the relations then existing between the priesthood and people, is thus presented before us. The Bishop dwells upon these relations with the most unhesitating distinctness. He has no doubt of the power of "your reverences" to effect what reformation they please in the race so dutifully subject to them. Perhaps so strange an address was never written by a dignified ecclesiastic in one Church to the priesthood of another. Its candour and honesty and generous meaning seem, if we may trust the biographer of Berkeley, to have been understood and appreciated by the body to whom it was addressed. They are said to have acknowledged in the 'Dublin Journal' that "in every page it contained a proof of the author's extensive charity; his views are only towards the public good; the means

he provideth are easily complied with; and his manner of treating persons in their circumstances so very singular, that they plainly show the good man, the polite gentleman, and the true patriot." How far these sentiments came from the heart it is of course impossible to tell, or whether there might not be some among their reverences who found the heretic Bishop's advice impertinent and uncalled for; but nevertheless there it is, as curious a memorial of the age and the man as could well be found. Notwithstanding Berkeley's philosophical understanding, his liberal mind and friendly ways of thinking, and experience of the world, it is evident that he looked upon the penal laws respecting Roman Catholics as a matter of course, unalterable, and founded on everlasting justice; just as he speaks with imperturbable calm, and not the slightest appearance even of a doubt as to the righteousness of the arrangement, about the slaves in the plantations. These simplest rules of natural justice did not, it is evident, in the smallest degree affect a mind so open, so generous, so full of regard for his fellow-creatures. This is one of the mysteries of humanity which it is the most hard to elucidate. We are far from taking up the extreme side of those great questions, or of going wild, for instance, with rapture on that most doubtful and insoluble problem of negro emancipation, the practical difficulties of which are immense. As a question of expediency or even possibility, it is perhaps as far from solution as ever it was; but in theory there no longer remains a doubt on the subject. This, however, it is clear had never entered Berkeley's mind. A hundred years is no such great matter in the world's history; but all the material changes that have been effected since then reckon small enough in comparison with the revolution which has been wrought in all our

estimates of things and modes of thought. Berkeley takes slavery for granted with the utmost calm, just as he takes it for granted that it is in the natural order of things that a priesthood, to whose influence he appeals as supreme over a whole nation, should be "obnoxious to the laws," and the communion in general lie under the "discouragements" to which he alludes so placidly. And yet he could not take for granted the existence of a stool or a table! What are our vulgar novelties of gas and penny-post, and the rest of our modern stock-in-trade, in comparison with the extraordinary revolution of ideas which has placed, in this respect at least, by mere dint of time, the mass of men who never think at all, on a height unattainable by one of the greatest thinkers and best men of his age!

The last great public undertaking of Bishop Berkeley's life has a whimsical aspect, which in fact it derives (according to the strictest rules of his own philosophy) from our eyes alone, being in its nature and effect upon the time a very serious matter of the gravest importance to the world. This was the discovery and promulgation of tar-water—grand sovereign panacea for every evil under heaven. The curious enthusiasm of the man's nature, and scorn of all secondary restraints—such as the fear of ridicule, or the blame of interfering with the business of others—comes out most distinctly in the fervour and persistence with which he thrusts his nauseous draught down the world's throat. It cured himself, he tells us, of "a nervous cholick" which "rendered his life a burden to him;" upon which he began, with his natural energy and hopefulness, to try it upon his neighbours; and having worked a variety of cures in Cloyne, immediately judged it his duty to make known the marvel to his country and mankind in general. He addressed himself to this sub-

ject characteristically in a work entitled 'Siris: A Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar-water.' "We are now mad about tar-water," says Horace Walpole, "on the publication of a book written by Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne. The book contains every subject from tar-water to the Trinity; however, all the world read it, and understand no more than they would if it were intelligible." The description has a sneer in it, but yet is not far from the truth. 'Siris' begins with the most plain and practical directions for the making of the panacea, and as many details of cures as Morison or Mr. Holloway could desire—from a colic to an inflammation—gout, ague, pleurisy, asthma, everything from which man suffers, had been cured by this wonderful agent; and from this very solid beginning our philosopher goes off, not fantastically, but by slow degrees, by means of the structure of plants, their anatomy and constituent elements, up to the deepest speculations of the ancient philosophy, and the nature of the Godhead itself. "It is indeed a chain," says his admiring biographer, "which, like that of the poet, reaches from earth to heaven, conducting the reader by an almost imperceptible gradation from the phenomena of tar-water, through the depths of the ancient philosophy, to the sublimest mystery of the Christian religion." This curious work is one of Berkeley's longest productions, and contains a very quaint mixture of the practical with the most ethereal ideal qualities. It came speedily to a second edition, a happiness which does not seem to have befallen any of his former works, and must have produced an overwhelming sensation throughout the country. The philosophical system of Idealism did not do half so much to make the Bishop of Cloyne famous as this treatise, and the invention which gave it birth. "A man came

into an apothecary's shop the other day," says Horace Walpole in the year 1744. "'Do you sell tar-water?'" 'Tar-water!' replied the apothecary, 'why, I sell nothing else!'" So swift and so universal was the popularity of the new remedy. If it derived anything of its reputation from the quaint and elaborate argument by which the author traced its beneficial stream through the veins of the odorous pines, from their subtle connection with the vital flame which gives existence to the entire world, it would be creditable to the genius of the age; probably, however, as Horace says, the world understood it as little as if it had been intelligible; but the public understood and appreciated the cases, of which its reverend inventor gave the fullest supply. Two other shorter works on the same subject—pamphlets once more addressed to "dear Tom"—followed up the impression. Ireland, not to say Great Britain, going mildly out of their senses, did nothing but swallow the hateful draught. So long indeed had the idea lasted, that the writer has heard from an old lady, still living and enjoying life, an awful tale of the miseries of a houseful of Irish children, who were condemned to begin life daily with a cupful of tar-water, as late as the beginning of the present century. This was Berkeley's last work. He was by this time growing old, and beginning, as the springs of life failed him, to grow weary of his retirement in the utter seclusion of Cloyne, which he had only left once since his appointment. Nothing can be more pleasant than the glimpses we have in his letters of the tranquil life he led in his episcopal hermitage. The palace, or, as his biographer modestly calls it, the "manse-house" of the little diocese, seems to have been a home of all the arts. Three boys, of whom the parents could not at first decide "which was prettiest," and one daughter, grew up

round him in that peaceful place. The village, for it was nothing better, had few resources, but these were cultivated with a steady adherence to principle, such as few theorists attempt. The Bishop "chose to wear ill clothes and worse wigs, rather than suffer the poor of the town to remain unemployed," — a piece of self-denial which no doubt was felt by the handsome ecclesiastic even when age took from him something of his characteristic vivacity. Offers of better preferment were made to him more than once, which he declined. He "did not see," he says, "all things considered, the glory of wearing the name of primate in these days, or of getting so much money, a thing every tradesman in London may get if he pleases." Visitors went and came to the manse-house, but not in such numbers as would have satisfied the Bishop's genial hospitality. He writes letters to his friends who had accompanied him to America with a friendly warmth, bidding them to visit him, describing the myrtles in his garden, and the advantages of his neighbourhood. "Agreeably to the warmth of his temper, he had conceived no high an idea of the beauties of Cloyne," his biographer tells us, "that Mr. Pope had once almost determined to make a visit to Ireland on purpose to see the place, which his friend had painted to him with such brilliancy of colouring, and which yet to common eyes presents nothing that is very worthy of attention."

Within, the manse-house must have been a pleasant home. The Bishop declined to buy the 'Causes Célèbres' because he apprehended "there might be some among them of too delicate a nature to be read by boys and girls, to whom my library, and particularly all French books, are open." At one time painting is the favourite art, in which he thinks his wife "shows

a most uncommon genius; though," he adds, "others may be supposed to judge more impartially than I." At another time it is music that is in the ascendant, and Berkeley's letters are full of bass-viol and Italian psalms. "My wife, I am told, is this day inferior to no singer in the kingdom," he says with that kindly exaltation of his own which is characteristic of such a genial and buoyant nature. It is evident that to make the first break in the family was a thing which the kind father, now growing old, regarded with alarm. When his second boy was old enough for the university, a plan which the parents had been cherishing for some time, and which Berkeley preferred to the glories of the primacy, was put into execution. He removed with his wife and family to Oxford. "He had taken a fixed resolution," says his biographer, "to spend the remainder of his days in that city, with a view of indulging the passion for a learned retirement which had ever strongly possessed his mind." But young George no doubt had as much to do with it, for Cloyne, after all, was more of a retirement than Oxford. With his usual high-minded sense of justice, he requested leave to resign his bishopric on making this change. "So uncommon a petition excited his Majesty's curiosity to inquire who was the extraordinary man who made it; being told it was his old acquaintance Dr. Berkeley, he declared that he should die a bishop in spite of himself; but gave him full liberty to reside where he pleased." It would seem that his actual pastoral work was not the thing which Berkeley himself felt most indispensable to his diocese. He appropriated two hundred a-year to the poor of his neighbourhood, as a substitute for his presence among them until he returned, and so went his way, contented to spend in ease and learned intercourse the evening of his days.

But that evening was destined to be a very short one. Six months after his arrival in Oxford, the family were together on a peaceful Sunday night. The father lay on a sofa in the repose of his old age; the mother, who had been to him more than he expected and all he desired, and whose accomplishments he admired with so much tender simplicity, was reading aloud to the little household party a sermon of Dr. Sherlock's. Calmest domestic scene, the soft and silent happiness of sober English imaginations, upon which it must have looked so unlikely that any sudden terror could fall. His young daughter going to him with "a dish of tea" was the first to see what had happened. He had left them while the reading went on, while the tea sent up its fragrant fumes—and was gone unalterably beyond all sound or call.

So ended a life which has few equals either in the ranks of philosophers or ecclesiastics; a more generous, a more frank and brave and candid spirit never stepped on English soil. His story has dropped from common knowledge, and only his philosophy remains—

a philosophy in which the ordinary mind must always see a touch of absurdity. Yet (philosophically), as we have seen, there was nothing absurd in it, and the theory was irrefutable; while no one who has regarded the grand conception of a world so living in God, will refuse to allow to the system the credit of the highest beauty. It agrees with everything in his own harmonious nature, and with all the principles that swayed his life. Never philosopher before him in modern story had been more than inoffensive to his fellow-creatures. Berkeley breathed out of him help, kindness, counsel, and aid to everything round him. Honesty that reached the magnanimous point, and that generous sympathy with his race which brings a man within reach of the glorious stigma of Quixotism, were the characteristics of the Idealist. Philosophy may or may not be the hopeless science which it is represented by one of its ablest historians; but such a man as Berkeley gives vital force to a generation. Knowledge may fail though it is everlasting; Man, the creature of a day, is the only thing in earth which lives for ever.

THE FIFTEEN LOUIS-D'OR OF BEAUMARCHAIS.

"LOUIS QUINZE a détruit l'ancien Parlement; quinze louis ont détruit le nouveau," said the wits of that day. These fifteen louis, once the property of Beaumarchais, did veritably upset the parliament Maupeou, and have therefore, like Hampden's ship-money, a right to a place in the cabinet of history. Casti, the Italian poet, wrote a hundred sonnets on his 'Tre Guili,' but it required greater talent and more courage to write such pleadings as those of Beaumarchais about these fifteen louis.

The story of the trial about this sum of money has not only intrinsic historic interest, but makes us intimately acquainted with a man whose splendid talents have never been so widely appreciated as they deserved. Not Voltaire, or Diderot, or Rousseau is a more characteristic representative of the eighteenth century than Beaumarchais. During the last thirty years of his life he was connected with all the great contemporary political and social movements; and his wit and genius, as displayed in literature, were also most essentially of his time. Gay, clever, witty, versatile, active, all-enterprising and indomitable, he was, like his own Figaro, everything by turns, but on a grander scale and more serious fashion. He, like Figaro, "made haste to laugh at everything for fear he should be obliged to cry;" and he had his own life assuredly in view when he made Figaro say that he was "accueilli dans une ville, emprisonné dans l'autre, et partout supérieur aux événements, loué par ceux-ci, blâmé par ceux-là, aidant au bon temps, supportant le mauvais se moquant des sots, bravant les méchants, riant de sa misère, et faisant la barbe à tout le monde;" for Beaumarchais passed his life himself, "en faisant la barbe à tout le monde." He quitted his first occu-

pation of watchmaker at twenty-four, and became successively a courtier, a teacher of the harp to royal princesses, a merchant, army victualler, a contractor and speculator, a writer for the stage, both in sentimental melodrama and in comedy, a composer of operas, a publicist, a manufacturer, a publisher, a secret diplomatic and court agent, a ministerial adviser, and, above all, the character in which we here principally deal with him—the most brilliant pleader in his own lawsuit the world has ever seen. Nothing was too high, nothing too low, for his mercurial intellect; the same man who in his youth invented a new escapement for a watch, and amused his age with its two most daring and witty comedies, drove a false parliament from its benches, using by turns the lath of Harlequin and the scourge of indignant eloquence; planned new political alliances; sent out a fleet of forty vessels of his own, whose officers jestingly called him their "sovereign," and got decorated for their valour for the brilliant part they took in naval actions with Beaumarchais's ships. But not only in what he did, but in what he suffered, was Beaumarchais a most remarkable man. His good and ill luck were equally singular. Fortune was to him a capricious, passionate, uneven-tempered mistress. Close on the heels of every success followed some signal disaster. The most placable of men, his life was a long series of lawsuits. He chose for epigraph, My life is a combat. Law, chicane, envy, malice, and detraction waited for him at every upward step he made. His despair was so great at one time that suicide seemed the only escape from a life of ignominy. That which he considered as his greatest political achievement, the alliance of France with the revolted colonies

of America, was the cause of endless tribulation. He got the thanks of Congress for his services in a public vote, but he was nearly ruined by the advances of money which he had made in their cause, and his claims upon the American Government were only settled in part to his grandchildren in 1836. Finally, during the Revolution, a patriotic undertaking brought upon him proscription, daily and hourly fears for his life, flight, imprisonment, exile, and every calamity of the Reign of Terror except the guillotine, from which his own head, and those of his wife and daughter and sister, had the most miraculous escapes. One circumstance alone will give an idea of the incongruous character of his destiny. He had built for his old age, after he had acquired a splendid fortune, a magnificent house on the Boulevards, one of the sights of Paris; but so unconscious was he of the approach of the Revolution, that he fixed his house in sight of the Bastille, in the jaws of the Revolution itself, in the volcanic regions of the Faubourg St. Antoine, so that at every outbreak of the populace his was the very first habitation to be deluged with the up-rising of revolutionary fury. But in his very darkest hour his *naïveté* and his *bonhomie* never left him, and care to the end of his life could make no more impression on his heart than on a child's.

The following sketch of himself from his own pen was recognised by his friends as a faithful portrait:—

"And you, O who have known me, you who have always been near me, O my friends! Say if you have ever seen anything more in me than a man constantly gay, loving with an equal passion study and pleasure; inclined indeed, but without bitterness, to raillery, and taking it in my turn readily enough when tempered into wit; sustaining, perhaps, with too much ardour his own opinion when he believes it just, but reverencing highly, and without envy, everybody whose superiority is recognisable; confiding as to his own interests, even to negligence; active when occasion spurs

him; easy and tranquil after the storm; without a care in prosperity, and maintaining such constancy and serenity in misfortune as to astonish his most familiar friends."

The descendants of Beaumarchais preserve with religious care a small piece of paper, framed with pasted strips to keep it together—a piece of paper blackened and thumbed and tattered with long and hard usage, with the turning over and over of countless hands, which have held it up to scrutinising eyes to see if it were a forged document or no. This was nothing more than a short statement of accounts between Beaumarchais and Paris Duverney, the celebrated financier, and the primary cause of the two great lawsuits of Beaumarchais. The heir of Paris Duverney, the Comte de la Blache, declared it to be forgery; and such was the first point at issue in a cause destined to agitate France and interest all Europe, and nearly consign Beaumarchais to the hands of the common hangman. Was the light-hearted Barber of Seville to be reduced to beggary, and to be branded with hot iron as a cheat, a felon, and a calumniator of justice? He was within an ace of being so, but his wit, his genius, and his courage saved him, and nothing else.

Beaumarchais's name, as is well-known, was not originally Beaumarchais, but Caron—Pierre Augustus Caron—born in 1732, son of Caron a well-known watchmaker in the Rue St. Denis. In the second stage of his famous lawsuit, Madame Goezman, the wife of his adversary, a judge of Alsatian origin, spoke contemptuously of the condition of his father.

"Vous entamez ce chef-d'œuvre," he replied, "par me reprocher l'état de mes ancêtres. Hélas! Madame, il est trop vrai que le dernier de tous réunissait à plusieurs branches de commerce une assez grande célébrité dans l'art de l'horlogerie. Forcé de passer condamnation sur cet article, j'avoue avec douleur que je ne puis me

laver du juste reproche que vous me faites d'être le fils de mon père. . . . Mais vous qui me reprochez mon père, vous n'avez pas l'idée de sa généreuse oœur. En vérité, horlogerie à part, je n'en vois aucun contre qui je voulusse le troquer; mais je connais trop bien la valeur du temps qu'il m'apprit à mesurer pour le perdre à relever de pareilles sadasies."

We need hardly repeat the well-known anecdote of the "grand seigneur" advancing to Beaumarchais, as in after life he was traversing one of the *salons* of Versailles, and presenting him before a crowd with his watch and asking him to examine it, and of Beaumarchais taking it, pretending to look at it, and letting it drop, with the answer, "*qu'il n'avait pas la main bien sure aujourd'hui.*" Beaumarchais, however, was an inventive young watchmaker, for he invented, we said, a new escapement, and was called to Court to explain his invention to the King; and Madame de Pompadour wore one of the new invention, marked *Caron fils*, so small that it could be set in a ring.

He continued watchmaking till he was twenty-four. His invention and his father's position as Court watchmaker brought fine ladies to his shop: one of them, a widow, was smitten by Beaumarchais's good looks, and married him. With the widow's money he bought the office of her late husband at Court—*contrôleur de la bouche du roi*—and a grant of nobility, taking the title from one of his wife's estates, and he was thus set up as a courtier—in those days the only road to fortune, and the only way of public life. Beaumarchais said his title of nobility was unimpeachable—it was in real parchment sealed with green wax, and "*J'en ai la quittance.*"

This wife did not live more than a year after her marriage with Beaumarchais, and he was accused later by his enemies of having poisoned her, as he was also of

having poisoned his second wife; to which he replied that "it was well known he had also eaten his grandmother between slices of bread and butter." If he had poisoned her he would have acted with less than his usual ability, for he had omitted to register his marriage-settlement, and so lost all her fortune; nevertheless the marriage was the occasion of his quitting the watchmaker's shop, and getting a footing at Versailles, where, being a good musician, his knowledge of the harp caused him to become teacher of that instrument to the king's daughters—*Coché, Logu, Chiffé, and Graille*,—but a teacher without pay, with unlimited commissions to buy music and musical instruments, and to pay for them and get paid as he best could. It speaks well for him that the Dauphin who died, and was one of the few good people of Versailles, liked Beaumarchais. The familiarity of Beaumarchais with the Princesses enabled him to gratify Paris Duverney, and to obtain for him a royal visit to the Military School which the financier assisted in founding. And Paris Duverney, who was now a very old man and had made the fortune of Voltaire, resolved in gratitude to make that of Beaumarchais also.

He lent Beaumarchais money, purchased for him various posts about Court; the finest of all, allowed Beaumarchais to sign himself, *Pierre Augustus Caron de Beaumarchais, Conseiller Secrétaire du Roi, Lieutenant-Général des Chasses au Bailliage et Capitainerie de la Varenne du Louvre, grande Vénérerie et Fauconnerie*. The money lent by Duverney was to be repaid, and was repaid, by the gains of Beaumarchais in various commercial enterprises into which the financier introduced him, one of which was an army-victualling contract; another, the farming of the forest of Chignon in Touraine. Under the wing of Paris Duverney, Beaumarchais made rapid progress in becoming a suc-

cessful speculator and man of business; he was quick, shrewd, penetrating, and indefatigably industrious in all his undertakings, and the energy with which he was ready to throw himself into all sorts of new enterprises was astounding. During a rapid visit to Spain, he overwhelmed the Ministers with projects of every kind for imparting new life to their desolate country, and was on the point of being appointed contractor for the supply of the Spanish army all over the world. Later, he never forgot his obligations to Duverney, for in his fine house in the Faubourg St. Antoine, a bust of his benefactor formed one of the Penates of the hall, with the inscription—

"Il m'instruisit dans mes travaux,
Je lui dois le peu que je vauz."

Beaumarchais is indeed one of those men of whom posterity form a false conception, because they know him only in the light of a literary success, which success does not represent at all the most vigorous and serious part of his character. The 'Barbier de Seville,' which is immortal on the French stage, and which has been further immortalised by Rossini!—which draws at the Théâtre Français better at the present day than any play of Molière—merely represents Beaumarchais the wit, when the man himself was of a wonderfully multiplex nature, comprising three or four other Beaumarchais far more serious in his own eyes. There was Beaumarchais the patriot, Beaumarchais the man of business, Beaumarchais the sentimental dramaturge, and Grandison Beaumarchais,—for it is strange enough that Beaumarchais made his *début* on the stage in the sentimental melodrama, following in the steps of Diderot; and in his own family, and among his most intimate friends, he was styled Grandison, from the generous and *grand seigneur* fashion with which he sustained his first burst of good fortune. Nevertheless his

prosperity had made him many enemies: he confessed later that he was perhaps, at the period of his life immediately preceding his great trial, *un peu avantageux*; and a *foyer de haines secrètes* was, in the words of La Harpe, gradually gaining strength, ready to break out into a blaze if the shadow of adversity should fall upon him for a while. Such a shadow, and indeed a tolerably thick darkness, did come about him in the celebrated prosecution of the Comte Faloiz de la Blache.

The Comte Faloiz de la Blache was the nephew and sole heir, and legatee of the rich, old, childless Paris Duverney. He was malignant, covetous, and revengeful, and had viewed the sudden fortune of Beaumarchais, formed under the auspices of his uncle, with the most envious eyes. Ever on the watch about the old man to protect his expectations, he had besieged his deathbed with a notary to extract from him all it was possible in the way of testamentary dispositions. He made a profession of hating Beaumarchais, and said he would spend 100,000 crowns to ruin him. No sooner, then, was the breath out of old Duverney's body than La Blache called Beaumarchais to account for all monies received of his late patron. Beaumarchais answered by producing the above-mentioned document, the purport of which was, that all accounts had been settled between Duverney and himself, and that on the settlement 15,000 livres were due to him, Beaumarchais. La Blache declared this document to be a forgery, and proceeded to prosecute Beaumarchais at law before the parliament of Paris; and during the course of the trial, which lasted seven years, spared neither money nor villany to ruin his adversary, and indeed brought him to the very brink of despair and absolute ruin. La Blache was defeated at a first trial before the real Parliament of France, but he appealed again to the corrupt Maupeou parliament

which had taken its place, and got a verdict; so that Beaumarchais found himself engaged to clear his reputation in a conflict with the most venal magistrature which ever sat in his country, and his quarrel became one of public importance, since the appointment of this false parliament had upset the only remaining protection against arbitrary power in France, and was detested throughout the kingdom.

La Blache, indeed, began by a brilliant stroke of Machiavellianism. He contrived to discredit Beaumarchais with the royal Princesses, whose favour had done so much for the advancement of his adversary; he persuaded them that Beaumarchais had made an improper use of their names in the affair, and so got the Princesses to publish a declaration that they took no interest in his trial.

But Beaumarchais himself, with that extraordinary facility which accompanied him through life of getting into additional scrapes when already up to the ears in trouble, fell into a new difficulty at the very outset, which had a most prejudicial effect on the commencing stages of his trial.

The Duc de Chaulnes was a descendant of the famous Duc de Luynes, the favourite of Louis XIII. Of immense muscular frame, with a nature so savage, violent, and ungovernable that all his family stood in terror of him, this *grand seigneur* had already been banished from France for outrageous conduct, when fate brought him into collision with Beaumarchais. During his banishment he had been in the East, lived among the Bedouins, and brought back an ape, whom he shamefully ill-used, though it was the only living creature he could get to stay with him. This furious nature was nursed into a state of ungovernable fury against Beaumarchais, by jealousy of the good graces in which the latter stood with a certain Mademoiselle Menard, an actress of the Comédie

Française, who received the first wits of the day—Chamfort, Rulhières, Marmontel, and others—at her house, together with some of the *grand seigneurs* of the Court, and whom the Duke was violently anxious to protect. Mademoiselle Menard, on her side, felt nothing but a wish to keep the Duke at a distance, though obliged to be careful, since, indeed, her theatrical prospects had suffered severely since she had refused to be protected by the Duc de Richelieu, who, notwithstanding his eighty years, a red nose, and a wrinkled parchment face, still thought he had claims to be a protector, and, as first gentleman-in-waiting on the King, was all-powerful in theatrical matters. Mademoiselle Menard, however, silly creature, fell violently in love with Beaumarchais, who, having this La Blache trial before him, with all necessity for keeping his head clear and his hands free, and no wish to come into collision with such *grand seigneurs* as the Duc de Richelieu and the Duc de Chaulnes, had, on becoming aware of the inclinations of the actress, avoided her house, and determined not to put himself in the way of temptation. Six months passed away, during which Beaumarchais had kept out of the way of La Menard, when one morning Beaumarchais's faithful friend and cashier Gudin called on the actress, and she burst into tears, and reproached Beaumarchais with having deserted her. The Duc de Chaulnes enters, hears Beaumarchais's name mentioned, bursts into a blaze of wrath, and flies off with threats of vengeance. Gudin rushes away to warn his friend, and was mounting the steps of the Pont Neuf when he was seized violently by the skirts from behind, and fell back into the arms of the Duke, who bore him off under his arm like a bird of prey. Gudin faintly hopes "M. le Duc will not murder him." The Duke replies, with an oath, he will murder nobody but Beaumar-

chais, and that when he had run his sword through his body, and plucked out his heart with his teeth, he will be content. The Duke insists that Gudin shall find Beaumarchais for him; thrusts the cashier into his coach, who tries to escape by the opposite door; a violent struggle ensues before an attendant crowd, amid which Gudin escapes by leaving his wig in the Duke's hand. Meanwhile Beaumarchais, who in the office which he still held as Captain of the Royal Chase and Warrenry, held a small court of his own, was sitting quietly in his little judicial state, judging offences against the King's game, when the Duke entered in fiery wrath, requesting Beaumarchais's immediate company, for he wanted to tear out his heart, and thirsted for his blood. Beaumarchais replied, "O, is it only that, M. le Duc? allow business to precede pleasure;" he causes a chair to be offered in the blandest manner to the angry Duke, who rises from time to time in wrath, crying, "Will you soon have done, M. Beaumarchais?" The judge of the King's warrenry managed to protract this scene for two hours: when it was over, the Duke insisted they should enter his coach and go and fight at once. They sought for seconds, but no one would accompany the Duke in that mad state. Beaumarchais thought they had better separate for a while, but a violent scuffle ensued at the very mention of the thing. Beaumarchais then proposed that they should dine together at his house, and that the Duke should see if he could find a second. Consequently they go to Beaumarchais's own house, where the Duke dashes at Beaumarchais's private letters, will not let him have a pen, swears at his servants, seizes Beaumarchais's own sword, and tries to run him through. Beaumarchais closes with him, grapples him round the waist, and receives the Duke's fist dashed in his face, is covered with blood, but drags his

adversary to the bell and rings for help. Beaumarchais's old father and the servants come rushing in to his assistance, among whom the cook is with some difficulty prevented from finishing the Duke with his cleaver. They succeeded, however, in taking Beaumarchais's sword away from the Duke, who clutches at his antagonist's hair, and drags a handful out by the roots. Beaumarchais let go his hold, and struck the Duke in the face. "Wretch!" cried he, "strikest thou a *duc et pair*?" he then drew his own sword, and dashed about right and left, wounding several of his unarmed opponents, until the arrival of a *commissaire de police* put an end to the scene, and the *duc et pair* was persuaded by magisterial intercession to return home.

It might be imagined after such a scene that Beaumarchais would not have been much in a humour for society that evening: nevertheless, being engaged to read a first version of the '*Barbier de Seville*' among some friends that evening, he arrived at the *rendezvous* with a damaged countenance but undiminished gaiety, read his comedy with spirit, made a humorous story out of the morning's fray, and passed a good part of the night in playing the harp and singing Spanish songs.

A duel was rendered impossible by arrests of the two parties by order of the Minister, and the affair was terminated by a decision of the *Tribunal des Maréchaux*, before whom it was brought. The Duke was sent to the Château de Vincennes, and Beaumarchais acquitted; but the Duke de la Vrillière, one of the vilest Ministers who ever disgraced any government—whose mistress sold *lettres des cachets*, and who even spat upon the cross of the order of St. Louis at the suggestion of this mistress—to show his contempt of anything like noble merit, launched a *lettre de cachet* at Beaumarchais, on the ground that he had treated his arrest too lightly,

and lodged him in the prison of *For l'Evêque*, there to reflect on the respect due to all *ducs et pairs*.

This imprisonment of Beaumarchais, together with the scandal which the quarrel with the Duc de Chaulnes raised about his name just at that time, was an incalculable injury. He was on his trial for forgery, and his adversary, the Comte de la Blache, was going about the world canvassing the judges, and leaving no stone unturned to effect his ruin; while he himself was immured in a dungeon, addressing *mémoire* after *mémoire* to the Minister to get released and prove he was right. Foolish Beaumarchais! if he had proved himself wrong, he would have been far more likely to get out of imprisonment; did not his own Barber of Seville say, if such wretches as he were allowed to be right, all authority was at an end for ever?

While Beaumarchais was pacing up and down his cell, and looking through the bars in grim desperation at the state of his affairs, he received the following little note:—

NEULLY, 2 Mars 1773.

"MONSIEUR,—Je vous envoie ma bourse, parceque dans un prison on est toujours malheureux. Je suis fâché que vous êtes en prison. Tous les matins et tous les jours je dis un *Ave Maria* pour vous.—J'ai l'honneur d'être, monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

CONSTANT."

This note was written in the little hand of Constant Normand d'Etiolles, then ten years of age, who might even now be alive—a very old man. He was one of Beaumarchais's little friends, who had lost a little boy of his own not long before, on which fact he touched lightly and feelingly in a charming note addressed to little Constant's mother in a note enclosing a reply to her child—for Beaumarchais had a tender-hearted love for children, which no trouble

and turmoil prevented him from showing.

At last Beaumarchais yielded to the entreaties of his friends; he wrote a suppliant and submissive letter to the Duc de la Vrillière, and was allowed to emerge from his prison daily in the company of an *agent de police*, to go about the business of his trial, and pay visits to his judges. But the shadow of discredit had fallen upon him, so that Judge Goezman, who had been named his own *rapporteur* on the trial—the judge who was bound to make a special examination of the merits of his case, could not be so much as seen, except for one moment by chance, peeping through the blinds as his suitor knocked at the gate, and then drawing back. However, Beaumarchais was surreptitiously informed that, by sending a hundred louis through a certain publisher Le Jay, who would hand the same over to Madame Goezman, one audience at least might be obtained. Beaumarchais hesitated to begin to administer bribes to his judges; but his sister Julie, who always watched over his welfare, paid fifty louis privately for him; yet even then no audience was to be had. She then paid fifty more, and the audience was instantly granted. It was, however, a very unsatisfactory one. Judge Goezman smirked satirically all the time, and made every kind of trivial objection. Beaumarchais, now desperate, bargained for another audience through Le Jay. A gold repeater watch, set with diamonds, was sent to Madame Goezman; another audience was then promised if fifteen louis more were sent for the secretary. These fifteen louis were paid, but the audience was never given. The trial before the Maupeou Parliament came on: Goezman summed up against Beaumarchais; and judgment was pronounced reversing the former decision of the veritable Parliament. By this verdict Beaumarchais was convicted of forgery,

fined £4000, and Goezman boasted aloud "that his summing-up had carried every judge with him."

But this was not all. Beaumarchais was still a prisoner at *For l'Evêque*, and the Comte de la Blache had him at his mercy. All his old accounts with Paris Duverney were ripped up again; and La Blache engaged an army of the creatures of the law—catchpoles, court ushers, bailiffs, bandoleers—to enter into possession of every seizable scrap of Beaumarchais's property. His old father and his sisters, whom he had established in a house in the Rue de Condé, were turned out of doors; while crowds of creditors took fright, and came down in one pack on Beaumarchais and his family. Poor Beaumarchais was thus reduced to such a state of abject despair that, as he wrote subsequently in his pleadings against Goezman, "*Je faisais honte et pitié à moi-même.*" While in this state he was released from prison, when a fresh blow came upon him, administered by Judge Goezman. He denounced Beaumarchais to the Maupeou parliament for having attempted in vain to bribe him through his wife, and for having calumniated them both. But he was little aware of the vigour and indomitable spirit still left in the defenceless man now at bay, with all the world against him. This new calamity was the salvation of Beaumarchais. A felon's fate was prepared for him; if convicted, he had no mercy to look for from man. He arose in desperate energy, fought a new battle with the corrupt judge backed by his associates on the bench, and fought it so well that in a year he became the most popular man in France. "He was the horror of all Paris a year ago," wrote Grimm in 1773. "Everybody, on the word of his neighbour, believed him capable of the worst crimes; and to day all the world is mad after him."

The whole affair hinged on the last fifteen louis paid to Le Jay, and

demanding by Madame Goezman for the secretary; for she had scrupulously returned the hundred louis and the watch, but kept the smaller sum.

The destruction of the old Parliament was the gravest political error of a reign which was full of error and baseness of every kind. The old Parliament, in spite of its faults—of its clumsy, half-political, half-judicial assumptions of authority, and its barbarous persecutions, tortures, and assassination of Calas, Labarre, and Lally—was respected as the only remaining institution which operated as a check on absolute power. The King, exasperated by opposition to some of his edicts, had destroyed it at the suggestion of his Chancellor Maupeou; and the magistrates had been roused from their beds one night by *mousquetaires*, and hurried off to exile in the country.

The parliament known as the Maupeou parliament took its place amid public laughter and derision, the very *avocats* refusing to plead before them. People wore *galons à la Chancellerie*, in ridicule of the Chancellor—*galons* of false gold warranted not to turn red—and the women prattled in every *salon* indignantly about the constitution of the kingdom and irremovable magistrates; so that it was said, if Maupeou could make the barristers speak and the women hold their tongues, he might get through with his Maupeou parliament.

The quick eye of Beaumarchais saw that something might be made out of this situation, and with a masterly adroitness he wrote a little note to Madame Goezman, asking for the fifteen louis which she had forgotten to return,—thus putting her in the dilemma either of returning the fifteen louis and so proving her acceptance of the bribes offered her, or of denying the whole transaction and accusing him of calumny. Judge Goezman and his wife had no choice; and, imagining that it was easy still fur-

ther to ruin a man of such notoriously bad credit, summoned Beaumarchais to the Manpeou parliament. Beaumarchais was now forced to prove that the fifteen louis had been accepted and kept, on penalty in case of failure of being branded by the hangman, and suffering any punishment his judges chose to inflict *citra mortem*. Had things come to this pass, Beaumarchais had resolved upon suicide; so that he had, indeed, staked his life on the issue.

Beaumarchais now having to plead in a matter of life and death, with the usual audacity of his character, ventured upon a method of defence such as never was adopted before. He pleaded his cause, not so much to the corrupt judges who had to pass sentence upon him, as to the public; he was the first man in France who dared to court public opinion and solicit it as an ally. He threw aside all the old rules of secrecy in criminal matters, and pleaded boldly from the *sellette* of the accused to the whole nation, by means of printed pleadings. But to catch the attention of the light Parisian public of those times he must both interest and amuse; and under pain of death, as it were, he did display such a combination of talent as no other man ever possessed but himself. If he had been merely eloquent, indignant, and declamatory, he had been lost; but he had to rouse the public apathy into understanding that his cause was their own; he had to destroy prejudice and to enlist sympathy, with the imperative necessity of being, above all things, amusing. He had to make all the details of his cause intelligible to the public; and the only method of gaining sufficient attention for this purpose was to give all the interest of a novel or a comedy to matters of business and legal procedure—to enliven all with the most brilliant wit and the most sprightly humour, or he had in perspective *omnia citra mortem*.

One of the most difficult points with which Beaumarchais had to deal was the vindication of himself from having paid the money to Madame Goezman with intention to bribe—for this was an avowal of his own criminality; but he said, "I paid the money, not with a hope of influencing the opinion of the judges, but to get an audience, and for no other purpose whatever, and that not till it was demanded of me repeatedly. I made twenty-two useless attempts to see the judge whose duty it was to see me, and the twenty-third attempt was successful because money was paid." Such a defence, however available before the public, was less so before his judges, who, for the honour of their corps, naturally would feel resentment at the confidence such a proceeding implied in their venality.

The sum of fifteen louis was the very key and pivot of the whole business—for if Madame Goezman, as her story was, rejected Beaumarchais's advances with indignation, how came she to keep the fifteen louis? If the small sum had such charms, was it likely the larger had been rejected? Hence nothing is more diverting than the attempts Beaumarchais describes in his 'Mémoires' to induce him to lose sight of these fifteen louis; because, the fifteen louis disposed of, all the onus of proof of the whole transaction lay on Beaumarchais. Friend Marin, editor of the 'Gazette de France,' and general *colporteur* of libel and blasphemy, came as a mediator from the Goezmans to tender suppression of all mention of *ces misérables quinze louis*, and that then the matter might be arranged; but as Beaumarchais says, in Rabelaisian tone, "Cette manœuvre était le joli petit coutelet avec lequel l'ami Marin entendait tout doucement m'engorgiller." Beaumarchais was a lost man himself if these *misérables quinze louis* were once lost sight of. Friend Marin, who would be so

friendly to all parties, went away much angered with the unconfiding Beaumarchais, and at his continued suspicion that he, Marin, came as a wolf in sheep's clothing, and immediately declared open war against the offender, to his own ultimate sorrow, however, and serious detriment—for friend Marin had a life and a character which did not appear to advantage in broad daylight, and he came out of the fray in such a dirty and battered condition, that he could find no hiding-room in all Paris, everybody shunning him as a *brebis galeuse*—so that he betook himself off at last to his original obscurity and his own native village in Provence, there to endeavour to be forgotten.

Friend Marin was the first of the Goezman clique of whom Beaumarchais disposed. Bertrand d'Airrolles was the second, another Provençal, a sort of banking and stock-jobbing grocer. He was another go-between in the business, and introduced sister Julie to Le Jay the publisher, who received the money. Poor Le Jay had been weak in allowing himself to be a go-between; but he told the truth at last: whereas Bertrand, having told the truth at first, then denied it, and perjured himself obstinately with an accompaniment of abusive language and fervent adjurations quoted from a Latin breviary, with a translation in second column. *Judicame, Deus. Comprehensus est peccator.* He seemed to imagine, moreover, that Beaumarchais owed him a debt of eternal gratitude for having been furnished with groceries at extravagant prices, even though the bills were paid. Bertrand in the hands of Beaumarchais becomes quite a type of a vulgar, stupid, undecided greedy knave—as amusing as Basile in the 'Barbier de Seville.' He is caricatured now as the lubber sacristan of the troop, with his two lobes of brain of different and universal separating power, waiting, with neck stretched forward, saucer-eyes staring, mouth agape,

to sing through the nose the pæan of victory, *Comprehensus est peccator*; now as the hoary "*chevalier de la dame aux quinze louis*, binding on his spurs, passing his Swiss baldric over his sacristan's robe, receiving the knightly accolade from Dame Goezman, mounting her colours, sending the chivalrous cartel, and throwing, by way of battle-gage, his "worsted mitten."

But the most attractive portrait of all is that of Madame Goezman. There is a surprising delicacy and gaiety of touch and a freshness of colour and reality here which are quite Shakespearean. Nothing appears exaggerated or set down in malice, and Beaumarchais views her with all the unprejudiced eye of an artist before a model. We laugh at the poor culprit just as we would before a character in a comedy; and certainly no creation of the comic drama was ever more amusing. A flighty, feather-brained coquette, the lightest possible medley of simplicity and impudence, she cannot hold her own for five minutes in the scenes of *confrontation* with Beaumarchais, as described in the 'Mémoires': he makes her swear white and black, blow hot and cold, in one breath; he ruffles her into the most petulant gusts of passion, and then smooths her down with a little flattery to the happiest of moods. One moment she is calling him *l'homme atroce, le misérable*, threatening to box his ears, colouring up and fanning her face in the most agitated way; but then, when the scene is about to end, Beaumarchais says—"Why, Madame, in the name of heaven, do you write yourself down thirty in your depositions when your face says eighteen?" And the clouds in Madame Goezman's brow disappear in a moment, her countenance is wreathed into smiles, she folds her fan with a smirk, gathers her mantle round her, holds out a little hand, and asks Beaumarchais—the convicted forger, and now her

own adversary in a criminal prosecution—to lead her to her carriage: all idea of courts of justice has vanished from the light female head. But the grave court registrar interferes, cannot permit such delicate attentions between parties at such deadly feud in the eyes of the law—between the wife of a judge and a possible felon. "Well, Madame," says Beaumarchais, with a bow, "confess I am not the atrocious rascal I have been described to be." "*Mais vous êtes, au moins un peu malin.*" The triumph of having extracted these last words from Madame Goezman has something so exquisitely comic about it, that Beaumarchais at that particular moment must have thought himself repaid for all his persecutions.

But her morals and logic were quite in keeping. "*Je saurais bien plumer la poule sans la faire crier.*" she cried out in company. And when poor Le Jay was troubled in soul at having deposed that he knew nothing of the fifteen louis, she consoled him with, "We will have to-morrow a mass said '*au Saint Esprit*,' and all will be right. It was agreed I might keep the fifteen louis, and therefore you can say I never had them." Her conversation, too, at times, is strewn with rugged law terms, prompted by Goezman, who cannot see the incongruity of trusting this light-headed creature with such heavy weapons of fence. "*Grands Dieux,*" says Beaumarchais, "*l'on m'annonce une femme ingénue, et l'on m'oppose un publiciste Allemande.*"

Every one of Beaumarchais's antagonists is thus created into a comic type: we have Goezman the incorruptible, Baculard d'Arnaud the fiercely sentimental, and Le Jay the weakly honest. All his antagonists become serio-comic personages; and Beaumarchais, with a true dramatist's skill, brings out the peculiar features of each in a very decided way: thus Marin and Bertrand d'Airolles are both stupid

knaves; but the former is the stupid malignant, the latter the stupid selfish knave.

But these '*Mémoires*' would never have had such success had they been simply amusing comic sketches: these sketches are simply introduced in their place to gain the attention of the reader, and get him to take interest in the more serious passages, where every kind of oratorical artifice and power is enlisted in the same cause. There are passages of the highest beauty when judged by the standard of the highest flights of oratory; models of dignified accusation, of insinuated insult, of sarcastic brevity, of the most polished irony, of the most piercing indignation, and impassioned appeals to the noblest feelings and passions of human nature. They are the only law-pleadings, we should imagine, in the history of the world which have become classic literature and popular: at the present day they are reprinted and read among the workmen of France, but at the time of their publication the success was enormous. Beaumarchais had become a famous character before the fourth '*Mémoire*' appeared, of which the malignant Marin complained that 10,000 copies were sold in two days. The salons talked of nothing else but Beaumarchais and his fifteen louis, and the foreign papers teemed with news of the trial. The portraits of Madame Goezman and her incorruptible husband even made the *blasé* and indolent Louis laugh; Madame du Barri had Madame Goezman played on a private stage at her receptions. In one of the sallies of Beaumarchais against Marin he played with one of his adversary's Provençal expressions, "*quesaco*," *qu'est ce que cela?* Marie Antoinette, then a charming and sprightly gay *dauphine*, seized on the word, and made pretty mocking retorts with it: the word was taken up and became famous. Milliners made new head-dresses *à la quesaco*, and plumes *à la quesaco* were nodding everywhere. Maupeou, how-

ever, seeing the danger to his own parliament, called Beaumarchais *le Wilkes Français*: but it was no use; the popularity of Beaumarchais went on increasing all over France with every successive *Mémoire*, and throughout the whole of Europe they excited the most vivid interest; fastidious Horace Walpole deigned to express approval to Du Delfand; Goethe was reading them to small parties at Frankfurt, and indeed took his drama 'Clavigo' from one of the episodes introduced in one of the pleadings; and Voltaire from Ferney wrote in repeated terms of enthusiastic praise.

Meanwhile poor Beaumarchais himself was in wretched plight enough; the plumes *à la quesaco*, and the general good-humour and approbation of Europe, did little to put his affairs in better condition. His own and his father's house had been broken up by law-officers, hounded on by the implacable Comte de la Blache, and Beaumarchais is skulking like a fox from covert to covert to avoid the hounds on his track. The house of his brother-in-law was his chief place of refuge, where a band of merry conspirators await his flying visits, consult about his memoirs, and are ready to fight to the last with him. Sister Julie was thought by the incorruptible Goezman to be the worse hornet of this hive, and is denounced by him in due form to his parliament; and that sprightly creature had a narrow escape from a lodging in the Bastille.

At last the day of hearing came. It was seven in the evening in December 1773 when the judges met. As the accused was called, a murmur arose from the crowd; *Ades! ades!* cried the registrar, and Beaumarchais entered the hall amid dead silence. At the scene before him, irregularly lit up with scattered lamps, Beaumarchais avowed later his heart shrunk within him as though the blood was frozen within it, and his cheek turned pale. Sixty

magistrates robed in red ranged in rows at the end of the hall confronted him with severe faces. But the brave-hearted man recovered himself quickly, raised his head proudly, and stood face to face with his accusers, unprotected but undaunted. When his examination was over, an incident occurred which proved his presence of mind, the promptitude of his daring, his quick oratorical impulse, and the hostility of the court. The president of the judges met Beaumarchais in one of the galleries of the palace, and insolently ordered the guards to remove him. Beaumarchais refused to obey, and returned to court, followed by a crowd, when addressing the judges he protested eloquently in the name of justice and of his country against such abuse of authority, and ended by flinging the judge a contemptuous pardon. Judgment was not delivered till the 20th of February 1774. Expectation was immense. Beaumarchais was worn out with fatigue, and slept while his judges were in debate with closed doors, a debate which lasted twelve hours, and was carried on with such fury and recrimination that their cries were heard from the street. The final judgment was that Beaumarchais and Madame Goezman had sentence of *blâme* passed upon them, while Goezman was degraded from his functions, and lived a life of obscurity till he was dragged into light again as an *ennemi du peuple* in Revolution times, when he rode to the guillotine in the same cart with André Chénier.

No sooner was sentence given than all Paris was in commotion to seek out the hiding-places of Beaumarchais in the Temple, and leave words of congratulation, "Tout Paris s'est fait inscrire chez-moi depuis hier," he writes. The Prince de Conti and the Duc de Chartres were among the first to call. "I am of good enough family," said the Prince de Conti,

"to show how such a great citizen should be treated."

The sentence of *blâme*, nevertheless, required that Beaumarchais should go on his knees before the court, and be declared infamous. But it was impossible, in the present state of the public mind, to exact this; it would have infallibly caused an *émeute*. He was, nevertheless, subject to civil degradation—was an outlaw, in fact, and unable to plead in any court; besides which, under the conviction of forgery in the trial with La Blache, he was still subject to all the calamities resulting therefrom. Nevertheless, this was salvation compared with branding by the hangman, and suffering *omnia citra mortem*, as would have been the case had he been convicted of having calumniated Judge Gozman.

The parliament, however, had pronounced its own condemnation. They could only go to their benches amid insults and jeers and laughter; and when they complained of that to the frivolous and caustic old Maurepas he advised them to go to court *en domino*. One of the first acts of Louis XVI. was to recall the old parliament, and abolish the Maurepas substitute. The ancient body thus reinstated reversed the sentence of blame against Beaumarchais, and restored him to all his civic rights. A still greater demonstration of public feeling took place on that occasion. Beaumarchais was carried in triumph to his carriage, sobbing and crying with joy; and long after, as he walked the streets, he was encircled with enthusiastic acclamations.

To obtain, however, his rehabilitation, or restoration to civil rights, Beaumarchais had previously gone through an immense amount of desperate work of a singular kind with desperate energy. Under such a government as that of Louis XV., Beaumarchais might have looked in vain for a redress which

it was a violation of justice to withhold, had not the King, who was possessed with a mania for all sorts of secret diplomatic and other manœuvres, been so struck with the ability and tact displayed by Beaumarchais in his struggle with his own parliament, that he determined to employ him as a secret agent, with a promise of restoration to civil rights if he gave satisfaction.

The business with which Beaumarchais was intrusted was the hunting up libels, published abroad, on the French Court.

There were in those days a set of infamous gazetteers residing at London, the Hague, Amsterdam, and other places, who gained a livelihood by printing true or false scandal about the French Court, and then smuggling their papers into France. Any worse piece of scandal than ordinary was usually preceded by a threatening letter to extort money from the person about to be libelled. Madame du Barri was necessarily a proper tree of the Hesperides for these gentlemen, hung all over with the most tempting golden fruit; her minister, the Duc d'Aiguillon, he who covered himself with meal and not with glory at Quiberon, and found it easier to get the meal out of his coat than his reputation; Louis XV. himself with his *Parc aux cerfs*, and most of the great people about him,—all had golden fleeces, and were disporting themselves in such a way that the libellers could hardly desire better game. With these gentry Beaumarchais was appointed to deal; and with rehabilitation in view, and a renewal of his law-duel with the Comte de la Blache, Beaumarchais was now rushing from capital to capital in Europe hunting up libels and buying up libellers. He came over to London and burnt up ten thousand of these infamous publications in a limekiln in the suburbs. While in London he went into English society, visited John Wilkes, and Lord Roche-

ford, whom he had known as ambassador at Madrid, and who was now in Lord North's Ministry; and he was also appointed to deal with that strange character, the *Chévalier* or *Chevalière d'Eon*. But Beaumarchais, with something like his usual luck, was just on the point of receiving his promised rehabilitation when Louis XV. died, and was buried amid that "silence of the people which is the lesson of kings." The hawkers of slander, however, abroad, were just as busy with the reputations of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette as of the old reprobate who had just died, and Beaumarchais was again employed. One of his commissions was to buy up a stock of libels in the possession of one Angelucci, an Italian Jew. After paying Angelucci his money, the Jew absconded with one copy of the libel, and Beaumarchais immediately followed in chase all over Europe to Vienna; he came up with Angelucci when the Jew was least expecting him, quietly trotting along on a pony, with the copy of the libel in his valise behind him, in the forest of Neustadt, going towards Neuremberg. He took the copy of the libel away from the Jew by force, and nearly all the money he had given him, when he was himself set upon by robbers and had a desperate struggle for his life; so that while his friends were fancying Beaumarchais was enjoying the hospitality of John Wilkes and Lord Rocheford in London, one of them received a letter from him commencing as follows:—

"Take your map of Germany, my dear friend; run along the Danube from the Black Forest towards the Euxine; below Ratisbon, after the confluence of the Inn with the Danube at Passau, do you see on the river between the high mountains which press it on both sides and give it more rapidly, a wretched boat with six rowers going towards Lintz, on board which a chair has been embarked which contains a man with his head and his left hand swathed in bloody linen, in spite of a pouring rain

enduring suffocation, and relieving himself from time to time by throwing up gulps of blood?—*Ece homo.*"

Beaumarchais, indeed, had only been saved in his struggle with the brigands by the sound of the horn of his postilion, who was following with his carriage behind. Beaumarchais arrived at Vienna, and after much solicitation obtained an interview about the matter of the libel with Maria Theresa, who looked with astonishment on a man gesticulating wildly, with his face in bandages. But Beaumarchais was in a state of fever from the wounds in his cheek and hand, the palm of which had been cut through, and he was pleading wildly, not for the sake so much of the reputation of Marie Antoinette as against the Comte de la Blache, and for restitution to civil rights. The Empress was alarmed, for the same evening eight grenadiers with muskets, two officers with drawn swords, and other functionaries, entered his room, took possession of all his papers, and kept strict watch and guard over him for the space of thirty-one days—44,690 minutes. Beaumarchais counted them, thinking all the while on restoration to civil rights, reversal of conviction for forgery, and recovery of his property from La Blache.

By performing, however, such services with ability and energy, Beaumarchais at last got his rehabilitation from the restored parliament; and he moreover obtained a rule for a new trial in his controversy with the Comte de la Blache. The new trial, either for the convenience of witnesses, or to avoid the excitement of Paris, was appointed to take place at Aix, Provence. Beaumarchais, with his multifarious habits of activity, was already in a whirl of other businesses and speculations. He had brought out the '*Barbier de Seville*' in 1775, and had been engaged, with the co-operation of the minister, in a gigantic enterprise for supplying ammunition to the American armies:

but he naturally threw himself, heart and soul, into the La Blache affair as soon as the day was fixed for the hearing. La Blache, with a body-guard of six *avocats*, had been on the ground for some time at Aix, but Provençal heads had been so captivated by the brilliant achievements of Beaumarchais against the Parliament of Maupeou, that La Blache and his six *avocats* were in a manner sent off to Coventry as soon as they arrived at Aix. No one would even look at them. When the day arrived for final judgment, the old Provençal city was filled with expectant crowds; the doors of the court besieged; the long promenade, with all its alleys and adjoining *cafés*, was thronged with eager visitors. The judges were in debate a short while only, for the doors open; Beaumarchais has won; there is a shouting and clapping of hands far and wide, and crowds rush away with cries of triumph to carry the news to the other side of the town to the victor; they pass the hotel of La Blache: he shut his windows up; his occupation is gone. This multitude of wild men burst in upon Beaumarchais in his solitary apartment, clasping his hands and embracing him in vehement Southern fashion, when he turned pale, his knees bent under him, and he fell in a faint. When he recovered he was obliged again and again to show himself at the window, while the people of the town, with Provençal songs and dances, kept up a perpetual serenade before his house all the evening; there were *feux de joie* throughout the city as for a public triumph; and the flute, the *tambour de Basque*, and the violin were kept in occupation the greater part of the night.

After this trial Beaumarchais swam gloriously on the tide of fortune up to the days of the French Revolution. Being the most popular man in France, he was consulted by the Ministers about affairs of state, by everybody about everything, and even by anonymous

young ladies in love affairs. Under the countenance of the Ministers, who advanced a million to cover some portion of his risks, he had a fleet of forty ships at sea, in communication with America, to which country he supplied stores and ammunition to the amount of five millions, upwards of three millions of which were paid in 1835, and then the affair was arranged in transatlantic fashion by paying 800,000 to Beaumarchais's grandchildren.

"These American expeditions were," says La Harpe, "entirely his work, and proved the resources of his genius and character—a determined boldness, a patient tenacity, and, above all, that gift to persuade, so necessary in all which depends on the co-operation of different minds. I have seen few men in this respect who were more favoured by nature. He had a physiognomy and a mode of expressing himself equally animated; his eyes were full of fire, and he had as much decision in his look and accent as delicacy in his smile. With those in authority he always had the air of being convinced that they could not differ from him unless they had less wit than himself—a thing he never supposed, one may be sure, especially with those who had none. Yielding to the impetuosity of his character, the Ministers united themselves more and more closely to his policy."

It was indeed mainly owing to Beaumarchais that open rupture took place between France and England in 1778. For the large spirit of Beaumarchais could not fail to feel all the national impatience and humiliation at remembrance of the peace of Paris and the demolition of the fortifications of Dunkirk; and Beaumarchais when in England had listened with something like pleasure to the mournful confidence of Lord Rocheford and the seditious rhapsodies of Wilkes, and eagerly seized every opportunity of entering into conference with the American agents in London for the best way of supporting the colonies; for the colonies, Beaumarchais judged at once, were lost to England forever. The independence of the United States

then was won in no small degree with Beaumarchais's powder and shot, and by soldiers clothed in Beaumarchais's greatcoats and shod with Beaumarchais's shoes, and incited to battle with Beaumarchais's trumpets, which Sidney Smith would say should decidedly have had *Ere alieno* inscribed upon them.

As soon as he found, however, the States were likely to be insecure in the matter of payment, either in money or produce, he changed the character of his operations and became a general merchant on an immense scale, and had ships in every quarter of the world, and so realised an immense fortune. Besides these colossal operations, he founded, through his influence with the Ministers, the *Caisse d'Escompte*, the notion of which he had taken from the Bank of England, and which is the origin of the present Bank of France. The Bank of France is thus originally the creation of a comic dramatist.

He established a steam-pump at Chaillot, which, we believe, still does duty; and he published, at a loss of £10,000, the first complete edition of the works of Voltaire, having organised for this special purpose printing establishments at Kehl, with supplementary paper manufactures in the Vosges Mountains. His reputation as an all-enterprising, generally able, and prosperous man was so great that he was overwhelmed with applications, from all classes, ages, and sexes for advice, patronage, and assistance in money. As for the latter, Gudin his cashier says he received on an average twenty letters a-day. Among the list of his insolvent debtors were princes of the blood, poets, noblemen of all kinds, captains, and others, all whose accounts are ruthlessly marked *insolvable* by cashier Gudin, and he lent thus without

security money to the amount of £36,000.

Beaumarchais therefore was now a universal favourite, and in the full flow of this popularity he composed his '*Mariage de Figaro*,' whose astounding success was quite a political event. This piece, indeed, did no little towards preparing the way for the Revolution, for it effected even more than his '*Mémoires*' towards bringing contempt upon the institutions of the old régime. The King had had the piece read to him by Madame de Campan, and said the "Bastille must be destroyed before the representation of such a play can be unattended with danger," and was resolved it should not be acted.* But Marie Antoinette was in its favour, and it was said Beaumarchais expended more wit in overcoming the opposition to the performance of his piece than in composing it. Four years were spent in the struggle. There were but three persons in all France who were opposed to the representation—the King, M. de Miromesnil, keeper of the seals, and Suard the academician. Every great courtier, with the inconceivable levity of his race and time, was anxious to prove that he was not one of those who came under the definition of Figaro—"small men who feared small writings," and beset the author for private readings. But Beaumarchais, after having duly stimulated public curiosity with feigned timidity, professed himself unwilling to make the piece public, and refused many solicitations for a hearing. "He apprehended," he said, "that a piece so displeasing to the King might really be dangerous, and he would keep it in future locked up in his desk." But the public impatience was so great that it became at last impossible for the King to resist. The long-wished-for permission was granted, and

* Singularly enough, after the taking of the Bastille, Beaumarchais, whose house was close by, was appointed by the commune a member of a committee for superintending the destruction of that terrible fortress.

the piece was played in March 1784 at the *Comédie Française*.

All the *mémoires* of the time speak of the extravagant avidity with which all classes rushed to the first representation. The doors of the theatre were besieged early in the morning; *abbés*, street-porters, and blue-ribboned courtiers elbowed each other in the "queue;" the footmen of the Duchess de Bouillon were in her box keeping her places from eleven o'clock in the morning; three hundred ladies of the highest fashion passed the day and dined in the actresses' dressing-rooms; the gratings were finally driven in by the crowd, and three persons were crushed—one more, says La Harpe, maliciously, than for Scudery. Many a duchess, says Grimm, was glad to get a seat in a little side-box; while Beaumarchais himself witnessed the performance from an obscure corner, supported on each side by an *abbé* (one of them a brother of Calonne), with whom he had dined, and of whose spiritual consolation he said he might stand in need in case of failure. But there was no failure, for Beaumarchais himself said, "*Il y a encore quelque chose plus folle que ma pièce, c'est son succès!*" And in after revolutionary times he may have looked back with some contrition to the success of his '*Mariage de Figaro*,' when he found, in the words of Montaigne, that "*on bat et brouille l'eau pour d'autres pêcheurs.*"

For Beaumarchais, in spite of all his wit and energy, was not naturally a revolutionist; and now in declining age was by no means calculated to match with the fierce spirits evoked by revolutionary passion. The Revolution came upon Beaumarchais when he was about sixty, when he was old and slightly deaf, and he was then anew thrown into a wild vortex of trouble and disaster. The gay-hearted, light-spirited Voltairean was no match for the atrabilious disciples of Rousseau, the champion of the rights of men,

and ferocious demagogues, and bloodthirsty fanatics; and of this fact he had premonitory notice in a pamphlet war which Mirabeau forced upon him about his steam-pump at Chaillot. Beaumarchais had refused to lend Mirabeau 12,000 francs, saying that as Mirabeau was sure to pick a quarrel with him, he should so gain 12,000 francs. The occasion was not long in coming for Mirabeau to make good the prevision of Beaumarchais. Mirabeau, then at his wife's end for money and occupation, was hired by some speculators who had risked their money on a fall of the shares of the Chaillot steam-pump, to write it down; and he published a violent pamphlet against the machine. Beaumarchais replied in his light, ironical fashion, and war commenced. But it was like the conflict of a ferocious young tiger with an old leopard stiff in the joints. Mirabeau collected himself into a roar, bounded on Beaumarchais's reputation, disfigured his whole life, rent it in pieces with his terrible talons, and delivered it up all lacerated to the public, in the name of order, morality, and public justice—Mirabeau in the name of order, morality, and public justice!—all because Beaumarchais was pumping up clear water to house-tops through little pipes at a moderate price, and Mirabeau had been refused the loan of 12,000 francs. Such were the preliminary quavers of one of the chief thunderers of the Revolution. Beaumarchais thought no good could come of reply, and retired from the conflict. Mirabeau, however, when he became the most popular man in France, forgot this little passage-of-arms, wrote *billets-doux* to his former antagonist, and came and ate pleasant little breakfasts at his great house in the Boulevards.

Other troubles, other plays, other speculations gave Beaumarchais occupation during the early period of the Revolution, till his last great and unfortunate engagement to pro-

cure "sixty thousand muskets" in Holland for the use of the Revolutionary Government involved him in still more trouble than he had ever yet known in the course of his checkered existence. At one time we find him in the same cell with Mademoiselle de Sombreuil at the Abbaye, still at his old occupation, *mémoire*-writing to the Committee of Safety, to prove he was all right about the "sixty thousand muskets;" at another time, in a room in the "King's Bench prison" in London, still writing "*mémoires*," called '*Mes Dix Epoques*,' on the subject of the sixty thousand muskets. A compassionate English merchant and creditor had put him into the King's Bench to keep him safe out of the hands of the Convention and the way of the guillotine; but Beaumarchais would not remain; he wrote to cashier Gudin to move heaven and earth to raise money enough to get him out, and let him come over to the Convention and prove he was a "great citizen." He did get out; and the history of the whole Beaumarchais family forms a curious illustration of those days of revolution, terror, and massacre. The populace had a notion that Beaumarchais was an "*ennemi du peuple*," and had got the "sixty thousand muskets" stowed away in his cellars to effect some day a massacre of the people, when the "sixty thousand muskets," which had come from the disarmament of the Low Countries by Austria, were all the while in a Dutch port watched by English men-of-war. Beaumarchais was flying about from place to place by night in terror of his life, while his fortune was in the hands of the Government, and his wife and daughter and sister were in prison as hostages for his success, with the guillotine in prospect in case of failure. He got with difficulty an interview at night with the Committee of Public Safety, during which his deliberate importunity

caused some merriment in the ferocious men who held his life and the lives of his family at their mercy. Danton was speaking, and old Beaumarchais put his hand up to his deaf ear, and, without fear of these lords of the guillotine, crossed the room, and sat right in front of Danton to hear what he was saying. Danton laughed, and all laughed loudly, at the fearless pertinacity of the veteran in the matter of the sixty thousand muskets. Some of the Committee had thought they were well rid of Beaumarchais, and his claims to have his own property back again and his family set at liberty, by the massacres of September, from which he had a miraculous escape; they thought, perhaps hoped, he was among the victims of September, but here he was, quite at his ease, in the very den of the tigers themselves. He, on his side, wanted nothing so much as to get quit altogether of the affair of the "sixty thousand muskets;" but he was obliged by the Committee of Public Safety to go wandering again to try and get the arms and prove his good faith. He went through a series of adventures and disguises, and employed every ingenious artifice of which his inventive nature was capable to elude the careful watch of English men-of-war and Austrian emissaries over the muskets in the Dutch port; but it was of no use. The English Government at last got suspicious, and ordered the weapons to be seized and carried off by their men-of-war; and Beaumarchais had to remain in exile for three years, living at one time in Hamburg in the lowest state of destitution—lighting his own fires, and obliged to be careful even of his matches. His family, meanwhile, were daily expecting the guillotine, till the ninth Thermidor arrived, in time to save their lives, and to enable Beaumarchais to return to his house in the Boulevards, which had been marked with the words "*Propriété Nationale*." He spent the rest of

his life in endeavouring to get together the wreck of his scattered fortune. He had, however, some gleams of returning prosperity, and made a happy marriage for his only daughter before his death in 1799. He was found dead in his bed one morning of apoplexy, after having passed the previous evening in the society of his friends in exuberant spirits.

It must be seen from this brief sketch of Beaumarchais's public life, that he was a man of universal endowments. With the exception of the highest spheres of poetry and philosophy, there was no department of intellectual or social enterprise in which he was not calculated to attain the very highest place. He followed the only public career open to any one under the old *régime*; and to have raised himself under the disadvantages of such a system from a watchmaker's shop to such a degree of eminence, was a very extraordinary achievement. Yet the greater part of his capacity was entirely thrown away: and it is the condemnation of such a state of society that they could find no 'proper use for a man of such surprising abilities. Let us fancy Pitt, or Sheridan, or Burke put to such occupation as Beaumarchais, obliged to run all over Europe as a sort of police detective after infamous gazetteers, in order to obtain by favour the simplest redress which he had a right to claim from justice. Beaumarchais had within him the capabilities of about six extraordinary men. His law-pleadings were written with such genius that, like the 'Lettres Provinciales' of Pascal, they have survived the interest of the quarrel from which they sprang. His two best comedies would have done honour to Molière. He wrote *chansons* which Béranger would not have disowned; he had no mean aptitude for politics, diplomacy, and intrigue; and, in addition to all these, he had the managing,

mercantile, and financial talents of a Brassy, a Baring, and a Rothschild. But there was more even than all this: his *Mémoires*, his readiness of wit, and his presence of mind, and his promptitude of speech, and his extraordinary and sudden resources in the face of overwhelming difficulties and unforeseen dangers, prove that he had the highest gifts of an orator and a statesman; his prose writings testify to his possession of the highest gifts of eloquence, for which no opportunity existed for other use than that to which he was necessitated to confine them. If under a despotic government, starting in life from a very humble condition, he agitated all France with a wretched lawsuit about fifteen louis, what political eminence might he not have reached had he been placed, like Sheridan or Burke, on the benches of an Opposition, or if, indeed, he had only been born fifty or sixty years later in his own country!

His capacity for carrying on all sorts of work at the same time was surprising. No one could imagine how he found time to write for the stage. "When do you contrive to find leisure for play-writing, M. de Beaumarchais?" asked M. de Maurepas. "I wrote my last comedy the day the Ministers went to the *Redoute*," answered Beaumarchais. The *Redoute* was a public ball of no very good reputation, at which Maurepas had been seen. "Have you many such repartees as that?" rejoined Maurepas; "if so, I answer for its success."

Beaumarchais said it was only idle people who could not find time for everything.

But if Beaumarchais's capacity was greater than his actual achievements, so also his moral character was infinitely above his reputation. No man was ever subject to so much calumny, and no one ever bore it more cheerfully or more nobly. He had not an atom of spite or rancour in his nature. Everybody connected with him—his family,

his cashier, his servants, and his friends—all loved him, and some to adoration. With enormous strength and dauntless courage he was infinitely generous, merciful, and forgiving. Even his dislikes did not extend to the persons of the vicious; they ended with their vices. He was ready at any time to do a service to his bitterest enemy when the fight was over. He was incapable even of taking any advantage over a weak foe. When Rivarol published a foul lampoon against him, he refused to make any public mention of Rivarol's deserted wife and family, who were then living on his own bounty. And Talleyrand in his last days reproached him with being an incorrigible dupe to his generosity,—a reproval which Talleyrand was not likely to incur.

Yet he was naturally of his time and no saint; he affected its equivocal frivolous wit to perfection; and one of his best friends said, "With the heart of a good man, you affect the tone of a Bohemian." He was somewhat pagan in his loves, and pagan in his religion. "Il fût aimé avec passion," says the faithful cashier Gudin, admiringly, "de ses maîtresses et de ses trois femmes;" but this was spoken of a time in which the Duc de Richelieu was complimented by a grave academician in full academy on having the ubiquity of a Jupiter in his amours. Beaumarchais's first two wives died very shortly after their marriage, and his third wife was married to him when he was about forty-five, and

by her high character and generous devotion amid the trials of his last years, entirely subjugated his love and esteem. As for his religion, he describes it in a sentence of his own:—"My brother, my friend, my Gudin often discourses with me on the uncertain after-life, and our conclusion always is, let us try to deserve that it may be happy; if we succeed we shall have made an excellent calculation; if we are to be deceived in this consoling hope, the effect of preparation on ourselves in leading an irreproachable life affords inexpressible delight."

It is good to know that a man so richly gifted, whose happiness had been so often marred and ruined by the worst vices and follies of humanity, never gave way to misanthropy, but remained to the last with unimpaired generosity and trustfulness. Hope, the last best gift, was indestructible within him; and he held the helm of his fortune to the end with a manly heart and a cheerful smile.

The amiability and playfulness of his nature are as recognisable in his latter as in his earlier days in a charming *chanson* which he composed for his daughter Eugénie on her return home from school, and even in the inscription on the collar of his little dog Follette, which went the round of the Parisian newspapers, and was written not long before his death:—"Je suis Mademoiselle Follette. Beaumarchais m'appartient. Nous demeurons sur les Boulevards."

DOUBLES AND QUITS: A COMEDY OF ERRORS.—PART III.

"Lasci di sopra in la vita serena
 Rispos' io lùl, mi smarrì in una valle
 Avanti che l'età mia fosse piena."
 —DANTE, 'Inferno.'

CHAPTER VII.—BURRIDGE'S STORY.

"WHEN I first went into the army (I suppose you and I have about the same service), I was in infantry, you know, Donald—the—th Light Infantry—not a bad lot, but changed, as all the two-battalion regiments are now. Well, I joined the depot in Ireland, and had my head nearly drilled off; for it was at the beginning of the Crimean war, and they were drilling and shipping off as fast as they could. I was uncommonly glad, I can tell you, when I passed my drill, and was told off for the next draft for the seat of war. I was a very young ensign indeed, and if it was delightful to any of them to get away from the humdrum barrack-square and the eternal sergeant-major, it was delightful to me you may be sure. I'll never forget the night before we sailed from Queenstown—it was a great night altogether. We were all wild with delight at going to see the fighting. The old birds hoped to make up for lost time, and all we youngsters expected to be captains in a month. I remember the only thing I regretted was, that I should be promoted too soon to have many chances of carrying the colours before the enemy. Ah! there was another thing I was sorry for—my brother Jack; he's dead and gone long ago, poor soul! He came down to see us off, and was tremendously cut up at parting with me; and seeing him so cut up cut me up worse, you know. I remember he said, 'I'm afraid we'll never meet again, Dolly!' Dismal, wasn't it? Of course he meant that I was safe to be killed; but I wasn't, and he died of pleurisy."

What a difficulty the fellow had in starting! Every straw seemed

to act as a drag on his wheels; but, on the *vires-acquirit-undo* principle, I let him have his head.

"We had a jolly voyage and glorious weather. All the sea—the Mediterranean, I mean—was crowded with ships and transports—strong fellows going out to be wounded or killed, and wounded fellows coming home to get strong or die. Every ship we met we signalled, 'Has the place fallen?' and when the answer came, 'No,' we all cheered like madmen. We were awfully impatient. When we got into the Black Sea everybody was in a fever; and I remember, when my servant called me at four o'clock one morning and shouted, 'Here we are at the war, yer anner! glory be to God!' I rushed upon deck with nothing on but my shirt, and saw the sulky-looking rocks at the mouth of Balaklava harbour through a drizzling rain, and felt a little dashed, and thought to myself, 'Hang it! I'll never get away from this infernal place, alive or dead, either;' and then there was a tremendous boom! boom! boom!—the first gun I ever heard fired in earnest—and I was as right and jolly as possible in a moment. But I beg your pardon, Donald, I forgot—of course you went through the whole thing yourself, and here I am yarning away like an old man-of-war's-man in his native village. I beg your pardon."

"Oh, don't mention it," said I; but my tone implied that any repetition of the sort of thing was not expected.

"Well, I needn't talk about the war. Of course I went through what was left of it, and paid two visits to the blessed Redan; got

out of that more frightened than hurt, ha, ha! Then, you remember, when the peace came none of us knew where we were going. I was horridly sold when the peace came. I liked the wild sort of life—didn't you? but since it was come, I hoped we might be sent off to some wild sort of place, where there was lots of shooting and adventures with—with natives, and that kind of thing; but I was sold again. I remember the colonel coming down to the mess-hut the night he got the orders about our move. He was looking disgusted. 'Where do you think we're going to, gentlemen?' he said. 'Has the order come, sir?' every one shouted. 'Yes, it's come. Can you guess where we're off to?' Then we all began to sing out something—'Home,' 'Canada,' 'India,' 'Cape,' 'China,' 'Japan,' 'Mauritius,' &c. &c. No one ever thought of the Mediterranean, as our headquarters had gone from there to the war. After there had been a lot of guesses, and every one wrong, the old major growled out—I can hear him now—'Faith, I believe we must be going to the devil!' and the colonel took the order out of his pocket and said, 'That's the nearest guess that's been made yet, major; we're going to Malta.' Most of the fellows swore a good deal, for they had had enough of that kind of thing. I felt awfully sorry myself. I hated the idea of Malta; I couldn't say why, exactly. I think it must have been a presentiment. Do you believe in presentiments, Donald?"

"More or less."

"Well, I hated going there, but there we went; you've been there, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, frequently," said I, fearing a minute historical and geological survey of the island.

"Well, it was a hot summer—intolerably hot; and they had invented the brigade system, and we were worried to death—drilled by the colonel, grilled by the brigadier, and eaten alive by the governor.

It was abominable. I thought of taking leave; if I had, I might have been all right now, but I didn't, which was my bad luck. At last it was determined, well on in the season, to get up some garrison theatricals, and I went in strong for them. I don't mean to say I could act, but I was fond of that sort of thing, and I supported the idea and put my name down for a £50 subscription. I had more money than most of the fellows, you see, and they thought that immense, and put me on the committee at once. I liked that, and gave another 'fifty' for scenery. After that, the fellows suddenly seemed to think I was an authority, and consulted me about everything, and I liked that, for I was a youngster, you know. So when it came to be a question what we were to do for ladies, and some one suggested that the youngest-looking fellows should take the female parts, I pooh-poohed the idea, and said, 'Nonsense, get 'em out from London;' and when they stared and said something about its being salt, I said, 'D—n the expense, I'll guarantee another hundred;' and then every one cheered and said, 'Bravo, Burrigle!' and it was settled. But they didn't let me in for a whole hundred, for the governor and the brigadiers and other swells were put on their mettle when they heard that an ensign was shelling out for everything; and the colonel got in a rage and cried, 'D—n his impudence! put me down for 'fifty'—that'll show him!' Just as if I cared, and wasn't as pleased as Punch to get his 'fifty'—the ridiculous old noodle.

"Well, we sent home to a fellow on leave to negotiate for a couple of actresses to come out for two months to play three nights a fortnight. By this time it was late autumn, and before long we heard that two were coming out by the next mail—Miss Beatrice Armine and Miss Carlotta Seymour (jolly names, weren't they?) of the Princess, the Haymarket, the Adelphi,

and the provinces—rather more than less of the latter, I suspect. Out they came accordingly. Beatrice Armine (Dick Winslow, who had been at Oxford, swore he remembered her under the name of Sue Mutton, daughter of a hair-dresser in the High Street) wasn't a bad sort of little girl, good-natured, quite young, cheery, and rather pretty, but she dropped her 'h's' all over the place, and was a regular cormorant as far as garlic was concerned. As for Carlotta Seymour, she was—she was a showy woman—turned of thirty—ten years older than me. She was handsome, yes, she *was* handsome, but she had a bad face, cold and sneering; and then she set up for a genius and mystery. To hear her talk you would have believed that she was the daughter of a royal duke in disguise, and granddaughter of the Tragic Muse.

"Well, being on the committee, and standing a lot of tin and that, of course I got to know these women immediately; and I used to think it rather a swell thing to be always about them; riding with them, or standing them dinners at the hotel, or dropping into their rooms after mess and ordering in no end of suppers. Most of the committee used to come to the suppers too, but I used to pay—I preferred to pay, because I could patronise outsiders and take them in. I liked to say to a fellow, 'Disengaged to-night, old boy? Dine with me at mess, and I'll take you afterwards to see *the* Seymour and *the* Armine; they'll be delighted to see you as a friend of *mine*.' And of course they were delighted, for every new fellow was sure to do something for them—give them a dinner or a drive, or a mount or something, you may be sure. So every one was pleased, and no one more than myself. I thought I was no end of a man of the world—quite a celebrated fellow in the garrison, and that every one was talking of me and my dramatic suppers—confounded little goose!

and I remember being as proud as Lucifer when even the colonel noticed it; and one night when I left mess rather early, his saying, 'Is Dante going to his Beatrice, or Werther to his Charlotte?' I knew in a kind of way that he meant the suppers, and I said; 'Both, sir,' and every one roared; and I began to think, and I *did* think, by Jove, that I was a clever fellow after all. Carlotta kept telling me I was, and of course she was a judge, I thought. I was rather inclined to cotton to Beatrice at first, but so was every one else, and it was a bore always struggling with a dozen fellows for who was to get next her and that. And at last one night Carlotta said she was astonished that a fellow of my 'soul' should go in for Beatrice; she was disappointed in me, she said, and that Beatrice was a vulgar uneducated little milliner; and a designing toad, and that it was one of the trials of her lot to be associated with her, but that she was supported by the divine aspirations of genius; and then she cried a little, and told me about Beatrice's garlic and 'h's,' though of course I knew about them; and then she said that it had been one of her few comforts in this desolate island to believe that the only man with a spark of genius (meaning me, ha, ha!) had recognised a kindred spark in her, and so on. But now she saw she was mistaken, and must try to bear it as best she might. Then she cried again, and went on humbugging me, and I swallowing it all, till I swore I quite agreed with her about Beatrice (who had snubbed me two or three times, by the by), and that I recognised the spark of genius and all that, and thought her the cleverest and handsomest woman of the day. She did look uncommon well, by Jove! And then she asked to call me 'Adolphus,' and I was to call her 'Carlotta'; and that was settled. And then she cried again, and thought I must 'think her bald,' and I said 'No; and she

said something about 'angelic boy,' and Venus and Adonis, and a lot of gammon I didn't understand, though I thought it all very fine. Then she came and sat close by me, and once, when she was crying (she had two or three rounds of that kind of thing), she dropped her head on my shoulder, and left no end of a white powdery mark on my shell-jacket. I know the old crocodile wanted me to kiss her, but I didn't then. May the devil fly away with her! After that she seemed regularly to take me over, and I could scarcely call myself my own master; I wasn't—but I was proud of it; and as I rode along with her I liked to see fellows looking and grinning. I thought they were saying, 'There goes Burridge, the lucky dog!'

"I was obliged to go out with her every day, and to see her to rehearsal and back from rehearsal, and to the play and back from the play; and between the acts she required champagne, and would take it from no one's hand but mine. I couldn't leave her side for an instant but she was hollowing out, 'Where's Adolphus?' so it became a sort of by-word in the garrison when anybody wanted anybody; and one night Jack Whitecroft of the Artillery got screwed, and when Carlotta came on by herself as what-do-you-call-her, in the 'Lady of Lyons,' in a solemn part, he hollowed out, 'Where's Adolphus?' and the house nearly came down; but I'll be hanged if I wasn't proud of that too.

"All the time I was tired to death of her, but she seemed immensely fond of me, and I was proud of that and the whole thing, and stuck to it. Her birthday came, and I gave a big dinner (it was her twenty-second birthday she said) in her honour, and presented her with a diamond bracelet. Then she asked me to write her some verses; I was ashamed to say I couldn't, so I got Travers to write some. He was an awfully clever, chaffy fellow, and the poem was full of the biggest

words you ever saw (I didn't understand a word of it); but somehow she didn't seem to like the verses, and said suddenly, 'On your honour, did you write this?' and of course I was obliged to say 'No,' and that Fred Travers had written them; and she would never speak to Fred again. Fred had put some of his horrid chaff in them, I suspect.

"As the time began to draw on for them to go away, she seemed to get fonder and fonder of me, and treated my opinion with immense respect, and kept asking me how I thought such and such a passage ought to be spouted, and what flowers and dresses she should wear. Then she asked my advice about her future plans. She was disgusted with her present life she said—wanted to leave the stage, but didn't know what on earth to do. She could not go to her father; he had held high diplomatic appointments, but in a personal quarrel at cards with the Emperor of Russia he had permitted himself to strike his Majesty across the table. The result was, he had been sent to the mines in Siberia, and she was left friendless, friendless! then she would cry, and, by Jupiter, I believe I used to cry too. At last one day she said she had something very important to consult me about, but I must try to be calm—would I promise to be calm? I swore I would, and she told me that she had just had an offer of marriage there—in the island—and that the suitor held the highest rank. He had never spoken to her, but had fallen desperately in love with her on the stage; and his official position making it impossible for him to come to her personally, he had written offering her his heart and hand. She was not at liberty to divulge his name, but I might guess; and said as much asked me to understand that it was either the governor or one of the brigadiers. Then she cried out, 'How pale you are!'—but I swear I wasn't—and ran and got a big glass of sherry, and made me toss it off. Then

she told me to be calm, and asked me if I could bear her to go on, and I said, 'Of course I could.' So she went on and told me that *he* (meaning the governor or one of the brigadiers) was awfully jealous of me, and that his *aides-de-*— she meant his emissaries—were always watching outside the windows, and what should I advise her to do.

"Now, Donald, I didn't care a straw about the woman, but somehow the idea of one of these big-wigs wanting to marry her made me prouder of her being so taken up with me; and I didn't like the idea of her marrying any one else—heaven knows why.

"So I said it would be sacrificing her youth and beauty to—to something or other, and she cried and said I had a noble soul, and that *that* was conclusive; and she tore up a pink note, which I supposed to be *his* note, and trod upon it, and bawled out, 'Love conquers all!' Then she gave me another big glass of sherry, and said she had felt certain my feelings would be outraged, and I vowed they *were* outraged, and that I should like to shoot the governor or one of the brigadiers. At that moment in came Beatrice Armine, and didn't Carlotta look savage and drop into her?"

"Next day I got a fever, and was confoundedly ill. Carlotta sent me notes every day—two or three times a-day—and splendid bouquets, and oranges and things; but I was ill for a fortnight, and before I was up again, or able to answer her notes, she and Beatrice had gone. Their passages had been taken by the committee, you see, and they were obliged to go. When I was getting round, the colonel came to see me—he was a kind old boy; and after he had asked all about my illness and that, he said, 'It was a lucky illness for you, my boy, and all your friends ought to be glad of it.' I said, 'Why?' and he said, 'It saved you from that fiend

of a woman, by all I can hear;' and I blazed out at the colonel and told him he must retract that word, and he laughed good-naturedly, and said that if I did not like the word, of course he would, but that he was deuced glad she was off. That put me on my mettle, and I said that if it suited me to see her, of course I could still do so. And he said, 'How?' and I said, 'Go on leave, of course.' Then the colonel's back got up, and he said he would take uncommon good care I got no leave, if that was what I was going to be at, and left me. I was a good deal spoiled by this time and savage, and sick of Malta, and I wanted a change, and perhaps I *did* miss Carlotta. So that very day I wrote and accepted an exchange I had been offered into the—Hussars, then in India. The colonel couldn't stop that, you know. He was awfully good when I was going away. He said, 'I'm sorry you're going, Dolly, and we're all sorry; I think you're foolish, but every one must judge for himself. I wish you luck, and if you wish it for yourself steer clear of that theatrical friend of yours, my boy.' I wish to heaven I had! Well, I went home with six months' leave to England, and to join my regiment in India when that expired. I went to London first, and found Carlotta in swell rooms in Half-Moon Street. She had a jolly little brougham, and everything in great style. She was as fond of me as ever, but she said she was writing a tragedy and awfully busy. Charles Kean was to act in it, and was so impatient to begin that he gave her no peace; and therefore she could only see me at certain times, and mustn't be seen out with me, or Charles Kean would think she was idling, and it was so important to keep in with him. I smelt tobacco two or three times in her room, and one day saw no end of a swell cigar-case on her table, with an earl's coronet and the letter M on it, and she said Charles Kean had been there

bullying her about her tragedy, and had forgotten it in his rage. Then I noticed to her that it was odd he should have a coronet and M on his case; and she laughed and said it was a good joke—a capital joke; that Kean had stolen it in fun from Charles Matthews, who, she supposed I knew, had lately been made a count by the French Emperor for his masterly interpretation of Sir Charles Coldstream in French. Well, she was as fond of me as ever; but there was so much bother and mystery and trouble about seeing her I got sick of it, and left town and went away down to my grandmother's in Rutlandshire, promising, however, to see Carlotta before I left for India. I heard nothing of her for three months, and then, all of a sudden, her letters came pouring in day after day, and I was obliged to tell bangers to my grandmother about them. She was on the old tack again—wanted to consult me on a very delicate matter which could not be committed to writing; and when was I going up to town, and how was I going out to India, what ship, and all the rest of it. I stayed down in Rutlandshire till the last moment; I was going round the Cape in a steamer—I preferred that to overland—and I didn't get to town till two days before we were to sail from Gravesend. I found Carlotta in very dingy lodgings in Greek Street, Soho, this time, and she explained that she was living there to be near the refugees, that there was a conspiracy on foot to rescue her governor from the Siberian mines, and that she was plotting night and day with the refugees.

"While I was with her a villainous-looking man, in his shirt-sleeves, with a short pipe in his mouth, put his head in at the door without knocking, and seeing me, grinned, tapped his nose, and went out, saying something about his name being 'easy' and his spirit 'fly,' in remarkably good English, though a little vulgar I thought, considering

he was a foreigner—Count Arnold Doldorowski, a Pole, she said, and a colonel of cavalry once, and who had sworn by the beard of Poniatowski, or some fellow of that sort, to rescue her governor from the mine, or perish in the attempt. I noticed that her room and the passage were all blocked up with trunks and boxes packed and corded, and I said to her, 'You look as if you were on the wing, like me, Carlotta;' and she said, 'I am on the wing, and liker you than you think for,' and laughed. Then I said, 'Where are you off to?' and she said, 'I asked you six weeks ago to come up and give me your advice upon a very delicate subject, and you never came. I was dreadfully harassed, so I was obliged, for the first time since I have known you, to decide for myself. I'm going to India.' 'To India!' 'Yes, to India;' and wasn't it an odd coincidence, she said. But the strangest thing of all was, that she was going in the same ship with me—there was a coincidence for me, if I liked. They had actually taken her passage in the Golden Fleece! We agreed that perhaps it *was* the most extraordinary thing on record; and then I asked her what she was going to do in India. She said *that* was the delicate matter she had wished to consult me about—that she hoped I would really be calm, and not try to shake her resolution, for that it was all settled, and I had only myself to thank: she was going out to be married. 'Married!' But I didn't seem to care twopence, and asked, 'Who to?' She said that she wasn't at liberty to divulge the name, but it began with W, and perhaps I might guess when she told me that he was a person of the highest official position in the civil service, who had got into trouble about indigo three years ago. But I couldn't guess; and she said he had been home on furlough about that time, and having seen her on the stage, had fallen desperately in

love with her, and had pined ever since in voluntary exile on one of the Himalayas, much to the regret of the Governor-General and Council, who had vainly attempted to get him to come down. At last he had written to her in desperation, and asked her to go out to him, saying, 'Restore me to my country and to myself!'

"What was she to do? She had no friends. I would not go to her. The attempt to rescue her papa from the mine might be abortive. She was dissatisfied with this life, which was a precarious one. Kean had thrown over her tragedy. She was misunderstood and disappointed on every hand; and she had resolved to cast in her lot in the far-shining East with one who had sworn to love and cherish her for ever.

"She looked very hard at me as she finished, and said, 'Don't try to dissuade me, dear Adolphus! bear the pang—it is for my good.' And I said, 'I won't dissuade you; I congratulate you with all my heart.' Then she gave a scream and fainted, and had hysterics—two or three, in fact—and the Count came back and put his head in and said, 'You'll have every blessed bobby in town about the house if you don't shut up that blarneyed squalling.' Then she came to at once, and said, 'Adolphus! leave me! I have been deceived in you—cruel, cruel man!' And I said, 'What the deuce had I done?' and she stamped her foot and screamed out, 'Go, viper!' So I went; and the Count met me at the door and asked me to lend him five shillings, which I did, he remarking that she (Carlotta) seemed to be 'a little spotty about the back,' which I then believed to be a Polish idiom literally translated. Next day I got down to Gravesend, and got all my traps on board. There were only about five-and-twenty passengers, but no Carlotta among them. The time was just up, when a boat came off full of luggage, and there was Carlotta

dressed like an archduchess and looking really stunning. She had a maid with her, who was as drunk as a fiddler, and had to be hoisted up with ropes and things. The Count was with her too, looking awfully seedy, all in black, with a frockcoat and a black stock, and no linen visible—which is rather a way Polish counts have, isn't it? So they bustled about, and got her things stowed away, and her maid under hatches; and then the skipper holloed out, 'All shore-boats off!' I heard the Count say to her, 'Bye, bye; wish you luck—mind the rhino,' which I thought deuced odd and familiar; and he scuttled down into his boat, and Carlotta put her head over, and said in a loud voice, 'You'll telegraph the first intelligence from Siberia.' I only heard the Count's answer indistinctly, there was such a row of steam and things, but it sounded like 'Walker!' and then, 'the flimsies regular, or I'll split—I will, by gum!' She explained to me after, that they (the refugees and plotters) had a cipher and a cant language, which they always used in discussing political secrets, so I concluded the Count must have been alluding to some of the arrangements for getting her papa out of the mine.

"The first night she only gave me a haughty bow, and wouldn't speak a word, and then for a week I didn't see her—she was ill in her cabin, like every one else almost; but the first time she came on deck she walked up to me and held out her hand and said, 'Forgive and forget, Adolphus; I was hasty and impetuous, and did not do justice to the disinterested way you concealed your agony: you were brusque—it was painful to me, but I should have respected the generous mask with which you covered your disappointment.' She was always harping away about my agony and disappointment, when, in fact, I was as jolly as a sand-boy; but it didn't matter to me, and seemed to please her, so what

was the odds? In a very few days we were on the old Malta footing again. She never let me out of her sight. All the other women were as ugly as sin, so all the men paid her no end of attention. She was a showy woman, mind you, and fellows are hard up for something to do at sea when they're not sleeping or eating. At first she rather took up with one or two of them. There was a tea-planter, and an Indian officer, and a doctor she carried on with for a bit; and then, hang it! I got on my mettle, and resolved to show these fellows they hadn't a chance. So I went in for her again in the old way, and made all the others wild, and I liked that. I got her to turn the doctor out of his seat at meals, which was next to mine, and give it up to her, and she sat beside me all the rest of the voyage. Then I used to carry up my arm-chair to the deck for her when it was fine, and wouldn't let her use any other person's; and if there was a little sea on, I used to give her my arm up and down the deck. How the other women used to scowl and sneer and whisper! but I liked that too. Then she quarrelled with all the women, and quarrelled with the men, and made me quarrel with them, and had a row with the captain about her light at night, and set me at him. He was a good fellow the skipper, but I had a jolly row with him. While we were jawing about the light, he said, 'Who the deuce is this empress who is to have special indulgences on board the Fleece?' and I said, 'D—n the Fleece!' and that she was a very different lot from what the Fleece carried in general; and he said, 'He hoped so.' And I said, 'Why?' and he said he thought she was 'a queer one.' Then I told him to explain himself, and he said, 'Do you see any green in my eye, youngster?' and I said, 'D—n his eye, and not to call me youngster.' Then we had a tremendous turn-up; he swore he would report me to the adjutant-general, and I

swore I'd have him up before the Board of Trade; then he roared out laughing and went away forward. But it was hot water for me after that, all the voyage; it was not pleasant, I can tell you. The only comfort I had was, that all the men were as jealous as tigers of me. As the voyage began to draw to an end she got awfully low and moping, and cried very much; and I asked her what the row was. Then she told me she had terrible misgivings about the marriage; that she feared she had mistaken her feelings, and that her strength would fail her; that she sometimes felt it would be an injustice to the 'person in the highest official position in the civil service' to give him her hand when her heart could never be his. One night in the dusk we were sitting on deck together, and she was saying all this; and that, as for her own feelings, of course happiness was banished from her heart for ever, and that probably it would be better if its desolate beatings were stilled for evermore, and she laid at rest in an Orient grave, over which no one would drop a tear; and she cried awfully, and popped her head down on my shoulder. I was confoundedly cut up, and said, 'Don't cry, Carlotta; it's sure to be all right. You'll find the person in the highest official position will turn out a trump, and no mistake.'

"But she moaned and sobbed, and kept saying, 'No, no, no; lay me in an Orient grave!' At last I got cut up with a vengeance, and—and I kissed her—I did—I wanted to soothe her, I was so sorry for her, so I kissed her, and said, 'Don't cry, my darling, I can't bear it.' The moment I did this she jumped up with a scream, and cried, 'I'm ruined! I'm undone! Look there! look there!' I looked, but I could see nothing but the captain's parrot taking his evening stroll on the quarter-deck. 'What was it?' I said. 'Oh!' said she, sitting down and panting,

with both hands on her heart—'oh! it's all over now; my character's gone: *that* Mrs. Gligsby was looking out of the cabin door and saw us. O Adolphus, you've destroyed me! you wicked, wicked man!' I swore I hadn't seen Mrs. Gligsby, and went into the cabin to look after her, and there she was on the off side of the table, with her back to the wall, calmly playing whist with the captain and two others—so it couldn't have been her. But Carlotta wouldn't be comforted, and insisted that Mrs. Gligsby had been there, and had harked back to the whist all as a blind, for that she was cunning and deceitful and vindictive, and I would see what I would see.

"At last we got to 'the Sand-heads' and took our pilot on board, and our letters came down; and Carlotta made a tremendous shindy when there were none for her, and had hysterics all the way up the Hoogly: it was awful the way she went on.

"Well, we berthed opposite the Fort. No end of people came on board to receive their friends; and such a bustle and such a row!—nigger servants coming to look for masters, and hotel touts and custom-house officers, and all that sort of business. I went to my cabin to finish up my packing and be out of the scrimmage; and, after a bit, went up on deck to see about Carlotta's affairs, whom I had lost sight of in the bustle. By Jove, sir! there she was—sitting huddled up beside the wheel—pale as death, her eyes quite fixed, and with such a look of horror and despair, it seemed to freeze me. I went up to her and said, 'Good God! what's the matter?' and she said, quite calmly, but in a dreadful voice, 'Go away, and let me die!' and then I found that the person in the highest official position, &c., hadn't put in an appearance, and, by degrees, that she had no money—not a stiver; and she

and her maid each had a long tic with the steward. Well, what could I do? Of course I paid her bill and drove her to Spence's Hotel, and established her there with her woman, and told her not to be unhappy, for that I had lots of tin, and would be delighted to be her banker till the person in the highest &c., turned up; and then I drove off to the Great Eastern myself.

"The next day I went over to see about her. Her maid came down and said, 'What was to be done?' her mistress had had some bad news that morning, and was nearly out of her mind—'What was she to do?' 'I didn't know,' I said, 'unless I could see her mistress—could I see her?' The maid didn't think she was calm enough then; I had better call back in an hour or so, and so I did. Carlotta was sitting in a great empty cheerless room; her eyes were red and her face white as death, and her hair all tumbled. She looked so wretched, so desolate, who could have helped pitying her? I did from my heart, as I thought, 'Poor thing! what lines for her! to be so far away from home—a woman—by herself—without friends or money—waiting to be married to a fellow who begins by allowing her to arrive in this devil of a country without a welcome!' 'Carlotta,' I said, 'what is the matter, my poor girl?' but she didn't speak. I asked her again, but she only moaned out, 'I wish I were dead! I wish to heaven I were dead! I am disgraced, dishonoured, betrayed!' I took her hand—it felt like a bit of lead. 'Tell me what has happened,' I said. She raised her head for a moment and pointed to a note that lay on the table. It looked as if she had been crumpling and biting and crying over it—and so she had, I don't doubt. 'Am I to read it?' I asked; and she made a sign that I was. Here it is, Donald. I've kept it, you see, in— in hopes of—I don't know what, and he read it:—

"MADAM,—I came to Calcutta to meet you yesterday, but an accident made me late in reaching the steamer, and when I did reach it you were gone. I do not regret the accident now, as it has been the means of preventing me from taking a step which I should, no doubt, have lived to regret bitterly. Making inquiries on board the ship as to your movements, I was informed by a very sensible person, who gave her name as Gligsby, that you had hurriedly left the ship with a Hussar officer—a Lieutenant Burridge; and on my expressing surprise, she said that, in her opinion, you would have left sooner if there had been any land touched at; for that of all the "discreditable conduct," as she expressed it, your conduct with this officer was the most discreditable she had ever witnessed. "Billings and cooings," she said, morn, noon, and night; and, what was worse, "frequent kissings almost in public." That, under the circumstances, I should decline to fulfil my engagement will scarcely surprise you. I regret the trouble you have been put to in coming out; but Lieutenant Burridge will, no doubt, indemnify you for that; and I can only say that, if he has one spark of honour, one ray of finer feeling, one iota of humanity left, he will make to you the only reparation which, as a man and a soldier, he can do, by marrying you himself without a moment's delay.—I am yours, &c.,

"T. W.

"P.S.—I should add that the captain of the ship fully corroborates the painful statement of Mrs. Gligsby."

"When I read this there was a kind of mist came over my eyes, and all sorts of things flashed through my mind as quick as lightning. Did I want to marry Carlotta? No, certainly not. I didn't care for her, and I didn't want to marry at all then. I was young

and rich, and had large prospects, and I had very soon learned the value of these things in the world. A marriage like this would be a flooring thing for all my after-life. I could never shake it off—never. Then I looked at her, so desolate, so ill used, so heart-broken, and, as I believed, so fond of me, and I said to myself, 'If I forsake this poor woman in her grief, when she has lost all her prospects through me, I am the most selfish scoundrel in the world, and would deserve to be drummed out; and I'll stick to her—so help me God! I will.' All this passed in a moment. Then I knelt down beside her, and put my arm around her waist, and said, 'Don't cry, darling,' but she cried all the more; and I said, 'Carlotta, will you let me comfort you? Will you let me take the place of this scoundrel' (meaning the person in the highest official position) 'who has betrayed you?' Then she looked up—so sad and wearied she looked—and said, 'No, Adolphus, I love you too fondly to wish you to sacrifice your life to mine. Because I am wretched, why should you be? I can't accept a husband without his love,—and yours, I know, I haven't got.' I thought this very noble and disinterested of her, and I cried out, 'But I *do* love you, Carlotta—I swear I do' (and I believed it for five minutes), 'and if you'll take me, here I am. I'll do my best to make you happy, and be a good husband to you as long as I live.'

"Then she threw her arms round my neck, and said I had raised her from the dead—that she cared for nothing else, now I said that I loved her—that she was perfectly happy, only would I mind saying it again and again? I did so. I vowed and swore that I adored her, and I kissed her like—like—a good deal, and then we had tiffin. I went out after to make arrangements for the marriage, and then we rode in 'the Course.' I was in a sort of dream; I remember

the band playing there—a sweet kind of air, and rather a sad one, and it seemed to say, 'You've cooked your goose, Dolly, my boy, and all your jolly days are over. By George! the band was right.'

"Three days after, we were married in the church in Fort William; you know the church, Donald? I didn't know a soul, no more did Carlotta; and as she couldn't ask 'the person in the, &c.,' to give her away, I boned the doctor whose seat she had taken on board the Fleece, and he gave her away.

"We had a little make-believe marriage *déjeuner* at the hotel after. Gad! how miserable I was! The doctor got screwed, and insisted on making speeches, I remember—though we were only three—proposed 'The Queen' and 'The Rest of the Royal Family,' 'The Army and Navy,' 'The Church,' &c., &c., and kept cheering away like fun, all by himself; and brought in a punkah-wallah, and told him to return thanks for the Church, because he was 'japaned,' he said, like a parson; and he kicked the beggar down-stairs because he wouldn't do it—couldn't, you know, of course—and dropped an ice-pail after him; and the landlord came up, and we had a row. Oh, it was horrible! it's all like a bad dream. I recollect trifling little things as if it was ye-terday, and I remember thinking how unlike it all was to what a good man's and a good woman's marriage ought to be. But Carlotta was in high spirits, and we drove down in the evening to Barrackpore, and went to the hotel there for the honeymoon. The honeymoon didn't last long—only three days. I had reported myself in Calcutta, of course, and in fact got leave, you know, to go away from the town for a week, leaving my address in case I was wanted. My regiment was up country, but I was to march up in charge of detachments or something, whenever there was anything to go. It was the Mutiny-

time, and no fellow could travel up country like a gentleman then, I can tell you. Every one had to put his shoulder to the wheel. Well, we had been honeymooning at Barrackpore for three days—Lord, how sick I was of it!—when an orderly arrived with a thundering official for me.

"I was to march up country with a mixed draft in forty-eight hours. I didn't know what the deuce to do with Carlotta. You see I had made no preparations, because the marriage had come off so suddenly. But in we went to Calcutta, and put up at Spence's; and I thought I would go and consult the regimental agent, and I did. He looked gloomy at first, and said, patronisingly, he didn't see what was to be done; leaving a lady at an hotel was an expensive business for a subaltern, and there were no lodgings in Calcutta. I said, 'Lodgings, be hanged! I must take a house for her, of course.' He laughed and said, 'Who's to pay the piper?' and I flared up and said, 'Who *should* pay the piper for a man's wife but a man himself?' And he fumbled his keys and things in his pocket, and said, coolly, 'You have private means, perhaps; but rent here is enormous: it would take more than your whole pay, for it isn't even full batta down here.' I said, 'Yes, of course I have private means; I have four thousand a-year, and as much more as ever I like from my grandmother.' Then his manner changed at once—I'll be hanged if I ever met a fellow of that sort, Donald, whose manner didn't change when he found I was coin. Coin can do a lot of things, but it can't make me happy now, confound it. Well, he became as civil as possible, and I gave him a letter from my bankers at home; and then he wanted me to tiffin, and come and live with him—and have a brandy-and-soda then and there, and a weed, all among his

ledgers and things. He was very useful, and took any amount of trouble, and found a very nice house before next forenoon, in Garden Reach, all furnished and ready (in fact, I believe he turned out of it himself—the rent was so enormous); and you know you can get servants (of a sort) by whistling there; so that night Carlotta and I took up house in our new abode. I gave her an unlimited credit (like a fool) with the agent, and next day said 'Good-bye.' She cried, of course, tremendously. I can't say I did; for as soon as we were married her manner and style seemed to change, and I saw she was a horribly coarse, low-bred, vulgar woman, and that she had been acting the lady, just as if she were on the stage, all the time before. She could act like fun, she was amazingly clever. So I went away up country with my draft, and I thought as I left Calcutta, 'I don't care if I never come down country again.'

"I needn't bore you with the march up. At Benares they took us and sent us off with a 'flying column,' and we were dodging about after rebels for nine weeks; then we got to Allahabad, and off again on another cruise, and so on we were handed about from one place to another, and all through Central India. The detachment was separated and broken up by this time, for they boned men and officers just as they wanted them, and didn't care what regiment you belonged to, and whether you were cavalry, infantry, or artillery—but you know all that. I had very affectionate letters from Carlotta every now and then; to read them you would have believed that she spent half her time in praying for me, and the other half in bullying the post-office authorities about not getting my letters regularly.

"It was a horrid campaign—nothing but marches and forced marches—pelting away after the mutineers in the heat of the sun,

just as if we were in Northern Europe—night alarms and day alarms—short commons and long fasts—fever, ague, cholera, and sun-stroke,—that was about the programme. Deuced little fighting. Now and then we got a chance, and blazed at them at long range; and sometimes, when they were two hundred to one, they would stand up to their guns—then there was a rush and a little bayoneting; but it was all over in a minute or two, and they were off like the wind, and it had all to begin again—padding away after the beggars, and all for no satisfaction. I was sick of it, and uncommon glad when we were ordered into quarters. Then I joined my new regiment. They were at Wallahabad, a small station near the hills. I had never seen them all this time, for they had been cruising in another direction. I liked them—they were a good set of fellows; and when I joined I found I had just got my troop. Promotion was going fast then (the sun had something to say to that, and cholera a good deal); but as I was an infantry fellow, I had the drill and riding-school business to go through, and that was a bore. Somehow I couldn't make up my mind to tell the fellows I was married, and I was so young no one would have dreamt of it. I was desperately unwilling that Carlotta should come up, and always wanted her to put off and off. I told her I was kept so busy with the drill and riding-school it was no good her coming up yet a while, and that she had better stay where she was. So she did for a bit; but I suppose she got sick of it, for all of a sudden up she came without any warning. That put me in a nice fix, I can tell you. I remember her arrival so well. It was just after tiffin, and all the fellows were lounging about in the mess-compound, for it was coolish weather. The public road ran just past the compound; and all of a sudden some one sang out, 'Hollo! an

arrival!—what's this?' and we looked, and there was a string of dák gharries—four or five of them—covered with baggage and servants and things. This was a great excitement, and we all ran and looked over the wall; and the first gharrie—who do you think was in it? who but Kitty Coloony, my wife's drunken Irish maid! She was drunk then, and drinking out of a black bottle, and a monkey and a parrot were cruising about loose in the trap with her. When she passed us she waved her hand and holloed out, 'The tap of the marnin' to ye, bhoys! Connemarra for iver!' and sank back into the gharrie, kicking her abominable heels up into the air. I remember a voice saying, 'It's the Queen of Sheba, and she's as drunk as an owl of the desert.' But my heart seemed to stand still, and I knew—but before I could think, up came the second gharrie, and there sure enough was Carlotta herself. She spotted me at once, halted the gharrie, jumped out like mad, and threw her arms round my neck over the compound wall, singing out, 'Darling Dolly! my chee-ild! my chee-ild! my Adolphus!' just as if she was on the stage.

"All the fellows roared; and I saw she was as drunk as Kitty Coloony. 'Who is this woman, sir?' cried the Colonel to me (he was married, and a religious fellow); and I said, 'It's all right, sir; I'll put it all square.' I hardly knew what I was saying or doing, but I jumped the compound wall, bundled Carlotta into the gharrie, and told the whole caravan to drive to my bungalow. As we moved off I could see all the fellows doubled up with laughing; some of them kicking about in fits on the grass, and the Colonel marching into the mess-house with a face like a scourge. Well, there was a subaltern of mine, Fred Lascelles, shared the bungalow with me. When the procession arrived,

Fred was sitting smoking in the verandah, and you should have seen his face. I had never told him about Carlotta, you know. He gave a view-holloa when he saw Kitty Coloony, and she jumped out and began to dance a jig; and Fred, who was a lively bird, joined her, and there they were capering away on the grass when I came up. 'What does it all mean, Dolly?' he cried, holding his sides; and then he saw by my face there was something wrong; and I said, 'My wife's in the second gharrie, Fred, and I want you to turn out for her, like a good fellow.' 'Your wife!' he said, with a queer twinkle in his eye. 'Walker! all right though, Dolly. I'll turn out in a jiffy.' 'Upon my honour, Fred, she's my married wife,' I said; and he went away in to order his servants to move his traps, muttering something about 'having cut his eye-teeth.'

"I got Carlotta quieted down, and to bed, and her baggage and niggers and monkeys and parrots and Kitty Coloony stowed away; and I was just sitting down to smoke a weed, and think over my troubles, when up came an orderly and told me that the Colonel wished to see me immediately. Off I went to the orderly-room—pretty savage I was too—and there was the Colonel looking like thunder. 'What am I to understand, Captain Burrige,' he said, 'by the disgraceful scene we have just witnessed?' 'It wasn't my fault, sir,' I replied. 'How dare you bring that disreputable woman into my station, sir?' (He was commanding the station too, you know.) 'She's my wife, sir; I suppose I have a right to bring her anywhere; and as to "disreputable" how dare you use that word?' 'She was drunk, sir,' said the Colonel, quailing a little though. 'She was not drunk—no man shall say she was; she was overcome by the heat. Is this all you have to say to me, Colonel Winthrop?' 'I beg your pardon, Captain Bur-

ridge, if she is really your wife.' 'She is really my wife, sir, upon my honour!' I replied. 'Then I beg your pardon, Captain Burrige.' But he spoke very coldly, and I knew he didn't believe she was my wife a bit. However, I could only say good-morning, and come away.

"The life I led there after this was dreadful. Carlotta had thrown off her mask altogether: her temper was awful—her language was abominable—and she constantly got drunk and insulted people. She wanted to call on all the ladies in the station, but I swore, if she did, that I would sell out and go to the backwoods of America, so she gave it up; but at the band she used to make remarks on the people in a loud voice, and stare impudently at the ladies and laugh in their faces, and turn round and sometimes call out things after them, so that I forbade her to go to the band. I couldn't prevent it sometimes though; and at last, one evening when I was on guard, she took the opportunity of going there by herself. The collector of the district was there in his buggy—a fat old codger, awfully bumptious; and Carlotta, who was furiously drunk, rode up and asked him what the devil he meant by driving a white horse. He said he supposed he might drive what kind of a horse he pleased; and she said, 'No,' that that was his mistake, and that if she ever caught him there with anything but piebalds again, she would leather him within an inch of his life. Then the old fellow got in a rage and said, 'Leather away!' and she did—cut his face open with her whip, and broke his hat with the butt-end, and galloped off. You can imagine the row. The Colonel sent for me and said, 'Captain Burrige, I won't discuss with you whether the person under your protection is your wife or not. One thing is now certain, that she is disreputable and a public annoyance, and, being so, she shall not remain in my station. She must

be out of it in twenty-four hours.' I could only say, 'I'm ashamed to repeat that she is my wife, but of course I quite see that she must go, and go she shall.'

"The next morning I had it out with her,—and such a shindy! She vowed she wouldn't move, but I told her the Colonel would either have her looked up or removed by force; so off she went, away down country, with Kitty Coloony and all the other beasts, back to Calcutta, to the house in Garden Reach, which I had kept on all the time. I didn't go with her, but I couldn't remain in the station—I was too ashamed; so I got leave and went away to the hills for a cruise by myself, waiting till I could get an exchange. It was coming down again that I met your brother at Nynce Tal, and he took me for you, and that was the first I ever heard of you, Donald. At Nynce Tal I got a letter from the Calcutta agent, saying that my wife was spending a lot of money—too much, he thought—and had come and asked for £1000 in a lump. He had declined to give it to her without consulting me; and was he to give it to her? I wrote back to say No, not in a lump, but that he might pay for her any bills she wanted paid, but not to give her more than £100 at a time. I didn't know what tricks she might be up to. I remained at Nynce Tal and Simla for a bit, and then I got another letter from the agent (none from Carlotta all this time) saying that she had come again for the £1000, and that when he told her my decision she was very abusive; and that her brother, who was with her and intoxicated, had also abused and struck him; and that therefore he had felt compelled to transfer the agency in the mean time to other hands, as he could not have transactions with such a person, and, on the whole, he thought I had better come down without delay. Down I went post-haste. I had never heard of her brother

before, and I was naturally inquisitive about him, you see. I sent no warning to Carlotta, and arrived in Garden Reach one morning about seven o'clock.

"The sitting-rooms were to the back of the house, and I got in without her hearing, and walked straight into a morning-room that opened on to a verandah and garden. There I saw a sight that astonished me. Carlotta was there in a dressing-gown with her hair down, with bloodshot eyes and a white sodden face—so old and haggard and blackguard-looking, just like the horrid figure you see prowling out and in the gin-palaces in London; and opposite her—who do you think was sitting opposite her? with nothing but a flannel shirt and peijamas on—a short pipe in his mouth—unshaven—dirty—drunk—who? who but Count Arnold Doldorouski. I stopped at the door stupefied. Carlotta, who had a large tumbler of liquor in her hand, threw it down and jumped up with a scream when she saw me. She could still act though, and well, and she recovered herself in an instant, and rushed towards me to embrace me. I couldn't stand that, and pushed her away. Then she cried out, 'What! not one fond embrace in the moment of my joy! The Count has just arrived with the happy, happy tidings; my father is delivered from the mine, and resumes his name and place in society! Rejoice with me, my Adolphus! rejoice! rejoice!' and she threw her eyes up and clasped her hands. All this time the Count had never risen, but sat blinking at me through his tobacco-smoke. When she had done he croaked out, 'Stow that gammon; it's a cock that won't fight. I'm sick of it, and I'm going to split; I am, by gum!' Carlotta looked flabbergasted for a moment, and then said to me, 'The fatigue of travel, the excitement, the heat, have unhinged his poor mind; I must rally him.' Then, turning to the ruffian (and I

saw her wink at him), she said, in her theatrical way, 'How, my lord! your Lordship strangely forgets yourself! Seek a little repose now, and you will recount the happy tidings afterwards. He has come,' she explained to me, 'through the wilds of Russia and in by the north of India, riding night and day to relieve my mind—was it not good and key-ind and noble? Go, my lord, and repose a while.' His lordship, however, declined to go, and again repeated that he was sick of the gammon, and would split; and then he started up and began to sing a bit of that *extravaganza* song, 'I'm not the Queen, ha, ha! I'm not the Queen, ha, ha!' and added, 'No, nor the Lord Mayor, nor the Archbishop of Canterbury, nor Count Bubblefrowsky, nor any lord. I'm Bill Whytock, I am; and I'll fight you for a pint and lick you for a quart, you d—d swaggering, officering noodle!' and then he took a long pull at his brandy-and-soda, and sat down.

"Carlotta saw the game wouldn't do and changed it at once, and said, 'Adolphus, forgive me; I have deceived you, but it was from a kind motive. This is my brother William. Distress and poverty, from my father's long confinement, have brought him to what you see him. He had no asylum, no home, and he came to me. Forgive me. Can a sister turn her back upon a brother? Never.' 'She'd better not,' said the Count; 'but this is more like sense; so, Dolly, I look towards you, and I'll be your brother, if you like. Here's your health, you jolly green;' and he took another pull at his liquor, and reeled out of the room, remarking that he 'would go and have a little mirth with the parrots.' Then I had it out with Carlotta. She said her brother had been in want and distress, and had come out in desperation to look for her, without her sending for him. She feared he had got into wild drinking ways, but might be reclaimed if I would pay his pas-

sage home, and give him a couple of hundred pounds to start him in business. I said I would, provided he went off at once by that day's mail, and I never saw him again; and she (she was tremendously agitated, but as meek as a lamb) went into another room and discussed the matter with the Count, and after a long wrangle she came back and said he was deeply grateful, and would go at once; and he did go. I made the agent pay his passage and see him on board, and I never set eyes on the ruffian again. A nice little domestic incident, wasn't it? My health was a good deal smashed with all the worry and distress I had gone through—and I had a doctor in, who said I must positively go to sea for a month. Accordingly I took a passage in a steamer going to Rangoon, and sailed two days after. Something went wrong with the screw or the boilers, and we had to put back, and I was in Calcutta again in a week. I went to the house in Garden Reach; my wife wasn't in: she was riding on the Course, the servants said. I went to my room to change my dress, and requiring a pair of scissors, looked for them in a work-box of my wife's in the adjoining room, and there, lying open in the box, was a note beginning 'Angelic Being!' This was interesting, so I went on, and found it was from a fellow saying how he loved her, and asking why, loving him as she confessed she did, she would not consent to be his, and fly from that imbecile husband of hers, union with whom was a disgrace to a woman of her soul. He said his fond heart would not allow him to believe that her decision was final, and that he would come that night at seven o'clock to hear if she would not relent. It was signed 'Aaron Lewis,' and I saw by the date that the promised visit was to take place that very evening, and indeed in half an hour. So I assembled the servants, and told them that if they told their

mistress I had come home, I would flay them all alive—not only the fellows who told, but the entire household. Then I locked myself into an anteroom that opened on to the drawing-room, and waited.

"Presently in came my lady and ordered tea; as soon as she was settled I got a chink of the door open to see all that went on, and before long Mr. Aaron Lewis was announced. You never saw such a thief to look at, Donald. He was a short, stout, thick-set fellow, with a neck like a bull, a head of hair like a black haystack, a nose like a pump-handle, and a nigger's blubber lips. He was evidently a Jew, and a very bad dirty sort of Jew. When he came in he kissed his hand three times, skipped across the room, and went down with a bang on his knees before Carlotta. She gave him her hand like a stage empress, and he kissed it and said, 'Relent! relent! and fly with me to love and joy.' Then she put up her handkerchief to her eyes with one hand, and with the other stroked his filthy hair, and warbled out, 'Tempt me not, my Aaron—tempt me not; be satisfied that my heart is thine, and wait! wait!' I suppose she thought I was seedy and going off the hooks, and she was hedging with this beast, and meant, wait till I was dead. 'If it is worldly prudence,' said the Jew, who was a deuced poetical kind of Jew—'if it is worldly prudence which stifles the emotions of that fond heart, dismiss it. I have wealth—I have gold—I have riches; I shower them at your feet!' and he butted his great bullet-head forward in his ecstasy and upset the teapot all over the place, and I swear I could hardly help laughing.

"Then they set to work and abused me. Lord! how they did pitch into me, and my follies and weaknesses. I can tell you, Donald, this woman I had married out of pity had no pity upon me. At last the Jew said, in a tragical voice, 'If he was here, if I saw him,

I could not contain myself, I would r-r-r rend him limb from limb,' and he rolled his eyes and gnashed his teeth like an ogre. 'Would you?' said I, stepping out. 'Well, here I am—rend away!' Wasn't the Jew taken aback! You should have seen his face. Then I took him by the scruff of the neck and kicked him up and down the room, and then I got a cutting whip and let into him till he bellowed like a mad bull, and I took the butt and crashed into his head and face with it, and bundled him to the window when I was tired and tilted him out into the garden. Carlotta had fainted really, I believe; but she came to quick enough. I hadn't much to say to her, and I said it in a few words. She began her theatricals, but I said, 'Stop; I may be a noodle and an imbecile and a disgrace to be married to, but I'm not noodle enough to have anything more to do with you. This house will be shut up the day after to-morrow, you can make your own arrangements in the mean time. To-morrow send a lawyer to meet mine at the agent's at twelve o'clock. They will draw up a deed of separation; I wish to heaven it was a divorce, but you're too cunning for that. I shall settle £500 a-year on you. I am going to Europe next week, if you should happen to be going that way and we meet, be good enough to remember we're total strangers; but I sincerely hope I may never see your face again.' Then I got my traps together and went to the hotel. My wife had run up awful tics in Calcutta, and paying them off really dipped me, and I had to draw on my grandmother for an extra grant. She was a little astonished at my expenses, and I had to tell her a cock-and-bull story about the fearful mortality among my elephants—as if I kept a herd of a few hundreds all to myself. The good old soul paid up at once. I believe she imagines ever since that cavalry

regiments are mounted on elephants in India; but that was better than that she should know all the shame and distress I went through, which would break her heart, I believe.

"After a year at the depot, I went out to India again to the headquarters of my present regiment, and I spent three wretched years there, on the Madras side this time, principally at Bangalore. I have never seen Carlotta; all I know is that her money is paid by my agents to some solicitors in London for her every half-year.

"We came home about eighteen months ago, and that brings me down to my acquaintance with Mary."

"Well, Adolphus," I said, "I must say you have had uncommonly hard lines. One would almost say that *one* moral of your story at least is, 'Never act upon the impulse of kind feelings;' but if you don't mind telling me, I should like to know what happened the day after—I mean the day you awoke and remembered your declaration to Miss Richmond."

"The next day I did not see her at all—it was impossible, for *some* reason or other. I lay in bed all the forenoon, in a very unhappy state, you may believe. At one time I thought of this millstone round my neck—this abominable woman, but for whom I might be the happiest fellow in the world; and then I thought of what I had said to Mary, and how on earth it was all to be unsaid; and then I kept saying to myself, 'You scoundrel, you villain, you blackguard, you've been and gone and done it, and you'll end in the hulks, which is just the place for you. And then a thought came into my head, 'Was there no means of dissolving this marriage anyhow? I had thought of this before a score of times, but had dismissed the idea always, because I knew anything I did would require to be public, and I couldn't bear the

thought of everybody knowing what an ass I had been; and, above all things, I wouldn't have my old grandmother know about the business. But now I had a reason—a very tremendous reason, you see—and I felt that I didn't care about the publicity; and as for my grandmother, she would get over it, provided only I could get rid of Carlotta for ever, and be able to go to Mary as an honest man. I thought away as hard as I could, but I haven't got many brains, you know, and it all came to nothing, of course. Tommy Carleton's brother, an Oxford fellow, was staying with us at the time. No end of a fellow to talk and lay down the law about everything. I'll be hanged if he didn't seem to know everything, and somehow, even when you agreed with him, he contrived to show you that you knew nothing and were wrong. At mess that night my mind was still running on the thought, 'Can I ever get rid of this woman by any sort of dodge or contrivance of the law?' and it seemed to me that if anybody could give one a wrinkle on the subject, this devil of a brother of Tommy Carleton's, who knew everything, ought to be able. I must tell you that my regiment knew nothing about my marriage, only that there had been a queer story about a woman in India—ages ago. Well, I wanted to draw the Oxford man, and I was very cunning about it. I told him a story—my own story, or very like it—about a friend of mine—John Smith, I called him—being married to a woman—Susan Jones—when he was quite a lad, and didn't care for her, and about her being a drunken old scoundrel, and his wanting to get rid of her, and that he (J. S.) had written to me for my opinion (as a practical man) whether, if he became a Roman Catholic, the Pope could smash up his marriage by a bull or something,—this idea *had* occurred

to me, and I thought it happy. The Oxford man laughed very long and very loud, and said, 'Poor dear John Smith! his innocence is almost as singular as his name,' and did I mean to say that I was ignorant enough to entertain such an idea? Of course I said 'No,' and that I only mentioned it as a capital joke; adding that I supposed J. S. was regularly cooked and dished, and could never get out of it. Then Tommy Carleton's brother looked awfully wise, and asked some questions.

"What age was *this* Smith at the time of marriage?' I said, 'Nineteen, or thereby.' 'Where did the marriage take place?' and I said, 'Otaheite, one of the South Sea Islands'—why, I don't know. The Oxford man laughed at this, and asked if John Smith was a missionary; and I said, 'No, that he was only cruising about for a lark.' Then he asked if he had ever gone through a second ceremony. I said, 'No, he hadn't seen the woman for years.' Then Tommy Carleton's brother folded himself back in his chair (I can see him now) and said, 'Tell your friend, tell *this* Smith that he is no more married than I am.' 'How?' I cried—I couldn't keep down my excitement. 'How!' said the Oxford man; 'why, take my word for it, I haven't eaten dinners at an inn for four terms for nothing. It's beyond the jurisdiction of Doctor's Commons—he was a minor—*cadant vincula*. Smith is a free bachelor, and Jones a free spinster. All he's got to do is to file a bill, you know. Presto! the thing's done. What a goose the fellow must have been not to come to me—I mean, to some lawyer—before, if he wanted to be quit of *this* Jones! He ought to give me a fee.' 'So he will,' I cried, wild with joy and gratitude—'so he will, the biggest you ever got—name your figure.' And all the fellows laughed; they thought I was chaffing the Oxford man.

"I asked Tommy after dinner if his brother was a certainty, and Tommy said there was no mistake about him; that he was the cleverest fellow they had ever raised at Oxford, and that he couldn't take his degree at present for the simple reason that no examiner there had the pluck to tackle him, but that the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge was reading up, and hoped to be ready to have a round with him next term. Then as to law, though he had only eaten dinners for four terms at his inn (I'll be hanged if I could see what staying at an hotel had to do with it), the benchers were already afraid of him, and it was supposed he would be let 'through' without any more eating. I then asked Tommy's brother what 'Smith' should do. 'Put the case with the facts into his solicitor's hands in town; he'll file the bill, and it will all be settled in a fortnight,' he said. I would have liked to give Tommy's brother a service of gold plate on the spot. At last, then, I was going to be free from my bondage, and Mary and I might be married as soon as ever 'the bill was filed.' I never could tell you, I needn't try to tell you, all I felt.

"By the by, you know the locket with A E I on it?—she was wearing it, you said, the other night. Well, that night I telegraphed to Emmanuel for the chastest ornament he had, and that locket came back by return of post. I met Mary the next night at a dance, and carried her off at once to a quiet corner to make my confession. I believe I was rather wild in my talk at first, and I remember she looked startled and surprised. I said, 'I love you, Mary, more than everything in the world, but I was a villain to tell you so.' 'How?' said Mary, with her eyes very wide. 'I'll tell you,' I said; 'I was a villain the night before last when I told you that I loved you, and now I tell you I love you, and I'm not a villain;

can you guess what I mean?' She said, 'No,' and it wasn't likely she should, was it? 'I thought I was married already, Mary;' I went on, 'when I first spoke to you' (Mary gave a gasp and turned deadly pale); 'but I needn't say *thought*, for I thought of nothing but you, and how I loved you, at the time. I *had* considered myself a married man—miserably married to a bad woman, whom I hadn't seen for years, and I was led away by my feelings to tell you of my love, which I had no right to do; and I would have been back to-day to confess, and go down on my knees for your forgiveness, but now *everything* is changed. I'm glad I was a villain, because I'm not a villain; and though I was married yesterday morning, I may say I'm a bachelor now, and she's a spinster, for the bill will be filed and the whole thing settled in a fortnight.' Poor Mary couldn't follow me a bit, and seemed frightened and anxious to get away; but I implored her to sit down and I would be calm, and I told her the whole of my story from the beginning—this miserable story I've been telling you. She was terribly cut up, and cried, and was sorry for me, and didn't blame me a bit, and said she hoped the bill would be filed all right, but that if it wasn't she would never reproach me, but remain single all her life for my sake, and love me all the same, and never look at another fellow. And then I saw she was an angel, not only because of her beautiful eyes and golden hair, but because her heart was so good and kind and tender and true, as the angels are, don't you know.

"I didn't like to write to the family solicitor—indeed I didn't wish to write to any one, but to state my case by word of mouth. So I got the address of a legal firm in good practice, and a week after went up to see them. In the mean time I saw Mary every day,

and had such a happy week. We both made up our minds that the bill would be filed without the slightest delay, and talked of our marriage and our plans as if everything was settled. One thing we didn't do, fortunately—we didn't give out our engagement. I believe the first night I spoke to Mary she told her cousin, from whom she had no secrets, that I had proposed and that she had accepted me. That cousin was this very Lady Rose O'Shea now at F——. She was at the ball, of course, but I can't remember her—indeed what could I remember of that night except one person and one thing? But when Mary found out about the previous marriage, she would tell no one, and wouldn't hear of her father being spoken to, and even refused to answer her cousin's questions about the affair. As she said, 'It would never do till the bill was filed.'

"Of course people suspected and talked, but that didn't matter; no one interfered with us, and we met every day. I could hardly persuade myself to go away to town on the business—it was so delightful down there—it was about the only real happiness I ever had; but at last Mary urged me to it, saying it was only a little temporary separation, a little momentary grief, to bring about our complete happiness—and at last I went. I saw the lawyer as soon as I arrived in town. He pricked up his ears when I told him it was a matrimonial case; and when I told him I had plenty of money, and didn't care what I spent on the matter, provided it was done quickly and effectually, he became quite affectionate. Then I stated the whole case to him. When I had finished, he stroked his chin and said, 'It appears to me that you have no actual evidence in support of a divorce after all.' 'I don't want a divorce,' I said—'I don't require one; I'm going to annul the marriage altogether.'

'As how?' he asked. 'Why,' I said, 'I'm going to file a bill, of course; the thing's as plain as a pike-staff.' He was rather a grave man, but he laughed and coughed a good deal; and when I asked him how much the bill would stand me in, he laughed and coughed more, and begged my pardon. Then I had to tell him about Tommy Carleton's brother and his opinion, whereupon he said that Mr. Carleton was evidently an impudent pretender or a practical joker. It was impossible to prove the marriage void—that was a certainty, he said; 'but, judging from the style of the woman, it might probably be easy to obtain evidence that would render a dissolution practicable. Where was the woman now?' I told him I didn't know. She was in India the last time I heard of her, but my agents in the country remitted £250 half-yearly to a London firm on her account, and her whereabouts was therefore discoverable. The lawyer said I had strangely neglected my interests. In the first place, she might be dead, and some dishonest relative might be personating her, and drawing her annuity; in the second place, if I wanted to get rid of her, it was clearly expedient that a surveillance should be established to note the manner of life she was leading. If I would give him the address of her agent in London, he would get things in train; and if the woman was still in India, he would set a sharp correspondent on her track—a man who would ferret out anything; while, if she were in Europe, he would easily put her under a vigilant observation. All steps of the sort were taken: it transpired that she had been leading a roving restless life—at first in India, then at different places in Europe—sometimes taking a theatrical engagement; that she was still given to excessive drinking and to gambling; but she baffled all efforts to obtain the kind of evidence required for my release. There the

matter stands at present. The ver-diot of the lawyer was a terrible blow to Mary, as it was to me. I wrote and told her about it—how the bill could never be filed; but added that there was no reason to despair, as the lawyers were hard at work, had got an idea, and were sanguine that eventually something could be done to release me; at the same time, she must consider herself free from any kind of engagement, more particularly as it appeared to me that we could neither meet nor correspond under existing circumstances. She wrote me back such a jolly letter, saying that, whatever happened, she would always love me the same, and never marry any other fellow, though of course she agreed with me that we could neither correspond nor meet unless some favourable change in circumstances took place, for which she would always pray.

"I've never seen her or heard from her since; and though I know

she's as true and constant as a rock, still, Donald, a fellow has his low fits when everything looks black; and for some time past I've been tremendously down on my luck—all from never hearing anything the least cheering, and having no communication with her; so that at last I began to persuade myself she had forgotten me altogether: and it was only when I heard she was wearing my locket that I felt, 'Perhaps it isn't all over with me yet!' There, Donald, that's my yarn—the confession of Adolphus Burridge. I imagine you're a sharp fellow. They say Scotchmen are clear-headed. Perhaps you may hit on a scheme. So keep thinking it over, like a good fellow, will you?"

I duly promised; and as the day was now getting on, we remounted and rode back to camp, Burridge much relieved by his confession, and I deeply meditating on the strange tale I had heard.

KINGLAKE'S HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

PART II.

With the failure of the French attack on the Flagstaff Bastion on the 17th October, and the determination of Lord Raglan that, until they could assault that work, he would not storm the Redan, all hope of the immediate capture of Sebastopol departed.

The French engineers determined to carry on their attack on the Flagstaff Bastion by regular approaches. The English resumed their fire on the Redan on the 18th, but only to aid, by distracting the Russians, the operations of their Allies. On the morning of the 19th, as the French were in a condition to reopen fire, the bombardment was renewed from the whole Allied batteries. But again Todleben was too much for the French artillery. By working all night he was always able to meet his opponents with rearmcd and repaired works in the morning. Thus the Redan had been ready for action when day broke on the 18th; and though it had been a second time reduced to silence ere the sun set, it was again armed for the strife by dawn on the 19th; whilst, to encounter the French attack, new and heavier batteries were yawning. So it resulted that this second artillery duel ended as the first. Under the converging fire of weightier and more numerous guns, the French batteries on Mount Rodolph were a second time overmatched. By ten o'clock on the 19th two of them had been extinguished by explosions, and a third subdued by fire; by three in the afternoon they were all silent. During the whole day the English engaged the Redan, but without decisive result; and thus day by

day, until the 25th October, the fight went on. Each night both parties repaired the damage of the day; each day the artillery destroyed the repairs of the night. But in this strife the Russians had the ascendant. By increasing the number of his traverses and the thickness and height of his parapets, Todleben reduced the Muscovite loss from 543 men on the 18th (when the English only fired), to an average of only 254 on each of the six succeeding days. By constructing new batteries in unexpected positions, he was ever raking and retarding the approaches of our Allies.

But now a new actor was about to come upon the scene—the Russian field-army—to make itself felt. Ere we turn to its operations, however, it is but justice to Lord Raglan to point out that upon the 23d October he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle:—

“ ‘We have been fortunate in having very fine weather, and Mr. Cattley encourages us to hope that this may last till nearly the middle of next month. Then we must be prepared either for wet or extreme cold, and in neither case could our troops remain under canvas, even with great and constant fires, and the country hardly produces wood enough to cook the men's food. . . . Before concluding, I may be permitted to say a word with regard to this army. It requires, and should not be denied, repose. Although the marches have not been many, fatigue has pressed heavily upon the troops.’ ”—(Vol. iv. p. 6, 7.)

And with this letter he enclosed a very clear and accurate description of the winter climate of the Crimea, drawn up by Mr. Cattley, formerly consul at Kertch, and now

The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. Vols. III. and IV. Second Edition. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1868.

interpreter at headquarters. It cannot after this be said that the Commander of the British forces in the Crimea failed to give full and timely warning to the Home Government of what our soldiers would have to face if left to winter on the bleak plateau of the Chersonese. The failure of the bombardment on the 17th October first made it all but certain that we must winter before Sebastopol. On the 23d Lord Raglan sent home this strong appeal.

On the 7th of October a Cossack patrol were seen by our outposts beyond the Tchernaya, near the village of Tchorgoun. It was the first sign that Mentschikoff's army had resumed its sway over the Mackenzie Heights.* On the night of the 13th, three battalions, with a few guns and Cossacks, descending from these heights, established themselves permanently in that village. On the 18th, the day after the first bombardment, Lord Raglan was summoned to the edge of the plateau in his rear by the announcement that the Russians were moving, and from thence he plainly saw them marching in some strength along the ridge above Tchorgoun. It was Liprandi "poising his wings for the swoop which he afterwards made." By the 23d this detachment of Liprandi's in Tchorgoun had been reinforced to 17 battalions, 30 squadrons, and 64 guns; while another movable column had been organised on the Mackenzie Heights, consisting of 8 battalions, 4 squadrons, and 14 guns, under General Jabrokritsky, who was ordered to co-operate with Liprandi in any forward movement. The total strength of these two bodies was close on 25,000 men.

The scene of the memorable events which followed was the

plain of Balaklava. This lies about a mile north of the town of that name, and is about three miles in length by two in breadth. On the north it is bounded by the Fedjoukine Hills, behind which flows the Tchernaya; on the south by the Kamara ridge and Mount Hibelak, with the sea beyond; on the east by Mount Hasfort and the hills towards Baidar; and on the west by the "steep buttresses of the Chersonese upland." Across the basin thus formed runs from east to west a low ridge of ground which divides it into two narrow valleys. This ridge is, for distinctness, called the Causeway Heights, from the Woronzoff road, which runs along it; and the valleys are named respectively the north and south valleys. Across the eastern end of the north valley runs an aqueduct and the Tchernaya, with Tchorgoun beyond it. At the eastern end of the south valley stands the prominent eminence called Canrobert's Hill.

Opening out into the western extremity of the south valley lies the narrow gorge in which is situated the town and harbour of Balaklava, shut in between the steep slopes of Mount Hibelak and the precipitous sides of the Chersonese. Mount Hibelak, which is connected with the Kamara Hills by a single narrow ridge overhanging the sea, was occupied by about 1200 marines, and defended by a breastwork with a few guns in position. Across the open gorge, from the base of Mount Hibelak to the village of Kadiköi, at the foot of the Chersonese, the line of defence was continued by a few small field-works placed on spurs thrown out from the heights on either hand. The open ground here was held by Sir Colin Campbell, having under him the 93d Highlanders, a battery of field-

* On the 28th September Mentschikoff sent two squadrons of cavalry and two sotnias of Cossacks to these heights; but this was merely a detachment for observation, not the military occupation of a great strategical point.—See Todleben, p. 267.

artillery, and two battalions of Turks. There was, besides, a frigate in the harbour, and some eighty invalids in the town. These defences constituted the inner line of Balaklava.

The outer line consisted of a work on Canrobert's Hill, at the eastern end of the south valley, and a chain of five slight redoubts on eminences rising at intervals along the Causeway Heights between Canrobert's Hill and the foot of the Chersonese. One flank of this line, therefore, leant on the Kamara Hills, the other on the plateau of the Chersonese; and it stretched right across the whole of the Balaklava basin, separating the two valleys and entirely blocking the way to an enemy approaching from either Tchorgoun or Baidar. Had this line consisted of strong works, well armed, and with a couple of divisions of infantry to support them, it would have been very formidable; but as it was, it covered an extent of ground utterly disproportioned to the small force told off for its defence. This was composed only of some four battalions of Turks, supported by the English cavalry division, 1500 strong, and a battery of horse-artillery. The works themselves were weak, and their armament slight. That on Canrobert's Hill was armed with three 12-pounder guns, and garrisoned by a Turkish battalion; the remaining redoubts were held each by a Turkish half-battalion, and the three next to Canrobert's Hill had a couple of 12-pounder guns on each; the other two had no artillery. These six earthworks extended over a line of two miles, and the main one on Canrobert's Hill was commanded within gunshot range by the unoccupied Kamara Hills. The plateau in their left rear was strongly guarded by Bosquet's corps of the French army; but "Canrobert's Hill was so distant from the ground whence supporting forces might be expected to come, as to offer the enemy a licence of some hours' duration in any enterprise in the plain

of Balaklava upon which he might think fit to venture."

To the general reader one of the most interesting parts of Mr. Kinglake's work will be the character which he draws in much detail of Lord Lucan commanding the English cavalry division, and of Lord Cardigan in charge of the Light Brigade. As these officers exercised so powerful an influence on the engagement on which we are now entering, we will extract the most striking passages, premising that, in our opinion, they are fairly as well as powerfully drawn:—

Lord Lucan "enjoyed perfect health; he saw like a hawk; and he retained such extraordinary activity of both body and mind, that perhaps the mention of his actual age [fifty-four] makes it really more difficult than it might otherwise be to convey an idea of the tall, lithe, slender, and young-looking officer, pursuing his task of commander with a kind of fierce, tearing energy, and expressing by a movement of feature somewhat rare amongst Englishmen the intensity with which his mind worked. At every fresh access of strenuousness, and especially at the moments preceding strenuous speech, his face all at once used to light up with a glittering, panther-like aspect, resulting from the sudden fire of the eye, and the sudden disclosure of the teeth, white, even, and clenched. . . . A quarter of a century before, he had come back from the Danube campaign with a low opinion of the Russian cavalry, but with a high respect for the infantry—more especially, it seems, for the infantry when gathered in heavy column; and he not only carried those opinions with him to the Crimea, but continued, when there, to hold them unchanged, and even, perhaps—though unconsciously—to make them the basis of his resolves. . . . Lord Lucan was an officer from whom much might be reasonably hoped, if the soundness of his judgment could be inferred from the general force of his intellect, and if also it could be taken for granted that he would prove willing and able after having long had his own way, to accept the yoke of military subordination in the field, and to bear it with loyalty and temper. . . . He suffered himself to become an inveterate critic—an inveterate critic of the orders he

received from Headquarters; and since it happened that his criticism almost always ended in his coming to a strong disapproval of his chief's directions, he of course lost that comfort of mind which is enjoyed by an officer who takes it for granted that his chief must be right, and had to be constantly executing orders with the full persuasion that they were wrongly conceived. . . . His composure under heavy fire was so perfect that, even in an army where prowess evinced in that way was exceedingly general, it did not escape observation. 'Yes, damn him, he's brave,' was the comment pronounced on Lord Lucan by one of his most steady haters."—(Vol. iv. p. 64-61.)

Lord Cardigan "had a passionate love for the service—a fair knowledge, it is believed, of so much cavalry business as is taught by practice in England—a strong sense of military duty—a burning desire for the fame which awaits heroic actions—and, finally, the gift of high courage. Lord Cardigan's valour was not at all of the wild, heedless kind, but the result of strong determination. Even from his way of riding to hounds, it was visible, they say, that the boldness he evinced was that of a resolute man with a set purpose, and not a daredevil impulse. . . . He had been so constituted by nature, or so formed by the watchful care which is sometimes bestowed upon an only son, as to have a habit of attending to the desires and the interests of self with a curious exactitude. . . . When engaged in the task of self-assertion or self-advocacy, he adhered to his subject with the most curious rigour, never going the least bit astray from it, and separating from it all that concerned the rest of creation as matter altogether irrelevant and uninteresting. Others before him may have secretly concentrated upon self an equal amount of attention; but in Lord Cardigan there was such an entire absence of guile, that exactly as he was so he showed himself to the world. . . . With attributes of this kind, he was plainly more fitted to obey than to command. Having no personal ascendancy, and no habitual consideration for the feelings of others, he was not, of course, at all qualified to exert easy rule over English gentlemen, and his idea of the way to command was to keep on commanding. . . . Yet without the attributes of a commander, a man may be a resolute, faithful, heroic soldier; and that surely is the kind of glory—it is glory of no mean kind—which can best

be claimed for Lord Cardigan. In despite of all the faults which he had manifested to the world when appointed to the command of the Light Brigade, there still remained good grounds for trusting that, as long as he should be acting in the performance of what he might clearly understand to be his duty, he would perform it with precision, with valour, and, if need be, with unsparing devotion."—(Vol. iv. p. 62-63.) He was fifty-seven years of age.

Neither Lord Lucan nor Lord Cardigan had ever before exercised any command in war, or led British soldiers in action.

Such was the stage and such the characters of some of the principal actors in the scene about to begin.

Liprandi, by Prince Mentschikoff's orders, now undertook a movement in the Balaklava plain. After carefully considering the position of the Allies, he determined to seize upon the outer line of defence, and that won, to gain if possible the camp of the 93d Highlanders, and that of the Turks near Kadiköi. Of course, if any opportunity offered for carrying Balaklava, the attack might be pushed home, but the overhanging position of the French on the edge of the plateau, and the power the Allies possessed of operating from thence on his flank and rear, did not render this likely.

With this object he divided his infantry into three columns. The central column, under General Semakine, crossing the Tchernaya at the foot of Mount Hasfort, was to advance direct on Canrobert's Hill and the redoubt next to it: it consisted of eight battalions and twenty guns. The left column, under General Gribbé, was to move into the south valley by the Baidar road, seize the heights of Kamara, and from thence co-operate in the attack on Canrobert's Hill: it was formed of three battalions, a squadron, and ten guns. The right column, under Colonel Scudery, passing the Tchernaya at Tractir bridge, was to cross the north valley and attack the second redoubt

on the Causeway Heights, called the Arabtabia: it numbered four battalions, a company of rifles, three Cossack squadrons, and six guns. The cavalry, with its attendant batteries, was to enter the north valley, and take post there on the right of Liprandi's infantry: it was under General Ryjoff, consisted of twenty-three squadrons, with thirty-two guns, and was to await Liprandi's further orders. A reserve of one battalion, a rifle company, and a field-battery followed the centre. Finally, General Jabrokritsky, descending with his independent column from the Mackenzie Heights, was to co-operate with Liprandi by passing the Tchernaya, and taking post beyond the north valley on the Fedioukine Hills. He would thus form the extreme right of the Russian line. He had under his orders eight battalions, four squadrons, and fourteen guns. The attack was to be made on the 25th October. The whole force engaged would amount to nearly 25,000 men.

With the first break of dawn on the morning of the 25th the Turks hoisted the alarm-signal on Canrobert's Hill, and opened fire from one of their guns. Informed by their spies on the previous day of the impending attack, they were on the look-out. Lord Raglan had been warned of the report; but as a similar one a few days before had proved false, he made no change in his dispositions. The alarm spread quick over the plain, and Lord Lucan and Sir Colin Campbell, who had ridden up close behind Canrobert's Hill, instantly ordered their troops to get ready, and the cavalry to come up from their camp near the foot of the Chersonese. The fast-breaking day soon showed the Russian columns converging swiftly on Canrobert's Hill and the eastern extremity of the Causeway ridge. The English cavalry came up. Maude's troop of horse-artillery got into action on the right of the Arabtabia; and Lord Lucan en-

deavoured, by demonstrations with the Heavy Brigade, to check the enemy's advance, whilst he held the Light Brigade in reserve.

But the Russians were in earnest. Their columns came steadily on. As our cavalry abstained from charging home, they seemed to divine that no real attack was meant. Gribbé established his ten guns in battery on the Kamara Heights against the redoubt on Canrobert's Hill. Semiakine brought his twenty to bear on the same work from the Causeway Heights, and, under cover of this heavy cross-fire, sent five battalions of infantry against the work. Covering their front with skirmishers, he threw three battalions into two lines of small columns, each composed of a single company, the lines a hundred paces apart, and supported them with the two remaining battalions in columns of attack. As the fort guns had been silenced, the Russians approached without any discharge of cannon disturbing their formation, and, closing quickly on the redoubt, "swarmed in across the ditch, swarmed over the feeble parapet, and, standing at length within the fort, closed at once with the remnant of the single battalion there bravely awaiting the onslaught." "The many flooded in upon the few, overwhelming, surrounding, destroying, yet still confronted with heroic desperation, and owing all the way they could make to the sheer fighting of the men, who thus closed with their Mussulman foe, and to the weight of the numbers behind them." In the face of such odds the contest could not be long, and the garrison, some 600 strong, were driven out, leaving 170 dead behind to show how well they had done their duty. It was half-past seven o'clock when the Russian standard floated on the captured work.

When the Turks in the three next redoubts saw how Canrobert's Hill had fallen, and not a squadron

charged in its defence, though 1500 English horse stood idly gazing on the deed, they very naturally looked on any attempt at resistance as hopeless. The remainder of Semakine's column was moving on the redoubt nearest to Canrobert's Hill, that of Scudery was fast approaching the Arabtabia; but the Turks awaited not the shock—they abandoned the three redoubts, and fled over the plain towards Balaklava, plied by the Russian artillery and harassed by the Cossack horse. Liprandi established himself firmly on Canrobert's Hill and in the two next redoubts; but after occupying and dismantling the third redoubt, he abandoned it, as projecting too much into the Allied position. Lord Lucan withdrew his dragoons down the south valley, and took post across it, nearly abreast of the fourth redoubt, threatening the flank of any force which might move from the captured works against Balaklava.

Meanwhile more powerful actors were coming on the scene. Lord Raglan, from the summit of the Chersonese ridge, had a distant view of the fall of Canrobert's Hill. He immediately sent for the Duke of Cambridge's and General Cathcart's divisions. Canrobert, also, after looking well to the defence of the plateau itself, finally ordered Vinoy's and Espinasse's brigades of infantry, and d'Allonville's of cavalry, down to the foot of the heights. As it would be some time before the English infantry could come up from their camp before Sebastopol, and as he wished to avoid an action until they arrived, Lord Raglan ordered Lord Lucan to fall back from his position across the south valley, and to retire to his left rear into the north valley, where he took post between the last redoubt on the Causeway Heights and the Woronzoff road, close under the edge of the Chersonese.

This retrograde movement of the English cavalry uncovered the ap-

proach to Balaklava, where Sir Colin Campbell now stood athwart the gorge, before the village of Kadiköi, with his feeble command. He had there drawn up the 93d Highlanders, 550 strong, in line, two deep, upon a rising ground, in advance of the works defending Balaklava. One hundred invalids and some thirty of the Foot Guards were with the 93d. A Turkish battalion stood on either side. Barker's field-battery took post on good ground to their flank, and some heavy guns on the inner line could aid the defence. But time passed on, and Liprandi still lay passive on the heights he had won. His infantry made no forward movement in the plain, and it almost seemed as if the day's work was done. Presently, however, the heavy mass of cavalry in the north valley began to ascend it, and the field-batteries, pushing forward along the Causeway ridge, opened on the 93d. Campbell, to save his men, drew them back behind the hillock and made them lie down. Four squadrons now, detaching themselves from the mass, came over the heights into the south valley, and rode straight towards the Balaklava gorge. In their front there seemed to be no infantry—only Barker's guns. But when they came within a thousand yards of his position, Campbell moved the 93d briskly up to the top of the hillock and crowned it with his two-deep line. It was all that was left of his foot, for the Turkish battalions on his flanks dissolved at the first sight of the Russian horse, and fled to Balaklava, shouting, "Ship, Johnnie! ship!" The Russian squadrons were riding stiffly on, imagining themselves unopposed, when suddenly they saw the eminence in their front crested by a "thin red line," and found their ranks suffering from a volley of musketry, which, though it emptied no saddles, yet wounded some men and horses. They had designed to seize on some of our artillery;

but now, fearing an ambushade, wheeled to their left, as if to pass round the right flank of the 93d. Campbell at once met this by causing the grenadier company to bring up its left shoulder and show a front to the threatened flank. Then the Russian horsemen, who had come well under the fire of our guns, wheeled again to their left and fell swiftly back. Meanwhile the 93d laughed merrily,

"for they saw how the Turks in their flight met a new and terrible foe. There came out from the camp of the Highland regiment a stalwart and angry Scotch wife, with an uplifted stick in her hand; and then, if ever in history, the fortunes of Islam waned low beneath the manifest ascendant of the Cross; for the blows dealt by this Christian woman fell thick on the backs of the Faithful. . . . Notwithstanding all graver claims upon their attention, the men of the 93d were able to witness this incident. It mightily pleased and amused them. It amuses men still to remember that the Osmanlis, flying from danger and yearning after blissful repose, should have chosen a line of retreat where this pitiless dame mounted guard."—(Vol. iv. p. 127, 128.)

When Lord Raglan from the summit of the plateau beheld the demonstration by the Russian horse against Balaklava, he sent down an order for eight squadrons of Heavy Dragoons to support Campbell's feeble array. In obedience to this mandate, Brigadier-General Scarlett (commanding the Heavy Brigade) took ground to the right round the western end of the Causeway Heights, moving in two parallel columns into the south valley. His left column was composed of one squadron of the Inniskilling Dragoons, followed by the two of the Scots Greys; his right of one squadron of the Inniskillings, followed at some distance by two of the 5th Dragoon Guards. The 4th Dragoon Guards had orders to come after; and the Royal Dragoons were alone left, with the Light Brigade, in the north valley.

Meanwhile the whole mass of Ryjoff's Russian cavalry, in two broad columns, one behind the other, accompanied by his thirty-two mounted guns, came briskly up the north valley until they arrived within range of the artillery on the summit of the plateau. A few shots from these seemed to arrest their advance, and wheeling obliquely to the left, they began to cross over the Causeway Heights, close to the fourth redoubt, as if about to renew the demonstration against the Balaklava gorge, but still vexed in rear by the fire of the guns. As they passed over the summit, and began to descend into the south valley, they beheld, crossing their front at right angles, in the plain below, Scarlett's trailing column of Heavy Dragoons. The surprise was mutual. Scarlett's decision was instantly taken. He resolved to form line to his left, and charge the head of the column. The command, "Left wheel into line!" sprang from his lips, and he placed himself in front of the Greys to lead his men in person. Lord Lucan, who galloped up at the moment, approved and hastened his resolve. From the order in which his two columns were marching, and from the gap which existed in the right one, it followed that, when his troopers had wheeled to the left, they stood prepared to charge in two lines. The first, 300 strong, consisted of one squadron of the Inniskillings on the right, two of Greys on the left; and it was followed, in second line, by Hunt's squadron of Inniskillings in echelon to it on the right, and two squadrons of the 5th Dragoon Guards in echelon to it on the left. Still farther to the left the 4th Dragoon Guards were coming up. When Ryjoff's dragoons saw Scarlett wheeling in the plain beneath, they took ground to their left for a short distance, and then fronting, and gaining breath by deploying a few squadrons on either flank, came trotting down the hill in one huge

"I asked Tommy after dinner if his brother was a certainty, and Tommy said there was no mistake about him; that he was the cleverest fellow they had ever raised at Oxford, and that he couldn't take his degree at present for the simple reason that no examiner there had the pluck to tackle him, but that the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge was reading up, and hoped to be ready to have a round with him next term. Then as to law, though he had only eaten dinners for four terms at his inn (I'll be hanged if I could see what staying at an hotel had to do with it), the benchers were already afraid of him, and it was supposed he would be let 'through' without any more eating. I then asked Tommy's brother what 'Smith' should do. 'Put the case with the facts into his solicitor's hands in town; he'll file the bill, and it will all be settled in a fortnight,' he said. I would have liked to give Tommy's brother a service of gold plate on the spot. At last, then, I was going to be free from my bondage, and Mary and I might be married as soon as ever 'the bill was filed.' I never could tell you, I needn't try to tell you, all I felt.

"By the by, you know the locket with A E I on it?—she was wearing it, you said, the other night. Well, that night I telegraphed to Emmanuel for the chastest ornament he had, and that locket came back by return of post. I met Mary the next night at a dance, and carried her off at once to a quiet corner to make my confession. I believe I was rather wild in my talk at first, and I remember she looked startled and surprised. I said, 'I love you, Mary, more than everything in the world, but I was a villain to tell you so.' 'How?' said Mary, with her eyes very wide. 'I'll tell you,' I said; 'I was a villain the night before last when I told you that I loved you, and now I tell you I love you, and I'm not a villain;

can you guess what I mean?' She said, 'No,' and it wasn't likely she should, was it? 'I thought I was married already, Mary;' I went on, 'when I first spoke to you' (Mary gave a gasp and turned deadly pale); 'but I needn't say *thought*, for I thought of nothing but you, and how I loved you, at the time. I *had* considered myself a married man—miserably married to a bad woman, whom I hadn't seen for years, and I was led away by my feelings to tell you of my love, which I had no right to do; and I would have been back to-day to confess, and go down on my knees for your forgiveness, but now everything is changed. I'm glad I was a villain, because I'm not a villain; and though I was married yesterday morning, I may say I'm a bachelor now, and she's a spinster, for the bill will be filed and the whole thing settled in a fortnight.' Poor Mary couldn't follow me a bit, and seemed frightened and anxious to get away; but I implored her to sit down and I would be calm, and I told her the whole of my story from the beginning—this miserable story I've been telling you. She was terribly cut up, and cried, and was sorry for me, and didn't blame me a bit, and said she hoped the bill would be filed all right, but that if it wasn't she would never reproach me, but remain single all her life for my sake, and love me all the same, and never look at another fellow. And then I saw she was an angel, not only because of her beautiful eyes and golden hair, but because her heart was so good and kind and tender and true, as the angels are, don't you know.

"I didn't like to write to the family solicitor—indeed I didn't wish to write to any one, but to state my case by word of mouth. So I got the address of a legal firm in good practice, and a week after went up to see them. In the mean time I saw Mary every day,

and had such a happy week. We both made up our minds that the bill would be filed without the slightest delay, and talked of our marriage and our plans as if everything was settled. One thing we didn't do, fortunately—we didn't give out our engagement. I believe the first night I spoke to Mary she told her cousin, from whom she had no secrets, that I had proposed and that she had accepted me. That cousin was this very Lady Rose O'Shea now at F——. She was at the ball, of course, but I can't remember her—indeed what could I remember of that night except one person and one thing? But when Mary found out about the previous marriage, she would tell no one, and wouldn't hear of her father being spoken to, and even refused to answer her cousin's questions about the affair. As she said, 'It would never do till the bill was filed.'

"Of course people suspected and talked, but that didn't matter; no one interfered with us, and we met every day. I could hardly persuade myself to go away to town on the business—it was so delightful down there—it was about the only real happiness I ever had; but at last Mary urged me to it, saying it was only a little temporary separation, a little momentary grief, to bring about our complete happiness—and at last I went. I saw the lawyer as soon as I arrived in town. He pricked up his ears when I told him it was a matrimonial case; and when I told him I had plenty of money, and didn't care what I spent on the matter, provided it was done quickly and effectually, he became quite affectionate. Then I stated the whole case to him. When I had finished, he stroked his chin and said, 'It appears to me that you have no actual evidence in support of a divorce after all.' 'I don't want a divorce,' I said—'I don't require one; I'm going to annul the marriage alto-

gether.' 'As how?' he asked. 'Why,' I said, 'I'm going to file a bill, of course; the thing's as plain as a pike-staff.' He was rather a grave man, but he laughed and coughed a good deal; and when I asked him how much the bill would stand me in, he laughed and coughed more, and begged my pardon. Then I had to tell him about Tommy Carleton's brother and his opinions, whereupon he said that Mr. Carleton was evidently an impudent pretender or a practical joker. It was impossible to prove the marriage void—that was a certainty, he said; 'but, judging from the style of the woman, it might probably be easy to obtain evidence that would render a dissolution practicable. Where was the woman now?' I told him I didn't know. She was in India the last time I heard of her, but my agents in the country remitted £250 half-yearly to a London firm on her account, and her whereabouts was therefore discoverable. The lawyer said I had strangely neglected my interests. In the first place, she might be dead, and some dishonest relative might be personating her, and drawing her annuity; in the second place, if I wanted to get rid of her, it was clearly expedient that a surveillance should be established to note the manner of life she was leading. If I would give him the address of her agent in London, he would get things in train; and if the woman was still in India, he would set a sharp correspondent on her track—a man who would ferret out anything; while, if she were in Europe, he would easily put her under a vigilant observation. All steps of the sort were taken: it transpired that she had been leading a roving restless life—at first in India, then at different places in Europe—sometimes taking a theatrical engagement; that she was still given to excessive drinking and to gambling; but she baffled all efforts to obtain the kind of evidence required for my release. There the

matter stands at present. The verdict of the lawyer was a terrible blow to Mary, as it was to me. I wrote and told her about it—how the bill could never be filed; but added that there was no reason to despair, as the lawyers were hard at work, had got an idea, and were sanguine that eventually something could be done to release me; at the same time, she must consider herself free from any kind of engagement, more particularly as it appeared to me that we could neither meet nor correspond under existing circumstances. She wrote me back such a jolly letter, saying that, whatever happened, she would always love me the same, and never marry any other fellow, though of course she agreed with me that we could neither correspond nor meet unless some favourable change in circumstances took place, for which she would always pray.

"I've never seen her or heard from her since; and though I know

she's as true and constant as a rock, still, Donald, a fellow has his low fits when everything looks black; and for some time past I've been tremendously down on my luck—all from never hearing anything the least cheering, and having no communication with her; so that at last I began to persuade myself she had forgotten me altogether: and it was only when I heard she was wearing my locket that I felt, 'Perhaps it isn't all over with me yet!' There, Donald, that's my yarn—the confession of Adolphus Burrige. I imagine you're a sharp fellow. They say Scotchmen are clear-headed. Perhaps you may hit on a scheme. So keep thinking it over, like a good fellow, will you?"

I duly promised; and as the day was now getting on, we remounted and rode back to camp, Burrige much relieved by his confession, and I deeply meditating on the strange tale I had heard.

KINGLAKE'S HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

PART II.

With the failure of the French attack on the Flagstaff Bastion on the 17th October, and the determination of Lord Raglan that, until they could assault that work, he would not storm the Redan, all hope of the immediate capture of Sebastopol departed.

The French engineers determined to carry on their attack on the Flagstaff Bastion by regular approaches. The English resumed their fire on the Redan on the 18th, but only to aid, by distracting the Russians, the operations of their Allies. On the morning of the 19th, as the French were in a condition to reopen fire, the bombardment was renewed from the whole Allied batteries. But again Todleben was too much for the French artillery. By working all night he was always able to meet his opponents with rearmed and repaired works in the morning. Thus the Redan had been ready for action when day broke on the 18th; and though it had been a second time reduced to silence, ere the sun set, it was again armed for the strife by dawn on the 19th; whilst, to encounter the French attack, new and heavier batteries were yawning. So it resulted that this second artillery duel ended as the first. Under the converging fire of weightier and more numerous guns, the French batteries on Mount Rodolph were a second time overmatched. By ten o'clock on the 19th two of them had been extinguished by explosions, and a third subdued by fire; by three in the afternoon they were all silent. During the whole day the English engaged the Redan, but without decisive result; and thus day by

day, until the 25th October, the fight went on. Each night both parties repaired the damage of the day; each day the artillery destroyed the repairs of the night. But in this strife the Russians had the ascendant. By increasing the number of his traverses and the thickness and height of his parapets, Todleben reduced the Muscovite loss from 543 men on the 18th (when the English only fired), to an average of only 254 on each of the six succeeding days. By constructing new batteries in unexpected positions, he was ever raking and retarding the approaches of our Allies.

But now a new actor was about to come upon the scene—the Russian field-army—to make itself felt. Ere we turn to its operations, however, it is but justice to Lord Raglan to point out that upon the 23d October he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle:—

“We have been fortunate in having very fine weather, and Mr. Cattley encourages us to hope that this may last till nearly the middle of next month. Then we must be prepared either for wet or extreme cold, and in neither case could our troops remain under canvas, even with great and constant fires, and the country hardly produces wood enough to cook the men's food. . . . Before concluding, I may be permitted to say a word with regard to this army. It requires, and should not be denied, repose. Although the marches have not been many, fatigue has pressed heavily upon the troops.”—(Vol. iv. p. 6, 7.)

And with this letter he enclosed a very clear and accurate description of the winter climate of the Crimea, drawn up by Mr. Cattley, formerly consul at Kertch, and now

interpreter at headquarters. It cannot after this be said that the Commander of the British forces in the Crimea failed to give full and timely warning to the Home Government of what our soldiers would have to face if left to winter on the bleak plateau of the Chersonese. The failure of the bombardment on the 17th October first made it all but certain that we must winter before Sebastopol. On the 23d Lord Raglan sent home this strong appeal.

On the 7th of October a Cossack patrol were seen by our outposts beyond the Tchernaya, near the village of Tchorgoun. It was the first sign that Mentschikoff's army had resumed its way over the Mackenzie Heights.* On the night of the 13th, three battalions, with a few guns and Cossacks, descending from these heights, established themselves permanently in that village. On the 18th, the day after the first bombardment, Lord Raglan was summoned to the edge of the plateau in his rear by the announcement that the Russians were moving, and from thence he plainly saw them marching in some strength along the ridge above Tchorgoun. It was Liprandi "poising his wings for the swoop which he afterwards made." By the 23d this detachment of Liprandi's in Tchorgoun had been reinforced to 17 battalions, 30 squadrons, and 64 guns; while another movable column had been organised on the Mackenzie Heights, consisting of 8 battalions, 4 squadrons, and 14 guns, under General Jabrokritsky, who was ordered to co-operate with Liprandi in any forward movement. The total strength of these two bodies was close on 25,000 men.

The scene of the memorable events which followed was the

plain of Balaklava. This lies about a mile north of the town of that name, and is about three miles in length by two in breadth. On the north it is bounded by the Fedioukine Hills, behind which flows the Tchernaya; on the south by the Kamara ridge and Mount Hibelak, with the sea beyond; on the east by Mount Hasfort and the hills towards Baidar; and on the west by the "steep buttresses of the Chersonese upland." Across the basin thus formed runs from east to west a low ridge of ground which divides it into two narrow valleys. This ridge is, for distinctness, called the Causeway Heights, from the Woronzoff road, which runs along it; and the valleys are named respectively the north and south valleys. Across the eastern end of the north valley runs an aqueduct and the Tchernaya, with Tchorgoun beyond it. At the eastern end of the south valley stands the prominent eminence called Canrobert's Hill.

Opening out into the western extremity of the south valley lies the narrow gorge in which is situated the town and harbour of Balaklava, shut in between the steep slopes of Mount Hibelak and the precipitous sides of the Chersonese. Mount Hibelak, which is connected with the Kamara Hills by a single narrow ridge overhanging the sea, was occupied by about 1200 marines, and defended by a breastwork with a few guns in position. Across the open gorge, from the base of Mount Hibelak to the village of Kadiköi, at the foot of the Chersonese, the line of defence was continued by a few small field-works placed on spurs thrown out from the heights on either hand. The open ground here was held by Sir Colin Campbell, having under him the 93d Highlanders, a battery of field-

* On the 28th September Mentschikoff sent two squadrons of cavalry and two sotnias of Cossacks to these heights; but this was merely a detachment for observation, not the military occupation of a great strategic point.—See Todleben, p. 267.

artillery, and two battalions of Turks. There was, besides, a frigate in the harbour, and some eighty invalids in the town. These defences constituted the inner line of Balaklava.

The outer line consisted of a work on Canrobert's Hill, at the eastern end of the south valley, and a chain of five slight redoubts on eminences rising at intervals along the Causeway Heights between Canrobert's Hill and the foot of the Chersonese. One flank of this line, therefore, leant on the Kamara Hills, the other on the plateau of the Chersonese; and it stretched right across the whole of the Balaklava basin, separating the two valleys and entirely blocking the way to an enemy approaching from either Tchorgoun or Baidar. Had this line consisted of strong works, well armed, and with a couple of divisions of infantry to support them, it would have been very formidable; but as it was, it covered an extent of ground utterly disproportioned to the small force told off for its defence. This was composed only of some four battalions of Turks, supported by the English cavalry division, 1500 strong, and a battery of horse-artillery. The works themselves were weak, and their armament slight. That on Canrobert's Hill was armed with three 12-pounder guns, and garrisoned by a Turkish battalion; the remaining redoubts were held each by a Turkish half-battalion, and the three next to Canrobert's Hill had a couple of 12-pounder guns on each; the other two had no artillery. These six earthworks extended over a line of two miles, and the main one on Canrobert's Hill was commanded within gunshot range by the unoccupied Kamara Hills. The plateau in their left rear was strongly guarded by Bosquet's corps of the French army; but "Canrobert's Hill was so distant from the ground whence supporting forces might be expected to come, as to offer the enemy a licence of some hours' duration in any enterprise in the plain

of Balaklava upon which he might think fit to venture."

To the general reader one of the most interesting parts of Mr. Kinglake's work will be the character which he draws in much detail of Lord Lucan commanding the English cavalry division, and of Lord Cardigan in charge of the Light Brigade. As these officers exercised so powerful an influence on the engagement on which we are now entering, we will extract the most striking passages, premising that, in our opinion, they are fairly as well as powerfully drawn:—

Lord Lucan "enjoyed perfect health; he saw like a hawk; and he retained such extraordinary activity of both body and mind, that perhaps the mention of his actual age [fifty-four] makes it really more difficult than it might otherwise be to convey an idea of the tall, lithe, slender, and young-looking officer, pursuing his task of commander with a kind of fierce, tearing energy, and expressing by a movement of feature somewhat rare amongst Englishmen the intensity with which his mind worked. At every fresh access of strenuousness, and especially at the moments preceding strenuous speech, his face all at once used to light up with a glittering, panther-like aspect, resulting from the sudden fire of the eye, and the sudden disclosure of the teeth, white, even, and clenched. . . . A quarter of a century before, he had come back from the Danube campaign with a low opinion of the Russian cavalry, but with a high respect for the infantry—more especially, it seems, for the infantry when gathered in heavy column; and he not only carried those opinions with him to the Crimea, but continued, when there, to hold them unchanged, and even, perhaps—though unconsciously—to make them the basis of his resolves. . . . Lord Lucan was an officer from whom much might be reasonably hoped, if the soundness of his judgment could be inferred from the general force of his intellect, and if also it could be taken for granted that he would prove willing and able after having long had his own way, to accept the yoke of military subordination in the field, and to bear it with loyalty and temper. . . . He suffered himself to become an inveterate critic—an inveterate critic of the orders he

received from Headquarters; and since it happened that his criticism almost always ended in his coming to a strong disapproval of his chief's directions, he of course lost that comfort of mind which is enjoyed by an officer who takes it for granted that his chief must be right, and had to be constantly executing orders with the full persuasion that they were wrongly conceived. . . . His composure under heavy fire was so perfect that, even in an army where prowess evinced in that way was exceedingly general, it did not escape observation. 'Yes, damn him, he's brave,' was the comment pronounced on Lord Lucan by one of his most steady haters."—(Vol. iv. p. 54-61.)

Lord Cardigan "had a passionate love for the service—a fair knowledge, it is believed, of so much cavalry business as is taught by practice in England—a strong sense of military duty—a burning desire for the fame which awaits heroic actions—and, finally, the gift of high courage. Lord Cardigan's valour was not at all of the wild, heedless kind, but the result of strong determination. Even from his way of riding to hounds, it was visible, they say, that the boldness he evinced was that of a resolute man with a set purpose, and not a dare-devil impulse. . . . He had been so constituted by nature, or so formed by the watchful care which is sometimes bestowed upon an only son, as to have a habit of attending to the desires and the interests of self with a curious exactitude. . . . When engaged in the task of self-assertion or self-advocacy, he adhered to his subject with the most curious rigour, never going the least bit astray from it, and separating from it all that concerned the rest of creation as matter altogether irrelevant and uninteresting. Others before him may have secretly concentrated upon self an equal amount of attention; but in Lord Cardigan there was such an entire absence of guile, that exactly as he was so he showed himself to the world. . . . With attributes of this kind, he was plainly more fitted to obey than to command. Having no personal ascendancy, and no habitual consideration for the feelings of others, he was not, of course, at all qualified to exert easy rule over English gentlemen, and his idea of the way to command was to keep on commanding. . . . Yet without the attributes of a commander, a man may be a resolute, faithful, heroic soldier; and that surely is the kind of glory—it is glory of no mean kind—which can best

be claimed for Lord Cardigan. In despite of all the faults which he had manifested to the world when appointed to the command of the Light Brigade, there still remained good grounds for trusting that, as long as he should be acting in the performance of what he might clearly understand to be his duty, he would perform it with precision, with valour, and, if need be, with unsparing devotion."—(Vol. iv. p. 62-63.) He was fifty-seven years of age.

Neither Lord Lucan nor Lord Cardigan had ever before exercised any command in war, or led British soldiers in action.

Such was the stage and such the characters of some of the principal actors in the scene about to begin.

Liprandi, by Prince Mentschikoff's orders, now undertook a movement in the Balaklava plain. After carefully considering the position of the Allies, he determined to seize upon the outer line of defence, and that won, to gain if possible the camp of the 93d Highlanders, and that of the Turks near Kadikoi. Of course, if any opportunity offered for carrying Balaklava, the attack might be pushed home, but the overhanging position of the French on the edge of the plateau, and the power the Allies possessed of operating from thence on his flank and rear, did not render this likely.

With this object he divided his infantry into three columns. The central column, under General Semiaikine, crossing the Tchernaya at the foot of Mount Hasfort, was to advance direct on Canrobert's Hill and the redoubt next to it: it consisted of eight battalions and twenty guns. The left column, under General Gribbé, was to move into the south valley by the Baidar road, seize the heights of Kamara, and from thence co-operate in the attack on Canrobert's Hill: it was formed of three battalions, a squadron, and ten guns. The right column, under Colonel Scudery, passing the Tchernaya at Tractir bridge, was to cross the north valley and attack the second redoubt

on the Causeway Heights, called the Arabtabia: it numbered four battalions, a company of rifles, three Cossack squadrons, and six guns. The cavalry, with its attendant batteries, was to enter the north valley, and take post there on the right of Liprandi's infantry: it was under General Ryjoff, consisted of twenty-three squadrons, with thirty-two guns, and was to await Liprandi's further orders. A reserve of one battalion, a rifle company, and a field-battery followed the centre. Finally, General Jabrokritsky, descending with his independent column from the Mackenzie Heights, was to co-operate with Liprandi by passing the Tchernaya, and taking post beyond the north valley on the Fedionkine Hills. He would thus form the extreme right of the Russian line. He had under his orders eight battalions, four squadrons, and fourteen guns. The attack was to be made on the 25th October. The whole force engaged would amount to nearly 25,000 men.

With the first break of dawn on the morning of the 25th the Turks hoisted the alarm-signal on Canrobert's Hill, and opened fire from one of their guns. Informed by their spies on the previous day of the impending attack, they were on the look-out. Lord Raglan had been warned of the report; but as a similar one a few days before had proved false, he made no change in his dispositions. The alarm spread quick over the plain, and Lord Lucan and Sir Colin Campbell, who had ridden up close behind Canrobert's Hill, instantly ordered their troops to get ready, and the cavalry to come up from their camp near the foot of the Oheronese. The fast-breaking day soon showed the Russian columns converging swiftly on Canrobert's Hill and the eastern extremity of the Causeway ridge. The English cavalry came up. Maude's troop of horse-artillery got into action on the right of the Arabtabia; and Lord Lucan en-

deavoured, by demonstrations with the Heavy Brigade, to check the enemy's advance, whilst he held the Light Brigade in reserve.

But the Russians were in earnest. Their columns came steadily on. As our cavalry abstained from charging home, they seemed to divine that no real attack was meant. Gribb established his ten guns in battery on the Kamara Heights against the redoubt on Canrobert's Hill. Semlakine brought his twenty to bear on the same work from the Causeway Heights, and, under cover of this heavy cross-fire, sent five battalions of infantry against the work. Covering their front with skirmishers, he threw three battalions into two lines of small columns, each composed of a single company, the lines a hundred paces apart, and supported them with the two remaining battalions in columns of attack. As the fort guns had been silenced, the Russians approached without any discharge of cannon disturbing their formation, and, closing quickly on the redoubt, "swarmed in across the ditch, swarmed over the feeble parapet, and, standing at length within the fort, closed at once with the remnant of the single battalion there bravely awaiting the onslaught." "The many flooded in upon the few, overwhelming, surrounding, destroying, yet still confronted with heroic desperation, and owing all the way they could make to the sheer fighting of the men, who thus closed with their Mussulman foe, and to the weight of the numbers behind them." In the face of such odds the contest could not be long, and the garrison, some 600 strong, were driven out, leaving 170 dead behind to show how well they had done their duty. It was half-past seven o'clock when the Russian standard floated on the captured work.

When the Turks in the three next redoubts saw how Canrobert's Hill had fallen, and not a squadron

charged in its defence, though 1500 English horse stood idly gazing on the deed, they very naturally looked on any attempt at resistance as hopeless. The remainder of Semakine's column was moving on the redoubt nearest to Canrobert's Hill, that of Scudery was fast approaching the Arabtabia; but the Turks awaited not the shock—they abandoned the three redoubts, and fled over the plain towards Balaklava, plied by the Russian artillery and harassed by the Cossack horse. Liprandi established himself firmly on Canrobert's Hill and in the two next redoubts; but after occupying and dismantling the third redoubt, he abandoned it, as projecting too much into the Allied position. Lord Lucan withdrew his dragoons down the south valley, and took post across it, nearly abreast of the fourth redoubt, threatening the flank of any force which might move from the captured works against Balaklava.

Meanwhile more powerful actors were coming on the scene. Lord Raglan, from the summit of the Chersonese ridge, had a distant view of the fall of Canrobert's Hill. He immediately sent for the Duke of Cambridge's and General Cathcart's divisions. Canrobert, also, after looking well to the defence of the plateau itself, finally ordered Vinoy's and Espinasse's brigades of infantry, and d'Allonville's of cavalry, down to the foot of the heights. As it would be some time before the English infantry could come up from their camp before Sebastopol, and as he wished to avoid an action until they arrived, Lord Raglan ordered Lord Lucan to fall back from his position across the south valley, and to retire to his left rear into the north valley, where he took post between the last redoubt on the Causeway Heights and the Woronzoff road, close under the edge of the Chersonese.

This retrograde movement of the English cavalry uncovered the ap-

proach to Balaklava, where Sir Colin Campbell now stood athwart the gorge, before the village of Kadiköi, with his feeble command. He had there drawn up the 93d Highlanders, 550 strong, in line, two deep, upon a rising ground, in advance of the works defending Balaklava. One hundred invalids and some thirty of the Foot Guards were with the 93d. A Turkish battalion stood on either side. Barker's field-battery took post on good ground to their flank, and some heavy guns on the inner line could aid the defence. But time passed on, and Liprandi still lay passive on the heights he had won. His infantry made no forward movement in the plain, and it almost seemed as if the day's work was done. Presently, however, the heavy mass of cavalry in the north valley began to ascend it, and the field-batteries, pushing forward along the Causeway ridge, opened on the 93d. Campbell, to save his men, drew them back behind the hillock and made them lie down. Four squadrons now, detaching themselves from the mass, came over the heights into the south valley, and rode straight towards the Balaklava gorge. In their front there seemed to be no infantry—only Barker's guns. But when they came within a thousand yards of his position, Campbell moved the 93d briskly up to the top of the hillock and crowned it with his two-deep line. It was all that was left of his foot, for the Turkish battalions on his flanks dissolved at the first sight of the Russian horse, and fled to Balaklava, shouting, "Ship, Johnnie! ship!" The Russian squadrons were riding stiffly on, imagining themselves unopposed, when suddenly they saw the eminence in their front created by a "thin red line," and found their ranks suffering from a volley of musketry, which, though it emptied no saddles, yet wounded some men and horses. They had designed to seize on some of our artillery;

but now, fearing an ambuscade, wheeled to their left, as if to pass round the right flank of the 93d. Campbell at once met this by causing the grenadier company to bring up its left shoulder and show a front to the threatened flank. Then the Russian horsemen, who had come well under the fire of our guns, wheeled again to their left and fell swiftly back. Meanwhile the 93d laughed merrily,

"for they saw how the Turks in their flight met a new and terrible foe. There came out from the camp of the Highland regiment a stalwart and angry Scotch wife, with an uplifted stick in her hand; and then, if ever in history, the fortunes of Islam waned low beneath the manifest ascendant of the Cross; for the blows dealt by this Christian woman fell thick on the backs of the Faithful. . . . Notwithstanding all graver claims upon their attention, the men of the 93d were able to witness this incident. It mightily pleased and amused them. It amuses men still to remember that the Osmanlis, flying from danger and yearning after blissful repose, should have chosen a line of retreat where this pitiless dame mounted guard."—(Vol. iv. p. 127, 128.)

When Lord Raglan from the summit of the plateau beheld the demonstration by the Russian horse against Balaklava, he sent down an order for eight squadrons of Heavy Dragoons to support Campbell's feeble array. In obedience to this mandate, Brigadier-General Scarlett (commanding the Heavy Brigade) took ground to the right round the western end of the Causeway Heights, moving in two parallel columns into the south valley. His left column was composed of one squadron of the Inniskilling Dragoons, followed by the two of the Scots Greys; his right of one squadron of the Inniskillings, followed at some distance by two of the 5th Dragoon Guards. The 4th Dragoon Guards had orders to come after; and the Royal Dragoons were alone left, with the Light Brigade, in the north valley.

Meanwhile the whole mass of Ryjoff's Russian cavalry, in two broad columns, one behind the other, accompanied by his thirty-two mounted guns, came briskly up the north valley until they arrived within range of the artillery on the summit of the plateau. A few shots from these seemed to arrest their advance, and wheeling obliquely to the left, they began to cross over the Causeway Heights, close to the fourth redoubt, as if about to renew the demonstration against the Balaklava gorge, but still vexed in rear by the fire of the guns. As they passed over the summit, and began to descend into the south valley, they beheld, crossing their front at right angles, in the plain below, Scarlett's trailing column of Heavy Dragoons. The surprise was mutual. Scarlett's decision was instantly taken. He resolved to form line to his left, and charge the head of the column. The command, "Left wheel into line!" sprang from his lips, and he placed himself in front of the Greys to lead his men in person. Lord Lucan, who galloped up at the moment, approved and hastened his resolve. From the order in which his two columns were marching, and from the gap which existed in the right one, it followed that, when his troopers had wheeled to the left, they stood prepared to charge in two lines. The first, 300 strong, consisted of one squadron of the Inniskillings on the right, two of Greys on the left; and it was followed, in second line, by Hunt's squadron of Inniskillings in echelon to it on the right, and two squadrons of the 5th Dragoon Guards in echelon to it on the left. Still farther to the left the 4th Dragoon Guards were coming up. When Ryjoff's dragoons saw Scarlett wheeling in the plain beneath, they took ground to their left for a short distance, and then fronting, and gaining breath by deploying a few squadrons on either flank, came trotting down the hill in one huge

mass, with trumpets blowing, "at a well-governed speed, swelling broader and broader each instant, yet disclosing its depth more and more." * In front of this grey-serried mass of over 2000 sabres stood Scarlett's 300 red-coated horsemen dressing their line in the plain. Between the left of the English line, where the Greys stood, and the Russian column, lay the remains of the light cavalry camp, obstructing the ground with picket-ropes and unstruck tents. When within 400 yards of the English the Russian column halted.

Then Scarlett, turning to his trumpeter, said, "Sound the charge!" and, bounding forward to the pealing notes, the British line sprang on,—slowly at first, for the obstacle of the dismantled camp impeded the Greys; but when that was cleared, then with a gathering pace. Full fifty paces in front, followed close by his aide-de-camp, trumpeter, and orderly, rode at high speed, on his noble sixteen-hand charger, General Scarlett. The glittering helmet, florid complexion, drooping white mustache, and long blue great-coat of the Brigadier marked him from afar. Without pause or check, close followed by his three attendants, he went with a plunge into the grey silent block of halted horsemen. Digging his charger right in between the two nearest troopers, he

"wedged himself into the solid mass of the enemy's squadrons. . . . From the moment when the Brigadier had thus established himself in the midst of his foes, it resulted, of course, that his tenure of life was by the sword, and not by the sword which is a metaphor, but by that which is actual, and of steel. Scarlett, it seems, had no pretension to be more than a passably good swordsman, and he had the disadvantage of being nearsighted; but he knew how to handle his weapon; and in circumstances which exposed him to attack from several at the same time, he had more need of such

unflagging industry of the sword-arm as might keep the blade flashing here, there, and on all sides in quickly successive whirls, than of the subtle, the delicate skill which prepares men for combats of two."—(Vol. iv. p. 154, 155.)

He and his three following horsemen now passed from the sight of those who came after, engulfed in the column.

But now the red line, coming up in a long rolling wave, dashed upon the front of the grey motionless column.

"The Scots Greys gave no utterance except to a low, eager, fierce moan of rapture—the moan of outbursting desire. The Inniskillings went in with a cheer. With a rolling prolongation of clangour which resulted from the bends of a line now deformed by its speed, the 'three hundred' crashed in upon the front of the column. They crashed in so weightily that no cavalry, extended in line and halted, could have withstood the shock if it had been able to shriek and fall back; but whatever might be their inclination, the front-rank men of the Russian column were debarred, as we saw, from all means of breaking away to the rear by the weight of their own serried squadrons sloping up the hillside close behind them; and it being too late for them to evade the concussion, they had no choice—it was a cruel trial for cavalry to endure at the halt—they had no choice but to await and suffer the onslaught. . . . They 'accepted the files.' Here, there, and almost everywhere along the assailed part of the column, the troopers who stood in front rank so sidled and shrank that they suffered the Grey or the Inniskillinger to tear in between them with the licence accorded to a cannon-ball which is seen to be coming, and must not be obstructed, but shunned. So, although, by their charge, these few horsemen could deliver no blow of such weight as to shake the depths of a column extending far up the hillside, they more or less shivered or sundered the front rank of the mass, and then, by dint of sheer wedge-work and fighting, they opened and cut their way in. . . . As Scarlett had led, so his first line righteously followed; and, within a brief space

* They were formed, in reality, in two columns, one behind the other; but the rear one soon closed so on the front that, for all purposes of manœuvring, they came to form but one huge mass.

from the moment of the first crash, the 'three hundred,' after more or less strife, were received into the enemy's column. . . . Under conditions most trying to cavalry, the Russians evinced a degree of steadfastness not unworthy of a nation which was famous for the valour of its infantry; but kept as they had been at a halt, and condemned (in violation of the principles which govern the use of cavalry) to be passively awaiting the attack, it was impossible for them to be comparable in ardour, self-trust, and moral ascendant to the horsemen exalted and impassioned by the rapture of the charge, and now in their towering pride riding this way and that with fierce shouts through the patient long-suffering mass. . . . As heard on the edge of the Chersonese, a mile and a half towards the west, the collective roar which ascended from this thicket of intermixed combatants had the unity of sound which belongs to the moan of a distant sea."—(Vol. iv. p. 162-74.)

These are nervous words, and bring the fight, with all its tumult, clear as a photograph before the eye. Whilst this was passing in the heart of the column—where many men of the Greys, after cutting their way from front to rear, wheeled round and hewed their way back again—the squadrons deployed, as before mentioned, like wings on its flanks, wheeled inwards, as if to fold within their embrace the small body of English dragoons. But this movement brought them in contact with the portion of the Heavy Brigade coming up in support. As we have seen, the 5th Dragoon Guards were moving up upon the left of the British line; but beyond the 5th, and almost abreast of them, the Royal Dragoons now rode in. This regiment, though left behind without orders, no sooner saw the rest of the Brigade engaging than it hastened up, and it so befell that it arrived on the flank of the 5th just as that corps was charging, and as the deployed right wing of the Russian column was wheeling inwards on the Greys. A voice from the ranks of the Royals called out, "By God, the Greys are out off! Gallop! gallop!" Their

trumpets sounded, and with a ringing cheer the regiment sprang on, without halting to form line, but endeavouring to do so on the move. This impetuous rush brought them on the outer flank and rear of the Russian in-wheeling line, the outer portion of which broke at the shock; and the Royals, satisfied with their advantage, rallied their disordered ranks before attacking the column itself. But the inner part of the line, still continuing its wheel, came in contact with the 5th Dragoon Guards, now closing on the face of the column to the left of the Greys, and, with great clamour and strife of struggling men and horses, the whole went in, in one broken mass, on the now shaking Russian front.

But mean time the decisive blow was struck on the flanks of the great mounted block. On the right of the British front line Hunt's squadron of the Inniskillings was coming up in echelon. From its position it moved obliquely down upon the left flank of the Russians. As it had clear ground in its front, it came on at a full charging pace. The deployed left wing of the Muscovite horse was wheeling inwards on the right of our first line, and had continued its wheel so far that the troopers' backs were turned to the supporting troops, when Hunt's men came upon them.

"Piercing their line like an arrow, Captain Hunt shot through it, and was followed in the next instant by the squadron behind him, which came crashing on upon the rear of the wheeling horsemen, consigning some to slaughter, and driving in the rest of them, a helpless, unresisting throng, upon the front of the column. . . . The column, which every moment had been more and more heavily swaying, now heaved itself up the hillside, and this time without being commensurately lifted back, as before, by the reaction of the moving power."—(Vol. iv. p. 181, 188.)

On the other flank of the Russians Colonel Hodge was showing the true instinct of a cavalry officer.

He had been ordered, as already mentioned, to follow with the 4th Dragoon Guards in rear of Scarlett's original six squadrons. When they formed line to the left, and the Royals dashed in, he found himself on the extreme left of the new formation. Instantly seeing the advantage of his position, he led his regiment, in open column of troops, left in front, straight out from the British line, down the side, and parallel to the right of the Russian column, until his rear troop was abreast of its front rank. He then wheeled to his right, and came into line perpendicularly to the long open flank of the enemy. Seeing the imminence of their danger, some horsemen from the Russian rear spurred out to interpose, but it was too late. The clear ring of their trumpets sent the 4th Dragoon Guards, in one long thundering line, down upon the defenceless Russian flank. The interposing horsemen were swept away; and, with a shock like a breaking wave, the noble regiment burst its way into the column, "driving fast through it from flank to flank—driving through it without losing men—and so faithfully working out the old precept of 'hard all across!' as to be already on the point of emerging from the mass of the Russian cavalry at a spot opposite to the one by which" it "had entered." This was the finishing-stroke. The grey-coated squadrons continued to heave slowly up the hill. Those who as yet retained their ranks began to rein back. "The movement was slight, but close followed by surer signs. The ranks visibly loosened. In the next instant, the column was breaking. In the next, all the horsemen composing it had dispersed into one immense herd, and—still hanging together as closely as they could without hindrance to their flight—were galloping up the hillside and retreating by the way they had come."—(Vol. iv, p. 200.)

The Heavy Brigade had nobly done

its work. The combat had lasted eight minutes, and it had lost seventy-eight killed and wounded. The ranks of all the regiments were utterly disorganised and the horses blown, so the efforts of the officers were directed to rally their men—not to pursue the enemy. But were there no fresh horse to complete the work thus begun? Far from it; the Light Brigade stood ready for the work. Formed up across the end of the north valley, the great Russian column twice passed obliquely across its front: once, when going in the pride of apparently irresistible strength over the Causeway Heights; again, when streaming back in a disorganised mass from the bloody sabres of Scarlett's dragoons. As Mr. Kinglake well says:

"Overlooking the flank of the Russian cavalry in its struggle with Scarlett's brigade, and at a distance from the combatants which has been computed at 400 or 500 yards, there stood ranged in two lines, a body of near 700 men. They all of them bore arms; they all wore military uniforms; and each man was either mounted, or else had his charger beside him. They were troops of the same nation as Scarlett's combating regiments. In truth, they were nothing less than the famous Light Brigade of the English; but, strange to say, these superb horsemen were engaged for the time as spectators, maintaining a rigid neutrality in the war which they saw going on between Russia and our Heavy Dragoons."—(Vol. iv. p. 206, 207.)

The men were boiling with impatience, and could hardly be restrained; while as to their leader, "those," says one who was present, "who heard and saw Lord Cardigan during the time that was going on, will not easily forget the chagrin and disappointment he evinced when riding up and down our line. He constantly repeated, 'Damn those Heavies, they have the laugh of us this day.'" Yet Fortune all the time was proffering to him her choicest gift. A cavalry commander may wait for twenty years without seeing such an oppor-

tunity!!! But when Lord Lucan rode after Scarlett, he had charged Lord Cardigan to "defend the ground on which he was placed against any attack of the Russians;" and that officer interpreted this order so rigidly that, with their cavalry crossing and recrossing his very front, he would not let his chafing squadrons loose!!! This gives the exact measure of his capacity as a general; what is to come will show his courage as a soldier.

The defeat of his cavalry had rendered Liprandi's position critical. His infantry stood massed on the Causeway Heights and around Canrobert's Hill, that of Jabrokritsky held the Fedioukine ridge; but the open valley between—the centre of the Russian position—hitherto maintained by the cavalry, was now almost undefended. The beaten horse had fled down to its eastern extremity, near the Tchernaya, where they were rallying behind twelve Cossack guns; but meanwhile the foot on the ridges on each side were left isolated in two columns, protruding, as it were, towards the Allied position. Lord Raglan, from the summit of the Chersonese, saw his advantage, and had the infantry divisions of the Generals Cathcart and the Duke of Cambridge been up, he had a rare opportunity of winning decisive success by throwing them against Liprandi on the Causeway Heights. A delay which had taken place in Cathcart's march, and, as we think, the selection of a wrong point from whence to attack, deprived him of this golden chance. Anxious, however, not to lose all the fruit of Scarlett's brilliant charge, he sent messengers to hurry the march of the infantry, and despatched an order to Lord Lucan to advance and threaten Liprandi's foot with his victorious horse. The order was couched in these terms: "Cavalry to advance and take advantage of any opportunity to recover *the heights*. They will be

supported by the infantry, which have been ordered [to] advance on two fronts."

This order seems to be perfectly clear. Lord Lucan was to *advance* at once on the heights, but was *not to commit himself* unless he saw an opportunity. He, however, made no move beyond causing his men to mount. His two brigades at this time were formed facing up the north valley. Not seeing the infantry mentioned in the order, he concluded not to march till they arrived. More than half an hour passed, and still the horsemen sat motionless in their saddles. A movement was descried from the edge of the Chersonese, which led the Staff to believe that Liprandi was preparing to draw back his more advanced columns, and carry off the English guns captured in the Turkish redoubts. Then Lord Raglan's patience was exhausted, and he sent down by Captain Nolan, the able and zealous but impetuous aide-de-camp of General Airey, the following written order to Lord Lucan; "Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of horse-artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate. (Signed R. AIREY.)"

Lord Lucan, unfortunately, instead of taking this order in conjunction with the former one, considered it by itself alone. He read it, he says, with "consternation," and turning to Captain Nolan, urged the uselessness of such an attack and the dangers attending it. That officer replied, "Lord Raglan's orders are, that the cavalry should *attack* immediately." Lord Lucan impatiently demanded, "Attack, sir! attack what? What guns, sir?" Then Nolan, in a manner disrespectful, but significant, said, pointing to the *left front* corner of the valley, "There, my lord, is your enemy; there are your guns." A low swell

of ground at this point hid the Russians from view; but Lord Lucan considered that Captain Nolan, fresh from the side of the Commander-in-Chief, distinctly indicated that the cavalry were to charge down the north valley and to attack the guns at the end of it, behind which the Russian horse had now rallied. Lord Lucan upon this at once rode to where Lord Cardigan stood with his brigade, and directed him to advance. There is some uncertainty as to the exact words in which he communicated this resolve, but Lord Cardigan understood him to mean that he was to attack the enemy's cavalry at the bottom of the valley. Saluting with his sword, he replied, "Certainly, sir; but allow me to point out to you that the Russians have a battery in the valley in our front, and batteries and riflemen on each flank." Lord Lucan answered, "I know it, but Lord Raglan will have it. We have no choice but to obey." "Then, without further question or parley, Lord Cardigan tacitly signified his respectful submission to orders, and began that great act of military obedience which is enshrined in the memory of his fellow-countrymen. He turned quietly to his people and said: 'The brigade will advance!'"—(Vol. iv. p. 249.)

And it was to advance down a very mouth of hell! At the distance of more than a mile, at the bottom of the valley, stood the battery of

twelve guns, behind which the Russian cavalry were massed. On the ridge bounding this long valley on the right were Liprandi's guns and infantry, on that on the left those of Jabrokritsky. To reach the cavalry, our Light Brigade must run the gauntlet between the hills for more than a mile under a continuous cross-fire from artillery and musketry, and met in front by a sweeping discharge of grape. The Light Brigade formed for the attack in three lines. In front the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers; behind them the 11th Hussars; in third line the 4th Light Dragoons and 8th Hussars. Lord Lucan was to follow in support with Scarlett's brigade. Very quietly Lord Cardigan placed himself about five horse-lengths in front of the centre of his first line, and giving the order to his brigade to move on, rode steadily at a trot down the centre of the valley, straight upon the guns. The brigade was hardly in motion when Captain Nolan galloped across the front diagonally from left to right, shouting and waving his sword; at this instant he was struck on the breast by the fragment of a shell, his sword fell from his hand, his horse wheeled round, and from his lips there burst a cry, strange, appalling, and unearthly; for a while he still sat in the saddle, then rolled lifeless on the ground.*

As soon as the English cavalry

* Mr. Kinglake has made a generous effort to rescue poor Nolan's memory from the blame which has been cast upon it. There are one or two points, however, in which he allows, we think, his anxiety on this head to carry him too far. He thinks (vol. iv. p. 239-44) that Nolan clearly understood and endeavoured to point out to Lord Lucan what Lord Raglan really meant. Nolan is gone, and what was passing in his mind cannot now, of course, be known; but it is perfectly certain that he conveyed to Lord Lucan—and that much against the will of the latter—the idea that the guns he was to assail were those down the valley. What, however, is even of more importance, all accounts agree that the words he used to Lord Lucan were, "that the cavalry should *attack immediately*." Now, if Lord Raglan's second order is to be construed as a continuation of the first, the cavalry were to *advance immediately*, but were only to *attack if a favourable opportunity offered*. To order the cavalry to *attack at once*, was to *force them to engage with the almost certainty of defeat*. What to go down the valley was we know; and any one who has had experience of the steady Russian infantry will be at no loss to conclude what would have been the result of a charge on the heavy mass of columns formed

were seen in motion, a heavy mass of infantry (four battalions), whom Liprandi held clustered on the Causeway Heights, close to the Arabtabia Redoubt, with a battery of eight guns, at once changed their formation, and falling back behind the next redoubt (abreast of Canrobert's Hill), aligned themselves in squares at intervals along the edge of the ridge overlooking and extending down the valley, with the artillery and swarms of skirmishers dispersed in the intervals. They thus flanked the whole ground the English horsemen were approaching.* Steadily and evenly the Light Brigade rode on. As they plunged deeper into the valley, the batteries and riflemen on each flank began to ply them with shot. The twelve

guns in their front opened with a deadly accuracy. Down every instant men and horses came; but still the brigade rode on. So resolute was their leader to execute his appointed task that he selected one of the pieces in the centre of the battery, "rode straight at its fire, and made it, from first to last, his sole guiding star." Gradually as they neared the battery the pace of the first line increased. The natural desire to close waxed strong with the ever-increasing loss. When within eighty yards, the guns delivered a salvo, which emptied so many saddles that out of the two regiments scarce sixty sabres now rode in line. The battery became shrouded in a dense bank of smoke. Still following their chief, still riding

across the ridge by the Arabtabia Redoubt, well furnished with guns, and supported by the infantry and artillery on Canrobert's Hill. Again (vol. iv. p. 255-57), Mr. Kinglake tries to prove that Nolan's riding across the front of the brigade diagonally from left to right, and shouting to the men, was an effort on his part to change their direction, and send them against the infantry on the Causeway ridge. But we cannot accept this view. Nolan was a staff-officer who knew the discipline of the army too well to imagine for a moment that when a brigade was advancing steadily, under its own leader, it would ever change its direction at the shout of a subordinate staff-officer. Had he wished to alter its course, he would have addressed himself to the Brigadier, whom he was close to at the time. It was more likely that he was but riding on, vehemently excited with being at last in a cavalry charge. In truth, he had no business to be in the charge at all. But, this habit of staff-officers joining in the movements of troops they are sent to initiate is but too common in the British army. It got to such a height in India, that Lord Clyde issued an order to the effect that any staff-officer who, without express instructions so to do, went on with any attacking column of cavalry or infantry, would be at once deprived of his appointment and sent to the rear.

* Mr. Kinglake (vol. iv. p. 260, 261) considers this movement of Liprandi's as a proof that, if the cavalry attack had been directed on the Causeway Heights, the Russians would at once have retreated. We do not agree to this. Liprandi's position was this: The English infantry were coming down, and a French division had descended by the Col de Balaklava from the plateau. His line to oppose the attack from this side was our outer line inverted as far as the Arabtabia Redoubt; and looking at it in this point of view, the four battalions and battery grouped round the Arabtabia Redoubt formed his right wing. When the Light Brigade moved up the valley, had he remained where he was, they would speedily have passed his right flank and got out of his fire. To meet this he very readily threw his right back at right angles to his former line, and extended it along the edge of the heights down the valley, so as to flank it; whilst, to meet the danger (which actually occurred on the Fedioukine Hills) of a flank attack of cavalry along the heights, rolling up this line from left to right, he drew it back until he established its junction with his centre behind the shelter of the first redoubt on the heights, where it was flanked by the fire of the guns and infantry on and around Canrobert's Hill. When the cavalry charge was repulsed, he at once resumed and re-enforced his former position, to arrest the movement of our infantry. Holding a very delicate position in presence of the Allied army on the plateau, he handled his infantry with much skill. Had Ryzoff managed his squadrons half as well, the general result of the day would have been much more unfavourable to us.

straight at their mark, the whole went at a racing pace into the white cloud. Dashing in between the guns, they closed with the Cossack artillerymen; but these made fierce fight and clung resolutely to their pieces. Some of the dragoons continued to cut them down, some passed on and rushed at the grey-coated horsemen beyond. A portion on the left, where the 17th Lancers rode, outflanked the battery, and, driving past it, assailed two squadrons of hussars; these they drove in on their supports; but against the dense masses in rear neither they nor the men emerging from the captured battery could do anything. Mayow, the brigade-major, getting a few troopers together, pressed on upon our right; but the rest of the front line dissolved into a few knots and isolated men, vainly hustling against the array of halted horsemen in their front.

At this moment the supports began to arrive. The 11th Hussars originally started in rear of the 17th Lancers, the left regiment of the leading line. The 4th Light Dragoons and 8th Hussars were to follow in a third line; but it so befell that, the 4th hurrying their pace, and the 8th Hussars restraining theirs and bearing to the right, the whole three regiments fell into an echelon—the 11th Hussars on the left leading, next the 4th Light Dragoons, lastly, on the right, the 8th Hussars. And in this order they came up.

All suffered severely from the cross-fire from the heights on either hand; and they traversed a field covered with the wreck of the first line, rough with the dead and the dying, obstructed with riderless horses, who clung with strange pertinacity to the advancing ranks. The 11th passed mostly to the left of the now silent battery, and charged a halted regiment of lancers in their front. These broke, and Douglas with his hussars followed them up the gorge between the Fedioukine Hills and the spur of Mount

Hasfort almost to the aqueduct; but there he came upon such a body of horse that he felt the fifty men or so who alone remained with him unequal to the shock, and fell back. The 4th Light Dragoons, under Lord George Paget, plunged straight into the battery, and found the Cossack artillerymen straining hard to limber up and carry off their guns. A fierce struggle ensued; the gunners fought hand to hand with the dragoons, and it was some time ere they were overpowered. When they were, the 4th passed on to its left to support the 11th, and came upon it with the few remnants of our first line falling back. The two regiments united, and continued to retreat until the Russian cavalry in their rear threatened to charge. Then fronting, they checked them.

The 8th Hussars, under Colonel Shewell, the last and right regiment of the supporting force, meanwhile passed to the right of the battery, and, trotting on, gained that group of the first line which was held together by Mayow in front of the spot where the road to Tchorgoun crosses the aqueduct; but an apparition in their rear suddenly rendered a retrograde movement necessary.

Besides the cavalry under Ryjoff, there were in the field six squadrons of Russian lancers, under Colonel Jeropkine, who had not been engaged that day. During the advance of the Light Brigade these squadrons had been placed on the flanking heights—three within a fold of the Fedioukine Hills, three in a dip of the Causeway Heights. They now issued out in perfect array to cut off the retreat of the Light Brigade.

It had come at this time to be grouped in two small bodies—one on the right, under Colonel Shewell, consisting of the 8th Hussars and Mayow's knot of the first line, some seventy sabres and lances in all; another on the left, under Lord George Paget, formed of the 11th Hussars, 4th Light Dragoons, and the remnants of the 17th Lancers,

also numbering some seventy men. Shewell had just halted, uncertain what to do, when, on looking back, he beheld the pennons of three lancer squadrons emerge in column from the Causeway Heights, and wheel into line directly in his rear. He immediately gave the word, "Right about wheel!" and, coming round in excellent order, his seventy horsemen rode straight at the "fluttering line of gay lances," then in the very act of forming. The Russians awaited the charge at the halt. The seventy horsemen broke through them with a shock, sending some back to the Causeway Heights, others over to the Fedioukine Hills; and Shewell, seeing the way to the rear clear, and the enemy all around, continued his retreat up the valley, suffering heavily from the guns and riflemen on the Causeway Heights, and harassed at first by the lancers in his rear.

We left the other body of the Light Brigade, under Lord George Paget, fronting, to check the pursuing Russians. While thus engaged, the remaining three squadrons of Jeropkine's lancers, issuing from the Fedioukine Hills, formed up in two lines directly in their rear. Lord George, on perceiving this movement, which hemmed his little force in between two bodies of horse, exclaimed, "We are in a desperate scrape!" Immediately after he called out to the men, "You must go about, and do the best you can. Threes about!" Then they all went about and charged straight at the lancers; but these, instead of awaiting their impact, wheeled back on their left, so as to form perpendicularly to the side of our retreating line; and as our men came galloping on, they came down at a trot on their flank. Just, however, as the two bodies were meeting, the lancers drew up, and suffered our dragoons to escape by grazing their right along their front rank, and receiving the thrusts of their lances as they glided past. Our men now hastened, as fast as their

weary horses could bear them, up the valley, suffering terribly from the fire of the artillery on the Causeway Heights, but unpursued by the lancers, who feared to come under the discharge of their own cannon, and unassailed by any missiles from the Fedioukine Hills.

But how came the Fedioukine Hills to be silent at this crisis of the fight? On the left of the English cavalry division, before the advance began, there was formed up the French cavalry brigade of General d'Allonville, consisting of two regiments of the celebrated *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. General Morris, commanding the French cavalry in the Crimea, was with it in person. When he saw the Light Brigade "moving straight down the valley, and avoiding the heads of both the enemy's columns to run the gauntlet between them," he foresaw at once the disaster which was to come, and strove to mitigate its effects by endeavouring to silence the fire from the Fedioukine Hills. There was then, playing heavily on our dragoons, a battery, divided into two half-batteries, with a considerable interval between them, guarded on its right by two battalions, on its left by two squadrons, the whole disposed along the edge of the ridge looking down into the valley. Morris ordered D'Allonville to attack this battery with the 4th Regiment of the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. That officer immediately moved through the plain to his left, and ascended the Fedioukine ridge, beyond the right of the Russian line, through a tangled underwood reaching up to the girths of his horsemen. As soon as he had gained their right he brought up the left shoulder of his two leading squadrons, and attacked the nearest half-battery in flank, while he sent his two remaining squadrons against the infantry supports. The French chasseurs charged impetuously, in foraging order, through the broken ground, and the direction of their advance threatened to roll up the Russian

line from right to left. Without awaiting the shock, the two half-batteries limbered up and retired at a trot, the supporting infantry fell back, and the Cossack squadrons went about; but ere they had gone far, General Jabrokritsky met them, advancing to encounter the Chasseurs with two battalions of the famous Vladimir regiment. D'Altonville, however, had attained his object—the guns were silenced and displaced, his trumpets sounded the recall, and his horsemen glided down the ridge and rejoined their comrades in the plain. With a loss of only ten killed and twenty-eight wounded, they had silenced the flank fire from the Fedionkine Hill during the retreat of the Light Brigade. A more skilfully-managed, well-timed, and delicately-handled cavalry attack was never made.

It must have struck our readers that, from the moment he plunged at the head of the first line into the Russian battery, the name of Lord Cardigan is no more mentioned, his direction no more felt. His influence had passed from the field, yet he was neither slain or unhorsed. Passing through the guns, and emerging from the smoke, he found himself nearly alone in presence of a large body of Russian horse. His front line had, as it were, dissolved, and such knots as held best together had inclined, as we have seen, either to the right or left. The Russians were retreating, but presently halted and fronted. The English leader rode down till within twenty or thirty yards of the hostile line, then he drew up. "From the moment," says Mr. Kinglake, "when he quietly said, 'The brigade will advance,' to the one when, nearly alone in the presence of the enemy's cavalry, he stiffly awaited his assailants with his sword at the slope, Lord Cardigan performed this historic act of devotion without word or gesture indicative of bravado or excitement, but rather with the air of a man who was performing an

everyday duty with his everyday courage and firmness."—(Vol. iv. p. 295.) Assailed now by several Cossacks, and finding himself entirely unsupported, he turned and galloped back towards the battery. On passing through it he saw groups of horsemen retreating up the valley—these, it would seem, were mostly wounded men; but he took them to be the last broken remnants of the first line, and although free from his assailants concluding that he could do nothing further, he rode back at a measured pace until he came to where General Scarlett stood. He asserts that during the whole time of his return he never saw any portion of the supports who were then passing down the valley. These, as we have seen, had opened out; and one who gazed on the scene has recorded that, from the smoke which enveloped the whole field, it was quite possible to pass between the regiments without perceiving them. It is certain that Lord Cardigan's exit from the field was "devoid of warlike grace," yet it is impossible to question his courage. "He construed his orders so proudly, and obeyed them with a persistency at once so brave and so fatal, that—even under the light evolved from a keen searching controversy—his leadership of this singular charge still keeps its heroic proportions."—(Vol. iv. p. 300.)

When the light Brigade started on its fatal career, Lord Lucan followed with the Heavy Brigade, likewise in three lines, in support. He rode on in person between the two brigades. But soon, as Lord Cardigan's men increased their pace, it became evident that he must either increase that of Scarlett's dragoons or let the chain which connected the two break asunder. When he came opposite the Arabtabia Redoubt the cross-fire from the hills on each side waxed severe. His whole Staff were either killed, wounded, or dismounted: he was himself hit

in the leg by a musket-ball. The Greys and Royals, who led Scarlett's brigade, were suffering heavily, and each moment was widening the space which separated them from the Light Brigade. "Growing more and more faint to the sight, those splendid doomed squadrons were sinking and sinking into the thick bank of smoke which now closed in the foot of the valley." An instant decision was requisite. If the Heavy Brigade was not to be irretrievably committed, its advance must be arrested at once. Lord Lucan had no hope of success from Lord Cardigan's advance: he knew that he now was handling the last reserve of horse in the British army. He took his decision. Turning to his assistant-adjutant-general, Lord William Paulet, he said: "They have sacrificed the Light Brigade: they shall not the Heavy, if I can help it;" and ordered Scarlett's men first to halt and then to retreat. Judging that the only use to which the brigade could now be turned was to protect Lord Cardigan's command against pursuit, he moved it back until it cleared the cross-fire, and then halted. Soon the light cavalry "faded away into the smoke which hung thick at the foot of the valley." Minutes passed on; the stream of wounded and dismounted men and horses dropping in from the front every instant increased. Lord Cardigan at last rode out of the smoke, and presently the two bodies, under Shewell and Lord George Paget, came wearily up. Then they knew the work was done. The remnant of the Light Brigade was gathered together on a slope looking south to Balaklava. When they formed, Lord Cardigan came forward and said, "Men! it is a mad-brained trick, but it is no fault of mine." Some of the dragoons replied, "Never mind, my lord! we are ready to go again."

The roll was called; it was found that, out of 673 horsemen who had gone into action, 195, mounted and unwounded, had come out. The actual loss was 113 men killed, 134 wounded; 475 horses killed or missing, 42 wounded. When the 13th Light Dragoons mustered, ten mounted men answered to their names!!! The charge lasted twenty minutes.

The Duke of Cambridge's and Cathcart's divisions of infantry had now descended into the plain by the Col de Balaklava, and Lord Raglan had directed Cathcart to move on the Arabtabia Redoubt by the line of the Causeway ridge, whilst the Duke of Cambridge was to support the attack by advancing up the south valley. Liprandi, however, showed no signs of avoiding the combat. As soon as the Light Brigade was driven back, he closed in the troops scattered along the edge of the north valley, and resumed his old position, extending up the ridge to the Arabtabia Redoubt, and fronting towards the south valley. Out of his sixteen battalions eight were massed on the ridge on his right; the remainder held Canrobert's Hill in his centre, or were thrown back towards Kamara on his left; while the fire of more than forty guns swept his front. So threatening was his position that Sir Colin Campbell—no mean judge—urged that no attack should be made, and it is certain that none was made. The English and French generals determined to acquiesce in Liprandi's conquest. The onward movement of the infantry was arrested. Cathcart contented himself with reoccupying the redoubt next, on our side, to the Arabtabia; and a sharp discharge from his skirmishers, successfully directed against the two most advanced Russian guns, closed the engagement at four o'clock.*

* There can, we think, be no doubt that Lord Raglan committed a great mistake in directing the march of his infantry down the Col de Balaklava, and their line of attack against Liprandi's front from the south valley. It should have been

Liprandi remained in possession of the three redoubts he had won. He had challenged the Allied infantry to a combat in the plain, which they had not accepted; and he continued to hold, in their despite, a position by which he interdicted their use of the Woronzoff road as a means of transit from Balaklava to the front.* Thus, though his cavalry had suffered grievous loss, both in numbers and reputation, from their overthrow by Scarlett, yet the confidence of his infantry was much increased, and on the defenders of Sebastopol his movement had all the encouraging effects of a success in the field. The English lost their outer line of defence, and were in consequence so closely confined to the plateau of the Chersonese, that it was at one time seriously proposed to abandon Balaklava. Their Light Brigade of cavalry was almost destroyed: the heroism of their horse excited universal admiration; but the actual fruits of victory remained in Muscovite hands. The Allied loss in killed and wounded amounted to about 600 men. They lost also seven guns. The Russians had 627 killed and wounded.

We have been particular in giving this long *résumé* of Mr. Kinglake's story, because we believe that it is only by so doing that the true value of the book will be seen. We have endeavoured to disinter the bones

of his military narrative from that exquisite and luxuriant pre-Raphaelite flower-garden of anecdote and disquisition in which they lie deeply buried. When this is done, the great debt we really owe to Mr. Kinglake will be at once apparent. We believe there is no one who has either served in the Crimean War or studied the subject, and has read this book in a candid spirit, who will not at once admit that he lays it down with a vast amount of information, and a clear understanding of points which he did not before possess.

We are well aware of Mr. Kinglake's faults, and we will advert to them presently, but there are excellences in his work which all must allow. To write contemporary history truly, is of all tasks the most difficult. No man will undertake such a thing without exposing himself to a load of obloquy and abuse almost overwhelming. He has to deal with the rivalries, the hatreds, the admirations of the day; he has to meet its prejudices, to thwart its predilections — to encounter equally the creeds of parties and the passions of individuals. The more honest and the more true he is, the more intense will be the abuse with which he will be overwhelmed. It is a keen saying of the lawyers, "The greater the truth, the greater the libel." The merits of a contemporary history can only be decided-

directed down the Woronzoff road, against his right, by the north valley. This would have menaced the tactically weak point of his position, by at once endangering his line of retreat on Tchorgoun, and threatening to roll him up against the Kamara Hills and the sea beyond. It would, besides, have enabled the infantry to have attacked, along with the cavalry, comparatively early in the day, as the Duke of Cambridge's division actually marched all the way along the top of the plateau from the Woronzoff road to that down the Col de Balaklava. But, after all, Lord Raglan's greatest mistake was taking up the far too extended, and therefore, for his disposable numbers, weak position in the feeble works along the Causeway ridge and on Canrobert's Hill. A short line of field-works, resting one flank on the plateau to the (Allied) left of the Woronzoff road pass, and the other on Mount Hiblak, could have been easily defended, and would have secured both roads to Balaklava.

* We are not inclined to attach the great importance to this circumstance which Mr. Kinglake and some military writers do. To have made the Woronzoff road of real use to our army during the bad weather, a new road would have had to have been constructed across the plain from Kadiköi to join it; and, in the exhausted condition of our troops in the winter, it is not easy to see where the workmen for this task could have been found.

ly pronounced by the generation after the next. It is not until the feelings, the hopes, and the tumult of the actors and their generation have sunk into the tomb, that the still small voice of truth can make itself heard.

Mr. Kinglake deserves the utmost credit for the almost marvellous patience and industry he has displayed in dealing with the overwhelming mass of materials from which he has had to quarry his narrative. Almost every actor on the stage seems to have given him his notes; and no one who has not been present in an action, and has not had personal experience of what diametrically opposite accounts of the same incident spectators from different points will give, can form an idea of the difficulty of the task. It may truly be said, that it is hardly ever that any two men give the same account of any episode in a fight. Now this great difficulty Mr. Kinglake has met in a worthy spirit. He has shrunk from no labour; he has striven assiduously after truth. He has never rested upon any point, however intricate, until he has evolved from the conflicting tales of eyewitnesses what he deems the accurate statement of the case; and he never shirks the labour or the difficulty. He never slurs over a point. When the matter is involved in doubt, he always indicates this to the reader, and mentions where the doubt or contradiction lies. He is never confused. His narrative is often overloaded, but it is never indistinct; and it is but just to add, that the great length to which his story often extends, is mainly owing to this combined prodigality of labour and anxious search after the real. He bestows as much care and expends as much thought on the minor details of a cavalry skirmish as most historians would give to the whole narrative of a battle. He does so to a fault, but it is a fault having its origin in the most valuable quality of an historical writer—a real deep searching love of truth.

And this quality leads him not merely to record every detail with care, but to express most fully his own judgment upon every movement of the campaigns with which he has to do. Though not a soldier, he has never hesitated to express a decided opinion upon military matters. In so doing we have no fault to find with him. The great principles of the military art lie open and patent to all. To execute them in the field requires the practised eye, the deep calculation, the minute knowledge of administration and detail of an experienced general; to judge them when executed needs only an understanding of the principles of war, and a candid consideration of the facts of the case. Now it is in respect to his judgment on these points that Mr. Kinglake has been exposed to his most severe criticism. Where we agree and where we differ from him our summary of his narrative has shown. There are many very intricate questions of strategy and tactics, in their relation especially to the attack of intrenched positions, involved, upon which military men will probably differ to the end of time. When you have the distinct opinion of two such able engineers as Burgoyne and Todleben, upon subjects connected with their own art and within their own cognisance, expressed in direct opposition to one another, it may be safely inferred that there is much to be said on both sides.

No one will write well who does not feel earnestly, or will feel earnestly without expressing strongly. What we desiderate in a historian is not a man reticent of his own opinion, but one who is perfectly candid in stating all the *arguments and facts* on both sides of each question. A mere statement of the arguments on one side, or any attempt to distort the facts to suit a preconceived opinion, is fatal to a reputation for impartiality. But this, we must say, we have never seen in Mr. Kinglake. We have always found that he has stated the facts of the

case with perfect candour and accuracy, and that he is most careful on every occasion to develop fully the arguments opposed to the view which he himself adopts. We will give one example. Sir John Burgoyne's letters to the 'Times' of the 30th June and 4th August 1868 embody, in the ablest form, and stated in the most concise and graceful manner, and with the utmost cogency, all the arguments which can be urged against his views; and those he has, for the information of his readers, reproduced entire in his second edition.* This stamps the character of the man. An historical work, to be really of value, should be so written that a reader opposed to the conclusions of the author should yet not have to turn to any other work for the facts or the arguments on which to rest his opinion. We know few histories which will stand this test better than Mr. Kinglake's.

One marked feature of Mr. Kinglake's mind is his vivid sense of humour. In his delineation of character there is often a keen delicate irony—in his description of events, a swift pounce on the ludicrous, expressed in quaint pointed words—which gives a singular zest and charm to his pages. To the exquisite beauty of his style it is unnecessary to allude. There is one fact which proves it more than pages of disquisition. We believe there is not a single reader who has taken up these volumes who has ever laid them down until he has read every line from the first to the last. Yet the whole two volumes only contain a narrative extending from the 21st September to the 25th October 1854, and two-thirds of the fourth volume is taken up with the events of a single day. This leads us to consider what we look on as the greatest artistic defect of Mr. Kinglake's work. To his unwearied industry, and almost painfully conscientious pursuit after accuracy and truth in the most minute par-

ticulars, he has sacrificed breadth and generality of effect. To the ordinary reader he has, perhaps, thus made his work more interesting and amusing, but to a military reader he has made it much less effective. Had it been compressed to one-half the length, it would, as a military narrative, have been doubled in power; and as a military narrative a history of the invasion of the Crimea must always be judged.

In all the fine arts—painting, sculpture, poetry, history—generality of effect—that is, impression on the mind—can be produced only by breadth. The principles of all these arts are the same, though the instruments by which the impression is produced differs in each. What his colours are to the painter, that his chisel is to the sculptor, and his pen to the poet or the historian. The painter gives unity and effect to his picture by a judicious massing of light and shade; the historian produces the same result on his pages by concentrating the attention of his readers on the important points only, and passing over, as briefly as is consistent with accuracy, the unimportant. Now the great defect of Mr. Kinglake's work, in an artistic point of view, is, that unity of effect is impaired by the multitude of cross lights; that, in the flood of personal anecdote and disquisition, the attention of the reader is distracted from the points of real to those of secondary importance. So beautiful and so perfect is the finish of every sentence, that one would feel pained at omitting any, yet the very multiplication of beauty mars the effect. Reading his book is like looking on a lovely pre-Raphaelite picture, where every flower, every blade of grass, every bird, is so exquisitely delineated in a bright flood of light, that one could not have the heart to say that any one should be left out; but yet we feel that the grandeur of the painting as a whole would be im-

* Kinglake, vol. iv. p. 427-438.

mensely increased by throwing two-thirds of it into shade.

In military narrative, breadth of effect will be best obtained by keeping the attention firmly fixed on the general result produced by the movement of the body of troops under consideration, and carefully avoiding every temptation to stray into fractional description, unless the action of a fraction produced an exceptional result. For instance, suppose an attack is made by a division, then the impact of this division on the enemy's line should be treated *as a whole*, unless some brigade, regiment, or individual, should have entered on a separate line of action, which led to a result different from what that of the whole body would otherwise have been. This would require, of course, to be separately described. But an adherence to this rule wonderfully simplifies the detail of an action. In this respect Sir William Napier's battle-pictures are admirable. His description of the advance of the Fusilier brigade at Albuera is a masterpiece. In graphic and condensed power there is nothing in Mr. Kinglake's work to equal it. Any one who has studied Napier will see the principles on which he worked. He described, in clear, forcible, and thrilling words, the picture which a deep study of the details had left upon his mind; but he carefully omitted all particulars not essential, and all those steps by which he himself arrived at the result. Mr. Kinglake follows a different plan; he describes, in minute and finished periods, all those successive incidents and steps by which he gradually reaches the idea he wishes to convey. The one writer lays before the reader the result only; the other carries him along with him in the whole work of building up the edifice from the foundation. Napier rarely breaks in upon the unity of his narrative by notices of personal adventure; where heroic actions are performed, he relates them in that natural pause which

follows at the conclusion of a fight. Mr. Kinglake intersperses, and, as we think, weakens his narrative by an innumerable host of anecdotes and even biographies of comparatively obscure individuals—not in themselves of real importance, and introduced as they actually occurred during the progress of the fight. He thus gratifies many vanities and interests many readers, but he painfully weakens the force of his narration.

There are two points Mr. Kinglake would do well to attend to. One is, not to cloud his narrative by introducing discussions or observations upon events *as they occur*, but to wait for those natural opportunities which the conclusion of a battle, the end of a series of movements, or the close of a campaign, present. The other is, not to mix up his description of great operations with so many minute records of unimportant actions. The great deeds performed by individuals which sway the course of events are very few in any campaign. Mere acts of heroism come best in, as Napier generally introduces them, grouped together at the end of a fight, as anecdotes illustrative of the temper of the combatants.

We cannot conclude without a few words on Mr. Kinglake's characters of Lord Raglan and Prince Mentschikoff. We are unable to accept his view that Lord Raglan was a great general. Courteous in manner, chivalrous in disposition, high of courage, pure in heart, of an excellent judgment, he was a man to be loved and to be admired—and he was both loved and admired. If ever it could be said of any man that he had not an enemy, we believe it might be said of him. But he was not a great general in the sense in which Napoleon and Wellington were. His mind was not impregnated with the great principles of his art. When a particular set of events took place, he did not at once, and almost instinctively, see the military move-

ment required, and strive with an earnest force of will to carry it into action. His mind was essentially diplomatic. He is more to be compared with Schwartzenberg than with any other general. He was singularly suited to be the commander in a coalition. The wit of man could not devise a scheme so sure to neutralise the good qualities of both the English and French armies as to tie them together for active service. The modes of action of each are diametrically opposed. Whichever bore sway, the other was placed at a disadvantage. Probably no other man would have preserved his relation with the French so well as Lord Raglan. His singular urbanity, his unflinching temper, his delicate observation, his peculiar reticence, seemed to mark him for the task. That strong feature in his character, his almost horror "of the certain evils of discussion," will not surprise any one who has had the misfortune to mix much in the affairs of men. It may safely be said that no man is ever influenced by an argument in which he bears a part. We doubt if, even in the House of Commons, the best speech ever altered a vote directly. Indirectly it often does, but that is by its effect on public opinion out of doors, and the reaction of that on the feeling of the House. Now in councils of war there is no public opinion, and each commander will usually always adhere to that view to which he has once committed himself. Lord Raglan knew this well, and before engaging in any discussion, ever strove to ascertain if the views held by his allies were decided or open to change. If the former, then he silently accepted the situation; if the latter, he gently endeavoured to lead them over to his own opinion. He never irritated the French by the jar of a useless argument, but proceeded at once to seek for, not the best course in the abstract, but that which seemed to him the one most practicable under

existing circumstances. Lord Raglan had never held command in the field. Long on the Duke of Wellington's Staff in his great campaigns, and singularly trusted by that commander, he had never that experience which is derived from the responsibility of personally directing men in war. During the long peace, his duties as military secretary were not calculated to direct his attention to the military art. But he discharged his delicate and difficult task in the Crimea in a way to earn the deep gratitude of the nation which he served so truly and so well. The heroic sacrifice of self—the unflinching way in which he bore any loss of present reputation, rather than by one impatient word endanger the alliance imposed on him by his country—the load of care and of suffering he carried with him uncomplainingly to the grave—the silent sorrow with which he saw his noble force melt away beneath the winter's snow—the disastrous defeat on the 18th June, before which he bowed down his head and died,—these things have stamped his memory on the fond recollection alike of the army and the people. He was a man from the old heroic age, but he was not a general of the highest order. Mr. Kinglake's own facts prove this.

We do not think Mr. Kinglake has done justice to Prince Menschikoff. He had considerable strategical abilities, though a singular tactical unreadiness in handling troops in the field. His choice of a battle-field on the Alma was good. His desire afterwards to take up a position on the Upper Belbec, flanking the advance of the Allies on the north side of Sebastopol, was sound in principle. His resolution in sinking the ships across the mouth of the harbour, against the earnest advice of Korniloff, and his devoting the whole power of the fleet to the land defence, was beyond all praise, and undoubtedly saved Sebastopol. His flank march up the Mackenzie Heights to recover his

communication with the interior, compromised by the advance of the Allies against the north side, was a wise and able strategical measure; albeit the utterly unexpected step taken by them of abandoning the attack on that point, together with the power of operating on the line connecting him with his base, rendered it unnecessary. His direction of Liprandi with his field-detachment against Balaklava, in order to lessen the pressure against Sebastopol by threatening their flank and rear, was vigorous and well timed. On the other hand, his want of quickness, in not at once altering the disposition of his troops at the Alma to meet the attack of the French on an unanticipated point, was painfully apparent. His hasty withdrawal of the whole field-force from the north side of Sebastopol, in the face of the advance of the Allies, was a step which might have proved fatal. His permitting their whole army to stream in file past his rear down the Mackenzie Heights, when he had nearly 80,000 men well in hand on the Belbec, was casting aside wilfully all the favours of fortune. His long delay in reoccupying, in a military manner, the vital position of the Mackenzie ridge, and in re-enforcing the garrison of the town when his communications with it by the north were reopened, is inexcusable. He gives us the idea of an able man well read in strategy, but utterly unused to handle troops in the field, and without practical experience in war.

It is impossible to close these volumes without reflecting in how mysterious a manner the works of men are moulded by the hands of Providence. To all human appearance the Allies, in not attacking the north side immediately after the battle of the Alma, and in not assaulting the south either when

they first appeared before it, or when the Redan had been crushed by their fire, threw away the fairest chances of decisive success; yet, had they then taken Sebastopol, the whole result of the war would have been different. It was the grievous, the intolerable, strain of defending Sebastopol, situated at a vast distance from the centre, and at a most inaccessible extremity of the empire, which ruined Russia. The Allies landed their troops and stores within six miles of their camp fresh and unweakened; the Russians had to march their battalions from Moscow to the Crimea. Two-thirds of their loss in men took place along this dreary and wasted line of march. For hundreds of miles the roads leading from the interior to the isthmus of Perekop were at the conclusion of the war marked by a continuous white line, formed by the bleached bones of men and animals. We know from sad experience what six miles even of such roads were. Had Sebastopol fallen at once, the vast military strength of Russia would have remained, humiliated indeed, but unbroken. A fleet and a fortress would have been lost, but the real might of the army would scarcely have suffered; and as there were no other vulnerable points of importance on the south coast, our offensive power would have been nearly exhausted. In any future operations directed towards the interior, all the advantage would have lain on the side of the Muscovites. It was the long-protracted and desperate defence of Sebastopol which decided the issue of the war; for it fixed the scene of the struggle at a point ruinous to the forces of the Czar, and accessible, beyond any other, to those of France and England. Man proposes, but God disposes!*

* Before finally quitting this subject, we wish to note a verbal topographical mistake which crept into the third note at page 704 of the December number of this Magazine. The expression is there used, "with the mouth of the *Katcha* now in our power;" it should of course have been, "with the mouth of the *Belbec* now in our power." The context, however, clearly indicated this.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS TO INDIA.

THE subject of Missions is a perplexing one. In idea nothing can be nobler than the attempt to spread the truth and kingdom of Christ throughout the world. Whoever believes in Christianity as the power and wisdom of God for the good of the human creatures He has made, must long to see its beneficent influences everywhere diffused, and must be ready to do all he can to aid in their diffusion. The missionary life of the early Church; the labours of apostle and martyr, who gladly sacrificed their lives that they might win men to the knowledge and love of Christ; the marvellous transformation wrought by these labours in the primitive ages; the new spiritual forces working underneath in strange and beautiful forms of activity, till the surface of the ancient civilisation was everywhere broken up and changed; the equally astonishing conversion of the wild northern nations who overran the Latin world and subdued its arms, but were in turn subdued by the arms of the new spiritual empire which had risen upon the ruins of Roman greatness;—these are pictures of missionary triumph fitted to kindle the least enthusiastic, and to move even the coldest and most sceptical of historians. In the long distance of those early ages the glory which surrounds the Christian missionary is undimmed. All recognise the self-sacrifice of his career and the good which he accomplished.

But when we change the point of view, and pass from the career of primitive apostles, saints, and martyrs to the details of modern missionary life, and the results of modern attempts to convert the heathen, enthusiasm is apt to vanish, and doubts held in check before

the ancient triumphs of the Cross, are frequently expressed. It is assumed to be the business of the religious world to cry up missions, but the old soldier or civilian, who has seen something of their working in India, shakes his head when they are mentioned. He knows better; and even if we do not allow this, and attribute the shrewd suspicion partly to indifference and partly to ignorance, grave doubts from gravely-pious men may be heard on the subject. Men who prize truth more than any mere form of religion, and the human virtues more than any mere change of creed, see much to question in certain aspects of modern missions. They see a frequent triviality where they looked for nobleness and grandeur of aim; and touches of exaggeration, and even falsehood, where they looked for simplicity and singled-minded sincerity. The knowledge which is gathered from missionary magazines, or even from contact with missionaries themselves, is often painfully disappointing. Missionary stations are not models of apostolic zeal and self-denial; they are sometimes hotbeds of religious contention and jealousy—small men contending bitterly with one another for the exercise of a feeble and uncertain power. We are filled with an ideal of Christian heroism, and the picture before us is one of commonplace passion and vulgarity. The bitter quarrelling which for long surrounded the Jerusalem Bishopric, now happily dying out of mind, was a scandalous instance of what we mean. The Natal business is another. Where the influences at work are so mean and so divided, it is not wonderful that doubts should be expressed as to their utility. The “day of small things,”

‘Address on Christian Missions to India; with general Reference to the Educational Missions of the Church of Scotland.’ By Norman Macleod, D. D. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1868.

indeed, is not to be despised, and we do not forget that it is written that God "hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." All this is true, beyond question, in a true sense. But the spectacle of moral folly and weakness in the guise of missionary activity is not the less an unhappy spectacle which may well disappoint the Christian philanthropist, and damp the ardour of the most hopeful. The emotion which kindles at the thought of St. Paul, as "he stood in the midst of Mars-hill," and spoke imperishable words to the men of Athens, or as he "dwelt two whole years in his own hired house" at Rome, receiving all that came unto him, and "preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ," may excusably die down at the spectacle of modern narrowness attacking an ancient faith without trying to understand it, or of rival bishops contending in the sight of the heathen for the possession of a church or cathedral in which to proclaim the Gospel. In short, there is a side of missions, as they show themselves in the modern Christian world, which is far from encouraging. The idea is noble, but the facts are mean. The plan is great, but the reality is poor.

It must be admitted that this is in some degree owing to the commonplace air which all facts necessarily assume in the midst of which we live, and whose common features are directly under our eyes. It is a very different thing to contemplate even the highest ideal working itself out in detail before us, and to look back upon this ideal as it stands completed in history with all its temporary accidents toned down, and formed into an heroic picture. But making every such allowance, there is less of grandeur and of the simplicity of real work in modern missions than the noblest of causes should inspire.

On this account, among others, we

gladly welcome the Address before us by one so well known, so manly and sensible, with all his enthusiasm, as Dr. Norman Macleod. There are few men so capable as Dr. Macleod of speaking at once with intelligence and authority on the subject. He is not only a Christian minister, distinguished by unusual earnestness and eloquence; he has not only enjoyed special opportunities in connection with the Church to which he belongs, of acquiring missionary information, and testing its real value and accuracy; but he is in some respects eminently capable of appreciating this information, weighing it in the balances of a broad judgment, which has been trained in the world as well as the Church, and which is not easily imposed upon by dogmatic pretence, any more than by worldly arrogance. He has, in other words, a keen shrewd eye, as well as an enthusiastic spirit. He can see through disguises, whether solemn or frivolous. He can tell good work when he sees it, and bad work too, whatever phases of being good it may put on. He understands, in short, the larger as well as the narrower point of view from which missions must be regarded before they can be fairly estimated. He does not look at them from within the bosom of a special society, nor does he speak of them and their results in the language of a special theological school; but, while his heart is on fire with the evangelical earnestness which must always be their highest spring and inspiration, his mind is open to survey all their working, and he looks at them with the eyes of a man and not of a sectary.

The result is that his Address, which was listened to, when delivered in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, with thrilling interest, is also thoroughly interesting in its printed form. There is little or no professional phrasing in it, no unnatural strain of spiritual exaggeration, no exciting incidents, no undue colour, although there are pages richly dyed in the colour

which is the natural expression of his own vivid and kindling imagination, as he traverses with rapid touch the solemn or pathetic aspects of his subject.

The occasion of the Address was a visit which Dr. Macleod, in company with Dr. Watson of Dundee, paid to our Indian provinces during last winter. They were sent out by the Church of Scotland as a deputation to visit its missions there, and for this purpose sailed for Bombay in November, landed there in the end of the month, visited Poonah and the American missions in the neighbourhood, and thence proceeded to Madras, Calcutta, and the North-Western Provinces, everywhere visiting such centres of missionary activity as were accessible to them in the course of their rapid journey. Dr. Macleod speaks with cordiality of the welcome which they received everywhere from the missionaries of all Churches, and from the Bishops of the Church of England in Madras and Calcutta, who presided over immense meetings in their respective dioceses, where special information—which has remained uncontradicted—was given of the working of the various missionary agencies in India. "These meetings crowded the largest halls in Madras and Calcutta, and were attended by leading civilians and the highest European officers; including, at Madras, the Governor; at Calcutta, the Viceroy; and at both, representatives of the native and European press, with a large number of the most educated native gentlemen, Hindoo as well as Christian."

Dr. Macleod is entitled, in the circumstances, to take credit for the amount and value of the information which he received. His time, no doubt, was short, his movements rapid, and consequently his opportunities of thoroughly examining on the spot all the facts brought under his notice limited; but he says very truly, that even if he and his companion had been able to

remain a year, or several years, in India, their conclusions could have hardly rested on a better basis. Their induction of facts might have been widened, but it could hardly have embraced any class of facts which did not come under "their" observation. They were in the position somewhat of a Government commission, "which cites select witnesses and visits select districts, and the value of whose conclusions is not to be estimated by time merely, or balanced against those arrived at by 'the oldest inhabitant' of any one village." We confess also that, upon the whole, we agree with his view as to the relative value of the information derived from missionaries themselves, and others who have not given special attention on any comprehensive scale to the results of missionary labour. It is, doubtless, quite possible for gentlemen to live many years in India, and even in a district where missionary agency is at work, and yet after all be very ignorant of what is going on around them; no less than many gentlemen at home are ignorant of the same kind of work which may be doing in their immediate neighbourhood. It by no means follows that because "a man has been long in India" he necessarily knows much of the working of missions there, or is a trustworthy critic of their progress. The "old Indian" may, on this topic, be as really ignorant as the old Hindoo; and certainly any man who would hint at this time of day that the whole affair is mere silly religious enthusiasm, or something worse, is not a man to be accepted as a witness, and still less as a judge, of what is going on. The general character of the missionaries in India is beyond all question. There may be exceptions, as there will be among any large number of men; missionaries low-minded and foolish, or even mischievous; some of the poorer German missionaries have been strongly accused of factious intercourse with the native working classes; but

most of them are not only honest and hard-working, but many of them highly-enlightened and earnest men.

"Hindoos and Christians, natives and Europeans of every rank and class, were unanimous in their hearty testimony upon this point, and fully appreciated the unselfishness of their motives, the sincerity of their convictions, their intimate knowledge of and interest in the natives, and the wholesomeness of their influence upon the whole body of Indian society. Among these missionaries, too, there are some everywhere who, as regards mental power, learning, and earnestness, would do honour to any Church, and who have largely contributed to advance the interests of social science, Oriental literature and history, as well as of Christianity."

If this be so, it may be asked, Why has so little progress been made in the conversion of India? Why have the labours of missionaries as yet come to so little? But, considering the brief history of modern missions there, and the magnitude of the work, it may be fairly asked, in return, whether they have come to little? Has some satisfactory progress not been made after all? It is within the memory of men still living that the first systematic attempts to Christianise India, made by the Protestant Churches of Europe and America, were begun. The age of the Scottish missions, the idea of which we shall find is the most enlightened and practical of any, is represented by Dr. Duff, who commenced them, and who still lives to aid them by his experience and wisdom. Then the enormous extent of India is to be considered, with a population of at least 180,000,000—"the Bengal Presidency alone numbering more than the whole empire of Austria." This vast country "is occupied by various races, from the most savage to the most cultivated, having various religious beliefs, and speaking languages which differ from each other," as Dr. Macleod says, "as

much as Gaelic does from Italian, most of them broken up by dialects so numerous as practically to form probably twenty separate languages." But the supreme difficulty in converting India does not lie in the mere vastness and variety of its populations, nor the diversity of its languages, so much as in the powerful civilisation of ancient date with which it confronts Christianity. The Hindoo, belonging to the same Indo-Germanic or Aryan race-stream of which we ourselves are branches, is the member of a religious and social organisation far older than any form of Christian culture. He possesses a language of which Greek is one of the developments, and which, centuries before the Christian era, produced "a heroic and philosophic poetry which still holds a foremost place in the literature of the world." He is said to have been proficient in astronomy and algebra long before the European intellect attained progress in either. The social system to which he belongs is so compacted as to have held together for more than two thousand years. His religion is not merely a creed, but a social power, penetrating every movement of his life, and binding together all his habits, so as to render them almost immovable in the face of any new spiritual influence, however vital.

Dr. Macleod has very well sketched the main features of Hindooism without any of the extravagances of evangelical Puritanism on the one hand, or any of the affectations of an admiring neology on the other hand. He describes the succession of its sacred books, "written at intervals representing vast periods of history. The Vedas, at once the most ancient and the most pure and lofty, date as far back, possibly, as the time of Moses, and contain many true and sublime ideas of a Divine Being, without any trace of the peculiarities of Brahmanism—nay, declaring positively that 'there is no distinction of castes.' The great collection of the Puranas was compiled in the

middle ages of our era, and forms the real everyday 'Bible' of the everyday religion of Hindoos, the Vedas being now known to and read by only a few learned pundits, and having from the first been a forbidden book to all except the priesthood." These Puranas, unhappily, represent a comparatively degraded type of religious culture. They are full of idolatries, follies, and immoralities, from which the Vedas are entirely free. In addition to these sacred books, their great epic poems, the Mahá Bhárata, or the great war of Bhárata, and the Rámáyana, or "Adventures of Rámá," exercise great influence over the Hindoos. They are supposed to celebrate events of the Vedic period, but in their composition to belong to the Brahmanic age, when the purer Aryan religion pictured in the Vedas passed into the sacerdotal system known as Brahmanism, and the old Vedic gods yielded to the trinity of divine conceptions represented by Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, and the still existing system of caste was established. These poems, although only partially known to the great body of the people, are said by Mr. Wheeler, in his recent 'History of India,' to exercise upon them an influence greater even than that of the Bible upon the people of modern Europe. The leading incidents and scenes depicted in the poems "are familiar to the Hindoos from childhood. They are frequently represented at village festivals, whilst the stories are chanted at almost every social gathering, and indeed form the leading topic of conversation amongst Hindoos generally, and especially amongst those who have passed the meridian of life. In a word," the writer adds, "these poems are to the Hindoos all that the library, the newspaper, and the Bible are to the European; whilst the books themselves are regarded with a superstitious reverence, which far exceeds that which has ever been accorded to any other revelation real or supposed. To this day it is the common belief that to

peruse or merely to listen to the perusal of the Mahá Bhárata or Rámáyana will insure prosperity in this world and eternal happiness hereafter." Whether or not Mr. Wheeler's description is to be considered as somewhat highly coloured, there can be no doubt of the pervading and powerful influence of a religion thus embodied in a great literature, partly learned and partly popular, which furnishes material at once for the most subtle speculative thought, the most lofty inspiration, the most licentious imaginativeness, and even the most commonplace fanaticism. "Among its disciples, the dreamy ascetic, labouring to emancipate his spirit by pure meditation and the destruction of the material flesh, and the profound scholar, rare though he be, nourishing his intellectual life by the abstract themes and endless speculative questions suggested by his creed, may meet with the disgusting faquer, or yogi, with the ignorant millions who care for nothing but a round of dead superstitious observances, or with the cunning or depraved crew who indulge in the vilest practices.

The system of caste, which is a direct expression of the religious thought of the Hindoos, is lastly to be taken into account. "It must not be mistaken," says Dr. Macleod, "for a mere aristocratic arrangement," the roots of which are no deeper than social feeling. It is an essential element of Brahmanism. No doubt the Vedas know nothing of it. But then the people know nothing of the Vedas, and the religious life which they represented has long since disappeared. According to the present belief of the people, inculcated by all the Brahmanical teaching—

"The streams of caste, flowing side by side, but never mingling, are traced up to the very fountain of Deity; or, to change the simile, each great caste is believed to be a development of the very body of Brahma the Creator, and is mystically united to him as parts of



his very flesh and bones. Hence no one can become a Hindoo in religion who is not one by birth; nor can any member belonging to this divine body break his caste without thereby becoming dead, as a limb amputated from living communion with the source of life, and therefore to be thrown away as a curse and reproach."

The force with which this system holds the Hindoo in its grasp is almost irresistible. His whole life is governed by fixed authoritative rules, to which he yields a mechanical obedience. All that is to be believed or done on earth is settled by divine mandate:—

"All the arts and sciences; the methods of every trade; the manifold duties incumbent on the architect, the mason, the carpenter, or the musician, and on the member of the family or community—what ought to be done upon ordinary days and holy days; in youth, in manhood, and in old age; in health and sickness, and in the hour of death; and what ought to be done for those who are dead. Rules are prescribed to him as a sinner or a saint, in joy or in sorrow; directing him how to act towards superiors, inferiors, and equals; towards priests and princes; towards all men on earth, and towards all the gods on earth and in the heavens. No polype, in the vast gelatinous mass which contributes to the building up of a great island from the deep, can be more a part of that mysterious whole than an orthodox Hindoo is of this marvellous religious brotherhood. His individuality is lost. His conscience, will, and affection are in the strong grasp of habits and customs sanctioned by Divine authority, consecrated by the faith of his race, and made venerable by a hoary antiquity."

This brief summary may give our readers some idea of the magnitude of the task undertaken by Christian missionaries in India. When the real state of the case is looked at, may it not rather be wondered at that so much progress has been made in so short a time, than that so little has been done? According to the last and most authentic calculations, there are

supposed to be, in round numbers, about 140,000 native Christians in India. There are 100 native Christian pastors and 1300 native catechists. More than 33,000 boys and 8000 girls receive a Christian education at mission schools. The Bible has been translated into fourteen of the languages of India, including all the principal tongues of the empire; the New Testament into five more. These are results by no means to be despised. But the indirect results of missionary labour in India are as yet still more valuable. Vast changes for good have already taken place in the social habits of the people. Suttee, infanticide, self-tortures, and immolations at idol-festivals, have been done away; they have yielded not merely to the pressure of British law, but before a real change of public opinion, which is the growth partly of general education and partly of missionary influence. Other social reforms affecting the marriage of widows, polygamy, and the education of females, are making steady progress. Not only so, but the current of religious opinion is rapidly changing among the more intelligent and better informed natives. Many of them have ceased to believe in Brahmanism, if they have not adopted Christianity. Upwards of 3,000,000 Hindoos and over 90,000 Mohammedans attend Government schools; and although the pupils receive no direct religious training in these schools, they imbibe year by year more and more of the influences of European ideas. There are those who are not content unless the Hindoo repeats their own creed in definite language, and receives Christianity after their fashion; but all who have been accustomed to study great revolutions of opinion in the history of race will probably see more significance in such indirect changes, pervading more or less the whole national mind, than in any mere statistics of conversion, however encouraging.

The most remarkable of the native

movements of religious thought, flowing out of the general progress of education, is known as the *Brahmo Somaj*; a religious school founded by the celebrated Rajah Rammohun Roy, who was one of the most learned and accomplished men in India. "In order to obtain a religion at once true and national, he fell back on the Vedas as embodying a pure monotheism, rejecting the authority of all later Hindoo books, however venerable, from the heroic Mahabharat and Ramayana to the Puranas." He accepted also the New Testament, so far as to collect and publish from it 'The Precepts of Jesus the Guide to Happiness.' His followers were organised into a society or Church, which met for worship under the above title given to the sect—a title compounded, as Dr. Macleod explains, of the neuter-impersonal name of the Supreme, and the word for "Assembly." This movement has remained with some, what it was very much to its founder, a system of pure Theism; with others it has advanced until it has indefinitely approached Christianity. The leader of this more Christian development is Keshub Chunder Sen, of whom and his teaching Dr. Macleod says:—

"After having heard this distinguished man preach, and having seen the response given to his teaching by his splendid audience, numbering the most enlightened natives as well as Europeans in Calcutta; and after having had a very pleasing conversation with him, I cannot but indulge the hope, from his sincerity, his earnestness, as well as from his logic, that in the end he will be led to accept the whole truth as it is in Jesus. But of one thing I feel profoundly convinced, that the Brahmo Somaj, which numbers thousands of adherents, is to be attributed indirectly to the teaching and labours of Christian missionaries; and its existence, in spite of all I have read and heard against it, brightens my hope of India's future."

Having described the nature of the task before the Indian missionary, the magnitude of the field in which he has to work, and its pecu-

liar difficulties, Dr. Macleod next considers the best means of meeting these difficulties and advancing the conversion of India. On this subject his views appear to us enlightened and practical. He indulges in no vague enthusiasm; he recognises fully the strength of the obstacles which must be overcome; and defends earnestly and by irresistible arguments, as we think, the least exciting, which is therefore with many religious bodies the least popular, method of spreading Christian truth among the natives. The question is one betwixt direct *preaching* of the Gospel, in supposed apostolic fashion, in the streets and bazaars, and the *teaching* of it as a part of a *first-rate* general education imparted in missionary institutions, such as those possessed by the Church of Scotland and the Free Church in Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. The latter is the method which Dr. Macleod strongly advocates. It appears to many the less apostolic method. To go forth unfurnished into heathen wastes, and to proclaim the old truth, "Repent and be converted, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," seems more after the pattern of the early preachers of Christianity—more like the picture presented to us in the Acts of the Apostles. And so far as mere external resemblance is concerned, this may be the fact. But it is a common mistake to miss the inner life and meaning of Scriptural examples by following too closely their external model. There is, after all, little or no analogy betwixt the position of a modern Christian missionary in India and the ancient apostles going forth into Asia Minor, or the Europe of their day, preaching the kingdom of God. Jews as the apostles were, they were yet themselves partakers in the general civilisation of their time; they carried with them, after their first timid approach to the Gentiles, and even after their passage into Europe, the same language which had been familiar to them from

phraseology becomes transposed by his hearers. When the former speaks of one God, the latter may do the same, but the ideas in the mind of speaker and hearer are entirely different. We use the words *sin, salvation, regeneration, holiness, atonement, incarnation*, as Dr. Macleod points out. So does the Hindoo; "but each term represents to him an old and familiar falsehood, which he understands, believes, and clings to, and which fills up his whole eye, blinding it to the perception of Gospel truths altogether different although expressed by the same terms. The uneducated thus not unfrequently confuse even the name of our Saviour, Yishu Khrishita, with Ishi Khista, a companion of their god Khrishna!" If all these difficulties are fairly considered, he adds, people will "cease to wonder at the almost barren results from preaching alone to the genuine Hindoo—as distinct from low caste or no caste—and that the most earnest men have failed to make any decided impression on the mass. . . . One of the noblest and most devoted of men, Mr. Bowen, of Bombay, whom I heard thus preach, and who has done so for a quarter of a century, informed me, in his own humble, truthful way—and his case is not singular, except for its patience and earnestness—that, as far as he knew, he had never made one single convert." The experience of other missionary preachers is equally disheartening. Dr. Macleod has made special reference to the Abbé Dubois, "an able, accomplished, and earnest Roman Catholic missionary, who had laboured for a quarter of a century, living among the people, and endeavouring to convert them." He published the result of his labours in 1822, and gave it as his opinion that, "as long as we are unable to make an impression on the polished part of the nation, or the heads of public opinion—on the body of the Brahmins, in short—there remain but very faint hopes of propagating Christianity among the Hindoos; and as

long as the only result of our labour shall be, as is at present the case, to bring into our respective communions here and there a few desperate vagrants, outcasts, pariahs, housekeepers, beggars, and other persons of the lowest description, such results cannot fail to be detrimental to the interests of Christianity among a people who in all circumstances are ruled by the force of custom and example, and are in no case allowed to judge for themselves." "It is no answer," adds Dr. Macleod, "to this picture that it describes the failure of Romanism only; for it holds equally true of every other effort made in the *same direction* and among the *same* people."

Turning from the method of preaching, which has been thus unsuccessful, Dr. Macleod expounds the plan of Christian education, which, if not wholly originated, was for the first time systematically and vigorously carried out in Bengal by the Church of Scotland. This educational system remains honourably associated with Scotland, and with the names of two Scotch clergymen—Dr. Inglis, who planned it, and Dr. Duff, who applied it. It must be held to be a presumption in its favour that every mission from Great Britain which has to do with the *same class* of people has adopted it as an essential part of its operations.

This educational system imparts a first-class training in all the various branches of knowledge. It is the great ambition of the young Hindoo to obtain preferment under Government; and the passport to lucrative situations and civil offices in the gift of Government is university examination; which, again, is only open to those who have been trained at schools or institutions "affiliated" to the University or Board of Examiners in each Presidency town. The missionary schools supply this preliminary training in a very effective form. It is not pretended that it is any higher motive than the desire to succeed in

life which brings the young Hindoo to these schools.

"When a mission school is preferred to a Government one," says Dr. Macleod, "it is probably owing to the fact that lower fees are charged in the former; and, as I am also disposed to think, from the life and power and superior teaching necessarily imparted by educated missionaries when they throw their whole soul into their work, inspired by the high and unselfish aims which they have in view. Be this as it may, right missionaries *can*, by means of the school, *secure* a large and steady assemblage, day by day, of from 500 to 1000 pupils, representing the very life of Hindoo society, eager to obtain education."

If this were all, however, the end would scarcely justify the means. It is no doubt a valuable result in itself to communicate secular knowledge to the Hindoo, and so to fit him for the active duties of civilised life. But this is not the special work of the Christian Church—certainly not its highest work. It is the design, accordingly, of all the missionary institutions to do more than this. Instruction in the Bible, and in the facts and doctrines of Christianity, is an *essential* part of their system. It is the feature which specially distinguishes them from Government schools, which they put in front, and declare as their chief object. If they gave no other than religious instruction, they would have no pupils; but the combination of the most direct Christian instruction with an efficient training in other branches of knowledge, not only does not deter the Hindoo, but seems to have some attraction for him. He receives all the knowledge communicated to him with a ready receptivity. He may not yield to the force of Christian truth, but he does not refuse to be informed regarding it. He may find in its most characteristic ideas merely material for speculative inquiry, rather than receive them "as good seed in an honest heart;" but in the mean time they penetrate his consciousness, and in many ways affect and modify his

principles of action. It is hard to tell how vital an influence may go forth in this way, penetrating for long silently to the very roots of character before it show itself in any striking or widespread manifestations. And especially, of course, is this likely to be the case where the missionary is a man himself full of Christian intelligence and enthusiasm and sense. It will be the constant aim of such a man to use all the means at his command to raise the youthful Hindoo minds with which he is in daily contact out of all the false, perverted, and vicious notions native to it, into an atmosphere of *truth*. To do this is a Christian work of the noblest kind, which may well task the highest missionary powers.

"To quicken," as Dr. Macleod eloquently says, "a conscience almost dead; to awaken any sense of personal responsibility almost annihilated; to give any strength to a will weak and powerless for all manly effort and action; to open the long-closed and unused spiritual eye, and train it to discern the unseen, 'Him who is invisible;' to inspire with a love of truth, or with a perception, however faint, of the unworthiness and vileness of falsehood, a soul which has never felt the sense of shame in lying, and seems almost to have lost the power of knowing what it means;—this is the education which the missionary gives as preparatory to and accompanying the reception of Christianity. He has to penetrate through the drifting sands of centuries in order to reach what he believes lies deeper down, that *humanity* which, however weak, is capable of being elevated as sure as the Son of God has become the Son of man! In seeking to do this there is no part of his work, the most common or the most secular, which cannot be turned by the skilful workman to account. 'Every wise-hearted man in whom the Lord puts wisdom and understanding' will thus 'know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary.' While everything is thus made subservient to the highest end, most unquestionably the Gospel itself, by the very ideas which it gives, through doctrine and precept, history and biography—above all, through the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ—regarding the

character of God and man, is, by its own divine light, the most powerful means of opening and educating the eye which is itself to see and appreciate this light. The Gospel, therefore, must ever accompany, as master and guide, every other kind of instrumentality employed in an educational Christian mission."

The Christian schoolmaster, in short, is the most accredited type of missionary for India. He alone is able to reach the Hindoo mind with any effect. The preacher in the bazaar and the streets is a mere *vox clamans in deserto*; he is a voice, and nothing else. He cries, but no one heeds, and scarcely any understand. The schoolmaster it is who "prepares the way of the Lord." If he make but few converts as yet, he at least breaks down old prejudices, and opens the minds and consciences of his pupils to some perception of a higher order of truths than he could otherwise know. This may not be all that a Christian missionary would wish to accomplish, but at least it is Christian work. It may not present any striking parallel to the labours of the apostles, although it is not altogether without analogy to certain features in their labours; it is not followed by any rapid enthusiasm of conversion, adding daily "multitudes unto the Church;" on the contrary, the process of conversion is extremely slow and gradual; but, so far as it has been tried, it has been attended with a *real* success; and symptoms are not wanting that it is at length making an impression upon the Hindoo mind, which may issue more speedily than many conceive in some great spiritual change on India. In the mean time the direct fruits of the missionary schools are not inconsiderable. Tested even by the number of converts they have produced, they are not found wanting. Especially they have been the means of raising up a class, comparatively small as yet, but regularly increasing, of native Christian ministers, through whom, more likely than any other agency, the conversion of India will

be advanced. Many of the obstacles which impede the success of European preachers and evangelists will disappear before a native Christian ministry, highly educated, and capable of entering into all the difficulties and subtle religious perversions of the Hindoo mind. "The schools," Dr. Macleod says, "have already raised from among their converts a most intelligent, educated, and respected body of native clergy. I remember a high-caste native gentleman of wealth and education speaking of one of these clergy and saying to me, 'That is a man whose acquaintance you should, if possible, make. He was of my caste, and became a Christian; but he is a learned and thoroughly sincere man, and people here honour him.'" When the mission schools have produced hundreds, and still more thousands, of these men, instead of a few dozen, then the great work of direct evangelisation may go forward with power. Both the field will be prepared and sowers of the divine seed ready to enter upon it. Meanwhile the mission schools are doing the very work needed, breaking up and preparing the soil, and rearing, however slowly, a native race of cultivators.

Dr. Macleod has some valuable remarks, in the conclusion of the general part of his pamphlet, respecting the rise of a Native Indian Church, in contrast to any mere reproduction of our divided Christian communions at home:—

"It cannot surely be desired," he says, "by any intelligent Christian—I might use stronger language, and assert that it ought not to be tolerated by any reasonable man, unless proved to be unavoidable—that our several Churches should reproduce, in order to perpetuate in the new world of a Christianised India, those forms or symbols which in the old world have become marks, not of our union as Christians, but of our disunion as sects. We may not, indeed, be responsible for these divisions in the Church which have come down to us from the past. We did not make them, nor can we now, perhaps, unmake them. We find ourselves born into some one of them, and so we ac-

cept of it and make the most of it as the best we can get in the whole circumstances in which we are placed. But must we establish these different organisations in India? Is each part to be made to represent the whole? Is the grand army to remain broken up into separate divisions, each to recruit to its own standard, and to invite the Hindoos to wear our respective uniforms, adopt our respective shibboleths, learn and repeat our respective war-cries, and even make caste-marks of our wounds and scars, which to us are but the sad mementoes of old battles? Or, to drop all metaphors, shall Christian converts in India be necessarily grouped and stereotyped into Episcopal Churches, Presbyterian Churches, Lutheran Churches, Methodist Churches, Baptist Churches, or Independent Churches, and adopt as their respective creeds the Confession of Faith, the Thirty-nine Articles, or some other formula approved of by our forefathers, and the separating sign of some British or American sect? Whether any Church seriously entertains this design I know not, though I suspect it of some; and I feel assured that it will be realised in part, as conversions increase by means of foreign missions, and be at last perpetuated, unless it is now carefully guarded against by every opportunity being watched and taken advantage of to propagate a different idea, and to rear up an independent and all-inclusive native Indian Church. By such a Church I mean one which shall be organised and governed by the natives themselves, as far as possible, independently of us. We could of course claim, as Christians and fellow-subjects, to be recognised as brethren, and to be received among its members, or, if it should so please both parties, serve among its ministers, and rejoice always to be its best friends and generous supporters. In all this we would only have them to do to us as we should feel bound to do to them. Such a Church might, as taught by experience, mould its outward form of government and worship according to its inner wants and outward circumstances, guided by history and by the teaching and spirit of Christianity. Its creed—for no Christian society can exist without some known and professed beliefs—would include those truths which had been confessed by the catholic Church of Christ since the first; and, as necessary to its very existence as a Church, it would recog-

nise the supreme authority of Jesus Christ and His Apostles. It would also have, like the whole Church, its Lord's day for public worship, and the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Thus might a new temple be reared on the plains of India unlike perhaps any to be seen in our Western lands, yet with all our goodly stones built up in its fabric, and with all our spiritual worship within its walls of the one living and true God—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. A Church like this would, from its very nationality, attract many a man who does not wish to be ranked among the adherents of mission Churches. It would dispose, also, of many difficulties inseparable from our position, whether regarding baptism or the selection and support of a native ministry. And, finally, it would give ample scope, for many a year to come, for all the aid and efforts which our home Churches and missionaries could afford by schools and colleges, personal labour, and also by money contributions, to establish, strengthen, and extend it.

Moreover, it seems to me that India affords varied and remarkable elements for contributing many varied gifts and talents to such a Church as this. The simple peasant and scholarly pundit, the speculative mystic or self-torturing devotee, the peaceful South-man and the manly North-man; the weak Hindoo who clings to others of his caste for strength, and the strong aborigines who love their individuality and independence;—one and all possess a power which could find its place of rest and blessing in the faith of Christ and in fellowship with one another through Him. The incarnate but unseen Christ, the Divine yet human brother, would dethrone every idol; God's Word be substituted for the Puranas; Christian brotherhood for caste; and the peace of God, instead of these and every weary rite and empty ceremony, would satisfy the heart. Such is my ideal, which I hope and believe will one day become real in India. The day indeed seems to be far off when the 'Church of India,' worthy of the country, shall occupy its place within what may then be the Christendom of the world. A period of chaos may intervene ere it is created; and after that, how many days full of change and of strange revolutions, with their 'evenings' and 'mornings,' may succeed ere it enjoys a Sabbath rest of holiness and peace! But yet that

Church must be, if India is ever to become *one*, or a nation in any true sense of the word. For union, strength, and real progress can never henceforth in this world's history either result from or coalesce with Mohammedanism or Hindooism, far less with the cold and heartless abstractions of an atheistic philosophy. Hence English government, by physical force and moral power, *must*, with a firm and unswerving grasp, hold the broken fragments of the Indian races together until they are united from within by Christianity into a living organism, which can then, and then only, dispense with the force without. The wild olive must be grafted into the 'root and fatness' of the good olive-tree of the Church of Christ; and while the living union is being formed, and until the living sap begins to flow from the root to every branch, English power must firmly bind and hold the parts together. Our hopes of an Indian nation are bound up with our hopes of an Indian Church; and it is a high privilege for us to be able to help on this consummation. The West thus gives back to the East the riches which it has from the East received, to be returned again, I doubt not, with interest to ourselves."

With the prospect thus eloquently depicted we conclude our review of a subject which may seem to

have merely a special religious interest, but which is really one of the highest importance for the permanence of our great Indian Empire and the interests of general civilisation. The spread of Christianity in that vast kingdom, as a living force uniting together in a common faith its discordant populations, and blessing them with its spirit of righteousness, purity, and charity, is the best security at once for good government and popular wellbeing. The rise of an Indian Church would be at the same time the rise of a nation, bound to us by ties which no accident or mere series of accidents could interrupt, but one with us alike in material ambition and moral aim. It may be long before there is any approach to so grand a result. But the humblest means by which it may be wrought out are deserving of our attention; and in the mean time at least, and so far as we can see or experience enables us to predict, there are no means more likely to contribute to this result than what may seem to many the very humblest of all—the labours of the Christian schoolmaster and missionary.

SEATS AND SADDLES, BITS AND BITTING.

THIS is an admirable little book, the honest and careful work of a man fully acquainted with a subject that he loves, and thoroughly able to bring to its discussion a considerable amount of general knowledge. Of all the books we have seen on this subject, we have not met with one so completely exhaustive as this of Major Dwyer; and, while cram-full of information, it is most pleasant reading. To a man—if there be such—who takes little interest in matters equine, the volume will open a new sense; and

to him who has "horsy" tastes, it will prove a constant book of reference and study; and with this advantage, that he can never be at a loss to discover the solution of any difficulties that may occur to him, either on matters of Seat or Saddle, or Bits and Biting.

Well knowing, as he quietly observes, what a delicate task it is to give a man any counsel as to his horse, saddle, bridle, or seat, and that the great majority of people would bear more patiently doubts expressed on their mental or moral

'On Seats and Saddles, Bits and Biting; the Prevention and Cure of Restiveness in Horses.' By Francis Dwyer, Major of Hussars in the Imperial Austrian Service. W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1868.

qualifications, he also knows that to all Englishmen generally there is a peculiar repugnance against advice on a matter to be deemed ignorant of which impugns a man's social status; for we are—let us own it—still in the same position we were when the definition of a respectable person was that “he drove a gig.”

Here is really the great difficulty of reading such a book as this before us. To tell people who have the best horses in the world that they have anything to learn as to how to ride them; to assure them that the vast amount of the daily disasters that occur with horses, are caused by some unintentional cruelty to the horse in his biting or harnessing, or some glaring ignorance as to the relief the animal sought from an unnecessary infliction; to proclaim that we have more broken-kneed horses, more plungers, bolters, rearers, and jibbers than all the rest of Europe, was a bold task; and undertaken with less of tact, delicacy, and actual knowledge, than our author's, would scarcely have proved either an attraction or a success.

Yet it is precisely by these two words—attractive and successful—we would characterise the volume before us. It will seem, says Major Dwyer,

“impossible, or at least improbable, that mere saddles and bridles, or the manner in which they are adjusted to the horse's body, can produce such very material results as those suggested here. Well, it does seem strange; but let us listen, before passing judgment on the case, to some documentary evidence bearing upon it. On the 20th May 1859, the French cavalry had in Piedmont 9008 effective horses, increased subsequently by the arrival of a whole brigade (Perouse), so that on the 24th June (Solferino), the total number borne on the lists was 10,206. But it subsequently transpired, from the report of the Cavalry Commission ordered by Marshal Randon to inquire into the causes of the tear and wear of horses during the campaign, that, on the day of that decisive battle, not more than about 3500 horses were really fit for service,

the remainder having been disabled by less than one month's marching; for, with the exception of one or two squadrons that fought at Magenta, the French cavalry was never under fire up to the 24th June, and an immense proportion of these had been rendered unserviceable by the *saddle* and portions of the equipment.”

The author distinctly declares that he has no pretension to proclaim a model seat on horseback; nor has he any desire to see men, no matter how different in build or make, ride after precisely the same fashion; the aim of his little treatise being to enable each to discover what will suit his own case, and put him in a position to make the best and most of whatever horse he may have to ride, and in the safest manner; and this by a plain and easily-understood explanation of the horse's anatomy and framework, of the leverage by which his action is accomplished, and the causes by which that action can be interfered with or impeded.

First of all, the rider should be seated where least of all he would interfere with the free action of the horse; and this leads at once to examine the construction of the saddle, what amount of surface comes in contact with the horse's back, how it should be maintained in its place—that is, how girthed—and how and where the rider should be seated on it.

The second part of the work is devoted to Bits and Biting. Not that he deems them subordinate in point of importance, but because a light hand essentially depends on a close and steady seat; totally out of the question with what are called rein-riders, who mainly depend on the bridle for their seats on horseback. The last part of the book concerns Restiveness and its Cure; which means, in fact, re-training, and demands inquiry as to what method should be adopted, or what modification of method, in this respect.

Like all men who have much to do with horses, Major Dwyer is no believer in vice. He inclines to ascribe restiveness to the blunders

and mismanagement of those who are about the animal, either as grooms or trainers; and who are prone, first, to impute a fault to the horse; and, secondly, to attempt the cure by some totally inadequate, if not actually cruel method.

It is not as notorious as it ought to be, that the fearful accidents, of which we daily read in our newspapers, with horses either in saddle or harness, are almost entirely owing to errors in training, or mistakes in biting or saddling; that the quietest animal that ever stepped will become restive if his tongue be cut across by an overtightened curb, or his respiration impeded by a cruelly-drawn girth. Many a kicker has been made by a galling crupper; many an incurable rearer by a severe bit and a hard hand.

If all foreigners, Frenchmen, Russians, Germans, and Italians, have fewer disasters with horse-flesh than ourselves, and if confessedly we as a nation ride better, care more for horses, and have better horses, the causes of this calamity must be sought for less in the nature of the English horse than in that English system of training and breaking, which recognises every difficulty as a vice inherent in the animal, and seeks to subdue by force what simply requires address, and that subtle intimation of the rider's wish, to which the horse would be willingly obedient if he only knew it, but which, imposed as a tyranny, he resists proudly and defiantly, as becomes the stronger animal.

Of medicine it is said that the difference between British and foreign physicians was, that the English doctors killed their patients, the foreigners let them die. So in an opposite way it may be stated that foreign trainers over-train, and we in England under-teach, our horses; and the consequence is, there are more horses in England with defective fore legs than abroad; while curb, spavin, and thoroughpin, are certainly more frequently found in foreign cattle.

That half-careless seat pressing forward on the withers, and with

advanced leg impeding the shoulder action, so common in England, predisposes to smashed knees and knotted fore tendons; while unquestionably the over-tendency to throw the horse on his hind quarters, which makes him much pleasanter to ride, and more amenable to the hand, will be frequently paid for in capped hocks.

The right position on the horse's back is the first essential of all riding, and we cannot do better than refer our readers to the volume before us for a thorough explanation of the matter; first, as regards the horse; and, secondly, the rider. Nor let the reader be frightened by the thought that he is referred to some slight knowledge of anatomy. Major Dwyer is a very pleasant school-master, and makes our lessons both instructive and amusing. His chapter on the construction of the horse is admirably written, and plainly shows that, though the longsword-saddle-bridle have been the writer's accompaniment for many a year, his earlier pursuits inclined to science, and those acquirements which form the staple of a highly-educated mind.

If it were not unwarrantable digression, it would be a very tempting inquiry to go a little into that question, as to what fault in our military system has lost us the services of many men who, like the author before us, have left their own country to enter foreign armies, and have brought to France, to Austria, to Spain, and even to Russia, talents and abilities that we certainly ought to have secured for our own. Marshal Nugent and General O'Connell are great names in Austria; and, going lower in rank, we could quote many who have gained splendid reputation for military skill and prowess, and whose comrades speak of them as our Engländer, as a title of honour.

Years and years ago we heard of a "rittmeister" who had written a small volume which was adopted as a sort of text-book on Cavalry Tactics, and this an Irishman writing in German. The author, we

were told, was a model soldier—as modest and gentle in the camp as he was bold and headlong in the field. He was the chosen Adjutant of a distinguished General, the father of the late Prime Minister of Austria, Count Mensdorf, the cousin of our own Queen. This same Irishman lived to make the great campaign of Austria in Italy; to distinguish himself in many a field; and now in his peaceful days to write this admirable little book before us, full of a life's experiences of his subject, and yet not more marked by thorough knowledge and skill than by deference and modesty.

I am in no impatience to do away with the purchase system of our army; but is there no modification of that system which would secure to us the services of such men as this? Without our borough representation we should not have had our Burkes, our Cannings, nor probably in earlier life our Disraelis and our Gladstones; and could we not introduce into military matters some plan by which the abilities of men could be retained for their own country, who now are driven to seek employment abroad? Nobody will pretend to say that we have a glut of such people; that tactical knowledge is a drug with us; and that our cavalry regiments or our riding-schools are swarming with Major Dwyers. The real truth being, that we are singularly deficient in a class of men who make soldiering a career; who care for it as such; love all its details, and are never happier than when carrying out into active service all the minute practical knowledge they have stored up in peace.

The little volume we are now discussing will sufficiently show how much we have to learn, on a subject which most Englishmen deem their own, from the practice of foreign armies. When we know that sore backs alone can disable a cavalry force; that a regiment numerically three hundred strong may not be able to bring a hundred and fifty mounted troopers into

the field; that Lord Cardigan's reconnaissance into the Dobrukscha left him but a handful of men fit for duty; that at Solferino 3500 horses were available out of a force of 10,200;—it is time to inquire by what system of care and precaution the Austrians contrive to avoid this disaster. And that they do so we ourselves can amply testify. We remember the arrival of a light cavalry regiment, the "Lichtenstein Chevaux Legers," at a remote part of the empire, after a long and weary march in deep winter. The regiment numbered eighteen hundred mounted men, and we were curious to know how many were passed in review by the General who inspected them on the day after their coming: we learned that less than twenty horses were reported sick; and these included snow ophthalmia, kicks and injuries by accidents, and the other disasters of a long march.

As this is a question which touches the hunting-man and the road-rider almost equally with the dragoon, and as it is a point on which a great deal of error and no small share of ignorance prevail, we cannot do better than refer our readers to the second and third chapters of this volume, in which the saddle, its shape, size, and bearings are fully treated, and the position of the rider defined by rules which cannot be controverted, nor, what is equally valuable, be mistaken. On nothing is Major Dwyer more rightfully insistent than on the superiority of the surcingle to the girth as a means of attaching the saddle.

"Direct proof of the correctness of what is advanced here may be obtained in the following manner: Take a longish saddle on which the girth-straps (or points) are fixed forward; girth the horse tolerably tightly; now put a rider in the saddle—the heavier he is the more apparent will the result be—and get him to sit *well* back. You will find, by putting your fingers flat between the girth and the horse's chest *before* the man mounts, that, on his taking his seat *as above*, the girth will be drawn forcibly *upwards*; a proof that the saddle must

have relinquished in a corresponding degree its previous 'gripe' of the horse's back, or rather shoulder. Now let your man dismount, loosen the girths a little, and put a surcingle right over the *middle* of the saddle; draw this equally tight as the girth had been previously, and put your rider once more into the saddle, making him, however, sit exactly in the middle over the surcingle: your finger, if placed as before, will now tell you, if it should not be apparent to the eye, that the surcingle has become *looser*, the saddle has assumed a more intimate contact with the horse's back throughout, and is sure not to slip or wound."

Scarcely second to this in importance is the position of the stirrup, which in nearly all English saddles is too far forward.

"The point from which the stirrup is suspended has nearly an equal influence on the stability of the saddle, and a much greater one on the form of the seat than the position of the girths. If the stirrups be wrong, all the rest being right will be of little avail.* What is the legitimate use of the stirrups besides enabling us to mount our horses? The first and most obvious one is to give the rider *lateral* support, to prevent his slipping off to the right or left by his seat revolving round the horse's body as a wheel does round an axle. In riding bare-backed, or on a saddle without stirrups, if the rider falls it is most generally to *one side*, and not directly forwards or backwards; and it is very evident that the more *directly under the rider's seat* the stirrups be suspended, the more efficiently will they perform *this* duty, the resistance offered by them being perpendicularly upwards, or precisely in the opposite direction to that in which the weight falls, which is perpendicularly downwards; whereas, if the stirrups be suspended at a distance from the rider's seat, they act at an angle to the line of fall: they may, and always do, in such a position change the direction of the fall, but they cannot meet and prevent it so efficiently as when placed under the seat. The second use of these contrivances is to enable the rider, for various purposes, to rise in

his saddle by standing in the stirrups. And here a distinction must be drawn as to whether it is the rider's object to transmit his own weight indirectly *through* the stirrups to the saddle at the *same point* at which he previously applied it directly with his seat, or at some other point. In the first case it is very obvious that the stirrups are best placed exactly *under* the rider's seat; for, putting aside any changes of the position of his own body from the hips upwards he may please to make, everything remains as before, and the equilibrium of the horse is not disturbed. In the second case, on the contrary, supposing the stirrups to be placed far forwards, and the rider far back in the saddle, standing in the stirrups will at once throw the weight from one end of the saddle to the other; make this press partially on the horse's back instead of equably, as in the first case, which *seesawing must* tend to make the saddle shift, and *must also* alter the equilibrium of the horse, throwing its weight more forward, consequently rendering the animal incapable of turning sharply and handily, and, if done suddenly, frequently even bringing it to a dead halt. In hunting, sharp turns are seldom required, whilst speed is; and therefore there is a justification for throwing the weight forwards or backwards, especially in jumping; but even this has certain limits, of which more hereafter. Again, in road-riding, the English fashion of trotting requires a man to rise in his stirrups; but there is really no reason why he should therefore sacrifice the lateral support spoken of above to the extent one often sees, or throw such a surplusage of weight on his horse's forehead. There can be no doubt that he rides *less safely* by so doing, for a sharp wheel-round of a shying horse is more likely to bring him down; but this question of trotting must be also reserved for a future chapter.

Nothing can be better than the author's judgment on the question, whether in teaching it would be better to discard the use of the bridle or the stirrup? We go with him completely in opinion that

* "Any defects that may exist in the English cavalry seat, and the very glaring ones that are very obvious in the French seat, and were the immediate causes of all the sore backs in the campaign of 1859, depend on the wrong position of the stirrup in the respective military saddles."

"rein-riding," or holding on by the bridle, is the greatest of all faults in horsemanship. It would be far better to dispense with the bridle in early school practice than with the stirrups. That lightness of hand can only be the gift of those whose seat on horseback is not at all dependent on the bridle, is reason enough for securing the seat before attending to the bridle-hand. If the fault of rein-riding could be limited to the discomfort or insecurity of the individual who practised it—if the luckless offender could be made to pay the *whole* penalty himself—we should not, perhaps, stigmatise it with such severity; but unhappily this is not the case, for the demoralisation extends to the miserable animal he bestrides; and the horse whose "mouth" had possibly been made perfection by care and skill, will, in one day of such ignorant horsemanship, be so vitiated, so "untuned," as to render the animal irritable in temper and uncertain in action, and, with a continuance of the practice, a "regular brute." We speak with some painful recollections in this matter. Among others we recall having lent a cob, trained to a degree of perfection that a touch of the finger would have sufficed to intimate to him the rider's wish, to a certain sailor friend who assured us he could ride. We knew him to be a clever fellow in his own career—a gunnery-lieutenant, with heaven knows what number of "good" marks for the "Excellent," and what is called a most promising young officer; but he brought us back our beast smashed on both knees, and with a bleeding mouth, in less than a quarter of an hour after he mounted him, though we had not believed, till the dis-

aster occurred, that there was a man in her Majesty's service could have thrown the animal down without the aid of a lasso.

The resources of a bad rider are, however, like the x of algebra, an unknown quantity, and the mischief of one single day's ineptness can only be compared to the damage that would be done to a pianoforte in perfect tune by a coarse fellow hammering over the notes with a cleaver till he smashed the strings and split the soundboard.

When one bethinks him of all the nice treatment and delicate handling it has taken to make the mouth of a pleasant horse, to have got his neck arched to its due degree, and to have placed him in that position of perfect balance in which to mount him is a positive luxury, the mere thought of submitting him to an ignorant or a careless hand, is something little short of a profanation; and yet this is a species of courtesy to which we are daily driven—the individual profiting by which not having the very faintest conception of the sacrifice to which our politeness has led us.

Be it a maxim, therefore: 'Seldom lend your horse to a sailor, never to a Frenchman, and as little as you can to any one at all.

We commend the chapter on Bits and Bitting especially to the reader's attention. It is written with thorough knowledge of the subject, and combines everything that experience guided by admirable good sense and good temper can write, to make it a text-book for the rider.

There are few men who are interested about horses who will not appreciate the value of this book; there is no man who keeps a horse that should not read it.

GAIN OR LOSS?—THE STATISTICS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE 'Times' jubilantly informed the world the other day, that during one of Mr. Gladstone's election tours in Lancashire 50,000 of his words had been telegraphed to their office. The immortal gods are naturally reticent, and we have not heard that they shared the elation of the metropolitan Jove. There is an observation made by Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, in one of his philosophical writings, which Professor Wilson used to repeat: "Words are wise men's counters—they do but reckon with them; but they are the money of fools;" and it is not difficult to imagine the sort of reception which Mr. Thomas Carlyle, at least, must have given to the above piece of news, if it got all the way to Chelsea: "Idle words could once escape unrecorded—dispersed in empty air by the merciful gods. But now, alas! they are not carried away innocently on the breeze; they are captured by shorthand writers, transmitted by electricity, stereotyped by the devil and his angels. A triumph of mechanical contrivance, unquestionably; but, to put it to no worthier purpose than the preservation of voluminous electioneering palaver, far better forgotten—is it not lamentable? The foresaid number of words is equal, or thereby, we may assume, to the whole literature of antiquity! This vain expenditure of human labour, this waste of human ingenuity, is surely one of the most astounding and portentous features of the mellifluous age, the golden Gladstonian era, on which we enter."

Among these 50,000 words, however, were one half-dozen which deserve to be remembered. Passionately appealing to the men of Lancashire not to dismiss him from their service, and replying to the argument that he had secured

a seat elsewhere, the orator said in effect, "Greenwich is a very different constituency from Lancashire. It does not carry the same authority with the empire. Its vote, indeed, tells quite as effectively in a party division; but the moral difference is immense. For when we ask the national verdict on an imperial issue, *votes must be weighed as well as counted.*" We propose to inquire (following out Mr. Gladstone's suggestion) on which side the weight of the vote recorded in England during last November was given. It is at the present moment a most important inquiry. The numerical majority of votes in the House of Commons may determine the fate of a Ministry; the fate of a national institution must depend upon their weight. Is it, moreover, from a party point of view, both prospectively and retrospectively, a very interesting inquiry. The Constitution, since the House of Commons was dissolved, has undergone an organic change. The franchise has been extended. Household suffrage has become law. Less than two years ago Mr. Lowe described in graphic language the *liad* of woes through which we were about to pass. A republic, with or without Mr. Bright as President, was visible in the not distant future: meanwhile the Tories had cut their own throats. Before the elections of 1868 were concluded, they would, as a political party, be extinct as the dodo. Well, the elections are over, and even the most timid of us, after our dive into the deep sea, are shaking our wings again, and feeling that the experiment is really much pleasanter than we had ventured to expect. There can be no doubt that the extension of the franchise has invigorated Conservatism. The Tory party has voluntarily widened its borders, and the experience of the elections

demonstrates, as its leaders had believed, that it flourishes most vigorously when "broad-based upon the people's will." Even the Cassandra of Calne (now of the Exchequer), if not discomfited is silent,—the vaticinations of calamity and disaster somehow won't come true, and the prophet's business is gone. Two hundred and seventy-six Tory gentlemen have been returned to Parliament by the English democracy, and Mr. Bright is not President of the Republic, but President of the Board of Trade. All men can see that the Tory party is still intact; but we are convinced that an examination of the electoral returns will show that it is at the present moment substantially more powerful than it has been at any time since 1846, and specially that upon the question of the day the opinion of the people of England has been elicited with remarkable distinctness.

The opinion of the people of *England*, we say advisedly; for it is clear to every statesman that, *except with the deliberate consent of the English people*, the English Church must not and cannot be dismembered. The issue is one on which, from the nature of the case, the constituencies of the outlying portions of the kingdom—the Roman Catholics of Connaught, the Voluntaries of Scotland, the Welsh Dissenters—cannot be permitted to overrule the judgment of the empire. There are, moreover, special reasons why the opinions of the majority of the elective bodies in Scotland and Ireland should on this occasion be narrowly and jealously scrutinised.

As regards the southern districts of Ireland, more or less tainted with disloyalty, the proposition cannot well be controverted. When a Conservative candidate cannot appear on the hustings without getting his head broken, when a Conservative voter cannot go to the poll without the risk of being shot down in the street, we

need not wonder that in such districts the Constitution—the Representation of the People Act as well as the Habeas Corpus Act—should be virtually suspended. Anything like a contest in the south of Ireland was sure to produce a serious breach of the peace; and we are not surprised, therefore, that the Conservative party should have declined to embarrass those who are responsible for the public safety. In certain circumstances they would not have been entitled to have shrunk from the performance of their Constitutional functions. Under certain conditions it would have become their imperative duty to exercise the franchise at any risk. But these conditions do not exist in the disaffected districts of Ireland; for the verdict of the Catholic priesthood, and of the flocks they drive to the polling-booths, cannot be permitted to alter or qualify the conclusion at which the British Parliament may ultimately arrive. It was quite clear, indeed, that the Irish Romanists would vote in a body for the destruction of the rival episcopate—a fact which should be seriously weighed by those who support Mr. Gladstone's policy on the plea that it will promote the interests of religious liberty. It may hereafter appear that the free Protestant intelligence of the empire is in favour of devoting to Irish secular uses the revenues of the Irish branch of the Church of England; but the gift must be a free and voluntary dedication: England will never permit it to be extorted by the clamour of a disaffected populace and a fanatical priesthood. The Irish Church may be doomed; but we venture to believe that it will survive until the majority in favour of disestablishment is not mainly composed of the nominees of an Ultramontane hierarchy. On the other hand, the elections have shown that the northern and eastern provinces, the metropolis and the university, are still sound and

loyal. The counties of Dublin and Monaghan have been won by great majorities; and the Constitutional losses in Belfast and one or two of the Ulster boroughs are not permanent gains to Mr. Gladstone. The dissensions among the Conservatives in that quarter—mainly due, indeed, to the strength and intensity of the Orange and anti-Catholic sentiment—are to be deplored; but we believe that, before another election takes place, their divisions will be healed; that wise and conciliatory councils will prevail; and that these famous steadfast Protestant communities will again, as of old, present an unbroken front to the enemy.

We do not look at the issue of the Scotch elections simply from a party point of view when we say that we regard it with deep regret. The intellectual Liberal cannot witness the unprecedented agreement of opinion throughout a whole province without a feeling of discomfort and apprehension. Party government, of course, becomes impossible when there are no parties, or (which comes practically to the same thing) when there is one only. We may call each other as ugly names as we can invent; but both Whig and Tory are aware that the vigour of our public life depends mainly upon the keenness of our political antagonism. When a whole people march like a regiment and vote like a machine, when a military monotony of sentiment takes possession of them, and whatever is eccentric or original or independent in religious or political life is coarsely and stupidly repressed, one is tempted to inquire how far the influences which have produced these results are truly Liberal, and how far the culture to which they are due can be regarded as catholic. A vulgar and illiterate form of dissent has gradually been gaining ascendancy throughout Scotland. It is narrow in sympathy, ungenerous in temper, fanatical in belief, tyrannical in practice. Its ministers, Puritanic

in demeanour, ascetic in profession, do not hesitate, nevertheless, to take an active part in secular politics, and in the intrigues of the world. The sect is all-powerful in the metropolis (where it plays such pranks before high heaven as make not the angels only, but even Whig lawyers and Whig journals weep), and there are few provincial burghs where it has not enlisted a majority of the electors. The most Radical elector in the most Radical constituency is sure to belong to the United Presbyterian Church; and the consequence is, that in Scotland political Radicalism and ecclesiastical intemperance have become convertible terms. The *régime* which it desires to inaugurate is one of mean monotony and abject intellectual bondage,—a social state, in certain aspects, not unlike that described in the passage from the 'Leviathan' which Mr. Henry Taylor has prefixed to 'Philip Van Arteveldt': "No arts, no letters, no society,—and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violence, and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish." It is this faction which, as Parliamentary electors, have made the reputable citizens of Edinburgh ashamed of their renowned and lettered city. It is this faction which, as patrons of the University, have placed an obscure Doctor of a Voluntary Church, in the chair of Dugald Stewart and John Wilson. It is this faction which, as patrons of the Church, manifested a yet graver disregard of the restraints and decencies and obligations of public life, when they appointed a successor to the late Dr. Lee simply upon the ground that the appointment would prove obnoxious to the congregation over which he was placed. These are the men to whom, in their own estimation, the direction of modern "progress" has been intrusted. To these narrow and malignant bigots (bigots out of whom all the heroic fire of the old Covenant has died), the merciless ex-

clusiveness of Scottish piety is its most attractive feature; and they would fain carry, if they could, their Jewish Sabbaths, their sumptuary enactments, and their destructive Calvinism, across the Border. We do not believe, however, that England will submit to another incursion of the Puritans, or that she will allow this ragged army from Scotland to hurt the culture of her intellectual, and the freedom of her religious, life.

The 'Spectator' has said that the first Parliament elected under the democratic Reform Bill will be the most "Philistine" on record, and a not inconsiderable contingent will certainly come from north of the Tweed. The Scottish representatives have never, since the representation of Scotland was handed over to the Radicals, stood well with the House. It must be sorrowfully admitted that, with one or two exceptions, they have been regarded as bores. Their deadly monotony was more than human nature could stand. Mr. Smollett and Sir William Stirling-Maxwell were the only two independent members in the late Parliament who were listened to with patience. Mr. Smollett's caustic pungency smacked of the ancestral wit. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell needs no eulogium from us. He enjoys a national, a European, reputation; he combines the finest culture of the scholar, the fairest gifts of the orator, with eminent practical sagacity, with unrivalled experience, with prodigious general influence; he appreciates, as the man of genius alone can appreciate, the weak points and the strong points of his countrymen's character and of his country's institutions. The public services which he has rendered have been rendered by him without reference to party. His last act, as member for Perthshire, was to use his influence with Mr. Disraeli to obtain, in consideration of the eminent abilities and character of her husband, a pension for the widow of Dr. Robert Lee. Neither Sir W.

Stirling-Maxwell nor Mr. Smollett, however, have been permitted to retain their seats, and the Scottish Philistines have succeeded in making the "Scottish Parliament" as flat, stale, and unprofitable as a Dissenting synod—an assembly from which genius is banished, and which resents the very appearance of a jest.

But though we regret to think that the recent elections show that the influence of a fanatical and unscrupulous party has begun to extend beyond our municipal boundaries, there are certain considerations which ought to be fairly weighed, and which, we think, tend to indicate that the real majorities in the county constituencies are still loyal to the Monarchy and to the Church. There can be no doubt that intimidation has been largely practised. Intimidation by landlords is now very much a thing of the past; but it has been succeeded by a more serious form of intimidation (more serious because more impalpable and more difficult to check)—the intimidation of the mob. The agricultural population is Conservative by tradition and association, and if left to itself would obey its natural instincts. But many of the small country villages are nests of Radicals—hives of Dissent. The Reform Bill has enfranchised a goodly number of these village democrats, while it has failed to confer the franchise upon many who are more closely allied with the land, and with those to whom it belongs. The polling-booths for the counties, moreover, are commonly placed either in these villages or in the larger burghs. The Conservative voter riding in from his farm to record his vote has to pass through a crowd of village "roughs," who, if they do not break his head, as sometimes happens, assail him with the coarse taunts and vulgar invective with which they are unhappily too familiar. The minister of a Perthshire parish, the Rev. Mr. Rankin, has drawn a characteristic and graphic picture of the election

scenes which take place in a petty community crowded with Radicals and Voluntaries, and of the little bigotries, the little spite, the little insolences, the little persecutions, which the free and independent supporters of Mr. Gladstone manifest at such times. We are bound to admit, however, that the truthfulness of the representation has been challenged by the chairman of the Local Radical Committee in a letter, which is a gem in its way, and which Thackeray would have enjoyed:—

"MUTHILL Dec. 1st 1868.

"SIR,—In your impression of Thursday the 25th ult. there appeared a letter from the Rev. James Rankine; Manse, Muthill, purporting to be a description of a 'Perthshire Village during an Election,' in which he narrates certain acts of violence which he says were perpetrated upon himself and his consociate friends in this place and which he charges Mr. Parker's Local Committee with concerting and organising. We the Members of that committee beg to state for the information of your readers that the charge is a gross falsehood and utterly without foundation in fact.—We are &c.

"By order of the Committee

"JAMES MORRISON *Chairman*."

One can understand, after spelling through this letter, why, to Mr. Morrison and his brother committee-men, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's fame, culture, and liberal manliness should have proved distasteful. These ignoble forms of intimidation are ordeals which county voters, very much in earnest, would of course be prepared to encounter; but it happens unluckily, at the present moment, that the county Conservative voter is not very much in earnest. He has one or two pet grievances of his own, which have been freely, if somewhat dishonestly, used by the Radical candidates. Chief among these is the law for the protection of game. The over-preservation of game (a practice not unknown to certain wealthy Whig potentates,

who do not even follow the example set by Chantrey the sculptor with his famous woodcocks—

"Driven from northern wilds that would have starved 'em,
Chantrey first shot, and then he carved 'em,"—

for they cart off the produce of their *battues* to the nearest market-town) is a growing evil, and one which naturally excites the resentment of the farmer who sees his laird's hares and rabbits making havoc among his turnips. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell is prepared to support (and in point of fact was instrumental last session in introducing) a reasonable measure of redress,—the only sort of measure which, in the present state of public opinion, has the slightest chance of being carried. But when asked to support a visionary and utopian proposition, he wisely and with true self-respect declined to do so. "As to game," he said on the hustings—

"As to game, I have always deprecated and deplored its undue preservation, and the unpleasant feelings thereby engendered between landlord and tenant. I may appeal to my own practice in the matter as being more conclusive with regard to my views than any amount of profession. I have supported, and am again ready to support, the only practical measure for the removal of the grievance that has yet been proposed or advocated by reasonable authority—the Bill known as that of Mr. M'Lagan and the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture. That measure I believe the Scotch members could pass into law, if they will agree to make the attempt. The attempt shall at least receive any help that I can give it. As to proposals which have no chance of being listened to by Parliament, I should think it unworthy to stand here and dangle such proposals before the eyes of the tenant-farmers of this county, merely in the hope of catching a few votes."

His Radical opponent, who had no particular reputation to endanger, was not restrained by these weak and fastidious scruples. Any

covenant about game between landlord and tenant ought, he declared, to be made *pactum illicitum*! The consequence of this irritation was, that the Conservative farmers in many counties, though they would not actually vote against their party, became apathetic, and in the end did not vote at all. They knew that if they went to the polling-booths they would probably be bespattered with mud (both literal and figurative), nor were they altogether unwilling to see whether this fluent English gentleman, who undertook, if sent to Parliament, to extirpate game and abolish the game-laws, would be as good as his word. It will not be long before they discover, in Perthshire as elsewhere, that they have made an egregious blunder. They have lost the services of men who were intimately acquainted with their local wants and habits and usages. They have elected men who are not merely ignorant of Scotland and Scottish idiosyncrasies, but who have promised that which neither Scotsman nor Englishman can perform. At next election the inevitable reaction will bear bitter fruit. The Radical party will find that they were penny-wise and pound-foolish, when, speculating upon a trumpety agricultural discontent, they determined to eject such a man as "Stirling of Keir," and brought down an Englishman to discharge the ungracious task which no Scottish gentleman would undertake. It is said that the attack was prompted by Mr. Gladstone, who resented Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's presence at the Edinburgh banquet to Mr. Disraeli; but we refuse to believe that even Mr. Gladstone, childishly sensitive as he has too often proved himself to be, could have been guilty of such undignified malignity. It ought to be noted, moreover, that in spite of this unworthy truckling to local passions, the majorities by which the Scottish counties were won could not have

been considered decisive, even had the plain issue of Whig or Tory, establishment or disestablishment, been honestly put before the electors. The Perthshire and Mid-Lothian majorities exceeded 200; but Alderman Waterlow in Dumfries was only 44 ahead of Major Walker; Mr. Finnie in North-Ayrshire was only 89 ahead of Mr. Montgomerie; and in South-Ayrshire Sir David Wedderburn literally won by a head, Colonel Alexander being just 25 behind.

What we have said will, we hope, have served to show how it happens that the Radical victories in the Scottish counties cannot be regarded as testing the opinions of the electors upon the Irish Church question, nor indeed upon any question of imperial politics. No one, of course, ever doubted that the votes of the democratic Presbyterian Dissenters would be recorded for the suppression of Episcopacy in Ireland. They have no objection to disestablish the Church in Ireland, and they would vote with even greater cordiality for the disestablishment of the Church in England. If they could have their own way, the Prelate and apostate communion against which their fathers protested—a communion to which they cherish a keener and fresher hostility than they bear to Rome herself—would not exist for another session. Misapplying the words of Scripture, as Mr. Lowe misapplied them (for they are curiously and indecently *misapplied* to a branch of the Church of Christ), they would say of the whole Episcopate, English and Irish, "Out it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" Their zeal for Mr. Gladstone's anti-Protestant policy has already, we observe, been duly appreciated by Mr. Gladstone's ally, the Pope. They have been brought into the fold, and Scotland is no longer in *partibus infidelium*. The Pope has presented them with a brand-new hierarchy—two or three arch-

bishops, and we know not how many bishops and minor functionaries. This is as it should be. The gratitude of Rome is of that catholic sort which unites a lively sense of past favours with a still livelier of those to come. The Scottish burghers, indeed, may, with their long-headed preference for tangible results, consider the gift "an empty compliment;" but we can assure them that their friend at headquarters does not intend it to be so.

It being thus sufficiently clear that the action of the Ultramontane priesthood of the south of Ireland, or of the democratic Presbyterians of the Scottish burghs, cannot be permitted, in reason or justice, to determine conclusively the issue that has been submitted to the electors, the really important question arises, What is the judgment of the English people upon this question of the English Church in Ireland as manifested at the November elections? A minute examination of the electoral returns will show in what way and with what emphasis the answer has been returned. It must be kept in view, however, that the matter has not yet received that ripe consideration on the part of the people which it must receive before an ancient national institution can be finally condemned. Mr. Gladstone insisted that "disestablishment and disendowment" should be made a party shibboleth—the test by which all true Radicals were to be judged. It is a hard thing to break with your party and your leaders. Revolt implies not only a stronger will than most English electors own, but many social annoyances which most English electors (as long as they decently can) will strive to avoid. Even since the Radical leader announced his programme, there has been no leisure for deliberate reflection. The appeal to the nation has been made so hurriedly that opinion has not been

permitted to mature. Candidates must not hesitate on the hustings—no compromise is possible at the polling-booths. It is hardly a secret, indeed, that many of the gentlemen who compose Mr. Gladstone's nominal majority do not love the Irish policy of their leader. Already those men are saying openly: "Some compromise must be devised. We cannot permit the Irish Protestant communities to be swallowed up by the Pope. We cannot leave the colonists we have planted there to starve. Find us out some way of escape—some scheme by which the theoretical grievance may be removed, while the substantial interest is retained; disestablishment, if it please you,—not spoliation, not confiscation."

The Radical leaders in the press and in Parliament, indeed, do not hesitate to proclaim that they have won a considerable victory in England, and that the elections demonstrate that the English people are with them. There are some victories that are very expensive, that, economically as well as morally, are not worth the cost, and we suspect that this is one of these questionable triumphs. But now, laying speculation aside, let us see what light the electoral returns throw upon the actual state of public feeling in England. It is necessary to keep in view, in estimating the results, that certain elections took place under peculiar conditions—conditions introduced by the Reform Bill of 1867, but previously unknown to the Constitution—we allude to the provisions of what is known as the minority clause. The operation of the clause (to the principle of which, if fairly and consistently worked out, we have no objection whatever) has been unfortunate. It appears to us that there is one seat only which it has undeniably secured to the Conservatives—the third seat for Leeds. At Manchester, Mr. Birley, who was at the top of the poll, would pro-

bably, even in a fair fight, have obtained a seat; and in the city of London the constituency is so evenly divided that, until late in the afternoon, it appeared that three Tories would be returned. On the other hand, through the minority clause, the Radicals secured the third seat at Liverpool, and a seat in each of the following counties: Hereford, Cambridge, Oxford, Bucks, Berks, and Dorset. The Tory strength in the counties has been manifested so decisively, and their majorities in the least Conservative have been so large, that it cannot be reasonably doubted that in the most Conservative (as these six admittedly are) they would have secured the whole representation. Our opinion is, that through this clause the Tories have been deprived of six seats—in any view, it has cost them four.

A political student of the map of England prior to the recent election would have found that the rival parties were posted somewhat in this fashion. The Radicals held the metropolis and the metropolitan counties, the great seats of labour and commerce, more than one-half of the small boroughs, and less than one-half of the counties. The Tories were in possession of more than one-half of the counties; they had nearly a moiety of the smaller boroughs; they were unrepresented in the metropolis; while the great towns, with the exception of Liverpool, had, one after another, been surrendered to the enemy. After a careful survey of the whole statistics of the November elections, we arrive at the following conclusions, to the elucidation and illustration of which we propose to devote the remainder of this paper:—

1st, The Radicals gained a considerable portion of the small boroughs, of those more particularly where the majorities fluctuate, going at this election with one party, at the next with their rivals, and where the issue is frequently decided by local or personal consid-

erations. These boroughs, at this election, with few exceptions, went over to the Radicals; but their adhesion cannot be considered any moral gain, seeing that the majorities were invariably very inconsiderable, and that these majorities, small though they were, cannot be credited with any decided political convictions. According to the theory of probabilities, most of these boroughs will at next general election be regained by the Tories. The occupation, indeed, of a number of unimportant positions, of no value in a strategic point of view, cannot exercise any decisive effect upon the ultimate issue of the campaign.

2d, The Radicals gained one or two of the greater boroughs—isolated positions of considerable strength—which had previously been held by the Tories.

3d, The Radicals succeeded in holding the metropolis, and the Tory attack was at most points repelled. But many of the positions were retained only after a desperate struggle, and the Tories established themselves in one or two strong and commanding positions. Here the balance of gain was undoubtedly on the side of the assailants. The metropolis and the country surrounding it is no longer a strict Radical preserve.

4th, The Tory attack upon the Yorkshire and North-Eastern boroughs was repulsed, but the Radicals retained many of those boroughs with difficulty, and their absolute majority under household suffrage has decreased.

5th, In the boroughs of Lancashire and the North-Western counties the Tories have repulsed the Radical attack by great majorities; they have gained several boroughs of the highest importance previously held by Radicals; and in the cases where their attack did not succeed, the Radical resistance has diminished.

6th, The Tory success in the counties has been decisive and overwhelming.

These propositions being admitted, it follows that the net Tory success throughout England has been considerable—a success not, indeed, to be measured by the nominal strength of parties, and that cannot be fully appreciated until another election shall have been concluded. In the mean time, here are the details which, we think, instruct the propositions which we have ventured to submit, taking, in the first place, the returns of the borough elections, which may be thus conveniently subdivided: I. The Lancashire and North-Western Boroughs. II. The Yorkshire and North-Eastern Boroughs. III. The Mid-Counties and the Metropolitan Boroughs. IV. The Southern Boroughs.

I. *The Lancashire and North-Western Boroughs.*—The most considerable of these are contained in this list: Manchester, Birkenhead, Blackburn, Bolton, Carlisle, Chester, Preston, Salford, Shrewsbury, Wigan, Oldham, Stockport, Warrington, Whitehaven, Ashton-under-Lyne, Staleybridge, Liverpool. Of these boroughs the Tories have won seats at Manchester, Chester, Bolton, Salford, Stockport, Shrewsbury, Ashton-under-Lyne, and Staleybridge. These positions were won in decisive actions. It is not probable that any attempt will be made to retake them. Majorities varying from 400 to 1800 are commonly regarded, both by victor and

vanquished, as conclusive. The gains are permanent. The Radicals won two seats in boroughs which were previously divided—one in Wigan, one in Carlisle—but they won by narrow majorities. The Radicals attacked, but failed to win, the Tory seats at Liverpool, Birkenhead, Blackburn, Whitehaven, Warrington, Bolton, and Preston. The majorities, speaking roundly, were decisive. The Tories attacked, but failed to win, the Radical seats at Oldham. Oldham was wont to be a stronghold of Radical opinion; and if at this election the Radicals have been able to retain by tens only what they previously held by hundreds, it is tolerably clear that at next election the position must be abandoned: it is becoming untenable. Thus, in whatever aspect we regard these Lancashire elections, it appears that under household suffrage the Tories have added immensely to their strength—to their strength defensively as well as offensively. "In spite," as the 'Spectator' (Nov. 21, 1868) candidly confesses, "of enormous additions to the constituencies, the majorities by which the Liberal seats have been gained have been uniformly lessened, and those by which the Conservative seats have been retained have been uniformly increased."

The following table brings out the general results of the engagement in a very clear light:—

I.—The Tories attacked, and won,

1 seat at MANCHESTER.	Mr. Birley, the Tory candidate, polling 15,482, was at the head of the poll.	
1 seat at CHESTER,	where Mr. Raikes was 1000 ahead of the second Radical candidate.	
1 seat at BOLTON (previously divided),	where the average number of votes polled for each of the Tory candidates was	5962
Do.	Radicals,	5483
Leaving an average majority for each Tory of		479
2 seats at SALFORD,	where the average number of votes polled for each of the Tory candidates was	6246
Do.	Radicals,	6079
Leaving average majority for each Tory of		167

- 1 seat at STOCKPORT, where the Tory candidate was at head of poll with 2722.
 1 seat at SHREWSBURY, where the Tory candidate was 1100 ahead of second Radical candidate.
 1 seat at ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, where the Tory candidate, polling 2269, was 122 ahead of Mr. Milner Gibson.
 1 seat (new) at STALEYBRIDGE, where the Tory candidate, polling 2407 had a majority of 338 votes.

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9II.—*The Radicals attacked, and won,*

- 1 seat at CARLISLE, where Mr. Hodgson was defeated by 15 votes.
 1 seat at WIGAN, where Mr. Lancaster, polling 2156, beat Mr. Eckersley by 248 votes.
 1 seat (new) at BURNLEY, where the Radical candidate, polling 2620, had a majority of 370.

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3III.—*The Tories attacked, but failed to win,*

- 2 seats at OLDHAM, where the Tory, Mr. Cobbett, polling 6102, was only 25 behind Mr. Platt. The polling stood thus:—
- | | | |
|-------------------|-------|------|
| Hibbert, Radical, | . . . | 6157 |
| Platt, do., | . . . | 6127 |
| Cobbett, Tory, | . . . | 6102 |
| Spinks, do., | . . . | 6072 |

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2IV.—*The Radicals attacked, but failed to win,*

- 1 seat at LIVERPOOL—the second seat, previously held by the Tories, was attacked. The average number of votes for each Tory was . . . 16,404
 Do. Radicals, . . . 15,198
-
- Leaving average majority for each Tory, . . . 1,206
- 1 seat at BIRKENHEAD, where Captain Sherard Osborn, attacking Mr. Laird, and polling fully 2000, was beaten by 900.
- 2 seats at BLACKBURN. The average number of votes polled for each Tory was . . . 4980
 Do. Radical, . . . 4285
-
- Leaving average majority for each Tory, . . . 695
- 1 seat at WHITEHAVEN, where the Tory, Mr. Bentinck, polled 1125, the Radical, Mr. Stewart, 768.
- 1 seat at WARRINGTON, where the Tory retained his seat after a sharp contest.*
- 1 seat at BOLTON, the representation of which had been previously divided (*ut supra*.)
- 2 seats at PRESTON, where the average number of votes polled for each Tory was . . . 5769
 Do. Radical, . . . 4664
-
- 9 Leaving average majority for each Tory, . . . 1105

* Both sides admit that the Tories had a majority at Warrington, though, through the blunder of a polling-clerk, a petition to the new court has been rendered necessary.

II. *The Yorkshire and North-Eastern Boroughs.*—Here the struggle was very fierce, and maintained with singular equality. The Radicals in many cases won by bare majorities; and it is clear that a little more exertion, a little more organisation, on the part of the Tories—the merest trifle or accident, indeed—might have turned the scale. In the city of York itself, Mr. James Lowther, the sole Tory candidate, polling 3718, was returned by a majority of 500 over the successful Radical candidate—a majority surely more than sufficient to have secured both seats to the Tories. At Pontefract, also, the Tory majority was large for the constituency; and at Beverley the Radicals (Mr. Anthony Trollope being one) were without difficulty beaten off. But at Hull the Tory, polling 6367, was beaten only by 400; Durham was lost by 52; Macclesfield, where the Tory polled 2321, was lost by 180; Wakefield, where the Tory polled 1519, was lost by 39; at Hartlepool the Tories won by 6. It is quite obvious that in the North-Eastern boroughs the citizens are as nearly as possible divided between the rival parties; a state of matters which, to those who remember the tone of opinion in Yorkshire not many years ago, is surely fully of encouragement. An important position, indeed, has been abandoned at Sunderland; but the victory achieved at South Shields by the Liberal Conservative, Mr. Stevenson, is a fair set-off.

III. *The Mid-Counties and the Metropolitan Boroughs.*—The great Tory victory in Westminster (where, among the *élite* of the metropolis, Mr. Smith beat Captain Grosvenor by 1100, and Mr. Stuart Mill by 1200 votes) and in the city (which, but for a tremendous Radical whip during the last hour, would have returned three Tories)—the severe contests in the Tower-Hamlets and in several of the neighbouring boroughs (Chatham, where the Tory, polling 1858, was beaten by

200; Gravesend, where the Tory, polling 1045, was beaten by 180; Guildford, where the Tory was beaten by 19; and Windsor, where he was beaten by 12),—taken in connection with the splendid success in the metropolitan county, prove that the Tories' close investment of the metropolis is beginning to dishearten the defenders. Derby and Bedford are serious losses; but the division of parties at Bath (where the Tory, polling 2051, was beaten by 180), at Cheltenham (where the Tory, polling 1460, was 180 behind,) at Ipswich (where the Tory, polling 2025, was beaten by 135), and at Hereford (where the Tory Solicitor-General lost his seat by 32), is so close, that there appears to be no good reason why they should not, at next election, without much difficulty be recovered. On the other hand, the Tories have won seats at Boston (Tory majority, 280), at Coventry (Tory majority, 200), at Worcester (Tory majority, 770), at Lynn (where Mr. Robert Bourke has come in as colleague to Lord Stanley), at Newcastle-under-Lyne (Tory majority, 500), at Norwich (where the Tory was at the head of the poll), and at Nottingham (where Colonel Wright of the "Robin Hoods" was 500 ahead), by substantial majorities. Upon the whole, the Tory gain in those Mid-Counties and Metropolitan boroughs has been considerable.

IV. *The Southern Boroughs.*—Among these boroughs the gain and loss has been pretty fairly distributed. A seat at Canterbury has been lost; but the loss is to be attributed to the selfish obstinacy of Mr. Butler Johnstone—the numbers polled proving that, had the Tory strength been concentrated, both seats might have been secured. The defection of Bristol, we suspect, has some connection with the rioting and mob-intimidation which prevailed there to an alarming extent. Among the electors of the populous southern seaports, however, the Tories are obviously very popular.

They won two seats at Falmouth by respectable majorities; they won the second seat at Southampton; at Portsmouth, Sir James Elphinstone, the sole Tory candidate, polling 5800, won easily by 1600 or 1700. They lost a seat at Dover (where the second Tory, polling 1870, was 47 behind) and at Exeter (where Sir John Karslake, polling 2222, was beaten by 28); and their attack upon Devonport was repulsed by a small majority. There has consequently been little change in these Southern boroughs; but it is obvious that positions held by majorities of 28 or 47 cannot be considered very safe.

So much for the English boroughs.

We have carefully tabulated the statistics of the English county elections, and we think that our readers who will take the trouble to go through these tables will obtain a bird's-eye view of the issues of the conflict in the counties which they will feel to be eminently satisfactory. In Tables I. and II., among the "seats won" we have included the new seats created by the Reform Bill; from Tables III. and IV. we have excluded the minority seats, in respect that these were not in any case contested, and that, from the peculiarity of their working, they afford no indication of the state of public feeling in the constituencies.

I.—The Tories have won,

5 LANCASHIRE.—Lancashire returned 5 members to the last Parliament—3 Tory and 2 Radical—a Tory majority of 1. To the present Parliament it returns 8, and all are Tories. The result of the elections in the 4 Divisions is as follows:—

In North Lancashire the average number of votes recorded for each of the Tory candidates was	6799
Do. for Radical candidate (Marquis of Hartington),	5360
Majority for Tories,	1439

In North-East Lancashire the average number of votes recorded for each Tory was	3615
Do. for Radicals,	3458
Majority for Tories,	157

In South-West Lancashire the average number of votes recorded for each Tory was	7706
Do. for Radicals (Gladstone and Grenfell),	7164
Majority for Tories,	542

In South-East Lancashire the average number of votes recorded for each Tory was	8170
Do. for Radicals (F. Peel and Manson)	7015
Majority for Tories,	1155

Gross Tory majority,	3293
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The Tories in Lancashire attacked and won 5 seats, of which 3 are new.

1 CUMBERLAND (East).—Mr. Hodgson, having been beaten at Carlisle, started for East Cumberland one week before the election, and was at top of poll. He polled 2734. The average number of votes recorded for each of Radical candidates was 2661.

Tory majority,	178
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Only 1 Tory ran—he won 1 seat.

1 DURHAM (North).—Only 1 Tory started—he won 1 seat. Another might have been won, as Tory majority was very large.

The Tory (Mr. Elliott) polled		4553
Average number of votes polled by Radicals,		3885
Tory Majority,		668
2 YORKSHIRE, WEST RIDING (East Division).—Here the Tories won 2 seats (new) by small majorities,		
2 CHESHIRE (East).—The Tories won 2 seats (new).		
Average number of votes for Tories,		3066
The Radical candidate polled,		2482
Tory majority,		586
3 DERBYSHIRE.—The Tories won in North 1 seat, and in South 2 seats. Both contests were close. Average Tory majority in South, 233; in North, Mr. Arkwright beat Mr. Jackson by 60. These victories in view of the Duke of Devonshire's influence in this county, were unexpected.		
1 NOTTS (North).—1 Radical seat was surrendered in this Division, on the understanding that Mr. Denison, the Speaker, should not be disturbed. It was believed that had a contest taken place both seats might have been won.		
2 LINCOLNSHIRE.—The Tories won 1 seat in South and 1 (new) in Mid Lincoln. There was no contest in Mid-Lincoln; in the South,		
Average number of votes for Tories,		4296
The Radical candidate polled		2630
Tory majority,		1666
This immense majority appears to show that in Mid and North Lincoln other 2 seats might have been won.		
1 SHROPSHIRE (South).—The Tories won 1 seat.		
Average number of votes polled by them,		2570
The Radical (Sir Jasper More) polled		2041
Tory majority,		529
2 STAFFORDSHIRE (West).—The Tories won 2 seats.		
Average number of votes polled by Tories,		3755
Do. Radicals,		3255
Tory majority,		500
1 LEICESTERSHIRE (South).—The Tories won 1 seat.		
Average number of votes polled by Tories,		3155
The Radical candidate (Mr. Paget) polled		2458
Tory majority,		697
2 NORFOLK (North).—The Tories won 2 seats (new).		
Average number of votes polled by Tories,		2595
Do. Radicals,		2147
Tory majority,		448
1 WORCESTER (East).—The Tories won 1 seat. Only 1 Tory started—he was at top of poll.		
1 ESSEX (North-East).—The Tories won 1 seat.		
Average number of votes polled by Tories,		2847
Do. Radicals,		2226
Tory majority,		621

2 ESSEX (West).—The Tories won 2 (new) seats, uncontested.			
2 SOMERSETSHIRE (Mid).—The Tories won 2 (new) seats.			
Average number polled by Tories,	.	.	3666
Do. Mr. Freeman and Mr. Tagart,	.	.	2080
Tory majority,	.	.	1586
1 MIDDLESEX.—The Tories won 1 seat. Only 1 Tory started—he was at top of poll. Another seat might have been secured here.			
Lord C. Hamilton polled	.	.	7800
Average number of votes polled by Radicals,	.	.	5579
Tory majority,	.	.	2221
2 KENT (West).—The Tories won 2 seats.			
Average number polled by Tories,	.	.	3889
Do. Radicals,	.	.	3279
Tory majority,	.	.	110
1 KENT (East).—The Tories won 1 seat.			
Average number polled by Tories,	.	.	5152
Do. Radicals,	.	.	4624
Tory majority,	.	.	528
2 KENT (Mid).—The Tories won 2 seats (new).			
Average number polled by Tories,	.	.	3245
Do. Radicals,	.	.	2873
Tory majority,	.	.	372
2 DEVONSHIRE (East).—The Tories won 2 seats (new).			
Average number polled by Tories,	.	.	4072
The Radical Candidate polled	.	.	3458
Tory majority,	.	.	614
2 SURREY (Mid).—The Tories won 2 seats (new).			
Average number polled by Tories,	.	.	4633
Do. Radical,	.	.	3666
Tory majority,	.	.	967
1 SURREY (West).—Mr. Briscoe having declared against Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, the Liberals started Mr. Pennington as the Radical candidate. (The result must be regarded as 1 seat won by Tories.			
Average number polled by Tories,	.	.	2959
Do. Radicals,	.	.	1757
Tory majority,	.	.	1202
1 SUSSEX (East).—The Tories won 1 seat. A strong effort at end of day enabled Mr. Dodson, the Chairman of Committees, to retain his seat by a narrow majority (23); but his colleague, Lord E. Cavendish, was at the bottom of the poll.			

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II.—The Radicals won,

1 GLOUCESTERSHIRE (West).—The Radicals won 1 seat.			
Average number of votes polled by Radicals,	.	.	4919
The Tory candidate polled	.	.	4396
Radical majority,	.	.	523

1 HERTFORDSHIRE.—The Tories lost the second seat.				
Average number of votes polled by Radicals,	.	.	.	3657
Do. Tories,	.	.	.	3377
Radical majority,	.	.	.	280
2 ESSEX (South).—The Radicals won 2 (new) seats, uncontested. This result, looking to the immense Tory majorities in the other Divisions, is unaccountable.				
1 CORNWALL (East).—The Radicals won 1 seat without contest. The result appears to be attributable to Sir John Treclawney's hereditary influence with the Cornish men.				
1 DURHAM (South).—The Radicals won 1 seat. Mr. Beaumont beat Mr. Surtees by 291 votes.				
2 DERBYSHIRE (East).—The Radicals won 2 seats.				
Average number polled by Radicals,	.	.	.	2069
Do. Tories,	.	.	.	1974
Radical majority,	.	.	.	95
1 LINCOLN (Mid).—The 2 (new) seats in this Division were divided without a contest.				
2 STAFFORDSHIRE (East).—The Radicals won 2 seats (new).				
Average number polled by Radicals,	.	.	.	3782
The Tory candidate polled	.	.	.	2965
Radical majority,	.	.	.	817
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11				

III.—*The Tories attacked, but failed to win,**

2 YORKSHIRE, WEST RIDING (South).—The Radicals retained both seats with difficulty.				
Average polled by Radicals,	.	.	.	8032
Do. Tories,	.	.	.	7935
Radical majority,	.	.	.	97
The Tory, Mr. Stanhope, was only 8 behind Mr. Beaumont. This was the closest county contest at the November elections.				
1 DEVON (North).—The Tories attempted to win the second seat; but, though Sir Stafford Northcote was at top of poll with 3963, Mr. Acland (R.) was 300 ahead of Mr. Walrond (T.)				
1 HAMPSHIRE (South).—The Tories attempted to win both seats, but failed to secure more than one. The division was very close,				
The Radicals polling	.	.	.	2771
The Tories,	.	.	.	2746
Radical majority,	.	.	.	25
1 ISLE OF WIGHT.—Mr. Baillie Cochrane attacked Sir John Simeon; but, polling 1119, was 230 behind.				
2 SURREY (East).—The Tories attacked 2 seats held by Radicals, but were repulsed, Mr. Buxton being at the close about 370 ahead of Mr. Hardman.				

* Omitting new seats, except in Lancashire and Yorkshire (the distribution of new seats having been shown in previous table), and the seats affected by the minority clause.

IV.—The Radicals attacked, but failed to win.

6 LANCASHIRE.—The Radicals attacked 6 seats, but failed (*ut supra.*)

1 YORKSHIRE, EAST RIDING.—The Radical attack was repulsed by great majorities,

The Tories polling	5950
Whereas the Radical candidate polled only	2591

Tory majority,	3359
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It will be remembered that in the West Riding (South) the second Radical retained his seat by 8 votes.

1 MID-DERBYSHIRE.—The Radicals attempted to secure one seat.

Average number polled by Tories,	3064
Do. Radical candidate,	2482

Tory majority,	582
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1 SHEPHERSHIRE (North).—The Radicals attacked 1 seat.

Average number polled by Tories,	3408
The Radical candidate polled	2304

Tory majority,	1104
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1 NORFOLK (South).—The Radicals attacked 1 seat.

Average number polled by Tories,	3058
The Radical candidate polled	1691

Tory majority,	1367
----------------	------

2 WARWICKSHIRE (North).—The Radicals attacked both seats.

Average number polled by Tories,	4380
Do. Radicals,	3380

Tory majority,	1000
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2 WARWICKSHIRE (South).—The contest here was very close, the average Tory majority being 76 only.

1 NORTHAMPTON (South).—The Radicals attacked 1 seat.

Average number polled by Tories,	2514
The Radical candidate polled	2303

Tory majority,	211
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2 HEREFORDSHIRE.—The third is a minority seat, so that the contest was for the first and second.

Average number polled by Tories,	3360
Do. Radicals,	2074

Tory majority,	1286
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2 CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—The third is a minority seat, so that the contest was for the first and second.

Average number polled by Tories,	3924
Do. Radicals,	3310

Tory majority,	614
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2 SUFFOLK (East).—The Radicals attacked both seats.

Average number polled by Tories,	3637
Do. Radicals,	3177

Tory majority,	460
----------------	-----

1 SUFFOLK (West).—The Radicals attacked 1 seat.					
Average number polled by Tories,	.	.	.	.	2387
Do. Radicals,	.	.	.	.	1675
Tory majority,	.	.	.	.	712
1 MONMOUTH.—The Radicals attacked 1 seat.					
Average number polled by Tories,	.	.	.	.	3564
Do. Radicals,	.	.	.	.	2418
Tory majority,	.	.	.	.	1146
1 ESSEX (North-East).—Previously divided. Radical attack repulsed, and 1 seat gained by Tories (<i>ut supra</i>). Tory majority, 620.					
2 SOMERSET (East).—The Radicals attacked both seats.					
Average number polled by Tories,	.	.	.	.	3872
Do. Radicals,	.	.	.	.	2670
Tory majority,	.	.	.	.	1202
1 WILTS (North).—The Radicals held 1 seat, attacked the other. Only 1 Tory ran—he was at top of poll.					
He polled	.	.	.	.	2758
Average number polled by Radicals,	.	.	.	.	2287
Tory majority,	.	.	.	.	471
1 KENT (East).—The Radicals held 1 seat, attacked the other. The Tories gained a seat (<i>ut supra</i>). Tory majority, 528.					
1 DEVON (South).—Lord Amberley attacked 1 seat.					
Average number polled by Tories,	.	.	.	.	3234
The Radical candidate polled	.	.	.	.	2593
Tory majority,	.	.	.	.	641
1 SURREY (West).—The representation of this Division had been divided; but in consequence of Mr. Briscoe declaring against Mr. Gladstone's policy, the Radicals started Mr. Pennington as their candidate, Mr. Briscoe, along with Mr. Cubitt, being adopted by the Tories.					
They polled	.	.	.	.	2959
Mr. Pennington polled	.	.	.	.	1757
Tory majority,	.	.	.	.	1202
1 HAMPSHIRE.—The Radicals attacked to secure both seats, but only secured — 1 seat (<i>ut supra</i>).					
31 .					

The first of these tables shows the measure of the Tory gain; the second the measure of the Radical gain: the third shows the counties where the Tory attack failed; the fourth the counties where the Radical attack failed. The Tories attacked and won 41 seats; the Radicals attacked and won 11: the Tories attacked, but failed to win, 7; the Radicals attacked, but failed to win, 31. In the late Parliament

the Tories held 94 county seats; the Radicals held 50. In the present, the Tories hold 124; the Radicals hold 45. These tables show, moreover, the measure of success or failure in individual cases—the extraordinary majorities by which the Tories won the seats which had been previously held by Radicals, the extraordinary majorities by which they repelled the Radical attack on their own.

We might stop here—as the figures speak for themselves—but there are one or two general considerations to which we would like to advert, as they add considerably to the significance of the victory.

1. The net result of the elections appears to be that the Tories, who could muster at the outside from 285 to 290 men in the last Parliament, cannot count upon more than 275 in the new. By the operation of the minority clause they have lost not less than 4 seats in England. They have lost 8 new and 2 old seats in Scotland. They have lost 12 seats in Ireland. They have lost 8 or 4 in Wales—though the weight and magnitude of the Tory mischances in the Welsh counties have been absurdly exaggerated. In the small county of Carnarvon, Mr. Pennant was beaten by 138 votes; and in Carmarthenshire, a division in the Tory ranks (caused by the conduct of Mr. Pugh, who aspired again to represent the party which on every critical division he had deserted) resulted in the return of a Radical. In Denbighshire, on the other hand, it would appear that a seat might have been won, as the only Tory candidate was at the close 700 ahead of the successful, and 1100 ahead of the unsuccessful, Radical candidate. After deducting the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh losses, and the losses through the operation of the minority clause, it appears that even numerically, and in spite of the defection of the small

boroughs, the Tories have gained considerably in England—a gain amounting to not less than 15 seats.* But this numerical success becomes vastly more important when we consider what these 15 seats represent. They represent the adhesion of some of the greatest, most powerful, and most enlightened borough constituencies in England to what we hold to be the cause of free opinion and rational religion. These 15 seats, moreover, though they represent the net Tory success, the balance of gain when expressed numerically, furnish no criterion of the actual gain that arises upon the gross Tory winnings. To arrive at this, it is necessary to know the average value of the seats which each party has gained and lost. Taking the population test (though the test of wealth would be even more in favour of the Tories, seeing *where* the Tory seats have been won), the 'Pall Mall Gazette' (a Liberal Journal) arrives at conclusions which we are able to accept as substantially accurate:—

"The average population of thirty-two places where the Liberals have gained is 24,130, while that of places where Conservatives have gained is 44,377, or nearly double. They have gained in London, Westminster, Portsmouth, Bolton, Salford, Nottingham, and Norwich, where the inhabitants range from 70,000 to 254,000. The Liberals have gained in no old or unaltered borough with more than 45,000 inhabitants, except Sunderland, which has 85,000."

* Thus—

Tory loss on minority seats (say),	4
" in Scotland,	10
" in Ireland,	12
" in Wales,	4
Total,	30

But the Tories in this Parliament have 275 members, instead of 285 or 290 in the last. (The Whig 'Globe' in 1865 put the number of Conservatives returned at 287, of Liberals at 371; the Tory 'Morning Herald' made the numbers respectively 289 and 368.) Total loss (say),

12

Tory gain in England,

18

Even these figures do not enable us to realise completely the change which the borough elections have produced on the relative strength of parties, as measured by the value of the constituencies they represent (seeing that, to arrive at a perfectly fair result, the respective *losses* ought also to be computed); and it must be added that the average population of the counties which "the Tories have swept" amounts to 250,000 or thereby, and that, though a large proportion of this is a borough population, the county are numerically much stronger than the borough constituencies.

2. The splendid victory gained in the North-Western boroughs, in Lancashire and in the counties where the influence of Lancashire men is most felt cannot be overrated. The population of Lancashire alone exceeds the population of Scotland. The people are highly educated, keenly intelligent, active and inventive, immensely wealthy. Their heroic patience during the cotton famine elicited the admiration of Europe. Sir Robert Peel, the shrewdest of observers, used to declare that he always looked to Lancashire to learn in what direction the tide of public opinion was setting. "What Lancashire thinks to-day, all England thinks to-morrow." In this respect it is the heart of the empire. "We have got the centre," Napoleon exclaimed at the battle of Wagram; and the political centre of England is in the hands of the Tories. This means much in the present—more in the future. The centre has become vehemently Tory; that the circle will widen, and that the outlying districts will in time receive the dominant impression, may be reasonably anticipated. The victory has been decisive, and no ingenuity can explain it away. The Radicals ran their best men—Gladstone, Hartington, Milner Gibson, Frederick Peel—all prominent and distinguished members of the Radical party. It is said, indeed, that hostility to the Irish immigrants has induced the population

to pronounce against Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. But the explanation is confessedly inadequate. There is undoubtedly a strong Irish element in these districts, as the Poor-law returns unhappily testify. But there can be no doubt that by household suffrage the great bulk of the Irish have been enfranchised; and it is matter of notoriety that to a man they have voted with the Radicals; that in one or two boroughs, like Wigan and Burnley, that have been able to turn the scale against the Tories; and that, without their aid, the Radical candidates in many districts would have been literally nowhere. Subtract the Irish vote, and the opinion of Lancashire would have been declared in a yet more unequivocal fashion.

8. No one (not wilfully blind) can avoid seeing that the county figures represent a *great popular rising*. The influence of the Cavendishes may save a seat in Derbyshire, the influence of the Berkeleys may win a seat in Gloucester, the influence of the Fitzwilliams may turn the wavering balance in the West Riding, the distant Cornish men may still rally round a Trelawney, but, speaking roundly, all the territorial authority of the great Whig houses has been powerless to stem the tide of Conservative opinion in the counties. It is difficult to rouse the county constituencies; they are generally disposed to acquiesce in the arrangements and compacts by which the local gentry and aristocracy apportion the representation; but when a real crisis arises, when any serious danger threatens the Constitution, the potential strength of Conservatism is stirred into passionate activity. The men of Lancashire, the men of Middlesex, are clearly *in earnest*; and while Mr. Gladstone's destructive policy has nowhere in England evoked any genuine enthusiasm, it has met in the great industrial and agrarian constituencies with bitter hostility.

4. Apart altogether from the operation of the minority clause

(to which we have adverted), the victory in the counties was achieved at a disadvantage. The county Tories might well have been disheartened by knowing that the Scotch and Irish elections had even then provided Mr. Gladstone with a working majority. Before the county battle began, the Government had been virtually defeated. Englishmen are imitative animals, prepared to accept without reluctance the new theological dogma that Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions. Had the county elections been taken first, it is plain that they would have exerted a decisive effect upon the wavering and lukewarm majorities in many of the boroughs. Another apparently adverse circumstance was the defeat last session of the more important provisions of the Boundaries of Boroughs Bill. The consequence of this defeat was, that an immense urban or suburban population was included, through the operation of the £12 franchise, in the county constituencies. It was supposed, to take one instance out of many, that, as a populous suburb of Birmingham—the Manor of Aston—had been retained in North Warwickshire, that division of the county had been virtually handed over to the Radicals. But the Tories, Mr. Newdegate and Mr. Davenport Bromley, won by unprecedented majorities. The urban population scattered through the metropolitan counties is enormous. But it is clear that the electors of Middlesex, Mid-Surrey, West Kent, and the other constituencies directly influenced by the capital, are profoundly Conservative. The defeat of the Boroughs Bill has thus increased the moral weight of the county demonstration; and what we had held to be a serious blow has proved a blessing in disguise.

There are other circumstances which add to the significance of the Tory success in the counties. It can no longer be said that the county constituencies are exclusively agricultural. It won't do for

the Radical journals to ascribe their defeat throughout the English provinces to the ignorance and servility of clodhoppers. The fact is, that the *élite* of the borough population has migrated into the counties. The great merchants and prosperous manufacturers have everywhere their country-houses; their managers and chief clerks live in villas outside the municipal boundaries; the improved dwellings for the men who work in mills and factories and foundries are being erected among the green gardens and the breezy lanes of the suburbs. This is a reform in which we rejoice; for there is no more wholesome and conservative influence than abundance of fresh air. But the introduction of this characteristically town element had been undoubtedly a source of considerable anxiety to the Tories. At the elections of 1865 many of the counties went over to the enemy, and many were retained by unsatisfactory majorities. The defection was ascribed by the Radical journals to the progress of intelligence due to the rising strength of the suburban electors. The last stronghold of Toryism, they triumphantly declared, was becoming untenable.

We need not wonder that the Tories, recalling the casualties of 1865, and knowing that the £12 franchise had added vastly to the influence of this class, should have felt nervous about the November conflict. The elections, however, have set their minds at ease—have assured them, that the counties, industrial as well as agricultural, are with them, and that, Boundary Bill or no Boundary Bill, their fealty for the future can be confidently reckoned upon. It was most unfortunate, indeed, that the Tories should have even momentarily doubted their ability to retain the command of what has always been their base of operations. Had they been confident, it is clear that the Conservative majority of county representatives might have been

largely increased. In many districts they were afraid to disturb the old family arrangements by which one seat was given to a Tory, the other to a Whig. Several of the new seats in strongly Conservative districts were abandoned without a contest. When the Tories, moreover, resolved to attack a Whig county, they were content to start a single candidate, and it was not until the close of the polling that it was seen that another might have been carried. They will enter upon the next elections knowing their strength, and determined to strain it to the utmost. Predictions, like curses, are perilous—having an unpleasant tendency, as Mr. Lowe knows, to turn upon their authors; but we believe that the best-informed Radical managers are now aware that, should another election take place before many months have passed—and we are convinced that another election is imminent—there are barely a score of county seats on which they can reckon.

The facts to which we have drawn attention should inspire confidence. They show that Toryism in England is strong in numbers, strong in wealth, and (this is the real force on which we rely) strong in conviction. Household suffrage in the populous towns, a £12 suffrage in the populous counties, have disclosed new sources of strength. The leap in the dark—a leap precipitated by the selfish and insincere manœuvres of the Whigs, who at the last were of all men the most reluctant to take the plunge—has landed us on solid ground. But there is need for patience and zeal, as well as ground for confidence. The Tory party is strong in defence, and time is on their side. Moderate men of all parties are becoming convinced that a destructive or merely negative policy, like that

which Mr. Gladstone has announced, cannot be a patriotic policy; but the moderate Radicals, well drilled in the lessons of party loyalty, have not yet had courage to leave the leaders under whom they have hitherto acted. At the same time, there is need for zeal and earnestness—such zeal and such earnestness as the men of Lancashire have shown. It cannot be concealed that the Voluntaries of Scotland, the Roman Catholics of Ireland, have agreed to dismember the English Church; and (to neutralise their excessive and inordinate voting power in Parliament) a strenuous and persistent effort is demanded from English Churchmen. The struggle has been well begun; and we are convinced that when England is again appealed to she will reply in quite unmistakable terms.

One word more and we have done. To the first House of Commons elected under the Reform Bill of 1832 not more than 140 Tory members were returned—mainly by the small constituencies which had been spared. The Tory members returned to the first Parliament elected under the Reform bills of 1867-68 number not less than 275, and these represent the most powerful constituencies in the kingdom. This comparison, we think, conclusively establishes the wisdom of the Reform policy of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli. No man in his senses can doubt that, in spite of Tory resistance, the Whigs would have ultimately succeeded in passing their £7, £6, or £5 franchise Bill, and that in that event the Conservative party would have been routed, as it was routed in 1832. We are convinced that to the prudent and courageous policy of 1867 we are indebted for results which, if not entirely satisfactory, are yet in many aspects eminently encouraging.

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DOUBLES AND QUITS : A COMEDY OF ERRORS.—PART IV.

"We vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers: thinking it harder for our mistresses to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed."

—*Troilus and Cressida*.

"Tis from no want in her;
It is my shyness or my self-distrust,
Or something of a wayward modern mind
Dissecting passion."

—*TENNYSON*.

CHAPTER VIII.

For some time past, as I have said, my visits to the Hermitage had been almost daily; certainly two days never elapsed without seeing me on my way to the shrine of my worship.

A common taste and a common interest are grand allies of the tender passion—indeed, without one or other, it is difficult to see how affairs of the heart can progress; and when such tastes and interests are sincerely attached to objects which, like the fine arts, appeal principally to the imagination and the heart, the force of the alliance can scarcely be overestimated.

Identity of feeling in such matters is something more than a coincidence of convictions in other things—it is a genuine sympathy, begetting and disclosing other sympathies. Thus hearts that are tending towards each other have, with

that common assistance, such safe and tentative methods of mutual approach, that an almost perfectly unconscious harmony may be established between them, and their relations may be said to be definitively settled before the thought of either has found vent in speech—speech that comes, at last, sudden, ungainly, and incoherent, like the startled exclamations of those who encounter in the dark.

Lady Rose and I had at least one taste in common—a taste that was more than a taste, amounting, in my case at least, to a passion—and that was music; music, than which there is no more subtle minister of love, supplying to the lover an endless store of allegory and parable, wherein to wrap, as in a light and only half-concealing d r. the plicating form of l
unconscious of

playing in the history of mine, unconscious that it was revealing her to me and interpreting me to her—conscious only that it yielded an increased delight, and was blended by a thousand associations with the idea of my divinity. Yet not the less was it lending to the *Parcæ* golden threads to weave the woof of our destiny withal.

But music was not the means of a merely inward, invisible, metaphysical *rapproch* between us; it was also the basis, the ostensible ground, of much of our outward and visible communion.

I admired a song of hers perhaps. Probably it would suit a tenor; probably it would suit me. She would copy it for me; she would teach it to me. I was not a quick pupil, and the song would require many rehearsals. Then came duets. At first she did not encourage the idea of performances in common; but as it became an object of constant solicitation and feverish desire on my part, she assented; and these were supreme moments for me, when my voice was mingled with hers in interpreting those inner mysteries of pathos which no human words—which music only—can rehearse.

But what were Lady Rose's feelings all this time? Ah! there was the question. But here again my want of culture in the art of love left me at fault; and as I began to speculate, after a time, what might come of this overmastering passion of mine, I could only wander about in a maze of conjectures, at the guidance of random hopes and fears. Lady Rose was kind to me—she was gracious to me; glad to see me when I came—and when I stayed away, noticed it with surprise, and, I even thought, with regret. She liked my songs—she sang my favourites of her own accord; and if I ventured to admire a particular dress or ornament, or to praise this or that colour, I rather fancied that they did not from that circumstance lose in her regard. So, too,

in the matter of flowers and books and many other subjects. But with all this, through all, even her deeper feelings, there seemed to run a vein of light irony and playful banter which would suddenly divert her from subjects of high interest. Malapropos (as it seemed to me) perceptions of the incongruous and the ludicrous were for ever interrupting the course of conversations that were becoming critical; and I was often driven to the despairing conviction either that, with all her charming endowments, no grave impression could resist this spirit of mockery, or that I was being experimented upon, played with and tortured to gratify partly her womanly vanity, partly the quaint and humorous vein in which she chose to regard things in general. But then a man "in love" is undeniably a ludicrous object (*kismet*—it is written in his forehead). He is generally conscious of it himself, I should think, and may even be to himself at times the subject of a grimly humorous contemplation. Was it possible that Lady Rose was ignorant of my condition? No; it was impossible; and was she, though accepting the adoration, likely to miss the absurdities that cling fatally to all such devotees? Certainly not. She might love me then, although my incongruities as a lover might amuse her? Perhaps. Well, that was to say that she might love and laugh at me at one and the same time, which was absurd. Love is devotion; in laughter of this sort there is contempt—and who ever heard of a contemptuous devotion? With these and suchlike speculations I began to torment myself unceasingly, the only conclusion I ever arrived at being that I was more and more hopelessly in love, and that without Rose life would be insupportable.

A short time before Burrig's confession, it had transpired at the Hermitage that his regiment had arrived at the camp. He was forth-

with invited to dinner, but declined on the score of health.

I was cross-examined by Badger in open court about him, and as to whether I had made his acquaintance. I admitted that I had, that I knew him, that I was even intimate with him; finally, that I liked him, and thought him a good fellow. After this Miss Richmond was much more visible to me than she had been before, and much more inclined to be intimate and friendly. Lady Rose, on the contrary, seemed every now and then to remind herself that she had an occasion against me, and whenever Burr ridge became the subject of conversation, would treat me for some time with marked coldness. There was no mystery for once about this—indeed there was no mystery to me at all now. She looked on Burr ridge as a heartless scoundrel, and resented the idea of his being treated as an intimate and a good fellow, by any one whom she honoured with her acquaintance.

The day after Burr ridge had confided to me his story, I was detained in camp by duty, and it was not till the following afternoon that I was able to visit the Hermitage. Nearly three days without seeing Rose—an unparalleled event! I had found growing about the trees under which Burr ridge and I had rested a pretty fern, of a species which Lady Rose (who was a connoisseur and collector) did not possess. I brought it home with me, and took it over this afternoon to present.

I found her alone in the garden. "Where have you been, Sir Truant?" she said. "All my pains and all my good temper have been wasted on you, for in three days you must have forgotten that passage in the new song about which you really were stupidity personified."

"Affairs of state and cares of office, Lady Rose," I said, "and the urgent call of friendship, have made me a very unwilling truant; but look! I have brought a peace-offering; here is an olive-branch

in the shape of a new fern. I have not neglected my botany, at all events, you see."

"Oh! it is beautiful," she cried; "I am so much obliged. I had no idea this fern was to be found in this part of the country. Where did you find it?"

"I knew a bank whereon this wild fern grows, Close to the highroad which to Trencham goes, Quite over-encopied with oak-trees fine; I lay from luncheon till the hour to dine— All Tuesday lay there, and on leaving brought This tribute to an ever-present thought!"

I delivered this as if I had improvised it, although in fact it had been excogitated with some trouble on the ride from camp.

"Dear me!" cried Lady Rose, "you must certainly have been visited by some of the Muses when you were asleep, like—like who was it? But were you alone and asleep really and truly like a boy staying away from school out of pure idleness? For shame! I didn't expect it of you!"

"No, Lady Rose, I wasn't staying away out of idleness—I stayed away to my regret, I assure you—much to my discontent. I spent a wretched day, and my feelings all yesterday were not enviable, that you may—"

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "I hope you hadn't been killing any one, and burying him under the trees. Stay, let me see; is this really a fern and not a mandrake? No, no" (as I was going to interrupt her), "don't tell me about it. I might be taken up as an accomplice, you know."

"I was neither asleep, nor alone, nor killing any one, nor helping any one to kill and bury any one else; yet I had an interesting day, though, as I say, I regretted not being here."

"No tragedy after all! you were surveying, or skirmishing, or some stupid thing of that sort, I suppose?"

"Nothing of the sort; I was

having a long *tête-à-tête* with a friend."

"And he bored you?"

"No; he didn't bore me at all; he interested me deeply."

"I should like to see him, as a natural curiosity. A person who can carry on a *tête-à-tête* interview from luncheon to dinner without becoming a bore, is a person I should like to see."

"I rather think you would not care to see the person in question."

"Why! who was he?"

"He was no other than the person to whom I am eternally indebted for having been, though involuntarily, the cause of my acquaintance with you."

"You mean—you mean——?"

"I mean Captain Burrige."

"Oh!" said Lady Rose; but there was a world of meaning concentrated in the monosyllable; by it Burrige was scourged and executed, and I was sent to Coventry.

"You are prejudiced against him, Lady Rose, I am well aware."

"No, Captain Bruce, *prejudice* is not the word. I have formed a *judgment* in the matter, and it is against him certainly."

"But I don't see—pardon me for saying so—how a judgment can be arrived at without hearing both sides."

"I don't pretend to be a lawyer, but I believe there is such a thing as judgment going by default; and it strikes me that this is clearly a case where it may do so justly."

"No, Lady Rose, I assure you it is not so. As a man, my friend is honourable and upright—and as a lover, constant and true as steel; but he has been the victim of cruel misfortunes and vile machinations. You yourself would be the first to do him justice if you knew his story."

"What is his story?"

"Pardon me, that is not his secret alone; it is Miss Richmond's."

"Do you mean to tell me that

my cousin is satisfied this Captain Burrige is the paragon you represent him to be; that she does not consider herself aggrieved, outraged, insulted by his neglect?"

"It is so indeed."

"I cannot comprehend this. You assert that there is a mutual understanding and an affection still subsisting between them?"

"I do."

"Then why this misery, this separation, this intolerable mystery?"

"Pardon me, Lady Rose; that is the secret. That there is a barrier I do not of course deny. I will take it upon me, however, to say that I am quite sure your cousin would be much benefited by taking you into her confidence. You might tell her you are led to understand that Captain Burrige is not to blame, as you had believed, but that a secret reason justifies the cessation of his correspondence, and then advise her to relieve her distress by confiding the mystery to you."

"Is this barrier of a sort that might be removed by the counsels and good offices of friends?"

"There is no reconciliation necessary; they are at one. It is a question of great delicacy. I think it possible that the assistance of friends *might* be of use. I can assure you that no exertions on my part shall be spared to assist in clearing away their difficulties."

"Oh! Captain Bruce, if you did that—if you made my cousin happy again—I don't know how I could ever show my gratitude to you sufficiently. I am sure you are wise and prudent and clever, and if you only take it in hand you will succeed; and you will take it in hand, will you not?"

"I am sorry that it is not a more distasteful undertaking."

"Why?"

"That I might show you, Lady Rose—that I might show you that your slightest wish is a law to me—that whatever it directed, however arduous and painful, it would

become my deepest delight to execute; and" (I added, entirely forgetting, in my enthusiasm, the nature of the service that could alone help the lovers) "I will do anything—I will go through fire and water, to serve you—I mean them."

"Thank you; you are kind, but I retract what I said about your wisdom; I think you are an excessively foolish and hare-brained person, and I must give you another geranium if you do not try to improve."

Here was the east wind set in at once.

"Oh, if I could receive another flower!" I sighed, in a rather lackadaisical manner I fear.

"Another flower? and so you shall. I will make interest with my uncle, and tease him to give you another of his sacred peonies."

"When a knight-errant went forth to perform a deed of arms at the request of his lady, did she not use to fortify him with some token, some badge of her, to animate him in the contest?"

"*Après?*"

"Well, then—that is—yes—I mean—give me your badge, your token, that I may wear it; give me a rose."

"Knights-errant wore their badges in their helmets, did they not? Now, I am sure a peony would look much better in your shako; how the General would admire it! Just reflect!"

"Ah! Lady Rose, will you never be serious? You are too cruel. The rose would be a priceless boon to me."

"Sir knight, I incline to think you are cunning, as it becomes a Celt to be; but I too am cunning. You shall earn this flower. If I gave it you now you would, according to your own statement, have got all you wanted—you would have no inducement to persevere; therefore you shall earn it. Come back safe and victorious out of the fire and out of the water, and you shall have it."

"And how shall I then interpret it?" I asked, in a voice meant to be full of the tenderest meaning.

"Captain Bruce, I am not a diviner, nor a prophetess, nor a witch. I can neither look forward into the future nor peer into the depths of your mysterious mind. You had better go to town and consult the new clairvoyante. *En attendant*, here, to encourage you, is something that means 'perseverance'—it is nearly as grand as a peony;" and she gave me a blossom of magnolia.

I pressed it to my lips, and was gasping and gobbling in abortive attempts to say something critical, when she broke up the *tête-à-tête* by moving towards the house, saying, "That concludes our lesson in botany for to-day. I am very much pleased with your progress; your discovery of the fern is really a most hopeful sign."

I was at the Hermitage again next day, and Lady Rose opened the subject of the Burridge controversy.

"I have taken your advice, Captain Bruce," she said. "I have spoken to my cousin; she has told me the story."

"It is a strange one, is it not? and you now look on Captain Burridge in a different light?"

"Certainly it is a strange story, and certainly I do look upon Captain Burridge in a different light; but do not imagine that I have exalted him into a hero of romance."

"I did not expect that; I thought you would be touched by his misfortunes; I thought that the generosity which led him to his first false step would intercede with you when you came to judge of his error with regard to your cousin."

"One cannot help pitying his hard lot, of course; but it would be odd morality, would it not, to say of an unfortunate criminal, 'Poor fellow! he has had desperate sorrows and trials, and if he has committed a murder or two we must stretch a point for him; for this

wretch on whom Fate has been so hard, and who has shown that he has some human feeling——”

“That is rather an extreme view.”

“It is quite a fair one. I want to show you that I recognise no excuse for Captain Burridge’s conduct to my cousin, however I may pity him; no excuse but one that is not flattering, and that is, his own miserable weakness. If I admit that he is upright and honourable, as you say, I can only do so with the qualifications which complete Thackeray’s definition of the Heavy Dragoon.”

“You are very severe. Consider the strong temptation, the violent excitement which hurried him into a declaration, and that he would at once have recalled it, but for what happened.”

“Oh! I consider all that; but I remember that he saw her frequently before the night of his declaration—saw her frequently—fostered his own feelings and encouraged hers—in fact, deliberately took the steps which were sure to lead to the catastrophe which did happen; but then I consider his previous career—I have had an outline of it, you know—and as he appears to have been made a dupe of on all hands, why, I give him the benefit of the milder solution: if he is not a knave, Captain Bruce, there is but one alternative description, and, in my mercy, I select that. You are loyal to your friend. I like loyalty; it is a great quality; but you are the last man whose judgment I should expect to be warped by that or any other consideration, in a question either of principle or intelligence, and I expect you to agree with me.”

I had never seen her more in earnest, and I must confess that these delightful expressions as to myself made her small opinion of my friend much more palatable than it would otherwise have been.

“Oh!” I replied, “I don’t pretend that he is a genius, though I will not go the length of admitting

your ‘milder alternative;’ all I say is, that he is a right good fellow—devoted to your cousin—and that he is a man of whose affection no woman need be ashamed. After all, great intellect on either side is not essential to a happy marriage.”

“Well, perhaps you are right. I confess that weakness does not appear to me to be a fascinating quality; but everything else granted, how is the obstacle to be removed? that is the question. You dubbed yourself a knight-errant in the cause. You see some sphere for your exploits, I suppose? some fire and water to go through. You are not going to tilt hap-hazard at windmills like Don Quixote? What is your scheme?”

Now I had become conscious that, in my protestations of yesterday, I had been, in fact, talking hideous nonsense, making vows and undertakings of which I could foresee no realisation; and at this moment the exceeding unknighthood of the service that could alone rescue Burridge—viz., the collection of unpleasant statistics as to Carlotta’s present life—stood out in such ludicrous relief against my chivalresque phrases, that I fairly laughed out. I turned it off, however, by remarking on female curiosity, and vaguely assured her that she would see.

“Well, Captain Bruce,” she said, with great earnestness, “my cousin’s happiness is above all things dear to me. It is torture to me to witness her silent suffering, her hopeless despondency—she who was like a sunbeam wherever she came. It is torture to me to witness all this without the power to comfort or help; and if her union with Captain Burridge is to secure, really to bring back, true happiness to her——”

“I will answer for it; I will guarantee it,” I cried.

“I accept your guarantee: perhaps I have been hard upon your friend. You have had opportunities of judging of him, and, notwithstanding all I have said, I

respect your judgment, I trust you; I know you would not deceive me, and I will hope with all my heart and soul that your efforts will soon be triumphant. You have zeal for your friend, you have humanity to inspire you, and—and—you have my—my best wishes, if they are of any importance."

"You cannot imagine how happy you make me by these words, and never man had such inducements to exertion as I have," I replied, again forgetting that my exertions must be rather those of Inspector Tanner than of Sir Galahad. "I shall look forward to claiming my guerdon; I shall think of that rose—"

"Are you really so anxious for such a trifle?" she inquired, looking at me earnestly, as if surprised.

"A trifle? it is everything to me—it is life to me; and when I have

won it—when I have won this symbol, Lady Rose, I warn you that I shall be bold in my interpretation."

A bright blush suffused her beautiful face, and she said falteringly, "A symbol did I say?—did I promise that it should be a symbol?"

"You did not promise it, but you will not be so cruel as to take all the hope out of my life?"

Lady Rose lowered her beautiful eyes, and I was just going to begin my interpretations *d'avance*, when lo! that *passima tigris* Mrs. Badger bounced round the corner of the walk, and broke up our interview with strident cries of "Luncheon! luncheon! luncheon!" Disappointed, but not desponding, I went away that day, for in my heart I felt that this lovely prize might be mine.

CHAPTER IX.

Pure happiness comes only to us mortal men, if it ever comes at all, in swift electric flashes, that are gone while we are yet wondering at the phenomenon. The conviction of my hopes sent such an electric thrill through my heart, but ere yet its intense vibrations had pulsed themselves away, ever-watchful Care was up and doing. I had thought of my love, of wooing and winning, in an ethereal and abstract way; to hear Lady Rose confess that my love was requited—that had been my goal, and I had looked no farther. But now that there dawned a possibility of reaching it, Care, who never seems to abandon one method of torture till she has secured another, was ready for me. "Wooing and winning," quoth she, "are simple enough—though, by the by, the latter is no certainty for you yet—to woo and to win are matters of everyday occurrence; but you know it is proverbially rare to wed the object of your first love. How are you to marry?

What is your income? You wince, but that is the main question after all. Sordid? of course it is; what isn't, pray? Can you pay rent and taxes, wages, weekly bills, monthly bills, yearly bills, for an establishment such as you can ask a lady to share? What is your income? Consider. Out with it!" It unfortunately called for no deep financial calculation to arrive at the sum in question. The pay of a captain, a heavily-muloted £200 a-year, and £300 a-year of my own in the Funds—it was a case of very simple addition; and this was all I had, and all I could ever calculate upon as a certainty. That was bad; it was desperately bad.

The failure of the three-hundred-a-year marriages, so much talked of once, has no doubt been painfully demonstrated long ago. It is perhaps to the mortal writhings of some of the poor birds who were taken captive by that specious lure that all the commotion in the provision market is due, that the

having a long *tête-à-tête* with a friend."

"And he bored you?"

"No; he didn't bore me at all; he interested me deeply."

"I should like to see him, as a natural curiosity. A person who can carry on a *tête-à-tête* interview from luncheon to dinner without becoming a bore, is a person I should like to see."

"I rather think you would not care to see the person in question."

"Why! who was he?"

"He was no other than the person to whom I am eternally indebted for having been, though involuntarily, the cause of my acquaintance with you."

"You mean—you mean——?"

"I mean Captain Burridge."

"Oh!" said Lady Rose; but there was a world of meaning concentrated in the monosyllable; by it Burridge was scourged and executed, and I was sent to Coventry.

"You are prejudiced against him, Lady Rose, I am well aware."

"No, Captain Bruce, *prejudice* is not the word. I have formed a *judgment* in the matter, and it is against him certainly."

"But I don't see—pardon me for saying so—how a judgment can be arrived at without hearing both sides."

"I don't pretend to be a lawyer, but I believe there is such a thing as judgment going by default; and it strikes me that this is clearly a case where it may do so justly."

"No, Lady Rose, I assure you it is not so. As a man, my friend is honourable and upright—and as a lover, constant and true as steel; but he has been the victim of cruel misfortunes and vile machinations. You yourself would be the first to do him justice if you knew his story."

"What is his story?"

"Pardon me, that is not his secret alone; it is Miss Richmond's."

"Do you mean to tell me that

my cousin is satisfied this Captain Burridge is the paragon you represent him to be; that she does not consider herself aggrieved, outraged, insulted by his neglect?"

"It is so indeed."

"I cannot comprehend this. You assert that there is a mutual understanding and an affection still subsisting between them?"

"I do."

"Then why this misery, this separation, this intolerable mystery?"

"Pardon me, Lady Rose; that is the secret. That there is a barrier I do not of course deny. I will take it upon me, however, to say that I am quite sure your cousin would be much benefited by taking you into her confidence. You might tell her you are led to understand that Captain Burridge is not to blame, as you had believed, but that a secret reason justifies the cessation of his correspondence, and then advise her to relieve her distress by confiding the mystery to you."

"Is this barrier of a sort that might be removed by the counsels and good offices of friends?"

"There is no reconciliation necessary; they are at one. It is a question of great delicacy. I think it possible that the assistance of friends *might* be of use. I can assure you that no exertions on my part shall be spared to assist in clearing away their difficulties."

"Oh! Captain Bruce, if you did that—if you made my cousin happy again—I don't know how I could ever show my gratitude to you sufficiently. I am sure you are wise and prudent and clever, and if you only take it in hand you will succeed; and you will take it in hand, will you not?"

"I am sorry that it is not a more distasteful undertaking."

"Why?"

"That I might show you, Lady Rose—that I might show you that your slightest wish is a law to me—that whatever it directed, however arduous and painful, it would

become my deepest delight to execute; and" (I added, entirely forgetting, in my enthusiasm, the nature of the service that could alone help the lovers) "I will do anything—I will go through fire and water, to serve you—I mean them."

"Thank you; you are kind, but I retract what I said about your wisdom; I think you are an excessively foolish and hare-brained person, and I must give you another geranium if you do not try to improve."

Here was the east wind set in at once.

"Oh, if I could receive another flower!" I sighed, in a rather lackadaisical manner I fear.

"Another flower? and so you shall. I will make interest with my uncle, and tease him to give you another of his sacred peonies."

"When a knight-errant went forth to perform a deed of arms at the request of his lady, did she not use to fortify him with some token, some badge of her, to animate him in the contest?"

"*Après?*"

"Well, then—that is—yes—I mean—give me your badge, your token, that I may wear it; give me a rose."

"Knights-errant wore their badges in their helmets, did they not? Now, I am sure a peony would look much better in your shako; how the General would admire it! Just reflect!"

"Ah! Lady Rose, will you never be serious? You are too cruel. The rose would be a priceless boon to me."

"Sir knight, I incline to think you are cunning, as it becomes a Celt to be; but I too am cunning. You shall earn this flower. If I gave it you now you would, according to your own statement, have got all you wanted—you would have no inducement to persevere; therefore you shall earn it. Come back safe and victorious out of the fire and out of the water, and you shall have it."

"And how shall I then interpret it?" I asked, in a voice meant to be full of the tenderest meaning.

"Captain Bruce, I am not a diviner, nor a prophetess, nor a witch. I can neither look forward into the future nor peer into the depths of your mysterious mind. You had better go to town and consult the new clairvoyante. *En attendant*, here, to encourage you, is something that means 'perseverance'—it is nearly as grand as a peony;" and she gave me a blossom of magnolia.

I pressed it to my lips, and was gasping and gobbling in abortive attempts to say something critical, when she broke up the *tête-à-tête* by moving towards the house, saying, "That concludes our lesson in botany for to-day. I am very much pleased with your progress; your discovery of the fern is really a most hopeful sign."

I was at the Hermitage again next day, and Lady Rose opened the subject of the Burrige controversy.

"I have taken your advice, Captain Bruce," she said. "I have spoken to my cousin; she has told me the story."

"It is a strange one, is it not? and you now look on Captain Burrige in a different light?"

"Certainly it is a strange story, and certainly I do look upon Captain Burrige in a different light; but do not imagine that I have exalted him into a hero of romance."

"I did not expect that; I thought you would be touched by his misfortunes; I thought that the generosity which led him to his first false step would intercede with you when you came to judge of his error with regard to your cousin."

"One cannot help pitying his hard lot, of course; but it would be odd morality, would it not, to say of an unfortunate criminal, 'Poor fellow! he has had desperate sorrows and trials, and if he has committed a murder or two we must stretch a point for him; for this

wretch on whom Fate has been so hard, and who has shown that he has some human feeling——”

“That is rather an extreme view.”

“It is quite a fair one. I want to show you that I recognise no excuse for Captain Burrige's conduct to my cousin, however I may pity him; no excuse but one that is not flattering, and that is, his own miserable weakness. If I admit that he is upright and honourable, as you say, I can only do so with the qualifications which complete Thackeray's definition of the Heavy Dragon.”

“You are very severe. Consider the strong temptation, the violent excitement which hurried him into a declaration, and that he would at once have recalled it, but for what happened.”

“Oh! I consider all that; but I remember that he saw her frequently before the night of his declaration—saw her frequently—fostered his own feelings and encouraged here—in fact, deliberately took the steps which were sure to lead to the catastrophe which did happen; but then I consider his previous career—I have had an outline of it, you know—and as he appears to have been made a dupe of on all hands, why, I give him the benefit of the milder solution: if he is not a knave, Captain Bruce, there is but one alternative description, and, in my mercy, I select that. You are loyal to your friend. I like loyalty; it is a great quality; but you are the last man whose judgment I should expect to be warped by that or any other consideration, in a question either of principle or intelligence, and I expect you to agree with me.”

I had never seen her more in earnest, and I must confess that these delightful expressions as to myself made her small opinion of my friend much more palatable than it would otherwise have been.

“Oh!” I replied, “I don't pretend that he is a genius, though I will not go the length of admitting

your ‘milder alternative;’ all I say is, that he is a right good fellow—devoted to your cousin—and that he is a man of whose affection no woman need be ashamed. After all, great intellect on either side is not essential to a happy marriage.”

“Well, perhaps you are right. I confess that weakness does not appear to me to be a fascinating quality; but everything else granted, how is the obstacle to be removed? that is the question. You dubbed yourself a knight-errant in the cause. You see some sphere for your exploits, I suppose? some fire and water to go through. You are not going to tilt hap-hazard at windmills like Don Quixote? What is your scheme?”

Now I had become conscious that, in my protestations of yesterday, I had been, in fact, talking hideous nonsense, making vows and undertakings of which I could foresee no realisation; and at this moment the exceeding unknighthood of the service that could alone rescue Burrige—viz., the collection of unpleasant statistics as to Carlotta's present life—stood out in such ludicrous relief against my chivalresque phrases, that I fairly laughed out. I turned it off, however, by remarking on female curiosity, and vaguely assured her that she would see.

“Well, Captain Bruce,” she said, with great earnestness, “my cousin's happiness is above all things dear to me. It is torture to me to witness her silent suffering, her hopeless despondency—she who was like a sunbeam wherever she came. It is torture to me to witness all this without the power to comfort or help; and if her union with Captain Burrige is to secure, really to bring back, true happiness to her——”

“I will answer for it; I will guarantee it,” I cried.

“I accept your guarantee: perhaps I have been hard upon your friend. You have had opportunities of judging of him, and, notwithstanding all I have said, I

respect your judgment, I trust you; I know you would not deceive me, and I will hope with all my heart and soul that your efforts will soon be triumphant. You have zeal for your friend, you have humanity to inspire you, and—and—you have my—my best wishes, if they are of any importance."

"You cannot imagine how happy you make me by these words, and never man had such inducements to exertion as I have," I replied, again forgetting that my exertions must be rather those of Inspector Tapper than of Sir Galshead. "I shall look forward to claiming my garden; I shall think of that rose—"

"Are you really so anxious for such a trifle?" she inquired, looking at me earnestly, as if surprised.

"A trifle? it is everything to me—it is life to me; and when I have

won it—when I have won this symbol, Lady Rose, I warn you that I shall be bold in my interpretation."

A bright blush suffused her beautiful face, and she said falteringly, "A symbol did I say?—did I promise that it should be a symbol?"

"You did not promise it, but you will not be so cruel as to take all the hope out of my life?"

Lady Rose lowered her beautiful eyes, and I was just going to begin my interpretations *à la* *Madame*, when lo! that pestiferous Mrs. Badger bounced round the corner of the walk, and broke up our interview with stident cries of "Luncheon! luncheon! luncheon!" Disappointed, but not desponding, I went away that day, for in my heart I felt that this lovely prize might be mine.

CHAPTER IX.

Pure happiness comes only to us mortal men, if it ever comes at all, in swift electric flashes, that are gone while we are yet wondering at the phenomenon. The conviction of my hopes sent such an electric thrill through my heart, but ere yet its intense vibrations had pulsed themselves away, ever-watchful Care was up and doing. I had thought of my love, of wooing and winning, in an ethereal and abstract way; to hear Lady Rose confess that my love was requited—that had been my goal, and I had looked no farther. But now that there dawned a possibility of reaching it, Care, who never seems to abandon one method of torture till she has secured another, was ready for me. "Wooing and winning," quoth she, "are simple enough—though, by the by, the latter is no certainty for you yet—to woo and to win are matters of everyday occurrence; but you know it is proverbially rare to wed the object of your first love. How are you to marry?

What is your income? You wince, but that is the main question after all. Sordid? of course it is; what isn't, pray? Can you pay rent and taxes, wages, weekly bills, monthly bills, yearly bills, for an establishment such as you can ask a lady to share? What is your income? Consider. Out with it!" It unfortunately called for no deep financial calculation to arrive at the sum in question. The pay of a captain, a heavily-muloted £200 a-year, and £300 a-year of my own in the Funds—it was a case of very simple addition; and this was all I had, and all I could ever calculate upon as a certainty. That was bad; it was desperately bad.

The failure of the three-hundred-a-year marriages, so much talked of once, has no doubt been painfully demonstrated long ago. It is perhaps to the mortal writhings of some of the poor birds who were taken captive by that specious lure that all the commotion in the provision market is due, that the

face of the public is sharpened against that *draco reluctant* the West-end tradesman, and that all the world co-operates and becomes its own grocer. The three-hundred-a-year fallacy, or any fallacy in any way approximating to it, I was in no danger of falling into. I had plumbed the capabilities of £500 a-year. I knew that income was barely sufficient for my own somewhat frugal wants—how, then, was it to do for two, even with grievous sacrifices on both sides? "I think you can scarcely miss the absurdity of the idea," remarked Care, as she plumped down with a heavy thud upon my soul.

"Dolly, old boy," I said that night to my double, who was as usual lounging in my hut, "I am infernally miserable!"

"So am I," replied Dolly, stolidly.

"That of course I take for granted—there's no novelty in that, and it doesn't remedy my case, which is novel."

"What's the row, eh? Badger cut up rough? or is it duns or what?"

"Nothing of the sort—I begin to think Lady Rose likes me, Dolly."

"Oh! that makes you miserable, does it? You're just like Dick Footrup; he was always spooning after some one—always desperately in love till he had managed to make the girl care for him, and then he was sick of it at once, and anxious to be off. 'A fellow can't hunt a dead fox,' he used to say; he was nailed at last, though, by an American widow—very yellow and hideous—and I think it served him right; but I thought you were a different sort altogether."

"So I am, Dolly, I hope; that isn't my case at all. I've only just begun to think it possible that Lady Rose might accept me; and if she does, why, what am I to do?"

"Do? Write to her father, then to your lawyer, then to your tailor—nothing simpler."

"But, my good fellow, I'm awfully hard up."

"Sell your horses then; by the by, you hav'n't got any except little Cross. Well, then, draw on me—how much do you want to tide it over?"

"It's not an affair of tiding over, my good fellow; I want enough to tide over the whole of our lives—enough to keep up a respectable establishment and support a family."

Dolly's eyes opened very wide. "I don't quite understand," he said (and it is odd how hardly some men can understand difficulties, particularly of finance, which they haven't experienced)—"I don't quite understand; but why not do lots of post-obits?"

"Post-obits?"

"Yes, I never did myself, because I was never really hard up; but lots of our fellows do, and it seems to answer; they live like fighting-cocks: yes, Donald, post-obits are your game, you may depend upon it;" and he gave the opinion with the gravity of a Chancellor of the Exchequer recommending an extra penny to the income-tax.

I had to explain to him the theory of post-obits, and that I had but £500 a-year and no expectations of any disposable value.

"I thought you had a rich aunt," he said, after ruminating.

"So I have, but what of that?"

"Draw her, of course."

"Easier said than done. I'm not necessarily her heir, and I don't fancy sponging on the old lady while she's alive."

"But, if you can't be sure of being her heir, you can't be sure of sponging on her after she's dead."

"Well, then?"

"Well, then, you might never sponge on her at all!" And he said this as if, by some law of nature, every created aunt must either in life or after death be subjected to a sponging process.

"I think it's all confounded nonsense and pride," he went on, with more than usual animation. "What has the old woman got to do with her money? If the marriage doesn't come off, there may be a breaking of hearts. I suppose the old lady wouldn't like that? She's not an ogress, is she? Now if she offered you a settlement, do you mean to tell me you would refuse it?"

"I don't say that, but that's different from asking her."

"Still it would be sponging, as you call it, all the same; so it's only a false pride about asking that stands in your way."

"Perhaps you're right; but if I did ask, I have no reason to be certain that I should get anything."

"Try, old boy—try; it's your only chance, as far as I can see; and you must have *something* to offer when you propose to the father, you know. In my opinion the aunt must undoubtedly be devoured."

"I will think it over," I said.

Burridge had certainly given me a ray of light. My aunt was good-natured in the highest degree, liked me immensely, was very rich, and I could not but feel certain, from her little weakness already alluded to, that a niece with a title would be an irresistible inducement to her (if she required one) to be generous. But my friend was right: it was the asking, I fear, not the receiving, that was distasteful.

"I've been thinking," Burridge went on—"I've been thinking that I should go up to town and see these lawyers again about my affair."

"Certainly," said I, "and I should like much to go with you. I wish to hear their views and set my brains regularly to work about it. I'll go with you any day—why not to-morrow?"

"All right—there can't be a field-day—let it be to-morrow. You can call and see your aunt, too, and sound her; and if you think I can be of any use I might drop in to look for you, eh!"

"Thanks, old fellow; we'll settle that to-morrow."

The next morning we accordingly went to town, and drove first to the office of the lawyers, Messrs. Frowster, Drencher, & Trapp.

Sir Galahad was in the saddle at last. We were received by the senior partner, Mr. Frowster, a sedate, stork-like, spectacled man—utterly bald, except on a ridge at the extreme back of his head, suggesting the idea that a gale of wind had been suddenly arrested there in the act of barking him. His manner was dry, his voice rusty, his words precise and carefully chosen—so many of them went to the six-and-eightpence, probably, and he respected them accordingly.

"Good morning, Mr. Frowster!" cried Burridge, cheerily, as he plunged into the room.

"Morning, sir," said Frowster, looking mistily at him through his spectacles. "Be seated—business?"

"Oh! the old business, of course; how is it wagging, eh?"

"Ahem! you refer to——?"

"To the business about my wife that shouldn't be."

"I remember now: this gentleman is your brother, of course?"

"No, my friend Captain Bruce."

"Confidential?"

"Close as wax."

A pause, "How is it wagging?" continued Dolly.

"I must ask you to explain," said the lawyer, upon whose business ear Burridge's jaunty tone seemed to jar.

"Any news of the woman?"

"Well, no—not in one sense."

"Which of the senses do you mean?"

"You are aware she had been lost sight of for a time?"

"Yea."

"She has, however, written from Paris for a remittance within the last week."

"Thought she would—the cormorant! Is any one looking after her there?"

"We have lost no time; Lapin has been instructed—she could scarcely be in better hands; but we have as yet no intelligence at all serviceable."

"Hang it!" groaned Dolly. "I don't believe you fellows are half sharp. I don't believe I'll ever get quit of her: what a heartbreaking thing it is! I wonder if she would take ten thousand pounds to commit suicide; do you think she would, Frowster, eh?"

"I must beg of you to recollect yourself, sir," said Mr. Frowster, with awful dignity.

"I'll tell you what," cried Burridge, quite unpenetrated by the lawyer's wrath, "I want you two fellows to knock your long heads together and see if you can hit off anything."

Looking at Mr. Frowster's denuded skull, which was supplied with a formidable array of knots and knobs, I could not help thinking that it would be a most uncomfortable object to be in collision with. On that gentleman's mind the metaphor produced a different effect; he glared at Adolphus, and half rose, then commanding himself said, with calm severity,—

"If you imply (for I confess your language is somewhat incomprehensible)—if you imply a wish that I should commune with your friend, I will make two observations,—first, that I should imagine you had had enough of extra-professional advice; and second, that our firm confers only with principals or their agents."

"All right, there is no difficulty; I'll make you my agent, Donald. Now then, fire away, Frowster; you can have no objection now. What salary are you to have, Donald?" and he laughed.

"Captain Burridge," gasped the lawyer. "Sir—Captain Burridge, I must take the liberty of making two remarks,—first, that your tone is grossly unbusiness-like; and second, that it is not what our

firm expects or is accustomed to—it hurts its professional feeling."

"I'm very sorry," said Burridge;

"I didn't mean to hurt its feelings;—I beg its pardon; but why not have a palaver with Bruce?"

Here I interposed with my suavest manner. "I am quite aware of your professional etiquette, Mr. Frowster—I would be the last to offend against it; but as Captain Burridge and I are constantly together, and on the most confidential footing, and as he is not much acquainted with business, I believe it would be well that I should understand the case in its legal aspect. I could advise him in his correspondence with you, and so on; and I am sure he will not object if I ask you kindly to look on me, for the moment, as the principal; and perhaps, Adolphus, if you were to leave us to ourselves for a few minutes we might get on quicker."

"With all my heart—my name is Easy," cried Adolphus, jumping up; and the lawyer made no objection. "And mind you, Frowster, you must listen well to what Bruce says; he's a fellow to give you a wrinkle; I'll back him against twenty professionals; keep your back straight and your ears open;" with which parting shot he was off.

Mr. Frowster breathed short and hard, and stared at me through his dim spectacles; the firm's feelings were so completely paralyzed that its mouthpiece was for a moment without power of speech. "Your friend," he said at last, "permits himself a latitude of speech to which we are utterly unused. I am a good-natured man myself, but the firm cannot tolerate such things. It does not permit slang in business matters. Other houses may have different systems but with this firm business is a sacred thing; a jest insults it, slang outrages it."

"I am sure," I said, "Captain Burridge has not the slightest wish to offend; but he is a little pecu-

"There is nothing like honour. It is the watchword of this firm. I think we can say no more?"

"I think not. Good morning."

"I found Burridge at the door. 'Well,' he cried, 'have you settled anything?'"

"Nothing as yet; we must have patience. I'm not much taken with your legal adviser, Adolphus."

"No more am I; he's a horrid old prig."

"Who recommended him to you?"

"Oh! he used to do all the post-office business for the regiment, but they've cut him now for sending a writ to one of the fellows."

"I think we had better put your case into other hands;" for it struck me this intensely sensitive firm might easily get a free command of money from Adolphus, start the collusion scheme on their own account without his authority, and fatally compromise him. He was evidently one of those fellows born to be the football of fate, every new kick sending him into the clutches of some new and yet more rascally operator. So we agreed to transfer the business to the hands of my own lawyer, for whom I could vouch.

"It's time for luncheon now," said Burridge, as we left the lawyers'; "let's go to the Hag and feed there."

"I was thinking about my aunt," I replied; "not that I can do any good about what we were talking of last night—I never could muster enough of brass for that; but I ought to go and see her, I think."

"Let me go with you," said Adolphus; "I would like to see your aunt; I'm rather a connoisseur in old ladies. She'll give us a good luncheon likely, and there's no saying what may happen; I'm hungry and will eat freely; you shall be gloomy and refuse everything; if you're hungry, so much the better, it will make you pale; then you must sigh a good deal, and drink an immense lot of

cold water; then break a few things,—not expensive things—that might disgust her—perhaps groan a little and mutter something about your poor head. See? eh? That will fetch your aunt, or she is unworthy of the name. She'll say, 'What's the matter, Donald? It distresses me to see you in this state. Confide in me. What is it?' and you'll say, in a faint voice, 'Nothing, aunt—nothing; don't distress yourself about me; we all have our little troubles; and then try to look jolly for a moment, and talk about the opera, and then get worse and groan again, and break something more. Then your aunt is sure to write for an explanation, and you'll have it all out with her; she'll settle a fortune on you; you'll marry Lady Rose, and—and live happy ever after. Now what do you think of that?'"

"A splendid programme," said I, laughing, "except the fasting; I'm as hungry as a hunter, and never could resist the luncheon."

"Well, then," cried he, earnestly, "come to a pastry-cook's first, and eat a lot of jam-tarts and stuff; perhaps they'll make you a little ill—so much the better: come on."

"Nonsense, my good fellow; I'll be guided by circumstances;" so we hailed a hansom and drove to my aunt's.

"She was at home and just going to luncheon," the butler said.

"Now mind your cue," whispered Burridge, as we ascended the stairs; "a worn smile as you enter, and try to totter a little in your walk."

The last remark was unfortunate, as it sent me into the drawing-room with a broad grin on my face. The weather was intensely hot, and my aunt was, as I have said, corpulent,—"a rosy aunt of purple cheer." Wallowing in an easy-chair at an open window, fanning and panting, we found the good lady. She looked the impersonation of good-nature in distress, like the hippopotamus in

the dog-days, or a plethoric captain of volunteers at a midsummer field-day.

"Donald at last!" she cried, her face radiant at once; "I thought you had forgotten me altogether."

"Here I am at last, aunt; I've not been to see you for an age, but to make up for it, I've not only come myself, but brought my double; so this ought to count for two visits. Let me introduce my particular friend, Captain Burridge."

"I'm delighted to see you both; but, dear me! it's very odd—isn't it? very striking, I mean—is it noticed?—the likeness between you?"

"Noticed, my dear aunt! It has been a source of great confusion and endless mistakes; and as to its being noticed, it's been alluded to in the 'Times,' and 'Punch' has been on it two or three times," said I, as usual irresistibly provoked by my aunt's power of wondering to minister to her taste in that direction.

Burridge, taking, as he thought, his cue from me, ventured to remark, looking guilty, "It was mentioned in the House the other day."

"Indeed!" cried my aunt. "How was that?"

"Oh! quite incidentally," said I, distrusting Burridge's powers in this line of art; "but it shows you how notorious the thing is. I believe the Queen wishes to have us photographed as the Corsican brothers. For my part, I hate such publicity."

"Why?" cried aunt Blogg; "I think it's delightful: it makes you the fashion—everybody knows about you."

"Oh, we've had enough of that, Adolphus! haven't we? One soon tires of being a lion."

"It is so very odd I haven't heard of this before," said my aunt; "yet I was at the Mansion House ball t'other night, and had a long talk with Lady St Ubbs, who is quite in the *beau monde*, and she never mentioned it."

"Is Lady St Ubbs in society?"

I inquired, superciliously. "I never met her—did you, Dolly?"

"I can't say I ever did; but then I'm not much about, you know."

"No; but wherever you *do* go is always in the first flight" (a piece of intelligence which seemed to surprise my friend a good deal), "and either you or I must have met her if *she* had the *chance*. I'm afraid, aunt, Lady St Ubbs is not in our set;" and I spoke as if, with every wish to make the best case for my aunt's friend, my conscience compelled me to bring in this damning verdict against her ladyship.

"Dear me!" said the innocent old lady, with unconscious satire, "she talks as much about fine people as you do, and seems to know them."

"Ah, aunt! we mustn't believe everything everybody says; for my part, the more I hear a man talk about swells, unless he is notoriously one himself" (and I implied by my manner that this was my predicament), "the less I believe him to know about them."

"Oh Donald! bless me, I quite forgot!—talking of grandees, have you seen any more of that beautiful bewitching Lady —?"

"Excuse me, aunt, the subject is unpleasant to me; and talking of lions, they have appetites you know, at feeding-time. Are you going to give us any luncheon?"

"To be sure, my dear; it was announced before you came in: let us go down."

"The likeness is very great, I must say," said my aunt when we were seated at luncheon; "but you'll forgive an aunt for saying, Captain Burridge, that it's not a compliment to Donald."

Now why should a thoroughly good-natured person, if ever so much an aunt, say a thing like this? it can please nobody, and is most likely to give mortal offence to somebody; yet nothing is commoner with ladies of a certain age and class than remarks of the sort

in favour of their own kith and kin. Why?

Burridge was insensible about his personal appearance, and it fell harmless upon him. "I'm quite aware, ma'am" (he would call my aunt "ma'am"), "that it's a great compliment to me; but just at present I feel I have a better chance with Donald than usual."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that, looking so haggard and ill and miserable as he is doing, of course his beauty suffers," replied Burridge, who having vainly endeavoured by telegraph to dissuade me from any active participation in the meal, was now cutting out a line for himself.

"Ill and haggard!" cried my aunt, "I vow I don't see it; he's looking as rosy and well as I ever saw him; I don't think I remember him with such a colour."

Nor is it likely she should; he who has soldiered a hot summer at Aldershot, and has been exposed to the daily dust and sun of that awful Campus Martius—the Long Valley—may remember what his complexion was. To me the sun had been very unmerciful: my nose, which was of a prominent boldness, had been transformed by its action to the semblance of a red-hot poker; and for the rest of my face, there was only one streak of white in it across the upper forehead, marking the line of the forage-cap. You seldom see a more complete picture of health than an Aldershot man in summer, and I was an exaggerated specimen of the type.

"As to his colour, ma'am," cried Dolly, "that's hectic."

"Hectic! what, his nose too?"

"Hectic, ma'am, decidedly," insisted Dolly, gravely. "The doctor said so last night to me when we were consulting about his symptoms; 'he's as hectic as the—as possible—nose and all,' were the doctor's very words. Don't interrupt me, Donald: we're all very uneasy about him down there, ma'am; he conceals his symptoms,

but he can't deceive us: there's something far wrong, frightful blue dev—, I beg your pardon, ma'am—great depression—mutterings—want of sleep—want of appetite—he's eaten nothing but ship's biscuit and cold tea for a fortnight—and—and a baked potato, at the colonel's urgent request, last Sunday. Yes, you're right, ma'am, he is eating now" (for I was performing prodigies with a cold pie, and my aunt remarked it), "but it's a false appetite: don't give way to it, my dear fellow—think of the reaction; the colonel says it's the lungs, the regiment think it's the liver, I say it's the heart, the doctor says it's all three, induced by anxiety and distress. Pray speak seriously to him—exert your authority, ma'am, for he neglects our advice." And Burridge concluded his lengthy and spirited effort by a profusion of furtive winks at me. My poor aunt looked fairly puzzled. On one side sat the mendacious dragon slowly uttering his dismal report; on the other sat I—the patient—hale and hearty, stout and rubicund, eating as it became a lion.

"What does this mean, Donald?" faltered the good lady. "What is the matter?"

"Oh! nothing, aunt; only a delusion of Burridge's—a joke of his;" for I could not bring myself to support the clumsy romance of my friend.

"There, ma'am, that's the way he goes on; we can make nothing of him, and if you can't, I don't see what's to happen. More pie? that's only to deceive you, ma'am; remember yourself, Donald—think of the nausea. Did you take the palpitation drops before starting?"

"No, I didn't: what nonsense you talk!"

"Ah! I see I must have a serious conversation with him," said my aunt, now convinced there was something wrong.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Dolly, fervently; "it's the only thing that can save him."

Luncheon being ended, we returned to the drawing-room; and here, remembering I had an urgent letter to write, I asked my aunt to let me do so. "And meantime," I said, "you might show Captain Burridge your collection of curiosities."

"With all my heart," said the good lady. "Will you come into the anteroom, Captain Burridge? not that I have anything worth exhibiting."

My aunt's collection was certainly not of special interest, though, notwithstanding her disclaimer, she looked upon it as a British museum in miniature. There was the sword of a sword-fish, the one or two inevitable cases of South American stuffed birds, an ostrich's egg, a canoe-paddle, some coins, a spurious autograph of Mary Queen of Scots, a bible that had (not) belonged to Oliver Cromwell, bits of the wrappings of a mummy, &c. &c. &c.; but the principal gem of the collection was—rather a Byronian one, it must be confessed—a human skull. And here I must mention, that at the time she made uncle Blogg the happiest of men, my aunt was a widow. My uncle was Number Two. As to Number One there was a slight historic haziness. My aunt alluded to him but in a general way to the world, and not often; but when she did, she spoke of him as "the General." He died at the age of twenty-three, and his miniature, in a nondescript uniform, enriched her museum. Gazing, as a boy, on that work of art, I used to think that promotion must have gone very fast in those days, and even went so far as to examine history for some record of the splendid deeds which had won, thus early, his exalted rank for General Hanks—but in vain. At last an uncle of mine, whom I was always badgering on the subject, inconsiderately lost his temper, and remarked as to the deceased warrior, "General! general, be hanged! no more a general than my grocer

is: he was a deputy-assistant-commissary-general—a grade inferior to that of an ensign, or rather no grade at all—and his greatest exploit was purveying rum and pork to a small force sent out against some savages somewhere—and, by the by, I believe the said savages ate him at last."

This was a terrible blow to me, as in my childish reveries General Hanks had figured as a sort of Bayard—habitually mounted on a white charger, with flowing mane and distended nostrils, always at full gallop—the warrior's head adorned with a tremendous plume of white feathers, which marked by their presence where the carnage was thickest, &c. &c. &c.

I'm not going to say that the skull was the skull of my mythical hero; but let aunt Blogg describe it herself, as overheard by me sitting at my letter. I had heard it a hundred times before, of course, with a hundred varieties. Burridge affected a deep interest in the museum, and questioned my aunt about everything. At last they came to the skull.

"A skull!" cried Burridge.

"Yes," said my aunt, exulting in that her hour had come, "a skull—neither more nor less."

"Real or sham?" inquired Adolphus.

"Oh! a real human skull, sir; feel it."

"So it is—how nasty!"

"And yet," says my aunt, "it is the relique of a handsome man."

"Was he, was he a relative?"

"No, sir; you see before you the skull of the great Mingery-ghe-Pidgery, Chief of the Dogs-eared Indians. His name means 'Scalper-of-the-wind,'—an awful name, is it not?"

"Terrific. Was he a great dab at scalping, then?"

"Yes, sir; he scalped everything he came across—with one exception," added my aunt, dropping her voice mysteriously.

"I'm glad I never met him,"

said Burridge; "but who was the fortunate exception?"

"It's quite a little romance," simpered my aunt, according to a formula I knew but too well; "but you wouldn't care to hear it, I'm sure?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I should like nothing so much—I delight in horrible stories."

"Well, this is not *horrible*, exactly; it's thrilling and exciting, certainly. You see my first husband, General Hanks, was employed on the Indian frontier against the Redskins. I accompanied him in all his campaigns, and shared his wigwam in front of the army. The Indians are a stealthy acute race" (this was a stereotyped phrase which always made me laugh), "and their apies may have been said to live in our midst. The great Mingery himself, on one occasion, reconnoitred in person, and saw me through a chink in the wigwam. I was but a girl then, Captain, and I'm an old woman now, so I may say without vanity that I was a very pretty girl." Burridge made a sort of gurgling sound at this, apparently to indicate that the present tense was still applicable. "Oh no, sir! I'm past vanity now; but then it was different, and I was, as I say, a pretty girl; and the great Mingery, seeing me through the chink, fell desperately in love with me, and determined to carry me off."

"The General was away foraging at the time. In the silence of the night Mingery and his crew crept up to the wigwam, scalped seven soldiers and my white maid, and carried me off in a swoon into the thickets. I am bound to say that he treated me with great politeness. He spoke perfect English, and as soon as I came round proposed marriage very deferentially. As well as my fears would permit, I pointed out to him that I was already married to the General. 'I laugh,' he said, majestically—'I laugh at his white nose; nevertheless, since your slightest

wish is my law, the barrier shall be removed at once. Here, Swashee-Boshee!' he said to a gigantic savage, 'shoe yourself with the west wind, and travel towards the sunrise; take lightning in your right hand, and scalp me this son of the Pale-faces who stands between Mingery and bliss!' Swashee-Boshee uttered a horrible war-cry, and dashed into the forest, brandishing his tomahawk. I immediately fainted, and remained in that condition the greater part of the day. Whenever I had a gleam of consciousness I saw Mingery standing about thirty yards off, playing a wild air on a tin whistle, which I believe is the first part of their marriage ceremony. But towards evening a sudden shouting arose, and the trampling of feet; and just as I opened my eyes I saw Mingery with the whistle still between his lips, give a spasmodic leap into the air, turn a complete somersault, and light on the tall plume of feathers which adorned the back of his head. He was shot through the nape of the skull, Captain—there's the very hole, you see. Then the soldiers closed in, and there was scalping and bayonetting for a good half-hour, for the tribe had rushed from their ambush on the approach of the troops. My poor General fell a victim—"

"What! did they scalp the General?" cried Burridge, with great enthusiasm.

"No, he fell a victim to a fever contracted that day from malaria and nervous excitement, and died three weeks after. But he decapitated Mingery, and brought his skull home with him, and had it cured by the doctor—"

"What! gaivanized? did he grin and chatter horribly?"

"No, no—I mean boiled and scraped; and the General told me, almost with his last breath, to preserve it as a memorial—and so I have, you see. And my poor Blogg used to say, in his laughing way, that he was jealous of the skull—and that's its history."

That my aunt had some sort of a foundation for the tale I never doubted. In its present stage of development, however, I suspect it would hardly have been recognized by any of the actors in the drama it professed to chronicle. But then five-and-forty years' constant wear and tear! what anecdote of mortal man could preserve its identity through such a test? I heard Burrige expressing his delight with the tale, and also his opinion that we mustn't be too hard on the Scalper-of-the-wind, as he (Burrige) could easily see that the temptation to abduct must have been almost irresistible. I heard my aunt, evidently in great delight, disallow extenuating circumstances to the deceased savage; and then they passed on to other objects. I became engrossed with my letter; but at its conclusion I was aware that there was silence in the anteroom—or, at least, that it was only broken by a rapid and confidential whispering.

Presently my aunt emerged, and said, "Donald, I'm ashamed to trouble you, but would you do me a great favour?"

"Certainly, aunt; what is it?"

"I have a large sum of money (£500), which has been paid to me this forenoon. I don't like keeping so much in the house; would you mind taking it to the Bank in Pall Mall for me? I'm ashamed to trouble you, and drive you away when you've come to see me."

"I'll be delighted, of course; but it will do as we go back to the Club, won't it?"

"No, that's just it; the bank will be closed: pray take a cab, and come back as quick as ever you can."

She handed me the notes, and I departed.

On my return, in about half an hour, Burrige was not there; he had remembered an engagement, my aunt said, but would meet me at the Club.

"I have taken quite a fancy to

him," she went on; "so simple and nice and gentlemanlike—and then he is so like you, Donald." My aunt's manner was very fluttery; there was something in the wind evidently. "He has a great affection for you, dear Donald."

"Oh, yes! we're particular friends."

"And his anxiety about your state is quite remarkable."

"Tut, aunt—my *state*! What rubbish the fellow has been talking!"

"No rubbish at all, I can assure you," she said, with a look that beamed intelligence; "to be frank with you, I know all about it."

"Which is it then, aunt? Is it the lungs, or the liver, or the heart?"

"The heart, Mr. Donald—the heart. Good Captain Burrige has thought it his duty to let me into your secret."

"Very impudent, then, of good Captain Burrige, that's all I can say," I rejoined, affecting pique.

"I must say, Donald, that you have shown little confidence in me."

"My dear aunt, I won't affect to misunderstand you; but pray what good end is to be attained by whining my miseries at the corner of every street?"

"That's a very different thing. Now good Captain Burrige has told me of your delightful attachment—the lady so good, so beautiful, and of *such* high rank. I am more pleased than I can tell you, dear Donald; but good Captain Burrige tells me you consider your income insufficient, and will not go forward in consequence. *He* thinks the income quite large enough (he is a simple creature), and begged me to persuade you that it was. 'Donald's terribly proud,' he said, 'and he thinks that to ask an earl's daughter to marry him on £500 a-year would be like asking her to live in a poorhouse. I confess,' said the good Captain, 'I can't see it; if the girl likes him, as she does, she likes him for himself, not for his money.' That's all very sensi-

it can always be proved, in the most convincing manner, that the different battalions of which it is composed could be kept up with far greater economy without any staff or supply department at all.

Divisional and brigade organisation does not seem a necessity to a battalion regarded as a unit, and it is always disliked by commanding officers. The steed is seldom in love with the reins and the bit. Contractors will supply all the wants of such a battalion at much less cost than a complicated administrative organisation. It is only when these isolated battalions come to be massed together as a movable army that the utter and complete break-down in such a system is apparent. Then, indeed, it is complete; but this does not come under the eye of the financial reformer during peace. He looks to the present and immediate necessities of such and such a number of regiments, and he proves, in the most triumphant manner (amidst the cheers of the House), that there are gross extravagances in the maintenance of overgrown and useless staff and supply departments, which ought at once to be cut down, with great relief to the tax-payer, and no detriment to the soldier. He does not allude to the long rows of green mounds in the quiet graveyards hard by Sebastopol, where this same system which he is commending has laid, in its still abode, an army, rank and file.

It may safely be said that staff and supply departments, to be properly organised, should, during peace time, be greatly in excess of that required for the force on the peace establishment, because they should be able at once to furnish the organisation necessary for the same force on the war footing. To apply this: We may put down 30,000 men as the amount of force, in case of foreign war, which this country ought to be able to embark at once, send abroad, and maintain there. Our peace staff and supply depart-

ments should therefore be so organised that they could instantly furnish the number of fully-trained officers required in their respective branches for such a full force, together with that of the regular and reserve forces embodied at home and needed to keep it at its full strength, and adequately to garrison this island and the colonies. In case of invasion we should be able at once to put in the field, in a perfect state of organisation, 100,000 regulars and militia. These are the real tests by which to try the adequacy or inadequacy of a peace staff and supply organisation. If it is in excess of these requirements it is too large—if under it, too small; and the reason is, that none but those long and highly trained in such duties can with safety be employed upon them when the time of trial comes.

The necessity of some such organisation was fully recognised at the close of the Crimean war; and the establishment of the camps of Aldershot, the Curragh, and Shorncliffe, with a considerable change in our staff system, and the formation of the military train as a permanent corps, was the result. This, of course, increased the estimates; and year by year the financial pruning-hook is being applied in this direction as the lessons of the past fade away from the minds of a generation plunged in the strife and whirl of the present.

There is a great military question now agitating more or less all the States of Europe, and until we make up our minds upon it, it will be impossible to arrange upon a definite and consistent plan our military system. Reduced to its simplest form it is this: What sort of an army do we want? do we wish one composed of disciplined soldiers or of drilled citizens? do we wish our army to be composed of a comparatively small force of highly trained and disciplined professional soldiers, or would we prefer a large force of well-drilled citizen soldiers?

This question lies at the root of the whole military system, and its solution altogether depends on whether we seek in our soldiers for *drill* alone, or for *discipline* as well as drill. The one is a training of body, the other is a habit of mind; the one can be acquired in a few months—the other is the result of long years of service. The citizen can make a good soldier in the one case—he must cease to be a citizen before he can become a soldier in the other.

Discipline is the distinctive mark which separates the young from the old soldier. It is the habit of mind produced by long training and separation from the interests and wishes and feelings of the world at large. When the soldier has come to rank the honour of his corps above all else, when public opinion has become to him the voice of his comrades, when obedience to superior authority is a condition of his being, and submission to his officers a law of his nature—in other words, when the army has become his home, and the discharge of its duties his highest earthly object—then, and not till then, he has become a soldier in this sense.

Drill, on the other hand, is a bodily exercise. That amount of it which the common soldier requires to know in order to execute all the manoeuvres of the drill-book any intelligent man can learn in a few months. If it is all that is required, carefully-trained volunteers may perform all the duties of the Old Guard of Napoleon in a year, and the military experience of all generals in all ages is a myth and a delusion.

For it is remarkable that all commanders experienced in war have come to value old and tried

regiments in a way altogether out of proportion to their numerical force and their apparent physical power. Take two regiments—one young and newly raised, under a smart colonel and an active adjutant. In a year it may work beautifully, drill in the most perfect manner, be a very model of smartness on parade. Take another, an old regiment, with old traditions and an old name, under a commanding officer who has grown grey in the service, filled with men who have been years in arms. It will very likely move less smartly in the field, be not so well turned out on parade, and will certainly be more given to grumbling in quarters; but is there any man who has ever led men to war who would not prefer one regiment like the last to three like the first? * Yet the last has probably less physical force than the first. But Napoleon has said, and said truly, that "moral is to physical power as three to one in war." A regiment of old soldiers has the "priceless heritage" of that thorough confidence in itself which the experience of long years alone can give. Such a regiment will neither be led away by any burst of undisciplined valour or stricken by any sudden access of panic-fear. What man can do against his fellow-men in war it will do; and its commander knows exactly, and can rely with a sure trust on, the war-power of the engine he is employing.

And this it is which explains what is a thing so hard for any one not a soldier to comprehend—the value of discipline, as apart from actual experience, in war. Any one can understand that a regiment experienced in actual war is superior to a regiment which has never

* It was the fate of the writer to be once with one of England's greatest soldiers now no more, in a distant land during the mutiny of an army and the revolt of a people, and nothing struck him so much as the deep anxiety of that veteran chief, who had literally grown grey in war, to obtain even one regiment of old soldiers whom he knew and on whom he could thoroughly rely, and the perfect tranquillity which came over him when he did obtain it.

been in action; but few can believe that a regiment of veterans who have never seen a shot fired will soon become infinitely more valuable and trustworthy than a regiment of young soldiers who have gone through a campaign. The reason is clear: warlike experience is quickly gained in actual service, and then the superiority of the one corps to the other in discipline remains unchanged. Of two regiments equal in discipline, that which has the greatest actual experience in the field will generally be the best; but an old untried will, in the course of a campaign, speedily come to assert its superiority over a young and tried regiment. The moral cohesion of the one is so much greater than that of the other.

History teems with proofs of this, and it explains the otherwise inexplicable fact, that in nearly all prolonged wars the fighting is more severe in the early years than the late ones; because, though the value of the disciplined soldier goes on increasing with his actual experience, yet the loss in the field becomes generally so great that every year the proportion of recruits and young soldiers in the ranks increases, and with that increase the fighting powers of the regiments diminish. A few examples will clearly show this. In the seven years' war the highly-trained Prussian army with which Frederick the Great entered on the contest gradually became expended, and the process of this degradation, and the effect of the influx of young troops into the ranks, is marked, year by year, by the less and less desperate nature of the battles which took place. Napoleon's campaigns give a memorable instance of the same thing. The army of Austerlitz,

fresh from the camp of Boulogne, was the finest and best he ever commanded. The heavy losses of the winter campaign of Eylau first sensibly diminished its value; every succeeding campaign saw this process increasing; the Moscow retreat brought it to a climax; and the marked inferiority of both the fighting and marching power of the young imperial levies of 1813-14 is painfully apparent to every one who has studied the subject. Not all his strategical genius could cover this inherent defect in his troops, and nothing but the rawness of a great part of the Allied ranks enabled him to prolong the contest as he did. No man, perhaps, ever did such great things with young troops as Napoleon, but no one ever was so thoroughly aware of their marked inferiority to old soldiers as he.* Any one who would convince himself of this has only to read his correspondence at the time of the English expedition to Walcheren—to mark the extraordinary care he ever took to preserve his great reserve of veterans, the Guard—and to remember his words, that it was not the innumerable levies of the Convention, but the 80,000 old troops of the monarchy, who saved France in the early wars of the Revolution. To take one more example nearer home. What but this can explain the singular difference between the desperate courage of the English soldiers at the Alma and Inkermann, and the comparatively feeble efforts they made on the 18th June and the 8th September 1855? Of course where the expenditure of life in war is not so great as to cause the influx of young soldiers into the ranks to be excessive, then *the reverse is the case*. The value of the regiments, from their greater experience, *rises every day*.

* The extracts from Napoleon's correspondence given in Thiers's History fully demonstrate this; and that author develops with care the gradual deterioration of the French army which accompanied the increase of the Empire, from the greater admixture of young soldiers and foreign troops which necessarily accompanied that extension.

This took place in the Duke of Wellington's Peninsular army. From the great care the Duke took of his troops, and the great difficulty the English experienced in getting recruits, the losses they experienced never lessened their fighting power; on the contrary, it went on always increasing, until at the end of the war they became that small but tried force with which that great Commander said "he could go anywhere and do anything."

But this is not the fashionable doctrine of the day. It is said that this is all an old-world prejudice, that any one can learn the soldier's trade in a year or two at the most, and that the great thing is to follow the so-called Prussian model—to discourage long enlistments, old soldiers, and a professional army; to have, on the contrary, very short enlistments, and new men constantly passing into and out of the ranks, so that as large a portion as possible of the citizens may have passed through the line, and thus be available for war if wanted: and the examples of the civil war in America and the campaign of Sadowa are confidently referred to for proof.

Now, let us pause on these examples for a moment. And first with regard to the war in North America. As this was a contest between armies equally newly raised, and equally destitute of any appreciable number of old soldiers, it cannot help towards a solution of this question. But it may safely be said that the volunteer or raw-troop system came to a *reductio ad absurdum* at Bull's Run. For there two armies, each in the infancy of their organization, came into collision, and they were in such a state of tactical helplessness,

that when the one ran away the other could not be trusted by its own officers to follow! As the war went on the fighting powers of the forces on both sides rapidly increased, and some of the most hard fought contests of the age occurred ere its close. But on the eastern seaboard the superior military system of the Confederates always gave their men, when in anything like equal numbers, a marked superiority over their opponents. For the conscription being early enforced on the Confederate side, the recruits were poured into the thinned ranks of the old regiments, and reaped the full benefit of the discipline and experience of the old officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers remaining. But on the side of the Federals, from the volunteer system being the only one applicable to existing circumstances, recruits were not forwarded to fill up the exhausted ranks of existing corps, but were enrolled into new battalions, who were sent to the front. They, in turn, dwindled down, and were reinforced by fresh-raised battalions from the rear. Thus it was longer, on their side, before the power of discipline and experience penetrated into and leavened the whole mass. So fully was this recognized by General Grant, that his great campaign against Lee was based upon the assumption that he was almost certain to be beaten in every action, but that his numerical superiority was so great that he could afford to lose three men for every one of his opponent's; and thus, by repeated indecisive actions, would wear them down till they collapsed from sheer want of numbers before the impact of the dense masses gathered round his banners.* Thus though, from

* There are few more interesting studies to a soldier than the able manner in which Grant fought Lee on the lines before Petersburg. Basing his plan on the numerical superiority, but inferior fighting powers, of his great army to that of Lee's wasted ranks, he maintained a steady pressure along the whole front of the Confederate lines, whilst he kept constantly throwing a large force forward from his left round their right. To avoid being outflanked, the Confederate general had to

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It may safely be said that staff and supply departments, to be properly organised, should, during peace time, be *greatly in excess of that required for the force on the peace establishment*, because they should be able at once to furnish the organisation necessary for the same force on the war footing. To apply this: We may put down 30,000 men as the amount of force, in case of foreign war, which this country ought to be able to embark at once, send abroad, and *maintain there*. Our peace staff and supply depart-

ments should therefore be so organised that they could instantly furnish the number of fully-trained officers required in their respective branches for such a full force, together with that of the regular and reserve forces embodied at home and needed to keep it at its full strength, and adequately to garrison this island and the colonies. In case of invasion we should be able at once to put in the field, *in a perfect state of organisation*, 100,000 regulars and militia. These are the real tests by which to try the adequacy or inadequacy of a peace staff and supply organisation. If it is in excess of these requirements it is too large—if under it, too small; and the reason is, that none but those long and highly trained in such duties can with safety be employed upon them when the time of trial comes.

The necessity of some such organisation was fully recognised at the close of the Crimean war; and the establishment of the camps of Aldershot, the Curragh, and Shorncliffe, with a considerable change in our staff system, and the formation of the military train as a permanent corps, was the result. This, of course, increased the estimates; and year by year the financial pruning-hook is being applied in this direction as the lessons of the past fade away from the minds of a generation plunged in the strife and whirl of the present.

There is a great military question now agitating more or less all the States of Europe, and until we make up our minds upon it, it will be impossible to arrange upon a definite and consistent plan our military system. Reduced to its simplest form it is this: What sort of an army do we want? do we wish one composed of disciplined soldiers or of drilled citizens? do we wish our army to be composed of a comparatively small force of highly trained and disciplined professional soldiers, or would we prefer a large force of well-drilled citizen soldiers?

This question lies at the root of the whole military system, and its solution altogether depends on whether we seek in our soldiers for *drill* alone, or for *discipline* as well as drill. The one is a training of body, the other is a habit of mind; the one can be acquired in a few months—the other is the result of long years of service. The citizen can make a good soldier in the one case—he must cease to be a citizen before he can become a soldier in the other.

Discipline is the distinctive mark which separates the young from the old soldier. It is the habit of mind produced by long training and separation from the interests and wishes and feelings of the world at large. When the soldier has come to rank the honour of his corps above all else, when public opinion has become to him the voice of his comrades, when obedience to superior authority is a condition of his being, and submission to his officers a law of his nature—in other words, when the army has become his home, and the discharge of its duties his highest earthly object—then, and not till then, he has become a soldier in this sense.

Drill, on the other hand, is a bodily exercise. That amount of it which the common soldier requires to know in order to execute all the manoeuvres of the drill-book any intelligent man can learn in a few months. If it is all that is required, carefully-trained volunteers may perform all the duties of the Old Guard of Napoleon in a year, and the military experience of all generals in all ages is a myth and a delusion.

For it is remarkable that all commanders experienced in war have come to value old and tried

regiments in a way altogether out of proportion to their numerical force and their apparent physical power. Take two regiments—one young and newly raised, under a smart colonel and an active adjutant. In a year it may work beautifully, drill in the most perfect manner, be a very model of smartness on parade. Take another, an old regiment, with old traditions and an old name, under a commanding officer who has grown grey in the service, filled with men who have been years in arms. It will very likely move less smartly in the field, be not so well turned out on parade, and will certainly be more given to grumbling in quarters; but is there any man who has ever led men to war who would not prefer one regiment like the last to three like the first? Yet the last has probably less physical force than the first. But Napoleon has said, and said truly, that “moral is to physical power as three to one in war.” A regiment of old soldiers has the “priceless heritage” of that thorough confidence in itself which the experience of long years alone can give. Such a regiment will neither be led away by any burst of undisciplined valour or stricken by any sudden access of panic-fear. What man can do against his fellow-men in war it will do; and its commander knows exactly, and can rely with a sure trust on, the war-power of the engine he is employing.

And this it is which explains what is a thing so hard for any one not a soldier to comprehend—the value of discipline, as apart from actual experience, in war. Any one can understand that a regiment experienced in actual war is superior to a regiment which has never

* It was the fate of the writer to be once with one of England's greatest soldiers now no more, in a distant land during the mutiny of an army and the revolt of a people, and nothing struck him so much as the deep anxiety of that veteran chief, who had literally grown grey in war, to obtain even one regiment of old soldiers whom he knew and on whom he could thoroughly rely, and the perfect tranquillity which came over him when he did obtain it.

been in action; but few can believe that a regiment of veterans who have never seen a shot fired will soon become infinitely more valuable and trustworthy than a regiment of young soldiers who have gone through a campaign. The reason is clear: warlike experience is quickly gained in actual service, and then the superiority of the one corps to the other in discipline remains unchanged. Of two regiments equal in discipline, that which has the greatest actual experience in the field will generally be the best; but an old untried will, in the course of a campaign, speedily come to assert its superiority over a young and tried regiment. The moral cohesion of the one is so much greater than that of the other.

History teems with proofs of this, and it explains the otherwise inexplicable fact, that in nearly all prolonged wars the fighting is more severe in the early years than the late ones; because, though the value of the disciplined soldier goes on increasing with his actual experience, yet the loss in the field becomes generally so great that every year the proportion of recruits and young soldiers in the ranks increases, and with that increase the fighting powers of the regiments diminish. A few examples will clearly show this. In the seven years' war the highly-trained Prussian army with which Frederick the Great entered on the contest gradually became expended, and the process of this degradation, and the effect of the influx of young troops into the ranks, is marked, year by year, by the less and less desperate nature of the battles which took place. Napoleon's campaigns give a memorable instance of the same thing. The army of Austerlitz,

fresh from the camp of Boulogne, was the finest and best he ever commanded. The heavy losses of the winter campaign of Eylau first sensibly diminished its value; every succeeding campaign saw this process increasing; the Moscow retreat brought it to a climax; and the marked inferiority of both the fighting and marching power of the young imperial levies of 1812-14 is painfully apparent to every one who has studied the subject. Not all his strategical genius could cover this inherent defect in his troops, and nothing but the rawness of a great part of the Allied ranks enabled him to prolong the contest as he did. No man, perhaps, ever did such great things with young troops as Napoleon, but no one ever was so thoroughly aware of their marked inferiority to old soldiers as he.* Any one who would convince himself of this has only to read his correspondence at the time of the English expedition to Walcheren—to mark the extraordinary care he ever took to preserve his great reserve of veterans, the Guard—and to remember his words, that it was not the innumerable levies of the Convention, but the 80,000 old troops of the monarchy, who saved France in the early wars of the Revolution. To take one more example nearer home. What but this can explain the singular difference between the desperate courage of the English soldiers at the Alma and Inkermann, and the comparatively feeble efforts they made on the 18th June and the 8th September 1855? Of course where the expenditure of life in war is not so great as to cause the influx of young soldiers into the ranks to be excessive, then the reverse is the case. The value of the regiments, from their greater experience, rises every day.

* The extracts from Napoleon's correspondence given in Thiers's History fully demonstrate this; and that author develops with care the gradual deterioration of the French army which accompanied the increase of the Empire, from the greater admixture of young soldiers and foreign troops which necessarily accompanied the extension.

This took place in the Duke of Wellington's Peninsular army. From the great care the Duke took of his troops, and the great difficulty the English experienced in getting recruits, the losses they experienced never lessened their fighting power; on the contrary, it went on always increasing, until at the end of the war they became that small but tried force with which that great Commander said "he could go anywhere and do anything."

But this is not the fashionable doctrine of the day. It is said that this is all an old-world prejudice, that any one can learn the soldier's trade in a year or two at the most, and that the great thing is to follow the so-called Prussian model—to discourage long enlistments, old soldiers, and a professional army; to have, on the contrary, very short enlistments, and new men constantly passing into and out of the ranks, so that as large a portion as possible of the citizens may have passed through the line, and thus be available for war if wanted: and the examples of the civil war in America and the campaign of Sadowa are confidently referred to for proof.

Now, let us pause on these examples for a moment. And first with regard to the war in North America. As this was a contest between armies equally newly raised, and equally destitute of any appreciable number of old soldiers, it cannot help towards a solution of this question. But it may safely be said that the volunteer or raw-troop system came to a *reductio ad absurdum* at Bull's Run. For there two armies, each in the infancy of their organization, came into collision, and they were in such a state of tactical helplessness,

that when the one ran away the other could not be trusted by its own officers to follow! As the war went on the fighting powers of the forces on both sides rapidly increased, and some of the most hard fought contests of the age occurred ere its close. But on the eastern seaboard the superior military system of the Confederates always gave their men, when in anything like equal numbers, a marked superiority over their opponents. For the conscription being early enforced on the Confederate side, the recruits were poured into the thinned ranks of the old regiments, and reaped the full benefit of the discipline and experience of the old officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers remaining. But on the side of the Federals, from the volunteer system being the only one applicable to existing circumstances, recruits were not forwarded to fill up the exhausted ranks of existing corps, but were enrolled into new battalions, who were sent to the front. They, in turn, dwindled down, and were reinforced by fresh-raised battalions from the rear. Thus it was longer, on their side, before the power of discipline and experience penetrated into and leavened the whole mass. So fully was this recognized by General Grant, that his great campaign against Lee was based upon the assumption that he was almost certain to be beaten in every action, but that his numerical superiority was so great that he could afford to lose three men for every one of his opponent's; and thus, by repeated indecisive actions, would wear them down till they collapsed from sheer want of numbers before the impact of the dense masses gathered round his banners.* Thus though, from

* There are few more interesting studies to a soldier than the able manner in which Grant fought Lee on the lines before Petersburg. Basing his plan on the numerical superiority, but inferior fighting powers, of his great army to that of Lee's wasted ranks, he maintained a steady pressure along the whole front of the Confederate lines, whilst he kept constantly throwing a large force forward from his left round their right. To avoid being outflanked, the Confederate general had to

both armies growing up alongside of one another, this contest is not conclusive as to the question we are considering, it is yet important to remark that, until the end, the actual fighting power of equal numbers remained decisively on the side which adopted the best military organisation. It is also a mark-worthy circumstance, that the plan of volunteer generals so much in vogue, particularly on the Northern side, at the commencement of the contest—of whom lawyer Butler is the representative type—was almost entirely abandoned ere the strife ceased, and that both sides alike came to be commanded by the regular officers of the old United States standing army, trained at the admirable military academy at West Point.

Next, with regard to the Prusso-Austrian war. This is usually appealed to as the proof that the days of long-trained armies are past, and that decisive success can best be procured by the landwehr system. As the campaign of Sadowa was as decisive in its results as that of Jena, and as the Prussian army is in many respects the most perfectly organised force, and the cheapest in Europe, it becomes very important to examine this matter thoroughly. We will, therefore, inquire, 1. Was it the landwehr system, *so called in this country*, on which the Prussian army was organised in this campaign? 2. What was the system actually adopted for Prussia? 3. What lessons does the campaign of Sadowa really teach? 4. What are the guiding principles of the present Prussian military organisation?

1. The old landwehr system of Prussia, and the one which goes by that name in this country, originally framed during the subjection of that power to Napoleon, and developed to its highest point during the campaigns of 1813-14, may

be briefly described as follows: Two years was the period each soldier served in the ranks of the regular army. When this training was over he passed for a time into the reserve, and after that into the landwehr. The men were furnished by the conscription. The reserve and landwehr were only permanently embodied in time of war; but they were called out for some days' training each year. This organisation was complete. Under it no man could be in their ranks who had not served for two years in the regular army. When war was declared, the reserve and landwehr were called out, and—*here was the distinctive feature of this system*—the field army was composed of *equal numbers of the landwehr and the regulars*, there being a brigade of each in each division. This system was, after the long peace, tried by the Prussians in the Baden campaign of 1848-49. The results were, *eminently unsatisfactory*. The landwehr were found unsuited for active service in the field. And in after years, when Prussia formed those ambitious views which have since been fulfilled, and prepared to risk that great contest in the field which culminated in the fight of Sadowa, her astute and able military administrators determined at all risks to alter this war organisation. It was attempted to do this in a constitutional manner by the action of Parliament; but, owing to the determined resistance of the Liberal party, who clung to short enlistment, and the equal employment of the landwehr in the field, the attempt failed. So satisfied, however, were the Prussian military authorities as to the defective state of the landwehr system, that, rather than go to war with an army so composed, the King preferred to risk the very existence of his crown in a contest with the popular assembly; and, in defiance of every principle

extend his already attenuated line to his right, until at last it became a mere thread in the centre, through which Grant's columns burst by their mere weight.

of constitutional Government, to adopt, by an exercise of despotic authority, that organisation on which the Prussian army is now based.

2. Experience had convinced Bismark and Von Moltke that two years was too short a time in which to train soldiers; that the landwehr could not with safety be employed in the field, and that therefore the regular army must be so organised as to be able to do *the whole fighting* itself. With these objects the following system was established in 1869: The conscripts were all required to serve for three years in the regular army; they then passed for five years into the reserve, and finally for eleven years into the landwehr. The infantry battalion in time of peace consisted of 500 men, divided into four companies; in time of war the number of companies remained the same, but the strength was doubled by recalling to its ranks 500 of those men who belonged to the reserve. The conscription enabled all the men of a regiment to be drawn from one district: each regiment and battalion of the line had a corresponding local landwehr force into which its men passed when discharged from the reserve. Thus the men once drawn as conscripts always served together—first in the regular army, then in the reserve, and finally in the landwehr; and when the regular battalion was doubled for war by calling in its reserve men, these returned together into the ranks of their old corps, to serve under the officers and non-commissioned officers by whom they were trained, and with comrades to whom they were known. This is the admirable point of the Prussian system, and the one which gives that discipline and solidity to their infantry which at first sight appears so wonderful. The increase in

numbers which this change gave to the Prussian army enabled it to undertake the whole field duties. The landwehr, in place of going to battle along with the regulars, were to be employed solely in furnishing the garrisons, and keeping up the communications required to permit the whole line regiments to go to the front. The regular battalions were to be kept up at their full war strength by the formation of depots—one depot-battalion for each regiment of three battalions. These depots were formed in equal numbers of reserve soldiers and new conscripts; and were arranged on the principle that they should supply 40 per cent to the infantry, 20 per cent to the cavalry, artillery, and engineers, and 12 per cent to the military train, for each campaign—that being the average estimated war expenditure in each branch. This was a complete revolution in the Prussian military system. It changed the landwehr from a war into a reserve force, it immensely increased the numbers of the army, and still more added to its fighting power, by giving longer training to the men.* It is well worthy of note, that so impressed are the Prussians with the impossibility of quickly training up a cavalry soldier, that they keep their squadrons at nearly their full strength in time of peace, and only draw an addition of 1-25th part from their reserve men when war breaks out.

3. One great lesson, according to the Prussian War Minister, Von Moltke, was taught by this campaign, and the advocates of young soldiers had better ponder it well. When arguing in the first session of the North German Parliament on the subject of service in the army being for three and not two years, he said that during the

* There was only one occasion during the late war in which the landwehr were actually engaged, and that was with the Hanoverians. There were only a few battalions brought up, and they were speedily relegated to their reserve duties.

past campaign the Austrians had fought well enough, but that what caused their defeat was the *short service of the mass of their men*. Owing to financial difficulties they had resorted to the expedient of granting to their infantry conscripts unlimited furlough when they had been drilled for eighteen months: thus it fell out that when these were recalled, on war breaking out, the ranks were chiefly filled with *eighteen-month soldiers* who were *no match for the three-year service men* of the Prussians. This fact has never yet received the attention it deserves in this country. With us the campaign of 1866 is always regarded as one between a long and a short service army. In reality it was one between two short-service armies, in which victory finally remained with the force whose soldiers had the longest service and the best organisation.*

But this campaign taught other lessons, which we can now only glance at. It was confidently predicted by theoretical soldiers that the first contest would show the utter uselessness of cavalry in modern war, and that battles would be fought at long ranges—as no infantry could close on the new artillery and rifles. Now there are few wars in which cavalry bore a more important part; for after the battle of Sadowa, when the Austrians, utterly demoralised, were in full retreat, with the Elbe in their rear, it was their admirable cavalry who saved the army. They threw themselves on the Prussian horse, drove them back, and, in spite of needle-guns and rifled cannon, held the whole pursuing troops at bay

until their own infantry got off. It also appeared clearly, from the result of several isolated charges, that pace alone will not do for dragoons, but that victory will remain with “big men on big horses” charging compactly, against small men on slight steeds charging swiftly. Again, the Austrian army was provided with a very good muzzle-loading rifle, infinitely superior in range and accuracy to the Prussian breech-loader. According to the latest theory, the Prussians should never have been allowed by the Austrians to get within range to use their short shooting rifles; but in reality the battle was fought at much the usual distance of armies, and the *proportional* loss was by no means severe on either side, amounting only to 1-13th of the whole number engaged. It was the same with regard to the expenditure of ammunition by the breech-loaders. Instead of being exceptionally large, as had been anticipated, it was below the average. It barely exceeded *one round per man*. The theories of men are swiftly destroyed by the irresistible logic of facts.†

The great mass of the Austrian army was too raw in its composition, and the campaign itself was too short in its duration (the Prussians crossed the Austrian frontier on the 23d June, and the decisive battle of Sadowa was fought on the 3d July), to enable a decided opinion to be formed upon the solidity and power of endurance of the Prussian troops and military system. When they have fought for a whole summer on the Rhine with the French army—equally well armed and organised, and with a five-

* In Austria the conscript was enrolled for ten years—eight in the regular army, two in the reserve. In the infantry he was drilled for a year, eighteen months, or two years, and was then sent home on furlough for the remainder of his eight years. In the artillery he was kept with the colours for three, and in the cavalry for seven, years.

† At the battle of Borodino the loss was one-third of the total number engaged, and the French expended ten rounds of ammunition per man.—See Hozier's ‘Seven Weeks’ War,’ p. 342, 343.

years' service for its conscripts—it will be possible to give an answer to this question,—but not till then. But there can be no doubt at all as to the admirable and perfect nature of their organisation, *arranged and kept up during peace*, for at once placing their whole army on the war footing, and developing, in an incredibly short space of time, the utmost military power of the nation. It was this which gave Prussia its decisive superiority over Austria, and brought the contest to so speedy an issue. And this is a matter on which our military reformers cannot expend too much care and thought. So admirable were their *peace arrangements* on this point that they were able, in little more than a fortnight, to pass from the peace to the war establishment, and to put actually in the field about 205,000 infantry, 26,000 cavalry, and 765 guns—fully and amply provided with staff and supply departments—the whole massed, fed, clothed, armed, and moved without hesitation, difficulty, or confusion. It was a real triumph of military organisation; and is a standing model of what every nation ought to aim at attaining. A few days served to mobilise each corps. Now the whole of this was owing, 1st, to perfect *unity* in the military administration; 2d, to the preparation during peace of a staff adequate for the war establishment; 3d, to a supply department capable of instant expansion, to meet all the possible wants of the army; 4th, to the perfect corps, divisional, and brigade organisation, whereby every battalion, squadron, and battery fell at once into its appointed place.

4. From this we may deduce that the guiding principles of the Prussian military organisation are mainly two. *First*, to apply the principle of local conscription, to give discipline and steadiness to their short-service infantry; *secondly*, to have the whole army during peace so organised that it can be placed on

the war footing at once without jar or delay. The localisation of their regiments enabled the *first* principle to be applied. From each regiment drawing all its recruits from one district, from these recruits all serving together in the same corps for three years, and then passing into the reserve of that corps for five years more, and from the officers and non-commissioned officers being highly-trained professional soldiers, it resulted that, when it was placed on the war footing, it could be at once doubled in strength, and yet there was no man recalled to the ranks who had not actually been a soldier for three years, or who had been for more than four years absent from the colours; and he came back to serve under the officers by whom he had been trained, and along with the comrades to whom he was known. When, after five years in the reserve, the discipline of the regular army might be supposed to be fading from their minds, the reserve men were drafted for eleven years into the landwehr, who are only used for reserve and garrison purposes; but they went into the landwehr regiment attached to their original line regiment, and still found themselves serving along with their old comrades. Every practical soldier will recognise the wonderful skill of this arrangement in keeping up that moral power of discipline, and giving that steadiness and confidence which results from long mutual training and association, and is usually the "priceless heritage" of old soldiers alone. Unfortunately this, the true, peculiar, and valuable feature of the Prussian primary organisation, is applicable only to an army raised by conscription, and can never be applied, except to a limited extent, in one got together by voluntary enlistment. We are condemned, therefore, to admire, but are hardly able to imitate; and it may safely be said, that a short-service force organised on any other principle would, in the

hour of trial, break down when opposed to veteran troops.

This remark, however, in no manner applies to the *second* cardinal principle of the Prussians—viz., that their whole army should be so organised during peace as to be capable of being placed on the war footing at once without jar or delay. This is purely a matter of forethought and arrangement. It is true, indeed, that, from our voluntary enlistment system presenting us with no reserve of trained soldiers liable to be recalled to the ranks, we cannot at once double our battalions at the mere sound of coming battle; but this is no reason why we should not be able to mobilise such forces as we do possess, both regular and reserve, at once; and though, in our country, the actual details of the Prussian system could not be followed, yet the principle itself is capable of perfect application. Till our whole army and reserves at home are so arranged that they can be at once called out ready for actual service, our military condition must be considered eminently unsatisfactory.

This discussion, long and intricate as it has been, will not, we think, be deemed misplaced by those who have devoted attention to this subject, if it leads to the conclusion, as we believe it does, that discipline, as contradistinguished from drill, is what is most valuable in soldiers. That this is usually only acquired by long service in the ranks—that the only way in which it can be, to a considerable extent, combined with a comparatively short embodiment, is the present Prussian system of line regiments with local reserves, which is quite inapplicable to any but an army raised by conscription; and therefore, that it would be to the last degree imprudent in us to alter the system of enlistment at present in use in the British army.

This system, under which the men enlist at once for twelve, and afterwards can re-engage, with

higher pay, to make up twenty-one years' service, is working remarkably well—furnishes us with the number of recruits required during peace, and enables us to retain in the ranks at the period of re-engaging all those trained soldiers whose character and physical condition make them of value.

As far as our experience of the British army has gone, the value of the soldier goes on constantly increasing until he attains that period when his physical health begins to fail. This, in our army, generally is after about sixteen or seventeen years' service. It is the amount of colonial service in tropical climates and of night-sentry duty which leads to this early commencement of decay in the soldier; and it is markworthy that when men at this period are discharged, they generally recover their former health after a few years of civil life. This has led us to think that it might provide a valuable though small reserve force, if power was given to discharge, to a half-pension of sixpence a-day, good soldiers of sixteen years' service, on condition of their being enrolled in the reserve of their *own* regiment for ten years more; that is, being available to be recalled to the ranks of their regiment in time of war, and during peace being attached to the nearest militia regiment, or local pensioners' division, for a certain amount of annual training.

Independently of the above considerations, short periods of enlistment are utterly inapplicable to an army which spends two-thirds of its time in India or the colonies. The trouble, expense, and general state of inefficiency of the regiments abroad on such a system would be intolerable. Where a force is always at home, and doing what we would call embodied-militia duty, such a system might work; with an army as much on foreign service as ours it is wholly impracticable.

Again, having at present *practically* no reserve of trained soldiers

whom we can (like the Prussians) recall into the ranks when war breaks out, we are driven to increase our regiments to the war establishment either by the ruinous system of volunteering from other corps (our objections to which we will presently state), or by recruiting. Now, in the last case, it is of the utmost importance that there should be in each regiment as large a proportion as possible of old, well-disciplined, steady soldiers; for, provided they are *not in excess to the old soldiers*, it is wonderful how soon, under such conditions, recruits can be got into working order. As long as the tone and discipline of the regiment comes from the old and not the young hands, it will, under the direction of good officers, be a valuable power in war. In exact proportion, therefore, as our army is reduced to a scale so low that it must be largely increased by recruiting on the outbreak of war, is it of importance to us that the nucleus which is permanently kept up should consist of veteran, highly-trained, and thoroughly-disciplined troops.

A system prevailed in our service during the Crimean war, and is still much in favour with our military authorities, of raising any regiment ordered on service to its full war strength by calling for volunteers from other corps. We look upon this plan as one of the very worst which ever was devised. It gives strength to a few battalions at the moment by entailing weakness on the whole army in the end. We have written in vain if we have not shown that a soldier or non-commissioned officer is infinitely more valuable in his own corps, where he is known to all and where he knows all, than he will be as a stranger in a strange regiment. We look upon the regimental system as the very backbone of our army, and upon any attempt to weaken it as destructive to its efficiency. Now the first principle of the regimental system is to keep the same offi-

cers and men always embodied together till there springs up between them, *as the result of long mutual intercourse and knowledge*, that reciprocal confidence and regard which leads to the highest efforts of disciplined valour. Now mark how this system of volunteering works. We will take an actual example. The 92d Regiment was quartered at Gibraltar when the Crimean war began. It was in perfect order and admirable discipline. Not being one of the corps told off to go to Turkey, it was called on to give large drafts of its best men to other regiments ordered there. It was reduced to a skeleton. It became necessary to reinforce the army in the Crimea. The 92d was ordered on. Then its ranks had to be made up in haste from wherever recruits and volunteers could be collected, and it was sent on service the mere wreck *in warlike power* of what it would have been had it not been obliged to send its best men to other corps, to whom, moreover, they were not of half the value they would have been to it, for they were strangers amongst strangers.

So convinced are we of the ruinous nature of the system, that we would positively prohibit volunteering under any circumstances. But the question then arises, how would you reinforce a corps, when necessary, to the war establishment? Strange as it may at first sight sound, we would propose alike to strengthen the regimental system, and to provide for the increase required, by abolishing regimental and resorting to general enlistment.

We would have all recruits enlisted for general service, and sent for primary drill to recruit-depots, to be established near the great recruiting centres, there to be drilled under very carefully selected officers and sergeants. When a regiment fell below its establishment, or required to be raised to the war establishment, then, supposing it not to be a national corps,

or one having any peculiar local connections, the adjutant-general would send an order to the best-filled recruiting depot or depots to furnish to it the numbers required out of the longest-trained recruits. In the case of national corps, these recruits would be all furnished from the recruit-depots of the nation to which it belonged. But *once the recruits were posted to a regiment they should remain in it during the whole of their military service*, except in a few very exceptional cases, such as to serve with an elder brother. This system, we are convinced, would be infinitely the best, alike for the army regarded as a whole and for the regiments regarded singly. Officers and men would thus never be separated, and the ruin of one regiment to supply the wants of another would be avoided. We are convinced that our recruiting would not thereby be impaired. As a general rule, when a man enlists he knows little and cares less into what corps he goes—except in the case of national regiments; and their case, and that of corps having local affinities, could be met on this system, by attending to the wishes of the recruits when not inconsistent with the need of the service.

At this point it naturally falls to consider the value of our volunteer army. The majority of people, we believe, regard our volunteers, battalion for battalion, as quite equal to the regular army—as quite available to be called into active service if necessary—and as perfectly able, if so called, to take their place in a campaign in these islands alongside the regular forces. To ascertain the truth of this opinion is of great importance. If it is true, then we possess a reserve force of such great value, and so strong, that to it and the militia may almost be intrusted the defence of these islands, and our army may be safely diminished to the amount required for foreign service

or offensive war. If it is not true, then it becomes a very serious matter unduly to diminish our home-reserve of regulars. We will best arrive at just conclusions on this subject by examining the volunteer force in relation, 1, to its drill, and 2, to its discipline.

1. *In regard to drill.*—In this respect it is really wonderful what progress our volunteers have made. The ready intelligence of the majority of the privates enables them to get well through a field-day, even when their company officers do not do them full justice. We were once particularly struck with this at an Easter-Monday review at Guildford. The ground over which they had there to move was most trying, yet they hung together admirably. One brigade had to force its way through a thick wood, and then leap a fence and ditch. The men could only do this by entirely breaking their ranks, yet they reformed on the other side in their respective companies with a singular celerity. The heavy batteries of position, too, were brought up over the broken ground in a manner deserving of all praise. At the last Easter-Monday review on Portsdown Hill, near Portsmouth, the way in which they passed through the enclosed ground on to the downs was most creditable. As a rule, the company officers are not equal to the men. The privates understand their business better than the captains do theirs. In most battalions the commanding officer and adjutant are up to their work, and the men are very ready, so that all quarter-distance column and line movements are well and quickly executed. But open-column movements, and such as depend on the practical knowledge and quickness of the company officers, are generally ill done. This is the weak point of volunteer drill. Comparing the volunteers with the militia, we would say that the latter drill with greatest steadiness, the former with more

celerity and intelligence. A volunteer regiment will rarely advance far in line as well as a militia one; but let a mistake occur, or a break take place, and it will recover its formation quicker and hang together better.

2. *In regard to discipline.*—This is the weak point of the volunteer force, and it has its root in its very nature and origin. Practically, the volunteers are quite independent of their officers. Though not nominally, yet really, they have the appointment of them. They can withdraw from the force the instant anything happens contrary to their wishes. Thus power in them comes up from below, does not descend from above. This is quite natural, and is only what was to be expected amongst a highly intelligent and free people; but it is fatal to military usefulness. In war, discipline is above all things necessary; and the first fruit of discipline is prompt, invariable, ready obedience to authority. It is too much the habit amongst the volunteers to look upon obedience to orders as necessary only when drilling on the parade-ground, and to regard their officers chiefly in the light of generous donors of company shooting-prizes. This want of discipline was painfully evident at the Windsor review last year. The weather was hot, water was scarce, and there was some confusion and delay amongst the railway officials in getting the trains off which were to take the volunteers home. A jam also took place at a pontoon bridge over the Thames. Confusion arose, the staff officers in charge endeavoured to restore order, and instantly a scene of the most disgraceful insubordi-

nation arose. If we have been rightly informed, the men broke their ranks, defied their officers, hissed the general in command of the whole volunteer forces, and actually (it is said) hustled his second in command, man and horse, into the Thames.* But what followed, to one really interested in the welfare of the force, was still more painful. After such a gross act of insubordination, the requirements of discipline should have been vindicated with a stern and decided hand. Every corps concerned should have been disbanded, every officer not present with his men and doing his duty, broken. Yet, practically, nothing was done. One corps, we believe, was some time after dissolved and then speedily reinstated. And in a debate which ensued in the House of Lords, with the single exception of Lord Longford, who denounced the act in its just terms, every one spoke in good-humoured apology for the *faux pas* which had occurred, and treated it as a fault certainly, yet as only one which might be expected under the circumstances. Now, to a thinking mind, its importance could not be exaggerated, for it marked, not the failure of a review, but the *break-down of a system*. At the first slight delicate touch of the privations of real service the volunteer force dissolved like snow before the sun.†

A battle is a very small, and quite the exceptional, part of real war. It is the momentary culminating-point of long weeks previously spent in the field. Even in the last Prussian campaign it was eighteen days between the first entry of the Prussian troops into Saxony and the hour of the great fight;—

* As we were not present we speak from the accounts of others—not personal knowledge—on this point.

† These remarks apply only to the volunteers considered as a whole. We are well aware what numerous and brilliant exceptions there are to them. We could name at once half-a-dozen corps in which the company officers pay great attention to drill and the men to discipline. At the Windsor review itself—as was well remarked by Lord Elnor in the House of Commons—there were battalions which, under very trying circumstances, neither broke their ranks nor disobeyed their officers.

and it was about the shortest campaign known. Several weeks before any great contest an army must spend in the field, the men undergoing the severest privations; marching all day, sometimes with mud up to their knees, sometimes under a broiling sun; sleeping at night without tents, often in a pour of rain; generally with indifferent, ill-cooked rations; making all the time great exertions for which they can see no object, and subject to severe privations for which they can perceive no necessity. This is the ordinary trial which awaits all troops on taking the field. Judged by the standard of the Windsor review, how long could the volunteer force stand the test? Not twenty-four hours. It is discipline alone which can enable soldiers to pass through this ordeal; and discipline is the one thing which the volunteer force has not. No amount of perfection in drill will atone for this. Were a modern battle fought like a tournament—could the men get a good breakfast, and be put down, by train, close to the battle-field, and, when the fight was over, be comfortably put into their carriages again, and conveyed back without delay to their warm homes and anxious expectant wives—then they would do their work right well, we are sure. But, alas! this fairy dream has no place in the real, rude, iron work of war. "*Le faim, le froid, et la misère*," says Napoleon—"*voilà l'école des bons soldats*."

Now we have already said that we consider discipline in war as more important than great tactical perfection in drill; and on this ground we do not hold the volunteer force, *in its present state*, at all able to take its place alongside the regular army in a campaign. Most civilians look on the volunteers as perfect soldiers; many soldiers regard them as nearly useless. We share neither opinion. In many respects we have the *greatest ad-*

miration for the volunteers, and we believe that they would be of the utmost assistance to the army and regular militia in case of invasion. But they would be best utilised by employing them as the Prussians *now* do their *landwehr*—viz., in furnishing the garrisons and guarding the lines of communication necessary to enable all the regulars (line and militia) to go to the front. Now this aid would nearly *double* the effective force of the field army—for such duties consume almost as many men as go to the line of battle. And when the volunteers themselves have been so long embodied that their company officers have learned drill and their men discipline, they will, in their turn, become fit to join the operating force.

We will now briefly consider the most prominent defects in our existing military system; suggest what seem to us the alterations necessary; and, in conclusion, hazard a few remarks on the precautions to be observed in making reductions in the army.

I. To begin at the source, the first requisite of a good military system is *perfect unity of administration*. The surest means to incur disaster in war is to have the military department divided into a number of *independent, and therefore jealous and semi-hostile, branches*. Now, a year ago, this last was exactly the state of our War Office; and had a contest then broken out, we are certain it would have led to a crash in our military system even more disastrous than that which marked the Crimean war. This is now in process of amelioration; yet the isolation of the Horse Guards from the War Office is an obstructive and most detrimental arrangement.

In all foreign States the War Minister is invariably a soldier, and, *de facto*, Commander-in-Chief of the army. And the reason is clear. Wherever the efficiency of the army is the main consideration,

it will be best attained by placing a practical soldier at its head. We would not, in ordinary life, expect a cotton-mill to be well managed if the manager was selected for being an active town-councillor, not a practical man. And the efficiency of an army requires more departmental and professional knowledge than the management of a mill. The objection to this system is, that it is probable that a soldier will have *more regard to efficiency than economy*. In those nations, therefore, where the theory of Parliamentary government and the practice of economy during peace are of more consequence than mere efficiency, he will always be a Parliamentary statesman. On the Continent the condition of existence is the power of the sword. Austria or Prussia, therefore, dare not indulge in the luxury of a civil War Minister. In England the reverse is the case. Invasion is hardly dreamt of. Offensive war, except against a feeble foe, is out of fashion. We can therefore enjoy at our ease the comfort of having a deserving member of Parliament for our War Minister, as ignorant of war and its necessities as the child unborn.

This being so, it becomes with us a matter of the greatest importance that the organisation and arrangement of the War Depart-

ment should be such as at once, 1, to afford to the civil War Minister the best and readiest information on all the subjects of his department; and, 2, to insure that the army administration itself should be conducted on the simplest, most economical, and most uniform system.

II. A good beginning has been made towards this end by the reform now in progress of uniting under one head all the numerous costly, semi-hostile, and independent branches of the great supply and administrative departments. We look upon this as a change of the most important kind. It will introduce an order, economy, promptitude, and simplicity hitherto unknown to our military administration. Instead of perpetual confusion, obstruction, and reference on the most trivial points to headquarters, the head of the administrative department or Comptroller-in-Chief will carry out the orders of the War Minister in each military division by the officer of his department in local charge, and he, in his turn, will only require to refer to the Comptroller-in-Chief new and exceptional points not met by the existing regulations, or in which he may differ from the general officer commanding the district.* The numerous supply branches of the army will, for the first time, be worked in unison, on

* It has been objected to the new local controllers that they are made responsible to the general officer commanding the troops, whose order, even when contrary to regulation, they are bound to obey; and this is urged as a new and unwarrantable innovation. This, however, is a mistake. *No change or alteration from the existing system has been made in the matter.* The general officer commanding the district is the representative of the Secretary of State for War, as well as of the Commander-in-Chief; and he is equally responsible to, and equally in direct communication with, both—with the former for all administrative, with the latter for all executive, duties. His power in this respect is clearly defined by the Commissariat Regulations issued by the Treasury in 1845 (at this time the Commissariat officers were directly under the Treasury), which directs that, "Should the Commissariat officer receive orders from the officer commanding inconsistent with the Treasury instructions or regulations, . . . it will be his duty respectfully to point out the same to the officer commanding, and to solicit a special warrant in writing for the direction, which, being granted, it must be implicitly obeyed," and a copy sent to the Lords of the Treasury, who will hold the general officer personally responsible for his order. On no other system could unity of command be maintained in a district or colony. *Power checked by responsibility is the only condition effectually possible in the circumstances.*

one principle and with one object. The very saving of time in unnecessary writing and endless references from one department to another will be immense, and will permit a large ultimate reduction of clerks at the War Office, whose main occupation is to conduct the vast circumlocutory correspondence generated by the old system of mutual independence and antagonism.

III. We now come to the difficult and delicate subject of the relations between the Horse Guards and the War Office. Upon this point we hold views which, we are quite aware, are not generally popular amongst military men. To us it seems that the evils at present resulting from the separation of the Horse Guards from the War Office, and the uncertain and ill-defined relations existing between them, are greater than the advantages derived from the semi-independence thereby accruing to the Commander-in-Chief. The theory of course is, that the Commander-in-Chief advises the Secretary of State for War in regard to all executive matters. In practice, the Commander-in-Chief sends up a minute on the subject under consideration to the War Minister, who immediately refers it to the permanent Under-Secretary, who is a soldier far junior in rank to the Commander-in-Chief. Thus, practically, it is the advice of the military Under-Secretary, not of the Commander-in-Chief, which weighs with the War Minister. Now, either the Commander-in-Chief is or is not fit for his duties. If he is, then his advice is the one which ought to be attended to; if he is not, and if the advice of a junior officer is preferable to his, then he is not fit for his position, and ought to be removed. The interposition of a military officer of inferior rank be-

tween the War Minister and the Commander-in-Chief, places both in a false position, causes both delay and jealousy, and diminishes that responsibility which ought to weigh on the Commander-in-Chief in respect to the advice which he tenders on any executive subject to the head of the War Department of the nation. As the Duke of Cambridge said, in a debate in the House of Lords last session, the Commander-in-Chief is the proper adviser of the Secretary of State for War in all executive matters.

To bring this about, we would propose, 1. To abolish the present permanent *military* Under-Secretary, and to appoint in his stead a permanent *financial* Under-Secretary, who should be always a civilian. 2. To transfer the Horse Guards to the War Office, and place the Commander-in-Chief in direct personal communication, in all executive matters, with the Secretary of State for War; leaving him, however, as independent as at present in all matters of patronage. The Commander-in-Chief would thus remain, in regard to the executive duties of army command, in his present position as regards the army; but to the Secretary of State he would practically become the chief of the Staff.

On this scheme the War Department would consist of the Secretary of State for War and his Parliamentary Under-Secretary, with a permanent financial Under-Secretary, the Comptroller-General, and the general officer Commanding-in-Chief. The War Minister would sit, as it were, in the centre, with around him his Comptroller-General as his administrative adviser, his Commander-in-Chief as his executive adviser, and the permanent Under-Secretary as his financial referee.*

By this means Parliamentary

* Of course we need hardly point out that the Treasury is the ultimate and effective check upon the expenditure of the War Department, for without its sanction no money can be laid out by the Minister for War or his subordinates.

control would be effectually maintained by the War Minister and his Parliamentary Under-Secretary; the financial check fully vindicated by the permanent Under-Secretary; and economy, celerity, and simplicity, introduced into the executive and administrative departments of the army by the Commander-in-Chief and Comptroller-General. The whole would work smoothly and simply, and therefore with great power and economy, as one machine under one direction and rule.

There is one point, however, in which we earnestly hope no change will be made, and that is in the present mode in which the appointments of the army are filled up. Almost alone of the great departments of the State, it is entirely free from the *curse of political patronage*. As a rule the officers for the staff commands are carefully chosen with a due consideration alike for the proper discharge of the duty and the claims of individuals. Mistakes, of course, often must and do occur; but, taken as a whole we are sure that army appointments will well bear a comparison with those made in any other State department. And they have this strong check to insure purity of selection. They are made by one officer, who is *personally responsible* for each; who is not mixed up in politics; and who is watched with an angry vigilant bitterness alike by the army, the press, and the House of Commons. No great party in the State is ever interested in screening a bad military appointment from public blame.

IV. There is one change which would necessarily follow from the removal of the Horse Guards to the War Office, and that is, the placing of the whole reserve forces of the army—the militia, the enrolled pensioners, the yeomanry, and the volunteers—for executive purposes under the direct control of the Commander-in-Chief. We regard this, *in point of army organi-*

sation as a matter of the first importance. With the small regular army we keep up at home, it is a matter of primary necessity that we should be able at once to supplement it by the whole effective power of the reserve; and this is exactly what under the present system, is impossible. The militia, the yeomanry, and the volunteers are, for patronage, under the lord-lieutenants of counties; for executive control, under a branch of the War Office—and are without relation to the Commander-in-Chief. Hence there is, as a matter of course, neither unity in organisation nor in feeling between the army and its reserves. They do not serve under the same officers, and they are generally animated by a jealous and antagonistic spirit. This is the very reverse of what it should be. The whole should, by their organisation, be so welded together that they should feel themselves all component parts of one system, established and worked with a common object and by a common will.

To effect this the Commander-in-Chief should be equally responsible to the War Minister for the condition of the militia, the pensioners, and the volunteers, as for the regular army; and he should exercise his control and supervision over them, through the general officers commanding districts, in exactly the same way. In each district the general officer in command should be the head, and his staff and local controller the executive and administrative agents, *of the whole force, line and reserve, within the command.* They should be so organised in brigades, with brigade and administrative staffs, that, on a week's notice, the whole could be mobilised in their different necessary *degrees*,—the regulars and militia ready to take the field—the pensioners, yeomanry, and volunteers to garrison the important points and keep up the communications. When this is done, our military

system will approach that of Prussia, and become worthy of the name. Till it is done, we but waste and squander money in maintaining a great reserve force which, from want of a proper system, is incapable of supplementing the line with celerity and effect in the hour of need.

But an objection at once arises here, Would not this cause a great additional expense? We think not. It is a matter solely of forethought and arrangement. It is quite true that the military districts would have to be rearranged, with a view to equalising the total force, regular and reserve, in each; and that the divisional staff would have to be considerably increased in each to meet the extra work thrown on it. But, on the other hand, the present whole staff of the reserve forces—the inspector-general, deputy-inspector, and eleven assistant-inspectors—would be unnecessary; and, from the addition to the divisional staff being frequently only needed in the inferior ranks, such as deputy-assistant-adjutants or quartermasters-general, a considerable economy on the whole would be the result, as well as a vast increase of effective power.

V. There is a question, however, which here starts up. We stated that the militia and volunteers should be organised into brigades. How could this be done except at a ruinous expense? Our answer to this leads to another important point.

The country is at present ground down by the weight of an enormous half-pay list, for which it receives no return of any sort in the way of service. It is full of officers, many of them young, active, and of great experience in war, both regimentally and on the staff. The State loses by their half-pay—the individuals rust from want of employment. Now we think this is the natural nucleus round which our reserve forces should be grouped.

The State has a perfect right to exact some return from men to whom it gives half-pay, and it is from this source that we would provide the disembodied staff of the militia and volunteers. Let every six or eight battalions of militia or volunteers have a brigadier and staff officer taken from the best on the half-pay list; these officers only to receive the pay and allowances of their rank when actually called out—which need not be for above six or seven days a-year—and a small allowance as a remuneration for the correspondence it would entail on them at other times. A little care in appointing officers to brigades near which they reside, and a few inducements in the shape of so much time spent in this manner counting towards a certain amount of service, and giving claim for future employment, would lead to half-pay officers being most anxious to receive such appointments.

VI. The militia force is the great first reserve of the country. With less individual intelligence, it has greater steadiness and discipline than the volunteers. Its being always embodied for four weeks in the year leads to this; the same men serve year after year together under the same officers, and a regimental feeling is the result. From being recruited from the same class as the line, its rank and file can readily be got hold of, and are willing and anxious to be put on permanent duty at any moment, for they change from a less to a more agreeable mode of life. But to do this fine force justice, it should be taken entirely out of the hands of the lord-lieutenants and attached to the army. Every officer on half-pay, in good health, and who has not retired from age, should be obliged to serve in its ranks—receiving, of course, militia full pay, in addition to his half-pay, when called out for training. A number of admirable officers would thus be obtained for the different militia regiments, and the

two services would be more welded together.

VII. But how will the nation know whether it has got any real return for all this system of organisation? There is a very simple test by which to ascertain this. Each year let one district be mobilised without previous notice. Let the district to be so treated be fixed by lot, and an order at once sent by telegraph to the general in command, directing him to call out on a named day, for three or four days, the whole force of his command: the regulars and militia to be concentrated, if the district is small, on one point—if it is large, at their respective brigade rallying-points; the volunteer brigades at those points where they would naturally assemble to move on the works, &c., to be garrisoned. Were this done towards the end of the period of militia training, the expense would be inconsiderable. The number of volunteers who could turn out would of course be small—not probably more than one-third of their real strength—but this would be of no consequence.* So long as each battalion found its place in its brigade, and each brigade was concentrated, moved, and supplied by its own and the district staff correctly, and without jar or confusion, then it might safely be inferred that all was right in the organisation of the force. To a civilian it may seem that this is a slight and easy test. We can only reply, Try it in any district just now, and see what will happen.

VIII. There is one other point on which we would remark, and that has reference to the regular army. We are strongly of opinion that it would conduce to the benefit

alike of India and of our army, if a local European force was re-established in that country. It should, of course, be fixed at that amount below which we can never, under any circumstances of national peril, however great, think of reducing our European force there. This may be safely taken at 40,000 men. The great amount of foreign service imposed on our line by furnishing the whole garrison of India, is highly unpopular alike with officers and men, and is very expensive. By the proposed arrangement the regular army would only have to find about 25,000 men for India. This would, supposing the home-garrison to be kept at its present amount, give a much longer term of home-service to each regiment than it now has. On the other hand, we are convinced that our recruiting, far from being injured, would be benefited by the change. The greater amount of home-service would bring more men to the ranks of the regulars, whilst the attractions of greater ease and comfort, and the prospect of the numerous openings which a military life in India presents, would draw many to the local army who now seek other openings. This would be insured if the standard for the Indian local army was made somewhat less than that for the line. This was practically found to be the case when the Company's European army existed. Its recruiting did not at all interfere with that of the Royal army. The same thing applies to the officers. Indian service is most unpopular with the officers of the English army, and India in a great measure loses the services of many able but poor men who would formerly have joined the Company's

* The volunteers could only, of course, be invited to turn out upon these occasions; but we believe that a little attention in making the days so spent count as effective drills, &c., would induce them to do so without difficulty. Should any serious obstacle, however, be found on this point, it would then be necessary to omit the volunteers from the proposed organisation, and to confine it only to the regular reserve forces—the enrolled pensioners, militia, and yeomanry—over which the nation has direct control.

force there. They cannot afford going into one of our regiments in India, for though they could live on their pay there, they could not do so when their battalions returned to this country; and it is a wretched hopeless business to be always exchanging. When the Company's European army was abolished, one of the greatest of Indian living statesmen said to us: "You will see both your army and our service will lose by the change; you will get an inferior class both of officers and men in consequence, and we will lose the services of that very class from whom our best officers have been drawn—viz., the sons of poor men of good family who prefer a military life but cannot afford the expense of the Queen's service." Every day's experience since has, we think, proved the truth of this remark.

IX. We have no space left to enter upon the difficult question of purchase in the army. We believe that it is one which has no practical bearing—because, to compensate fully the officers in the army for the change would cost a sum which the nation is not willing to pay; and to do away with the system without doing so, would simply be an act of revolutionary spoliation for which it is not yet prepared. We would only throw out for consideration a very humble and *comparatively* inexpensive scheme, which we believe would retain a very valuable class of officers in the army who now quit it, considerably improve the commanding officers of regiments, and lay a foundation for *ultimately* getting rid of purchase without either further expense to the nation or injustice to individuals. Our proposals are: 1. Make the command of a battalion an appointment to be held for six years only; after which, except in very exceptional cases, the officer must be placed on half-pay. 2. Abolish purchase in the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and (if possible) in that of major. 3. Rule that no officer

shall ever, under any circumstances, receive money for a commission which he has not purchased.

Our reasons for these recommendations are: 1. That experience has convinced us that in the great majority of cases where a man has commanded a regiment for six years he gets pretty tired of the work, ceases to carry it on with much vigour, and loses that zest in the occupation which makes him valuable in the position. 2. We have also observed that a vast number of our most able and promising officers quit the army when they have attained the rank of captain. They generally have money enough to purchase their way up so far; but many of them cannot afford to give the long sums necessary to attain the higher ranks. Seeing no prospect of promotion, they look out for other employment, and leave their regiment at the very time they are becoming most valuable. The nation would no doubt have to compensate the present holders of these appointments for the money which they have paid for their commissions as field-officers, since they could no longer sell them. But as this compensation would only require to be made to those who quit the service, it would not be excessive in amount. The plan might first of all be tried in the infantry only, for to them it would be a greater boon than to the cavalry, as being generally poorer men. The great advantage of purchase to the army, from an administrative point of view, is, that it quickens promotion, and so brings up men to be field-officers, and to command regiments, before they have passed the vigour and flower of their age. A non-purchase corps in time of peace, and without exceptional augmentation or a liberal system of retirement, has generally grey-haired captains and imbecile colonels. We would propose to retain purchase up to the rank of captain, as that would insure a supply of comparatively

young officers, from whom the field-officers would be taken. This proposal has actually been carried out in the Guards. 3. There seems to be no hardship in ruling that an officer should receive no money for a commission for which he has not paid; and a steady adherence to this rule, combined with the two preceding, would in time come, especially should a war intervene, to work out purchase from the army. It would be a slow, but a very certain process, like those by which nature carries out all her vast but silent changes. To exemplify our meaning: A captain wishes to sell who has only purchased his company and his ensigncy. He will only receive the regulation for these steps. The lieutenantancy must go without purchase. Again, a lieutenant would sell who has only purchased his lieutenantancy. He would only receive money for his lieutenantancy, the ensigncy would be given without purchase. A steady adherence to this rule would soon eat into the purchase system.

The objection, in addition to its first expense, to this plan is, that it would throw the lieutenant-colonels of regiments quicker on the half-pay list than they at present go. And this is true; but we think the advantages on the other side—viz., having young active men always in command, and securing a certain steady flow of promotion in the battalions—overbalance this disadvantage. It would be a good arrangement for the army, and entail no loss on the nation, if, when an officer was removed to half-pay on completing his six years' command, he was offered, *if he chose to retire*, the capitalized value of his half-pay at his age at the moment. Very many would take this, and promotion to the rank of major-general would be thereby quickened.

We will conclude this long discussion by briefly enumerating the considerations which we think ought to govern such reductions as may

from time to time be necessary, for financial reasons, in the army. 1. The principles which should govern the amount of the staff and supply departments required to be maintained on the peace establishment, and the test to be applied to ascertain whether, with prudence, they can or can not be reduced, we have already explained fully in the early part of this article. 2. Great care should be taken in reducing those particular branches of the service in which a long and expensive course of training is required to turn the recruit into an effective soldier. This is particularly the case in the engineers, the artillery, and the cavalry. It is important to remark that those most economical and practical military administrators, the Prussians, keep up their cavalry during peace almost at the full war establishment. 3. The branch of the service in which, on the whole, reductions, if made on a sound principle, can with most safety be undertaken is in the rank and file of the infantry. If the number of battalions in the army, and the number of companies in each battalion, is kept up (as in the Prussian system) the same in peace as in war, then a very considerable reduction may be made in the actual numbers of the privates. And this may most fairly, and with least injury to the service, be done by (1.) suspending for a time recruiting, and (2.) giving increased power to commanding officers to discharge men undesirable in the ranks, either on account of bad conduct or physical weakness. This will make the battalions, though weak in mere numbers, yet strong in officers and non-commissioned officers, and in the discipline and training of the men actually round the colours. When the *cadres*, as the French say, are in this effective state, a very considerable number of recruits may, on an augmentation becoming necessary, be safely added: for it is remarkable how soon—provided (as we have already

remarked) they are not thrown in in excess—a considerable body of young soldiers can be leavened by the tone of the veterans in the ranks. 4. We have said nothing in regard to withdrawing troops from the colonies, because this is properly not a question of military organisation but of colonial policy—and must be determined by the views of the Cabinet on the subject. We have little doubt, however, that those establishments which are kept up out of India, but in the Eastern seas, might with advantage have two-thirds of the force required for their garrison furnished by native Indian troops. There would not be much saving of money to the nation, but there would be a great saving of life to our men in such an

arrangement. But we shrewdly suspect the real but unsaid objection which weighs with our statesmen against withdrawing troops from the colonies is this,—when in the colonies they are available to be brought home if wanted for service. Were they brought to England at once, no power could prevent the House of Commons, in one of its periodical attacks of economy, from reducing them, on the ground that they were in excess to the old home establishment; and thus, when wanted, they would not be forthcoming.

We fear our views on these subjects are not popular; but whether they be so or not, we can only say they are founded on observation and experience.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

MY WILL AND TESTAMENT.

WE are told somewhere, I cannot recollect on what authority, that in the last moments of a drowning man's existence all the events of his life pass before him with a marvellous clearness and distinctness; that long-forgotten events arise to his mind, and even sensations he had long ceased to experience come back with a startling vividness and reality. I have never been drowned, and can contribute nothing of personal experience to refute or confirm this theory. I have, however, lately been very ill, and although I cannot charge my mind with taking a cowardly advantage of my debility, and raking up against me a long catalogue of old sores, I must confess I should have felt fully as grateful if it had left me "alone with my sorrow," and not taken the moment of physical suffering to present me with dissolving views of my shortcomings in life, passing pictures of mistaken roads and blundering halting-

places. Like the tenor who knew he sang "false," but didn't like to be told so, I have the very fullest conviction of my own mismanagement and misdirection; but I would deem my memory more polite if it insisted less on bringing the matter before me; but it did worse even than this. On one especial night of headache and high fever it took occasion to regale me with snatches of all the vile doggerel and street-ballads which I was once familiar with, but which I had flattered myself to have totally outlived. Some of these detestable lyrics were my own, composed in freshman years, when I cultivated fun far more than the humanities, and even, Homer-like, sang my own verses from door to door, only that my costume differed in so far from the Greek that I wore a bonnet and petticoat, and gathered my obole in a snuffer-dish.

It was very cruel to find these reminiscences coming back on me in my years of maturity. Whether

it was some supposed analogy with the position of the creature who was disposing of his effects in testamentary fashion, but there was an old ballad (I had never heard it since I was a child) that would not leave me. It was a description of a fox making his last will before being eaten. He has given away in succession all he possesses—his ears, his paws, his brush—to this or that squire of the neighbourhood, to whose sport he had contributed for many a year, and at last he comes to the residue of his property, when he says:—

"My teeth and my gums I will bequeath
To the Reverend Michael Palmer—
His wife has a tongue that will match them
well:
She's a devil of a scold, G—d d—n her!"

Now, if I sang this touching distich once, I must have sung it some eighty-odd times, with a little shake on the last words, to render them more effective; and I must have even given vent to it aloud, as I remember the nurse tenderly, gently reproving me, and saying, "Oh, don't say that, sir; I'm sure she wasn't so bad after all!"

Poor Michael Palmer! I wonder was it any comfort to him to know that the fox's legacy bequeathed an undying fame to Mrs. Palmer? Did it compensate him for any of those passages, when he cowered under the storm or scudded before the blast? Was he grateful to Reynard or not? From these thoughts I wandered on to the fox himself. How touching the thought of dividing his very identity into testamentary portions! He had neither houses nor lands—not an earth he could call his own; he was going out of life bare as he came into it. I halted at this reflection, and for once I thought myself very like a fox.

Why should not I then make my will? My heirs, it is true, will not be much richer than the fox's; but the intention in each case was commendable. I'd have been Peabody—Anybody, but myself—if I could; and so here goes.

I, Cornelius O'Dowd, being sick and ill, and with very little faith in my doctors, and none whatever in my apothecary—who, I believe, has not renewed his stock for forty years, and started originally with birds' seeds—and being of a sound disposing mind, only disturbed by having so little to dispose of, make the following as my last Will and Testament:—

From starting in life with a considerable fund of GOOD SPIRITS, I have been living so long on the capital, without the smallest opportunity of replenishing my stock, that I have very little to bequeath. Any shares, however, that I possess of HOPEFULNESS—any scrip that I did possess of in JOLLITY or GENIALITY—I leave to the Irish believers in the present Government. They who imagine that the men now in power understand Ireland and Irishmen, know in what sense concessions are received in that country, by what boons the people are stimulated to fresh demands, and how little they are impressed by anything but strict justice; to all these I leave my HOPEFULNESS. They will want more than I have to bequeath them, and I greatly fear that the years which are to come will not increase their stock.

To the Americans I leave my FORGIVENESS, and I do not know if I ever admired the benevolence of my own nature so much as in this act. For as many years as I have been a writer I have said flippant impertinences of them—on their pretensions, their boastfulness, their arrogance, and their accent. I have quizzed their vulgarity and laughed at their conceit, and yet I have met numberless proofs of American goodwill and kindness. I don't speak of their hospitality—they can't help that; but I refer to mindful little attentions shown years after one might have imagined himself forgotten—kindnesses shown to friends simply because they were our friends, and scores of small civilities which by

accumulation reach the size of great benefits. All these I have on my conscience; and when I say I forgive them, I ask you, can you imagine anything more touchingly beautiful than this generosity on my part? To forget an injury is fine in its way, but to pardon the man you have wronged—to forgive him you have been unjust to—is about as fine a trait as human nature can boast of.

I bequeath my WIT and DROLLERY—I cannot exactly say where I have put them away—to the new House of Commons. It strikes me that they will need many like legacies to carry them through their new labours pleasantly—all the more that the honourable House has lost the airy gracefulness of Horseman and the genial pleantry of Stuart Mill.

To those who believe that Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bright can long continue to eat out of the same dish I leave my CREDULITY, and beg them to mix it with their own, though it be not exactly of the same quality.

My sense of DECENCY and DECORUM—my dislike to details of the Divorce Court and the general annals of prurient living—I leave to the lady novelists, whose utter destitution in this respect moves pity and compassion; and I appeal to all those who have any qualities, even worn ones, of regard for cleanliness of life and decency of demeanour, not to forget creatures so utterly bereft of these gifts, and to whom even the mere rags of virtue would prove an unspeakable luxury.

I bequeath an INCIPIENT DEAFNESS, which promises well to become total, to any friends who are in the habit of attending private concerts. I have myself experienced great comfort from the blessing, which has sustained me through much of Wagner's music and several missionary conferences.

I leave my PATIENCE—I have not much of it left—to all who listen to such sermons as I am weekly exposed to, and entreat them to re-

member that not the least of the miracles of our Church is its power to survive its paid defenders.

I leave my BUOYANCY to our iron-plated squadron, who need it sadly.

To any gentleman about to leave England with little intention to return to it I leave my "FAITH IN PUBLIC MEN"—it will not encumber his baggage, or subject him to examination by custom-house officers.

Any "IRISH DISCONTENT" I may feel on the score of English superciliousness and impertinence—the tone of disparagement displayed to Irishmen generally as bullmakers, blunderers, bogtrotters, and such-like—I bequeath to those enlightened individuals who desire to cede Gibraltar to Spain, and whose enlarged views will certainly at last prevail to persuade their countrymen how wise it would be to sell Ireland to the Americans, and the Isle of Wight to the French; and so enforce that commendable policy, that the less we possess, the less it will cost us to keep it.

My CURIOSITY as to what will happen in France after the Empire—whether Garibaldi will be the next Pope, and Hobart Pasha King of Candia—I leave to Colonel Darby Griffiths—without knowing him—but who will recognise such speculations as very like his own, and who, if he had a seat in the House, would like to question the Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office as to what late information he could lay on the table about these things.

I have a bottle of very old Irish whiskey—somewhere. It constitutes, I believe, what in moments of vainglory I am given to call "my cellar." I leave this to those gentlemen of Ireland who have faith in the present Administration; it will make all of them very jolly, and still leave some in the bottle.

If, however, I should not die on this occasion—and I have now some hopes of recovery, for I have dismissed my doctor and thrown

my drugs out of the window—I my own use, and may possibly, by an
revoke all and each of the above enlarged experience, see some more
bequests, as I shall need them for fitting mode of disposing of them.

[We have the pleasure to acknowledge a letter from Mr. O'Dowd's physician, who now pronounces him out of danger, and in fair way to convalescence. He says: "The symptoms of mildness and gentleness which alarmed his family so much gave way on last Friday, and his natural irritability set in in a most decided form. Since then his temper has been barely endurable. Besides this hopeful symptom, I have reason to think that, on reading over his Will, he was so gratified by the amount he had to dispose of, he was inspired with a renewed desire to live; and this sentiment has had a most salutary effect upon him." To his many friends, then, we beg to communicate this notice, and to add that, in return for all kind inquiries, he offers his gratitude, and, in the language of the newspapers—no cards sent,—Ed.]

TIPS.

I gather from the newspapers that you have taken a wonderfully economical turn lately in England. You first made a raid on bakers and butchers; you next turned upon hotel-keepers; and now it is your pleasure to bring the flunkies to book, and see what proper restriction can be imposed upon vails. It is a class with which I have little sympathy. All that cant about "our friends in sickness, and our slaves in health," I repudiate and despise. I sincerely believe there are more tempers spoiled, more houses made uncomfortable, more domestic annoyances built up, by the pretentious impertinence and gratuitous insolence of the flunky class, than by all the other ills that flesh is heir to; and I would regard as the greatest benefactor of his species the man who could present us with a mechanical cook, who could be wound up like an eight-day clock, and a self-acting housemaid of small steam-power.

As for that peasant in plush we call a footman, a very low inventive vein might replace him by machinery. While I say this, and say it out of a long-suffering and much-enduring experience, I, at the same time, must enter a distinct protest against an attack on their perquisites.

First of all, I dislike it as being one of these reforms which we always like to try on the humbler classes before we go higher, fully determined in our minds that we never will go higher. Now, let us look the matter fairly in the face, and confess that tips are a great institution. Tips dates from a very long antiquity, and tips are frequent in very high quarters. What are orders and decorations but tips? Is not the Garter a tip? and the Legion of Honour—though a very small recognition, and next to what the Italians, speaking of St. Maurice and St. Lazare, call the usual saints—is the tip of grocers in the National Guard, and sous-préfets who have done something dirty for the Government.

I often wonder why we have never introduced this system of decoration-giving into domestic practice. It has the two great recommendations which attach to mock splendour, "C'est magnifique et pas chère. Instead, therefore, of raising Jeames's wages, or tipping Tom the groom, how much easier and cheaper it would be to give one the third class of the Grid-iron, and the other the companionship of the Picker. The fellow, then, who would apply for service with

three bars to his medal would have a stronger certificate of character than a score of written testimonials, less often given in sincerity than extorted through fear or conceded from indolence. Masters, too, would feel a natural pride in being waited on by a butler who wore the first class of the Corkscrew. The spirit of our age tends to equalisation. The popular voice cries out against exclusive privilege, and it would be a great measure of conciliation to John Thomas to know that while he filled the glass of the Golden Fleece or the Bear, he himself was sporting the insignia of the Broom or the Boot-tree!

What a saving of "paper" it would be if the gamekeeper could be recommended for a Companionship of the Rabbit! What dukes delight in could scarcely be scorned in the servants' hall; and if my lord was enchanted at being made a black eagle, surely the valet could not object to being created a fox.

I am the more emboldened to make this suggestion from having read a letter signed Gamekeeper, in the 'Times,' where the writer asserts that he and his compeers attach even more value to the recognition conveyed in the tip than to its material amount. This sentiment, at once dignified and delicate, is exactly what might be met by a ribbon; in fact, there is a difficulty in offering even a "fiver" to a man of this stamp. Indeed, with a class of such refinement, we ought perhaps to imitate the practice of certain small German courts, whose exchequer is not proportioned to the splendour of their chivalry, and who send to their favoured followers, not the actual decoration they would confer, but its likeness in pasteboard—which the newly-created knight may have imitated in whatever guise or of whatever metal suits him.

When a celebrated Irish Viceroy knighted a hotel-keeper in Kilbeggan who had served his Excellency

with a bowl of exquisite punch, he may be said to have inaugurated the system which I am now recommending; and I only wonder why his admirable example has not been followed ere this. That foreign princes have understood the value of chivalrous distinctions by tips is well known. That beautifully-planned road that winds up from Florence to Fiesole was made entirely by tips. To every one who contributed so many perches of road was accorded a title; and dukedoms, marquisates, and countships were measured out by the foot. At Lucca, nobility was even cheaper, and at Parma, was literally to be had for a song.

It may be said that there would be a difficulty at first in inducing the menial class to attach to these distinctions that value which they have in the eyes of gentlemen; that, to the coarser apprehension of the flunky, "the material guarantee" would appeal more powerfully than the star or the ribbon;—and there is, no doubt, some force in the objection. It will be always easier to "make a flunky of a gentleman than a gentleman of a flunky." But I trust much to the levelling tendencies of the times. Yellow plush may hold out for a season, but he cannot resist long; he will have to come down at last. This new Parliament that is about to assemble will be a great school-master. When we shall find amongst our legislators those whose lives and ways have hitherto only suggested legislation—when we shall see in the division those we have hitherto only seen in the dock—men will learn to bethink them that the world before them is not that old world their fathers and grandfathers lived in, but a brand-new thing, coined out of household suffrage and latch-key franchise.

I hope, in ceding the Ionian Islands, we have not ceded the right to confer the knightly honours that pertained to them; for St. Maurice

row to show our ingratitude to our benefactors if you can only prove to us that we are safe in the display.

Make us strong enough at the expense of Turkey; let us annex Candia and occupy Thessaly, and you shall see what gratitude will bind us to Russia. Just as Italy was powerless against Austria till France intervened, so are we unable to inflict any great wound on Turkey without Russian assistance. But whose policy has reduced us to this? You of the west of Europe—France and England—only able to comprehend one danger—the march of Russia on Constantinople—will not see that we are your real allies. We never can be a dominant power in the Levant to give you real trouble, but we can be a most important outpost. Make us only strong enough to hold our own, and to declare our ingratitude as openly as Italy has done; enable us to say that for the past we have no memory—that we only accepted Russian aid because we could get no other, and that we took rubles because no one offered us napoleons;—raise us to this pitch of national greatness, and if we do not show ourselves as perfidious as the Italians, call me not Greek!

This is a view of the Greek question so new to me, and so suggestive, that I cannot but give it to the world while the Congress is still sitting; and I only regret that the distinguished Greek, whose logic in urging this question has so affected my own conviction, has not a seat at that council-board to display his persuasive powers where they might prove effective.

Now all this, I say, is very Fenian! What Russia has been to the Greeks, America has been to the Irish. Paddy knows well—none better—that he is not loved in the United States; he understands thoroughly the social status assigned him—a bench a little higher than the niggers; he feels bitterly, resentfully, with what grudging-

ness he is received into the Union at all; and even when admitted, that his place is that of a helot. Still, he has his compensation for all these indignities. It occasionally suits the course of events in America to display an ostentatious insolence towards England, and when such a time comes round the Irish ticket is in the ascendant. Fenianism is the back-water of this flood. It is the Yankee acceptance of the Irish bill for work and labour done in the State's elections.

Now, I say, if the Congress—which, however, I don't believe—can see their way to a settlement of the Turco-Greek contention, their counsels may be of great value to ourselves in our home-troubles. It may be that they will say, Let the Turks give up Candia; which would mean, Let us cede Ireland. Be it so. They could not find us in a more giving mood; and perhaps it might be arranged that the same day the Spaniards walk into Gibraltar, the stars and stripes should float over the Castle of Dublin. One advantage of this arrangement cannot be over-prized. It will save the Government from the perils of the Irish Church *fiasco*, which are already giving them an "unpleasant quarter of an hour," and the "Irish difficulty," as they are fond of calling it, will be done with for ever.

That the Congress can come to any conclusion better than a weak compromise of the dispute is not to be hoped for. Nothing but a war can really settle the question. Not a small war, such as a war between Turks and Greeks must be, but a war which shall engage all the great Powers of Europe.

The interests of the consulting parties are too diverse and too opposed to lead one to any more hopeful view. We know pretty well whither the ambition of Russia tends, nor have we much doubt what are the designs of France on Egypt, strengthened as they are by

the interests involved in the Suez Canal. Prussia has her own game to play in the Danubian Provinces—a game which her daily-increasing soreness with Austria invests with unusual interest. As for ourselves, we cannot give up the road to India unless we reconcile ourselves to give up India itself. Is it at all likely that such diversity of objects can lead to agreement? Can the diplomatists do anything more than the journalists, when they have snubbed the Greeks, and told the Turks to be more tolerant? When they shall have said to the Greeks, "You must behave better," and to the Turks, "You must show more patience," all will have been said, and the great suit will simply have been deferred to another assize.

Some people who are or who affect to be wiser than their neighbours, say that Russia will intrigue to protract the negotiations "till spring"—till the ice breaks up in the Baltic, and her fleet shall be free to move; and the same astute diviners of motives assert that America has engaged herself to side

with Russia should a naval war break out in the Levant. Either or both of these conjectures may be true. Of one thing we may be certain: without the full assurance of being supported, Greece dare not assume the confident tone she is taking; nor would the Greek merchants who are scattered along the shores of the southern seas be so ready to make the enormous sacrifices they are making, if the cause did not, to their eyes at least, promise favourably.

Never did a small nation regard the approach of war with a stronger people with less of apprehension. What reasons they may have for this confidence I cannot pretend to say. I simply declare the fact, that if the Turks decide for war, the Greeks will not decline the combat; and probably the conference could do nothing better than give them a month to determine the issue. Though the Greeks would stand "low" in the betting, if it was to be a "match against time," there are sporting men who would like to take odds against them.

IN LIFE AND IN DEATH: A PAGE OF FAMILY HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

A LONG, old-fashioned, magnificent room, growing dim and shadowy in the twilight; a room fit to be haunted, lined with shelves full of hundreds of old books; a room that seemed really to be haunted, as the white busts gleamed out spectrally through the growing darkness. Far-stretching, silent, and solitary: so large, that the one living figure in it was almost lost and swallowed up in space; so dreary in its vastness, that it was wonderful any living creature could endure to stay there.

Four great windows, side by side, looked out on a terrace, where a fountain played, and cold white nymphs stood as if turned to stone while they danced. The terrace was solitary, like the room that opened on it; only at one of the windows, leaning against the frame, and keeping a steady watch through the glass, was a man. The light was so dim even there that his figure was but just plainly discernible; but it could be seen that he was not old—not, perhaps, quite young, but under middle age—slender, pale, worn. His profile against the window looked almost too delicate for a man; and his hand was painfully thin. That was all that could be seen—even that only now and then when he held up his watch to catch the light on its face.

Suddenly a soft, almost stealthy, foot came along the gravel. A woman wrapped in a large cloak, with the hood drawn over her head, came on to the terrace; the library-window swung open and she stepped in.

"It is really you, Helen, at length!"

"Am I late? I could not come sooner."

"Not very late—but you come

so seldom now. I suppose I am impatient."

She let him take off her cloak, and stood quite passive while he looked at her for a moment and then bent down and kissed her. She was in a very simple evening toilette; a little woman, but finely and fully proportioned; old enough and beautiful enough to have suited a much richer style of dress than the plain white she wore; and with a kind of steady calm about her, even while she met her lover.

"Close the window, please," she said, in her composed musical voice; "I want to have a long talk with you, Philip."

He obeyed gladly. "I have scarcely seen you for a week," he answered, "and I have good news to-night."

"You see me three times every day—is not that enough?"

"If you call that seeing. Are there to be no more lessons, Helen?"

"I am afraid not. I did not make much progress last winter. My aunt noticed it."

His face glowed. "Last winter? No. But it was not altogether my fault. How often did you miss coming?"

"Several times, certainly. And, Philip, you know my reason."

"Lord Daintry was here, and you were often occupied."

"Other people as well as Lord Daintry were here, and I did not wish our secret to be discovered. You would certainly have ruined yourself if I had not been cautious for both."

"Perhaps you are right. But, Helen, it is hard to see so little of you as I do now."

She was silent for a moment. She had sat down in a great carved arm-chair that stood near the win-

dow, and he, standing opposite to her, leaned against the projecting side of the recess, and kept his eyes constantly on her face.

"Listen!" she said, looking up at him with a faint colour flickering over her calm features. "Don't you think that this constant dissimulation has lasted long enough? Don't you think this secret-keeping ought to be put an end to?"

"Do you consent, then?" he cried, eagerly. "Will you risk all at last and let me speak?"

"Hush! hush! You misunderstand——"

"For three years," he went on, quickly, "we have been living a lie; better the truth with any penalties it may bring, than to go on like this!"

"Yes, I am glad you think so."

"My darling, I began to fear I cannot tell what. Only to-night, as I waited, I thought you had tired of me; and now you will give yourself to me openly!"

He knelt at her feet—he took one of her hands and covered it with kisses.

"Stay," she answered. "Don't deceive yourself, or let me deceive you—that, at least, I have never done."

Something in her voice sounded as if she were trembling, and forcing herself to stand on the defensive against an accusation. She laid her other hand over his two with a kind of reluctant caress.

"I mean simply," she said, "that our engagement ought to be broken off."

The clasp of his fingers relaxed. He fell back a little, as if he had been struck, then grasped her hand more firmly than before.

"You are jesting?" he asked. He dared not assert that it was so—Helen Fortescue seldom jests; but he asked it in an agony.

"No," she answered. "You are hurting me. I am quite in earnest."

He got up, turned away from her, and went into the darkness of the room, staggering and catching

at the tables and chairs as he went. She sat still by the window, with the pale light falling upon her golden hair, while she considered what she should say next to him.

He went all the length of the room, and came back to his former place opposite her deadly pale, but ready to listen.

"I do not know," she began again, "why I have not said this before. I have thought it for some time. We were very foolish three years ago, both of us; but we are not children now—not boy and girl, that we should not be able to give up our romance. My aunt's health is giving way, and, as you know, her income dies with her; when she is dead my uncle will have to live less expensively—he will think, first of all, of ridding himself of useless encumbrances. In fact, my home here, such as it is, is every day in greater danger. I ought to think of the future."

"Have you not thought? and I for you? Helen, you have been faithful to me so long, don't, don't change now. For heaven's sake be patient a little!"

"Is it a question of patience?"

"Yes, only that. To-day, this very day, I have had an engagement offered me."

She raised her head a little with a quick inquiring movement. She had loved him once, in her fashion; perhaps did still. She had been used to think that, with his foot on the first step of the ladder of success, he would certainly reach the top. If he had that first step now, she might still be true to him. But it struck her that there was a singular hesitation in his manner.

"It is a good thing," he went on, "almost unhopd-for fortune; and yet it has its dark side. I should have to leave you for a year."

"Well?" she said, impatiently, as if that were a light thing.

"And it comes from a quarter I don't like."

"Can you afford to have preferences? I cannot."

"No, truly. But this is from Mr. Stuart, Lord Daintry's brother. He wants a private secretary, and will take me. It is in itself a much better thing than this, and will lead to something more."

"And yet you do not like it? Why not, Philip?"

"I think you know. You will say it is foolish; but except for the sake of making sure of you, I would not take it. With your promise, and for your sake, I will."

"And that very promise would deprive you of it. No, Philip, you must take it—the first chance of prosperity which has come to you; but you must take it without me."

"Never. Why, but for you, should I care for it? I have all the necessities of life here—and you."

He came to her side and laid his hand softly on her hair, which still gleamed golden through the half darkness; but she leaned back in her chair, moving her head from under his touch.

"I have something to tell you also," she said, "and you will not like to hear it. This morning I had a letter which is of importance to both of us."

She paused a moment, shook off all hesitation, and went on quickly,

"Lord Daintry wishes me to marry him. He is rich, and I am tired of poverty; he is anxious to give me a home, and I am certain soon to want one. Ought I to refuse him?"

"You have accepted him? Your word to me is nothing, Helen?" He spoke brokenly and harshly.

"Not yet. I must answer his letter to-morrow."

Suddenly he fell, half kneeling, before her, grasping her hands again passionately.

"You *cannot* do it!" he cried. "You are mine, and I will not give you up. I could not live and lose you."

"Hush, pray hush, dear Philip!" she answered, soothing him as if he were an intractable child. "You

see that I have come to consult you. I have done nothing, said nothing, yet, that you need complain of."

"You come to consult me?" he repeated, bitterly. "Do you come to ask me whether I will give you up to this man who is rich, and can make you a Countess?"

"Honestly, yes."

"And you said you loved me!"

"I did—I do. But you know what I am, and what our prospects, both of us, are. I don't think I could bear to live in a small house, to have everything about me poor and miserable and straitened. It has been bad enough here as a dependant. It grows worse and worse as I grow older. I am weary of my life. Release me, Philip. Let us each seek something better for ourselves than this hopeless waiting."

"I too am weary of my life."

He got up and stood facing her; while she also, startled by something in his tone, rose, and waited with her hand upon the arm of her chair.

"Helen," he went on, "there has been one inequality between us always. You have, where you choose, an iron will. I am naturally weak, easily persuaded. You have made up your mind to break your word to me, and to marry this Earl. You will do it. But for once I am as resolute as you. Here, in this very place where three years ago you promised solemnly in the sight of heaven to be my wife—here, where you have over and over again repeated your promise, I tell you I never will release you from it. Go, marry whom you will—get all the good you can from your bargain; but, married or single, rich or poor, living or dying, you are mine!"

He had raised his hand with a threatening gesture. His words sounded like a curse. For all her steady nerves, she shuddered.

"Philip! hear reason—let me speak—" she cried.

"No more. If I have been blind, it has been wilfully. Now I see.

But you are bound, now and for away, through the window, past
 ever, in Life and in Death." the white nymphs, was lost in-

He broke from her; and rushing stantly in the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

The little church at Gaysborough stood within the park. It was older than the present Hall—small, quaint, and very peaceful in its aspect. The Hall had seen many changes—had had its days of splendour and of utter ruin—of renewal and of gradual decay, following the varying fortunes of its lords; but the church, through its centuries of existence, had lost little and gained much. It had been draped with black for many a funeral; it had been decked with flowers for many a bridal; hidden away in its old registers lay the chronicle of each generation from Sir Hugh Gaysborough, in the time of Henry VIII., to Edward, last of the race, who had been obliged to marry a rich woman lest the scanty remains of his father's lands should slip from him even while he lived. And to-day there was to be another wedding from the Hall.

The morning had been fair and lovely—village children were out early gathering flowers and weaving garlands, according to their custom, to strew the bride's path; but at ten o'clock all changed. A heavy black cloud rose up from the horizon, and passed before the sun; a strong, fierce wind seemed to follow it, and, shrieking round the church, swept the flowers from the path, and tore down the arch above the gateway. It fell with a crash upon the roof of the carriage, which that moment passed, carrying Helen Fortescue to her marriage. The startled horses plunged, and could hardly be drawn up at the church door; but the bride stepped out, calm as ever, though her face was deadly pale, and its delicate lines drawn into unnatural hardness. Her uncle, a feeble querulous old man, followed

her trembling, and as they passed into the aisle the storm burst. Sheets of rain fell like a deluge, vivid flashes of lightning shone, and quick terrific peals of thunder rattled over the building. The party gathered round the altar, but there was a minute's pause while the clergyman waited for a lull in the storm before he commenced the service.

The lull came—heavy, deathlike, ominous. The darkness seemed to increase, but through the silence the clergyman's voice was heard, low and unsteady at first, but rising fuller and clearer each moment, till he came to the words, "If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

Then, at that instant, a peal of thunder, louder than before, shook the building; crash after crash it came, and in the midst of it a voice cried, "There is cause. Before God I forbid this marriage." But the thunder and the voice ceased, and the speaker was invisible. The frightened guests looked at each other, and then into the dim corners and recesses of the church, but there was no one but themselves, and the old sexton cowering and trembling behind a monument. The bride caught at the altar-rail, but neither cried out nor fainted; the bridegroom glanced round haughtily, hiding his dismay under a show of pride. The vicar, stepping back, called aloud to the unknown to come forward, but none answered. A second and a third time he called, but in vain. Then they began to say that it must have been fancy—that the thunder had sounded like a voice—and that the marriage should go on.

So it went on. "I require and charge you both, as you will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together——"

A strong shudder seized the bride, and shook the cloudy folds of her veil; but she repressed it, making no sign of hesitation. Then, in the pause after that solemn adjuration, there came another mysterious response, audible through all the church; an inarticulate sound, that was neither sigh nor groan, but more full of despair than ever was either. And still there was no one visible. It might have been some strange effect of the wind, which still swept in stormy gusts round the building, rattling the windows and whistling through crevices in the stonework. But, whatever it might be, it was not repeated. The marriage went on, and Helen, Countess of Dainty, turned from the altar to receive the congratulations of her friends.

"But oh, my dear," said one old lady to her granddaughter, as they drove home to the Hall, "it is an ill-omened wedding. She tried hard for him, and she has got him; and I believe in my heart that she is a woman who would get what she wanted if she had to step over the body of her best friend to reach it. But it is a strange wedding!"

"Grandmamma, don't say such horrid things! She is excessively handsome, and clever, and charming. I don't wonder he fell in love with her."

"Charming!" and the old lady laughed scornfully. "Yes, they say poor Philip Conway found that out long ago—as well as others."

"Philip Conway? Her uncle's secretary? Why, grandmamma, you would not let *me* be civil to him."

"You? that's a different thing. He's her cousin a few times re-

moved, and quite as good as she is. However, it's not my affair—nor yours. Ugh! what rain!"

The bridal party reached the Hall while the storm was still at its height. They sat down to breakfast; and the depression and sense of awe which had been inspired by the tempest, and by the interruption of the service, passed gradually away. Speeches were made and toasts drunk, and the bride looked calm and lovely, and—except that she appeared perhaps a shade *too* calm—was perfect in her part. But she stayed not one unnecessary moment. Her silent will broke up the party, and she found herself for the last time in her own simple solitary chamber. Her dress was changed, and she was ready for her journey, but at the very last she desired to be left alone. Then she locked the door, and listened intently for a moment. She took a key from a hiding-place in the back of her wardrobe and unlocked the only drawer which was not empty. Even in that there was not much—a small packet of letters and notes, a small likeness dode in water-colours, a book of verses. She took them out, lifting them with strange tenderness, and carried them to the hearth. That morning she had said she was chilly, and asked for a fire—it still burned brightly. She moved the coals, making a hollow in the hottest place, then quietly put the whole pile of things she held down into it. Then she clasped her two hands together, almost wringing them, and with a long, sobbing sigh, watched the fire gradually devour them.

But when she turned away and opened the door, and met her uncle coming up to fetch her, she went forward smiling to take his arm, without a cloud on her face. The old man was trembling and infirm, and they went slowly along the gallery till they drew near the staircase, when there were voices

heard speaking loud and angrily below. All at once they ceased, and Philip Conway, dripping with rain, splashed with mud, torn, dishevelled, panting, rushed up the stairs in great strides. Face to face with the uncle and niece he stood a moment, labouring to speak—then suddenly his figure swayed, and he fell heavily forward at their feet.

One shriek burst from the new-made Countess. Her husband, standing below waiting for her coming, heard it, and came to her.

Others, servants and guests, came too. They lifted aside the body and let her pass. "He has fainted," she said, in her soft steady voice; and behind her they said, "He is dead!"

The carriage stood at the door. Why should she delay her going because Philip Conway had fainted, or died, in her sight? The Earl and Countess were well upon their way when the surgeon said those few words to Mr Gaysborough, "Quite dead. Disease of the heart."

CHAPTER III.

Ten years since Helen Fortescue, poor and handsome, was changed into Helen, Countess of Daintry, rich and powerful. Ten years since Philip Conway was lifted, dead, out of the bride's path. Nearly ten years since Gaysborough passed into the hands of strangers, and the story of that ill-omened wedding-day began to fade among the other traditions of the "old family."

But in a distant county Lady Daintry shone as a star and reigned as a queen. No one had yet begun to say that the star was paling, the queen losing her inherent right or power of ruling. The Earl was her first subject—no more. Over him, and over the rest of the world, she maintained her ascendancy by two forces, distinct but allied—her beauty and her will. As for her beauty, it had not waned by so much as a shade. It had shone out, after her brilliant marriage, in the most wonderful perfection—a beauty not only above question, but above criticism—imperial, absolute. She might have been a beggar-maid, or a king's daughter—people soon ceased to trouble themselves with her antecedents; she made her beauty serve for family, fortune, and training. Thus she gained her throne; having gained it, her will kept it.

And now that she had been so

long a successful woman, one class of persons alone spoke evil of her. To her maids she was no divinity. There were enough of them; for she seldom kept one about her more than a few months, and they all went away in the same mind. "She has an awful temper," they said, "and seems as if she never could be quiet for a minute. All the money in England would not pay one to face her, as she looks sometimes."

One other strange thing was known about her. She had consulted—no one knew on what subject—a certain clairvoyant, or dealer in supernatural mysteries, and had, moreover, been observed to change colour when the subject was named, and to shudder involuntarily when disbelief in it was asserted in her presence. That she herself did believe in things not dreamed of in philosophy, was the consequent opinion of her friends—but it was a matter on which she refused to speak.

It was the Earl's pleasure as well as hers that their house in Blankshire should be a hospitable one. They spent most of the year there, and they were never alone. No matter how unpromising the season, they had always a party, and almost always it was both large and gay. There were perpetual morning and evening amusements,

a continual ebb and flow of dinner-guests, and everything to make a dinner-invitation worth accepting.

Perhaps this was the aspect of the case which presented itself most vividly to the masculine minds of the neighbourhood. A fine house, a pleasant host, a beautiful hostess, a faultless dinner, and wines not to be equalled in the county,—every man could appreciate these; every man accordingly prized the Countess's invitations.

One of these invitations was the subject of a little discussion one evening. It had been sent to Ralph Murchison, a young squire of the neighbourhood, and he, going to his letter-case to find something else, had just pulled it out and tossed it to his friend and guest Captain Conway.

"It includes you," he said, "all right. I was over there playing croquet yesterday, and took an opportunity of telling the Countess I expected you. Before I came away she begged me to bring you with me to-morrow, which I promised. So you are booked."

"I don't believe there's a soul I know there," Conway answered, twisting the note round his fingers.

"More shame for you, then. There's the jolliest people in England always there, and it's the jolliest house to meet them at."

"Lady Dainty can't be very young," Conway said, irreverently, after a little pause, and through a cloud of smoke.

Ralph went off into a fit of laughter. "By Jove! it is easy enough to see that you have never seen her! The bare idea of talking of a woman like that not being very young!"

"Well, upon my word, I don't see the joke."

"Why, man, she is scarcely a woman at all—she is a goddess! Do you suppose that because when we were small boys in Lower Fourth at Eton she was turning the heads of all London, therefore she can't turn any now? If you

do, you are considerably mistaken. By Jove, there is not another woman in England to compare to her!"

"I'll tell you my opinion to-morrow night."

"Oh, I know it beforehand. You can't help yourself. But, do you know, I had a kind of half idea that she and you must be related?"

"Had you? So we are—distantly."

"Explain it, old fellow. I only wish I could make her out a cousin of mine."

Conway knocked the ashes off his cigar, stretched himself comfortably back in his chair, blew a whiff or two lazily, and then answered, in a provokingly deliberate manner between the puffs, "Her great-grandmother and my grandmother were sisters."

"Is that humbug?"

"No; truth."

"You seem to be pretty well up in the relationship, after all?"

"Yes, I am. Don't you know that I was brought up by a maiden aunt?"

"And she made you learn your genealogy?"

"Not exactly. I remember that particular relationship for a particular reason."

"What was that?"

"Can't you let a fellow smoke in peace?"

"Not if peace means silence; I had enough of that before you came. Go on."

"I remember it because I found various allusions to it in some papers which belonged to Philip, my elder brother."

"Never knew you had a brother."

"Perhaps not. He died ten years ago; about that time you were speaking of when we were in Lower Fourth."

"He must have been a great deal older than you."

"Fourteen or fifteen years. He was my half-brother, and I scarcely ever saw him. He was my guar-

dian, however, the little time he lived, and a good one too."

"Did he know Lady Daintry?"

"Helen Fortescue she was then. He could not very well help knowing her, for they lived in the same house."

"How was that?"

"Philip was the secretary to old Gaysborough of Gaysborough, who was a distant relation of ours, and who had married an aunt of your friend's. She, I suppose, was an orphan—at any rate she lived with her aunt, and married from there."

"Well?"

"Well, that's all. Poor Philip died there—died suddenly of heart disease, and what few papers and so on he left went to my aunt's, where on her death I found them. There were notes and memoranda, and Miss Fortescue was sometimes mentioned."

"I shall introduce you as a cousin."

"As you please; but I think it would be as well not."

Their talk rambled off after that to other subjects, and never came back to the relationship between the beautiful Countess and the young soldier until the two friends were driving to that dinner-party which they had discussed over their cigars.

"Well, Charlie," Murchison then said, "will you go in for cousinship or not?"

"Not—at any rate not at present; so please keep quiet on the subject."

"As you like. Here we are."

They were all but late. So near it, indeed, that Conway had but one momentary glimpse of Lady Daintry as she received them before dinner was announced. He found himself, however, at no great distance from her at table, and Murchison smiled to himself as he saw his friend's eyes turn instantly towards her.

"Ah," he thought, slyly, "he'll be glad enough by-and-by to claim kindred."

But as dinner progressed, Conway

still looked at the Countess. He said nothing to the lady beside him—he put away the dishes that were offered him—he did nothing but stare fixedly at his hostess. Again and again his introducer glanced across the table at him; with surprise and displeasure he noticed this extraordinary behaviour, and tried to attract his attention. No efforts were of the least use. Conway, when spoken to, either answered shortly or not at all—when merely looked at, remained evidently unconscious of the look. One after another the people who sat near seemed to become aware of something singular in his demeanour: the Countess alone paid no heed to it. Perhaps she was too much accustomed to admiration to be discomposed by the regard of a stranger—and yet the one now fixed on her might have been embarrassing from the very fact that it was *not* admiring. What *did* it express? Fear? surprise? incredulity? horror? All these, perhaps—nothing less strange and misplaced.

"What the deuce does the fellow mean?" Murchison thought to himself, uneasily. "Has he gone mad all at once? or what is it? Everybody is beginning to notice him. Won't I give him a blowing up when I get hold of him!"

But as the long ceremony of dinner progressed, Ralph grew more and more uncomfortable. He saw that the influence of his friend's silence and strange behaviour was making itself felt—it seemed at last even to reach the Countess. She still talked with her usual grace to those beside her; but she grew slightly paler, and once looked for a moment steadily at Conway. Murchison, watching anxiously, was struck by the fact that, while her eyes evidently rested for that moment on the young soldier's face, his did not change or falter as if he met her glance, but rather seemed to look over or beyond her. She continued her conversation and he his gaze.

At last, when dinner seemed to have lasted twice the ordinary time, Lady Daintry rose. The moment the ladies had passed out, and the door was shut, Conway turned to the gentleman next him, and in a voice full of horror asked, "Did you see it?"

"See what?" the other returned, and Ralph leaned across the table to listen.

"The figure that stood behind the Countess—a tall man, who mimicked everything she did."

The stranger drew a little further away; he evidently thought his neighbour was mad; and Ralph, coming round, took the empty place.

"Did you see it?"

"I saw you behaving as if you were out of your senses. What on earth did it all mean?"

"I don't know—except this. As we sat down to table there came a—a thing—and stood behind Lady Daintry's chair. It seemed to come with her into the room. It stood there the whole time, now on one side and now on the other. Whatever she did, it did; and it followed her away just now."

He shuddered, and Murchison shuddered too. There could be no doubt that he believed he had seen this—thing.

"But what was it like?"

"Like the shadow of a man—if it was like anything. A shadow having substance, if you can understand that."

"I daresay it was a shadow."

"Look at the place where it stood. The light is full, bright, equally diffused. No shadow could be there."

"Imagination, then."

"As you will; only never ask me to sit in the room with it again."

Murchison paused for a moment. He tried to persuade himself that Conway was practising a foolish hoax—that he had had too much wine—even that this might be the first illusion of a coming fever. But none of these theories would

stand. Conway was of a cool, *insouciant* temper, not the least given to practical jokes; he had not swallowed a single glass of wine; and he had not the faintest sign of physical illness about him. What he did show were strong, unmistakable symptoms of horror, and of perfect good faith.

Yet it might have been some fantastic effect of light and shade; and if so, it would certainly *not* reappear in the drawing-room.

"Come," he said, "let us go and join the ladies. If it was a shadow it will stay there."

"It is no use. And, to tell the truth, I shall be glad to get out of the house. Make some excuse for me—there's a good fellow."

"And let you go away with the idea that you have seen a ghost? I thought you had more pluck."

"Look here, Ralph, it is no use talking in that way. I say nothing about ghosts. I only say that I have seen—and I don't know why you should not have seen too—what I described to you. If I saw it again ever so often it would make no difference to me, except that it is uncanny—more than that, horrible—to see it standing there mocking everything she does." He shuddered. "And I suppose you don't entertain any idea of trying to lay the ghost, as you call it. I doubt whether the Countess would thank you."

"The Countess? Do you imagine she has any consciousness of it?"

"How can I tell? All I know, you know."

"Very well, then, come into the drawing-room and try to find out something more."

He was obstinate, being fairly divided now between belief and unbelief; and Conway was obliged to yield. There were about a dozen ladies, young and old, in the room when they entered. Lady Daintry was sitting on a sofa talking to a dowager in black velvet and diamonds. They were a curious contrast—one old, wrinkled, and

shrivelled, gorgeous in black and scarlet and flashing light; the other in the very perfection of beauty, in a rich quaint dress of pure white. But behind them, standing so that the Countess's golden hair seemed to touch its breast, stood the dark shadow. Conway told Ralph by a look that it was there.

They separated immediately, and Conway found himself near the lady he had taken in to dinner. She was the only person with whom he had the slightest link of acquaintance, and she, after his neglect, was not disposed to be very gracious. He turned his back upon that sofa, and applied himself to being civil to her.

But it was a task beyond his powers. He felt himself drawn back irresistibly to look at the Countess. Other men had now come in, and she had left her seat; but wherever she went the shadow followed her, moving as she moved, and keeping always so near that it seemed as if she had but to put out her hand and touch it. Seeing this, Conway soon ceased to be able to see anything else. He found a quiet corner and pretended to look at some photographs, but his eyes continually followed the spectre.

Once Murchison came to him.

"Well," he said, "is it there still?"

"It stands in the corner, between her and the piano. There, that girl who is going to play almost touched it!"

As Ralph strained his eyes following the direction of Conway, he became aware that Lady Daintry was watching them both. She moved abruptly from the place where she stood, and cast a rapid, almost imperceptible, glance backward over her shoulder. He fancied he saw her lip quiver and her colour change. Next moment, however, she deliberately crossed the room, and coming up to Conway, spoke to him.

It was only some question or

remark about those photographs which he had *not* looked at; but while she spoke, and he answered, a curious scrutiny was going on. *His* looks, instead of resting on her face, went past her to the thing standing close behind; *hers* seemed to express suspicion, distrust, uncertainty. Her words were very sweet and gracious, her voice soft and unconstrained; but Murchison said to himself, "Does she know of it? Does she fear anything? Is it real after all?" Then he became aware that the Countess had asked a question to which Conway gave no answer. She stood waiting, the expression of her face deepening into an indescribable mixture of pride and terror, as he, bending a little forward, was wholly absorbed in the discovery, as it seemed, of some new revelation. Murchison made a step forward. The Countess turned suddenly away, pale as ashes, and Conway drew a deep breath of relief and turned to his friend.

"Ralph," he said, "I *must* go. Heaven knows why I should be the only person to know her secret, but I can't stay here longer and keep it. Are you ready?"

"What was the matter just now?"

"What could possess her to come and talk to me? I told you there seemed to be a dark mist about its head. Well, while she spoke, it leaned over her shoulder, and the mist seemed to open. I could see its face almost distinctly."

"What was it like?"

"A corpse! The features set and pinched and white—that was all I could make out."

"She suspects something. Come, we had better go."

They moved slowly towards the door, Murchison stopping here and there to speak to an acquaintance as he passed. But at the last moment he again turned to Conway.

"Look once more," he said; and as he spoke he felt himself shudder,

for the horror of the vision had begun to infect him. "Take one last deliberate look at her, and don't carry away any fancies."

Conway obeyed. He glanced round the room in search of the Countess. She was quite at the further end, and had her hand on the handle of a door, as if going out; but at the moment when the two friends paused, looking at her, some one spoke to her, and she turned from the door to reply. Murchison just perceived this, and then, trying in Conway's face to discover what he saw, took alarm at the awful pallor which crept over it, and drew him quickly out into the hall.

"For heaven's sake, what was it?"

For a moment Conway seemed unable to answer. His lips were white and stiff, his hands trembled, and he grasped his friend's arm to support himself.

"The mist was almost gone from about it," he said at last. "It is a corpse, long dead, decaying, livid, phosphorescent—I don't know what to say—it glimmers—it has shreds of a shroud hanging about it. Oh, it is horrible! it is horrible!"

He trembled convulsively. Murchison's own nerves thrilled.

"Come into the dining-room a minute," he said; "there are two or three men there yet, and then we'll be off."

They went in. It was still early, and the host sat patiently waiting the ending of a political argument. Three or four of the guests were absorbed in it; they formed a little group at one end of the table. The rest of the room was empty. The two young men, after exchanging a word or two with the Earl, sat down apart, and Murchison asked,

"You saw it more clearly then?"

"Yes, quite clearly. Don't ask about it now. I'll answer all your questions after."

"Better do it now. It is either fancy, or else the most awful visi-

tation that ever mortal was subject to."

"Fancy! I tell you it is no fancy. You saw her take her hand off the handle of the door when that girl spoke to her? Well, the—the thing put its horrible hand on the handle as if to open the door, and its other arm was round her—not close, not absolutely holding her, but making as if it would open the door and draw her into the next room. But the horror was, that it loosed the handle, and raised its arm, as I looked, and looked at me and beckoned!"

Their talk was suddenly interrupted. A shriek, ringing through the house, broke it off. Doors opened and shut in all directions; and the whole party, rushing into the hall, found servants hurrying wildly about, and the Countess's French maid screaming and exclaiming,

"My lady! my lady! She is dying—she is dead—she is poisoned! *Malheureuse que je suis!*"

Struggling on with the crowd, the two friends reached the door of a small drawing-room opening from the larger one. In a low chair, near the fire, sat the Countess, her eyes closed, her face white and rigid. A coffee-cup had fallen from her hand, and lay broken on the floor—a stream of the dark liquid marked her rich white dress. Beside her, on a table, was a small case, and the room was full of a subtle deadly odour.

As the bolder or more intimate visitors gathered round, following the Earl, Conway laid his hand on Murchison's shoulder.

"There it is!" he said, "close beside her, bending down. It puts its arms round her."

The rigid figure, so still in the midst of the terrified excitement, suddenly moved. The Countess opened her eyes. She turned her head slowly, as if looking for some one close at her side.

"At last, Philip!" she said, distinctly, and died.

THE CHINESE MISSION TO CHRISTENDOM.

It was the dream of Columbus that the best way to the East was westward. It was in search of India and China that the illustrious navigator set forth on his perilous voyage over the stormy ocean, which he supposed his adventurous keel was the first to traverse since the creation of the world. He thought he had discovered an Indian isle inhabited by Indians, when, after his long and sometimes despondent sail over the unknown deep, he touched at San Salvador, and was amply repaid for all the dangers and sufferings he had undergone, and for all the sickness of hope deferred that he had experienced for so many long years. It was in search of India that Cabot, Cartier, Hudson, and others set sail in after days to complete the discoveries of Columbus. Cartier thought the way to China lay through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and gave the name of La Chine to a little village on the rapids above Montreal. Hudson in like manner, when he first sailed along the northern shore of the island of Manhattan, where now stands the great city of New York, thought he was on the high-road to China. And though none of those brave mariners understood that a mighty continent interposed its barriers between their ships and the far Eastern climes which they vainly endeavoured to reach, yet their dream has been realized by a different mode in our day, and the true road to the East has been found to be westward, as they imagined. When the rails are laid in one unbroken line from New York to San Francisco, the shortest route from England to China will be that taken by Columbus. Like all men of genius, the discoverer of America was wiser than he knew, and from his great idea and his splendid performance sprang, in the fulness of

the appointed time, such blessings to the human race as no other triumph of the human intellect—except the mariner's compass and the art of printing—ever before conferred—blessings of which even now the world sees but the beginning, and the culmination of which no tongue can tell and no imagination conceive.

Having shortened most distances by steam navigation and the railroad, and having practically abolished all distances by the agencies of the electric telegraph, the men of our day have shorn of its ancient dimensions the huge globe which they inhabit. The world is no longer vague and vast as it used to be, but less extended in contemporary thought than Europe was in the days of our ancestors. If we measure the distance from London to San Francisco by the time occupied in the transmission of a telegraphic message, the two extremes are about as close to each other as the two streets of a city. All the nations of the world have been brought into closer contiguity with each other, and America to the west, and China to the east, find themselves in the position of next-door neighbours. Russia that approached China by land, and Great Britain that approached her by sea, find a new competitor for Chinese trade in another great nation which is virtually nearer to China than either of them. China thus impinged upon on every side, and confronted with the ideas and the cupidity of Christian civilization, has been forced to open her sleepy eyes to the existence of the outer world, and to recognise the unwelcome fact that her ancient policy of isolation and non-intercourse is no longer possible.

This tendency of modern civilization to bring together all the nations of the earth has been long re-

sisted by the civilisation of Asia. But both China and Japan have begun to yield—first to force, sometimes rather unwarrantably employed against them, and secondly to considerations of commerce and self-interest. The war of 1858, and the negotiations that ensued, brought affairs to a climax, and extorted from the unwilling Emperor of China the right of the European Powers and of the United States to maintain their accredited ambassadors at Peking; so that in all future cases of misunderstanding the Power that was or fancied itself aggrieved might negotiate directly with the central authority, and be no longer forced to take redress into its own hands against local functionaries. It was in consequence of the more intimate relations since that time established between China and the Western Powers that China last year took the bold step of sending an embassy of her own to the Christian world, and the equally extraordinary step of placing a foreigner at the head of it. Only twice before had the Chinese Government, during a period extending for more than a thousand years anterior to the Christian era, made an attempt to communicate with the Powers that, in the pride and conceit of its superior wisdom, it contemptuously called "barbarians." The first attempt was made by the great Kubla Khan, who was Emperor of Cathay in the thirteenth century. In the years between 1270 and 1280 of our era, Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian merchant and traveller, made his way overland through the interior of Asia and the wilds of Tartary to China, undergoing hardships and surmounting difficulties and perils innumerable. On his arrival at Peking he was hospitably entertained by Kubla Khan—the same Kubla of whom Coleridge sings in his 'Vision in a Dream'; he who built the stately pleasure-dome on the bank of the sacred river Alph, and

"Heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war."

Kubla was so pleased with the character and conversation of Marco Polo as to contract a warm feeling of friendship towards him; and when the time came at last when the Venetian felt the home-sickness too strongly upon him to permit a longer residence in China without danger to health or life, he was reluctantly permitted to depart, and charged with a double mission—the one to convey a young lady of the Imperial family as far as the Persian Gulf, there to be consigned to the Shah of Persia, to whom she was betrothed in marriage; the other, to visit the principal Courts of Europe, and make known what he had seen, and how he had been received in China. Marco Polo left the Peiho river in the year 1280. The fleet which conveyed him and the princess consisted of fourteen vessels, each with four masts, the largest of them with crews of two hundred and fifty men, and all equipped and provisioned for two years. After escorting the young lady to her lord, Marco Polo proceeded to Venice, with the intention of accomplishing the other objects of his mission, which were rather social and complimentary than political. But the design was frustrated. The great Kubla died, without receiving news of the arrival of his envoy; and Marco Polo, from circumstances connected with the history and affairs of his native city, found himself unable to visit any of the Courts of Christendom. The second mission was three centuries later, when a native Chinese was despatched by the Emperor to the Court of Muscovy, with what objects are not very well known. That mission also proved to be fruitless. The envoy attempted to make his way northwards and eastwards, and is supposed to have perished, with all his suite, in the wilds of Kamtschatka or Siberia. At all events, nothing further was ever heard of

him. The third, the most important and most remarkable, is the mission of Mr. Burlingame, the history and objects of which we proceed to explain.

Three months ago, without pomp or parade, and in the quietest and most unostentatious manner, heralded only by announcements in the American press, which few Englishmen have the opportunity of perusing, the Chinese embassy arrived in England from the United States. The mission includes three ambassadors with their secretaries, attachés, interpreters, and suite; and not only represents the Chinese Emperor at the Court of Great Britain, but it is charged with the same mission to all the Courts and Governments of Christendom—France, Prussia, Austria, Italy, Spain, Russia, and, by no means the least among them, to the Government of the United States. The chief of the mission, the Honourable Anson Burlingame, is an American; and his two associate ambassadors, Chih-Tajen and Sun-Tajen, are Chinese, and mandarins of high rank. They represent the oldest civilised Government in the world—a Government that was great and mighty, and ruled over a large and thickly peopled territory, long before the days when Israel was captive in Egypt, or Abraham and Lot divided the pasturages of Arabia between them. Seldom if ever has so great a mission been conceived. Seldom or never before were ambassadors intrusted with such high powers or confronted with such splendid opportunities. It has yet received but scant welcome from the pens of our ready writers, and in some political and commercial quarters has been looked upon with mistrust if not with hostility. But these feelings will probably wear away as the purposes of the Chinese Government become more fully known; and the British public, once interested in the subject, though they may not care to view

it under its picturesque or sentimental aspect, will not lag behind the more enthusiastic Americans in their appreciation of its business importance.

Mr. Burlingame is a gentleman of Scottish descent, and proud of his ancestry, as most American Scotsmen are. Eleven years ago, when the present writer had the honour of making his acquaintance, he sat in the House of Representatives at Washington, as member for one of the Congressional districts of the City of Boston, in Massachusetts. He was an earnest and eloquent member of the anti-slavery party, at a time when it required considerable courage to avow such unpopular opinions, and for the too violent expression of which in the Senate, some time before, Mr. Charles Sumner had wellnigh forfeited his life. Mr. Burlingame was, next to Mr. Sumner, the most noted abolitionist in Congress; and second to few either in or out of the House for the ability and fearlessness with which he advocated a policy of negro emancipation, which he justly considered to be a question of even more vital importance to the poor white non-slaveholding people of the South than it was to the negroes. At that time the struggle was up-hill work, and these seemed but little prospect that the Democratic party, which held other views on the subject, would be removed from the conduct of affairs, of which, for a long period, they had held a virtual monopoly under a succession of Presidents of their own choosing. But, as all the world knows, the Democrats, at the Presidential election of 1860, quarrelled among themselves on the slavery question, split up into three sections, and allowed their opponents to snatch a victory which, had the Democrats united their forces under Mr. Douglas, Mr. Breckenridge, or Mr. Bell, would have been impossible of attainment. Under these circumstances, as was natural, the most eminent politicians of the

triumphant party looked up to the new President for a share of the honours and emoluments of public life, from which they had been excluded during a long and all but hopeless controversy. Among the first to receive this recognition at the hands of his party was Mr. Burlingame, who, early in 1861, was offered by Mr. Lincoln, on the recommendation of Mr. Seward, the post of Ambassador from the United States to the Emperor of Austria. Mr. Burlingame accepted the mission, and duly arrived at Paris on his way to Vienna. Here he remained for some weeks in expectation of instructions from his Government.

Mr. Seward, in a long despatch to his new Minister—a despatch historical, antiquarian, logical, satirical, and legal—amused all America, and possibly Mr. Burlingame, by informing him that Austria was not a “unique” empire—meaning homogeneous. It was not, however, Mr. Burlingame’s destiny to visit this “unique” empire, but to be deputed to another and more distant empire that really deserved the epithet. Very unexpectedly, though not, as it will appear, very unnaturally, the Emperor of Austria conveyed an intimation to Mr. Burlingame, through Prince Metternich, the Austrian ambassador at Paris, that he would not be received at Vienna. Mr. Burlingame, like the great majority of his countrymen, had sympathised with Kossuth, when the ex-Dictator made his triumphal tour through the United States, after the collapse of his efforts to establish the independence of Hungary; but unlike the rank and file, he had made many eloquent speeches on the subject, in which he had spoken of the aspirations of the Hungarians for independence, and of the policy of the Austrian Government, in a manner that was not pleasant either to the Emperor or his advisers. The Emperor stood upon his dignity, and requested the Gov-

ernment of the United States to accredit to his court some gentleman in the place of Mr. Burlingame, whose political antecedents were less objectionably associated with an unsuccessful rebellion in the Austrian empire. As, under the circumstances, there was something due to the position of Mr. Burlingame as well as to the dignity of the Emperor of Austria, Mr. Burlingame was nominated by Mr. Lincoln to the more important, though possibly less comfortable, mission to Peking. The appointment was confirmed by the Senate. Mr. Burlingame shook the dust of Europe from his feet, and proceeded to China, where he remained in the performance of his duties during the whole of the great Civil War. This was perhaps a fortunate circumstance, for had he been present in the midst of such a strife, he must, like all other politicians of his influence and standing, have taken his side, and made enemies as all did, under whichever banner they ranged themselves in that bitter struggle—enemies that might have found future occasion to thwart his advancement or impair his usefulness. All these dangers he escaped by his absence. When he returned home the war was at an end, and he found himself in the very pleasant position, for an American, of being the favourite of rival parties.

It was not until Mr. Burlingame had been upwards of six years in China, a diligent student of the laws, customs, manners, history, and politics of the people, and had announced his intention of returning to the United States, that a remarkable offer was made to him on the part of the Chinese Government. Since the accession of the present Emperor, who is a child in his fourteenth year, the actual ruler of China has been Prince Kung, the Emperor’s uncle. The Prince is recognised by every member of the European legations at Peking to be one of the ablest statesmen of the time, and by no means resembles

the imperial ostriches who have for ages hidden their heads in the palace of Peking, and refused to make themselves acquainted with the great world of humanity that trades or fights beyond the boundaries of the Chinese empire. Prince Kung, fully aware of the fact that moral and physical forces are greater, and terrestrial distances less, than they were in the olden time, before the power of steam and electricity had virtually converted this huge globe into one great cosmopolitan city—of which China and India may be considered the eastern, the United States the western, and Europe the central divisions—soon became as fully aware of the corresponding fact, that the old system of isolation and exclusion, which had for ages been the policy of the Chinese Government, could no longer be maintained; and that the time had come when, in the interest of China no less than in that of the world, the Chinese Empire should formally seek admission into the comity and brotherhood of the civilised nations of Europe and America. The idea seems so obvious to the European and American mind, that many who do not bestow sufficient thought upon the matter underrate the merit and genius of Prince Kung in conceiving and acting upon it. But the Prince, though not a revolutionist, is the greatest reformer that China has produced; and in resolving, as he has done, to break down the moral Chinese wall that separated his country from the rest of the world, has entitled himself not alone to the praise of wisdom, but of courage. There were many ways by which this great change in Chinese policy might have been made known to the powers of the earth—either by the promulgation of Chinese official documents, by notification to the diplomatic and consular agents of all States represented at Peking and the treaty ports, or by the despatch of a sufficient

number of envoys or ambassadors to all the courts and governments of Christendom. Or the Prince might have selected from the many able men associated with himself in the administration of Chinese affairs, one person of the highest rank and attainments and diplomatic skill to travel from kingdom to kingdom—from state to state—both in the Old World and the New—to represent *visâ voce* the new position which the ancient Empire had assumed, and to explain the intimate relations into which it desired to enter with its neighbours. But there were no Chinese statesmen to be found who, in addition to other essential requisites for so high a post, possessed sufficient knowledge of the languages and the ideas of Christendom to be able to enter into negotiations with governments so many and so varied as those of Great Britain, the United States, France, and Russia, to say nothing of smaller, but still important powers. Under these circumstances, Prince Kung bethought himself that one of the Christian ambassadors who had resided long enough in China to become familiar with the character and traditions of the people and the wishes of the government, might be induced to accept a mission from China to Christendom. The first person he thought of in this capacity was Mr. Burlingame, a statesman who, he rightly thought, would be agreeable to the people and Government of the United States, and not unwelcome to those of Great Britain and France. The late Sir Frederick Bruce, the British Minister to China, who had cordially acted with Mr. Burlingame in all matters during their joint residence in Peking, was cognisant of the proposed arrangement, and is understood to have given it his hearty support. After due consideration Mr. Burlingame accepted the mission. Two mandarins of the second-class, Sun-Tajen and Chih-Tajen, an English and a French secretary, and a num-

ous suite of *attachés*, interpreters, and other officials, were associated with him; and early in the spring of last year he set sail for San Francisco, to commence the performance of his duties in the land of his nativity.

It was to have been expected among so impulsive, warm-hearted, and demonstrative a people as the Americans, that Mr. Burlingame and his colleagues would be received with more than ordinary enthusiasm. It is easy to stir up the American people to political demonstrations of a kind which in slower and less excitable England are wholly unknown; but here was an occasion entirely novel, highly important, and one that appealed strongly, not only to the imagination of the people, but to their national pride and their commercial interests. Had the plenipotentiary been in the humour for public dinners—for in America, as among ourselves, the public dinner is a political instrument of no mean power and popularity—he might have traversed the Union from extremest west to extremest east and received at any city at which he chose to halt for the night such hearty demonstrations as the wealth of the inhabitants could bestow, and been greeted with such floods of rhetoric and rhetorical buncombe as no other people in the world can either so effectively discharge or so thoroughly appreciate. It is not often that the San Franciscans have such an opportunity as the arrival of Mr. Burlingame afforded them. The city has a resident population of 50,000 Chinamen, and of about four or five times that number of industrious and enterprising American immigrants from the Atlantic sea-board and the older States of the Union; so that the Embassy, alike in its cosmopolitan, its American, or its Chinese character, could not expect to pass without an "ovation," and an "ovation" there was on the 29th of April, when the spacious banqueting-hall

of the Lick House, the largest and finest on the American continent, was filled with an enthusiastic crowd to do honour to the Minister Plenipotentiary, and give his Chinese colleagues the first glimpse into the forms, the spirit, and the splendour of a civilization so much newer than, and so very different from, their own.

Mr. Haight, the Governor of California, in proposing the toast of the evening, "our guest, the Honourable Anson Burlingame, the son of the youngest and the representative of the oldest government in the world," was both eloquent and sensible (the truest eloquence is always the most sensible), and described the objects of the mission in a manner peculiarly gratifying to the San Franciscans, who expect, and not without reason, that the trade of Europe to China will ere long flow westward, and that this city will be its half-way house. He affirmed the mission to be a great historical event. It marked the entrance of the oldest empire on the globe into the great family of nations, from which it had for thousands of years held scrupulously aloof.

"Mercantile enterprise and religious devotion," he continued, "had vainly striven to overthrow the barriers which a jealous spirit of seclusion had erected and maintained against contact with those who were regarded by the people of that empire as 'outside barbarians.' The antiquity of Chinese civilization—the perfection to which many of the arts had attained among that people—the value of some of their agricultural products, especially that far-famed herb that 'cheers but not inebriates'—their lack of knowledge of the religion of the Bible—had all operated as powerful incentives to efforts, both selfish and unselfish, to open the doors to freedom of trade and interchange of products and ideas. Opinions might differ upon the question of immigration and other subjects, but there was, and could be, no difference of opinion upon the desirableness of unrestricted commercial intercourse with China, and with all the na-

tions of the earth. To Californians, the appointment by that Government of an American citizen to be its organ of communication with the Western Powers, was an event of peculiar interest. The discovery of gold in California, and the consequent rush of adventurous emigration across the plains and mountains, had brought the oldest and youngest of nations face to face on the opposite shores of the Pacific Ocean. The young, impulsive, progressive civilisation of America was thus brought into direct contact with the ancient, venerable, and peculiar civilisation of Asia. Events, some of which," he added, "were perhaps not very creditable either to China or to Europe, had culminated in liberating the Chinese mind from the fetters in which it had been bound by centuries of exclusion from Caucasian progress. The first result of this liberation was the remarkable spectacle they beheld that evening, when a citizen of the young republic appeared before them as the bearer of offers of commerce and amity between the Eastern and Western world. I will not attempt," he continued, "to picture the grand results which, I trust, will flow from this auspicious event, not merely to America and Europe, but to China and to mankind. I see in the near future a vast commerce springing up between the Chinese empire and the nations of the West; an interchange of products and manufactures mutually beneficial; the watchwords of progress and the precepts of a pure religion uttered to the ears of one-third of the human race, hitherto resisting with the inertia of a dead weight all progress, material, political, social, or spiritual."

Then, addressing himself personally to Mr. Burlingame, he expressed a hope, which Englishmen as well as Americans may share, "that he had accepted his great trust in no selfish or narrow spirit, either of personal advantage or of seeking exclusive privileges for America over other nations; and finally, in the name of commerce, of civilisation, of progress, of humanity, and of religion—on behalf not merely of California or America, but of Europe and of mankind—he bade him and his associates welcome and God-speed."

Mr. Burlingame's reply—not only interesting as being his first public

utterance upon the subject of his mission, but as being in substance and spirit the same as all his other speeches in Washington, New York, Boston, and elsewhere—merits the attention of the commercial classes of this country, as showing exactly what China wants in seeking admission into the commonwealth of nations, and what she does not want. That it may receive this attention as far as the circle of our influence extends, we reproduce its most important passages, omitting the merely local and personal allusions. Mr. Burlingame, while he was as reticent as a diplomatic functionary should be who had not yet been received by any of the governments to which he was accredited, spoke very plainly—as diplomacy is at last learning to do, finding that secrecy and mystery are not the best policy in our times, whatever they may have been in the days that are gone. He gave an interesting *résumé* of the present position of the Treaty Powers towards China, and of the position and destinies of China towards them and the world.

"There is," said the ambassador, "nothing in the origin of the mission that I should not be glad to tell. There is nothing—not one purpose of it—that I should be ashamed to conceal. It came to me unsolicited; it was accepted in the broad interests of civilisation. You said truly, sir" (turning to Governor Haight), "when you said that the mission would not be used by me in any partial or limited sense. If I know myself, it shall be conducted only in the interests of all the world. This mission is not the result of any accident, or of any special design; it is the result, the legitimate consequence, of events which have recently occurred at Peking. It was not until recently that the Western Powers were brought into proper relations with the Chinese Government. Previously, affairs went on upon a system of misunderstandings, resulting in mutual misfortunes. It was not until the year 1860 that the representatives of the Treaty Powers met the great men who carry on the affairs of the Chinese empire. Coming into personal relations with them, their represent-

atives had occasion to modify their views as to the capacity of the members of the Chinese Government and as to the intentions of those men. And they were led straightway to consider how they should substitute for the old false system of force one of fair diplomatic action. They addressed themselves resolutely to the discussion of that question, and that discussion resulted in the adoption of what is called 'the co-operative policy,' which is briefly this: An agreement on the part of the Treaty Powers to act together upon all material questions—to stand together in defence of their treaty rights; and the determination, at the same time, to give to these treaties a generous construction; a determination to maintain the foreign system of customs, and to support it by a pure administration and upon a cosmopolitan basis; an agreement to take no concessions of territory to the Treaty Powers, and never to menace the territorial integrity of China. These agreements are at the foundation of the co-operative policy. You will perceive that they leave China perfectly free to develop herself in precisely such form of civilisation as she may desire, at such time and in such manner as she pleases. It leaves her waters under her own control, and her territory safe from aggression or spoliation. Such, in brief, is the co-operative policy. I do not propose to speak of the protracted discussions which led to these results. I did not intend—and it would be improper to do so—to speak of the action of the living in this regard, but I would speak of the dead. There is one who is identified with that policy, and with the establishment of justice in China, whose name ought never to be forgotten or passed over in silence—the name of Sir Frederick Bruce, the late British Minister at Washington. That great man, recalling the traditions and the practices of his own country, said that they jarred upon the moral sense of England, and that he was ready upon his own responsibility to reverse them. He was ready to lead against them; and he did lead against them, so fairly and so ably as, in the first place, to earn the respect of his colleagues; in the second place, to receive the support of his country; and, in the third place, to win the admiration of the diplomatic world. It is not time yet to speak of the results of that policy. I cannot forget the future; I can only speak to some extent of the recent past. And as I do so I must aver that that

policy has borne rich fruits. Under its inspiring influences commerce has sprang into being; trade has increased from 82,000,000 to 300,000,000 dollars; steamboats have been multiplied; arsenals have been built; light-houses are being erected; hundreds of foreigners have been taken into the civil service of China, under the leadership of some of the ablest men in the world. The flag which is above us (the imperial flag of China) has been adopted as the first national flag of China. Wheaton's International Law has been taken and is become a textbook for that great empire. The influence of Christian missions has been advanced from the Yellow Sea even to the great plains of Mongolia. A great college has been established at Peking, where modern science is to be taught, as well as the foreign languages—a great college which will be looked up to by the eleven thousand students of China who go up every three years to Peking to take their third and fourth degrees, and to look, as they term it, 'into the mirror of the mind,' to see what it has to reveal to them. And, finally, as a result, I think, directly of that fair and generous policy, it has sent this mission forth on its errand of goodwill. As I have said, I will not speak at length of its purposes—I must reserve myself for questions as they arise; but this I will say, that this mission means that China desires to come into warmer and more intimate relations with the West. It means that she desires to come under the obligations of international law, to the end that she may enjoy the advantages of that law. It means that China, conscious of her own integrity, wishes to have her questions stated; that she is willing to submit her questions to the general judgment of mankind. It means that she intends to come into the brotherhood of nations. It means commerce; it means peace; it means a unification of the whole human race. Though this ephemeral mission may pass away, the great movement will go on. The fraternal feeling of four hundred millions of people has commenced to flow through the land of Washington to the older nations of the West, and it will flow for ever. Who is there that would check it? Who is there that would say to China, 'We wish to have no other relations with you than such as we establish in our own interests and enforce at the cannon's mouth!' I trust there are none such.

I believe, rather, that this fraternal meeting is the true exponent of the sentiment of the masses of the people. I believe this occasion reflects more truly that enlarged spirit which is not alone devoted to trade, but also to civilisation and progress; that great and liberal spirit which would not be content with exchanging goods with China, but would also exchange thoughts with her; that would inquire carefully into the causes of that sobriety and that industry for which the Chinese are celebrated; that would learn something of the long experience of that people; that would question those institutions which have withstood the storms of time as to the secrets of their stability; that would ask what means that free competition by which the son of the lowliest cooly may rise to the highest offices in the empire, and that makes scholarship the test of merit; that does not believe that genius is dead in the land of Confucius; that does not believe the powers of the mind shall no more be kindled and burn on the soil beneath which rest the bones of the inventors of porcelain, gunpowder, of the compass, of paper, and printing; that does not believe the Christian's hope should cease to bloom where the Christian martyrs fell. Ricci, Verbruggen, Schall, Morrison, Milne, Bridgman, Cuthbertson, and a host of others lived and laboured and died praying and hoping that the day would arrive when that great nation would stretch forth its arms towards the shining banners of Christianity and Western civilisation. The hour has struck and the day is here."

It is only necessary to add to this authoritative exposition of the wishes of China for her future intercourse with the world a few facts to show what has been the previous intercourse of the world with China. There have been faults on both sides, but the greater faults have been on the side of the Europeans, and notably of Great Britain. The Chinese have, doubtless, been in the wrong in treating the Europeans and Americans as "outside barbarians;" but have not the Europeans been quite as much in the wrong in depreciating the intelligence and civilisation of the Chinese? We were barbarians two

thousand years ago, and they were not. And though we have run faster than they in the interval, they have not been asleep during all that time. The European error has been the more prolific of the two in producing ill feelings and war, inasmuch as the Chinese only desired to be let alone; and the Christian natives—often forgetful of their Christianity—very obstinately persisted in not letting them alone—treating them in a spirit but little more kindly and conciliatory than that which they displayed to the red aborigines of America, to the blacks of Africa, to the Fijians, and the New Zealanders. Even if they did not fall into this extremity of error, they fell into another quite as hurtful to the pride of the Chinese, and treated this people—with its ancient traditions, its venerable history, its humane moral code, its intellectual religion—as if it were a child to be taken into pupillage, and to be indoctrinated, *per fas aut nefas*, into those Western ideas and habits which might suit the West, but which were unknown to, and might, if known, be wholly unsuitable to the East. The Chinese, no careless or uninterested observers, saw, at the same time what had been the fate of India—swallowed up piecemeal by a foreign trading company, that, advancing from small things to great, had ended by converting a splendid native empire into an appanage and dependency of an alien and distant Power. There still remain amongst us too many politicians—commercial and uncommercial—who would perpetuate the policy (or impolicy) of force towards China, who would compel it to govern itself by our ideas, and who would force it to buy our opium for the demoralization of its people, even if the trading compulsion took the untradesmanlike form of fire and sword, the bombardment of their cities, and the slaughter of the inhabitants. There are others not so truculent who would, nevertheless, secure the

monopoly of the Chinese trade—whether acquired by fair means or by foul—to the merchants of Great Britain; and who look upon Mr. Burlingame's mission with a considerable amount of jealousy. These persons, whether they be few or many, must reconcile themselves to what it has become the fashion to call "the logic of facts." The future intercourse between China and the Christian nations must be guided by the Christian doctrine of doing as they would be done by, which is the doctrine of Confucius as well as that of Jesus; and not upon the barbarian doctrine that, because a nation, great or small, does not see its way to profitable trade, or any trade, such nation must be taught political economy at the point of the bayonet or by the fiery eloquence of artillery. In the new relations already established and to be still further extended with China, it must be a question of give and take on both sides, and a mutual relinquishment of old prejudices. If the Chinese have much to learn from us, we also have something to learn from them. Among other things we can learn from them how to educate the people. They are, *par excellence*, the literary nation of the world; and their literature, unlike our own, does not merely float lightly over the heads of the upper and middle classes of society, but percolates to the millions who toil for their daily bread, so that an uneducated Chinaman, even of the meanest and poorest estate, can scarcely be said to exist. If all their printed books were consumed by fire or otherwise destroyed to-morrow, a body of sound and wholesome literature, including the works of Confucius and Mencius, would still exist in the memory of more than twenty millions of men, and would be reprinted without the loss of an idea or even of a word. So long have they preceded us in the establishment of true principles in the administration of all the minor offices of government and of the civil service, that it was

but the other day that the British Government adopted a principle that has been in operation in China from time immemorial—the bestowal of public appointments as the result of a competitive examination. In this respect the Chinese are still in advance of us. In England a young man must be nominated by somebody before he can compete with others for a civil or military appointment. In China the young man can nominate himself as a candidate for the honours and emoluments of the State. He needs no aristocratic support, because in China there is no aristocracy but that of learning—marked with the seal of success in the indispensable examination. There is, it is true, an aristocracy of wealth—as there is and must be in all countries; but official aristocracy is the aristocracy of learning and of literature. Thus the poorest man of merit and capacity has an infinitely better chance of rising to the highest rank than the rich man whose capacity is either small or non-existent. The first-mentioned has all the chances in his favour; the latter has none. Such a people are not to be taken under European or American patronage, or to be accounted as barbarians because their civilisation is different from ours, and has not been of such rapid growth. "Slow and sure" has been the motto of China since the days of Confucius; and if China now appears to be going a little faster than it did, the Christian nations should not be disappointed if she does not move quite so fast as they would wish; and remember, in the case of China as in their own, that a liberal and progressive government cannot always carry a prejudiced people along with it. The neutrality of Chinese waters, the integrity of the Chinese territory, the sovereignty of Chinese law over all persons, native or foreign, inhabiting the territory—these are demands which the Chinese

have as much right to insist upon as France, England, or America have as regards themselves, and within their own jurisdiction. These points conceded as from equal to equal, an extension of trade—perhaps total Free-trade—will follow in due time between China and all the world. But the go-ahead Americans and the enterprising English must not be in too great a hurry with their railroads and their electric telegraphs, or expect concessions from the Chinese Government—at least not yet awhile—for the establishment of either. Two powerful but not insuperable impediments stand in the way. The Chinese venerate to a degree quite unknown to Europeans the graveyards of their ancestors. The whole country, populous beyond comparison with any other, is populous with these cities and villages of the dead—of the dead who died thousands of years ago, as well as of the dead who died but yesterday. And if a railroad company in search of a straight line were but to threaten the least of these sacred enclosures, the whole population would be up in arms to prevent or to punish the sacrilege. Either the rails must be laid on the existing common roads, or the religious feeling—it may be called the superstition—of the people must be modified or softened down, before the rail is possible in China. In like manner the electric wire, if laid, would not be safe among a people, especially in the interior, who are still very jealous of the "outer barbarians;" and its introduction must be postponed until that jealousy subsides, as it is to be hoped it will with the increase of trade and friendly intercourse. The Central Government, with Prince Kung at its head, very fully appreciate the advantage of these things; but the powerful local governments, who sometimes yield but a very shadowy or fragile allegiance to the Emperor, may not; and the people may, and do for the present, go along with the

latter. This is evident from a memorial to the Chinese "Yamen," or Foreign Office, from one of the most powerful Governors-General of the provinces, who rules over the two Kiang and a population of upwards of sixty millions. This high functionary, Tseng Kwo Fan, though he does not wholly oppose the enlightened policy of the Central Government, expresses some doubts of its wisdom, as well as much distrust of the foreigners who come to push a trade in China against the wishes of the natives. "Foreigners in the East and West," he says, "have for several hundred years been making and unmaking kingdoms, each kingdom wishing to deprive its neighbour's subjects of some advantage, with the hope that its own subjects might ultimately profit thereby. Their object in coming to China, setting up places of business everywhere, and trading largely in goods, is to follow their nefarious devices of depriving others of advantages, and to damage our merchants." Tseng Kwo Fan, with a strong faith in his own religion, has no fear that any Christian missionaries, however numerous and eloquent they may be, will make converts among the Chinese. He hints that Roman Catholics and Protestants hate each other, while the religion of Confucius "has not suffered by attrition through myriads of ages." He objects, however, to railroads, to the admission of foreign steamers to the inland waters, and to the admission of foreign traders to residences in the interior. This document may show some of the difficulties with which Prince Kung has to contend; and which all friends of the peaceful progress and intercommunion of the nations of the world must hope that he will surmount.

An unpleasant incident—which occurred but the other day at the port of Yang-chow, and while negotiations were in progress between Mr Hurlingham and Lord Stanley for putting the affairs of China and the Western Powers on a better

footing—may serve as well as anything in the past history of our relations with the Celestial Empire to show how unexpectedly, and how unfortunately, the Government and people of Great Britain may find themselves at war with a great unwieldy power which it is possible to injure, but impossible to defeat—a power which is always peaceably inclined, and the infliction of any chastisement upon which is alike unsatisfactory and costly to the British people, or any other power that runs amuck at such a mass of inertia and incohesion. The associated powers—Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States—secured—we might say extorted—in 1858, from the Chinese Government the right of residence and of trading for their subjects in certain ports, commonly known as “the treaty ports.” The foreign and Christian residents at these ports were placed under the protection of the several consulates of the nations of which they are citizens or subjects, just as the foreign servants and household of an ambassador in London or Paris are to a certain extent privileged, and placed under the jurisdiction, though they are in foreign territory, of the sovereigns whom their masters represent, and to whom they owe allegiance. Certain over-zealous missionaries and propagandists of the Christian faith—as by them understood and interpreted—believing erroneously that all China, and not merely “the treaty ports,” was opened up to missionary enterprise, took it upon themselves, no doubt with the very best of those intentions with which a certain unmentionable place is said to be paved, to lecture the Chinese population, in and about Yang-chow, on the error and superstition of their religious creed, and to revile and throw rhetorical dirt on the memory of Confucius. Very naturally the Chinese were angry, and the missionaries got into trouble. It is possible that wrong was done to these missionaries—“Plymouth Brethren” they appear to

call themselves—and just as possible that it was not; but as the case was doubtful, it ought to have been submitted to the decision of the Imperial Government at Peking. But instead of this, and in pursuance of an old and evil example, the captains of two British ships of war in Chinese waters were appealed to by the consul, not to demand redress from the Imperial Government, but to exact it from the local functionaries of Yang-chow at the cannon's mouth. This is not civilised but barbarian warfare, and places in the hands of a naval officer the power to involve his country in hostilities that may cost millions, to avenge injuries that, upon investigation, may turn out to be imaginary. If to do as we would be done by is alike a divine maxim and a Christian duty, as none will deny, the British people have only to imagine what their feelings would be if it were possible that the case of China and England could be reversed, and China should happen to be the more powerful and aggressive nation of the two. Let us suppose, for instance, that half-a-dozen mandarins of the ninth class, zealous propagandists of the doctrine of Confucius—unbelievers alike in Moses and Jesus Christ and the whole theology of the West—should land in the East India Docks or elsewhere on the Thames, and, proceeding to Whitechapel, Aldgate, Cornhill, Cheapside, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and Charing Cross, should hold forth at each halting-place against Christianity, denounce its churches as temples of idolatry, its priests as emissaries of the devil, and proclaim their mission to be the introduction of a purer faith among the benighted English people. There would be a row of course,—or British human nature would be revolutionised. The holy men—holy, at all events, in their own estimation—if not submitted to the tender mercies of Judge Lynch, and hung up to the nearest lamp-post, would receive more cuffs and

buffets than applauses, and might think themselves fortunate if they escaped with their lives. Fancy their appealing to the Chinese consul, and that functionary sending down to a Chinese fleet, anchored somewhere off the Nore, to steam up and bombard London, on his failure to obtain the support of the British law to protect the Chinese firebrands, and punish the insulted citizens of the metropolis,—and we have a counterfeit presentment very similar to some British proceedings in China. It is virtually what was done the other day at Yang-chow, and what has frequently been attempted upon questions of the surreptitious introduction of either our theology or our opium into an empire that considered both of them to be equally undesirable.

It is clear, from the treaty that Mr. Burlingame has already concluded on the part of China with the Government of the United States, as well as from the similar treaty which he has partially negotiated with Lord Stanley and Lord Clarendon, that the day for the bullying of China has passed; and that if any of the European Powers declares war against that empire, it must be after the same efforts at an honourable and satisfactory understanding have been made and failed, as would be employed in the event of a rupture between themselves. No doubt this would have been the practice of Christendom towards China if the Chinese Government had not shut itself up in proud isolation, and refused to listen to any other argument than that of force. The Chinese Government has at last discovered the unwisdom of this course, and by its own action, in the appointment of Mr. Burlingame to explain its wants and wishes to the Western nations, held out the hand of peace and good-fellowship, and expressed its willingness, as a highly-civilised nation should, to settle all questions by reason rather than by the sword. There is yet

much to be done, although an auspicious beginning has been made, before the great Eastern nations of China and Japan will enter fully into the cosmopolitan brotherhood which appears to be the destiny of the modern world. The great thing was to make a beginning, and break down the barriers of exclusiveness and jealousy which separated these ancient peoples from the younger nations of the world. If there ever were a case in which the well-worn maxim, "*c'est le premier pas qui coûte*," applied with peculiar force, it was that of the attempt at fraternisation with China. Without expecting too much as the immediate results of Mr. Burlingame's mission, or sharing the lively faith of the Plymouth Brethren or other missionaries, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, that China is to be speedily or ever converted to the Christian faith; without believing it probable that the Chinese will look upon Christian Churches in their land with more favour than Englishmen would look upon the erection of Buddhist temples in England; without even expecting that the men of this generation shall be able, if they wish, to traverse China from end to end as cheaply, comfortably, and expeditiously as they can travel for similar distances in Europe and America,—we may yet expect an increase of the world's happiness, as well as of the world's wealth, from the new relation which the East and the West are about to assume towards each other. It is alike the reward and the glory of well-doing that true wisdom is always more fruitful of good than the wise men know or can possibly calculate. The mission with which Prince Kung has intrusted Mr. Burlingame and his colleagues is a noble one, and ought not only to secure for the Chinese prince a high place in contemporary history, but for Mr. Burlingame and his two mandarins respectful recognition and a hearty welcome from all Europe.

THE PULPIT OF THE OLDEN TIME.

It has been said that next to being loudly praised, the best thing for a man who desires a reputation is to be thoroughly well abused. If this be true, the preachers are just now having what an American would call "a good time" of it. The old line of wit, once so popular—having a fling at the parson—has come up again with the smart professional writers of the day. It is not the highest kind of wit, it must be allowed; but it has the merit of being readily understood, and, like jests upon Scripture, there is a flavour of irreverence about it which is supposed to mark a free and independent mind. There are a good many people who, for one reason or another, do not care to go to church, who object still more strongly to any private interference of a pastoral kind, who prefer not subscribing to schools or other parochial charities of which the parson (Heaven help him!) is too often the sole promoter, and are therefore by no means sorry to have a plausible excuse for declining the parson altogether. It forms a very decorous apology for non-appearance in your place in church to say that the curate preaches such rubbish, or that the rector is a notorious Puseyite. "No case—abuse the plaintiff's attorney."

So, whatever line the clergy take, they are pretty sure to be called to account for it. Just now they have been loudly blamed for having been too busy at the elections: a little while ago they were accused of holding themselves too much aloof from the subjects and questions of the day. If they take seriously to any one of the 'ologies—and unless a man takes up these things in earnest he had better not touch them at all—there will be straightway found some well-meaning but narrow-minded Christians to accuse them of secularising their

sacred profession; if they profess an ignorance of science, the worldly critic will, with more show of reason, complain that those who claim to be the leaders of thought are behind the information of their age. The young rector of old past used to hunt, and that was voted an abomination; he now plays croquet, and its very mildness is turned to his reproof.

But even if he be fortunate enough, or insignificant enough, to escape elsewhere, lynx-eyed censure is closely watching him in the pulpit. It is the place which used to be called, by the irreverent wits of a bygone day, "Coward's Castle;" because there a man could dogmatise safe from contradiction, and launch his thunders, strong or feeble, against his opponents, securely sheltered from all counter-attack. "Come and hear me preach," said Bishop Horsley to Thurlow. "No," returned the Lord Chancellor, with his usual expletives; "no; I hear you talk nonsense enough in the House, where I can contradict you, and I do; but I'll be—(any principle you please)—if I come and listen to you where I can't." But the pulpit might better now be called "Castle Dangerous." Instances are rare perhaps, as yet, of the preacher being attacked in his stronghold; but the moment he comes down out of it, his enemies have at him from all quarters. It is well if he escapes the criticisms of his wife, who lies in wait for him at the vestry-door; for, as it is said that no man is a hero to his valet, so assuredly no preachers are prophets to their own household. But whatever his fate in that quarter, he finds an Aristarchus in every educated male member of his congregation. Every man of average intelligence thinks he could write a sermon: and perhaps only those who are expected to write two

every week know the difficulties of such a performance. It may be granted that there are a great many very indifferent sermons preached; it may be added, that if the critics had to preach them, there would be a good many more. There are a great many stupid speeches made, and a great many stupid books written, and with less excuse; because it is very seldom that a man need make a speech or write a book unless he chooses; whereas preaching is a part of the parson's duty, and a man may be a very useful parish priest who is neither a Demosthenes nor a Chrysostom. Mankind, says a living cynic, are "mostly fools;" it may be conceded that they are certainly not mostly wise men; and the preachers are no exception to their fellow-creatures.

The truth is, that just now a strong tide of feeling has set in from some quarters against preaching *per se*, as a necessary adjunct to public worship. It is the natural reaction of an educated and fastidious age against the undue exaltation of the pulpit in other days. No modern pulpit reformer has yet gone so far as George Fox the Quaker, who proposed that sermons should be abolished altogether;—he, to be sure, had just then heard six preached running on a fast-day in Scotland; but it suggested that their use—or abuse—should be limited. As the bell used to be rung in many parishes "to call dissenters to the sermon" who would not join in the previous Common Prayer; so now it is proposed by some (and those perhaps the most honest censors of the pulpit) that some similar pause should be interposed to allow those who like the prayers, but object to a divinity lecture, to go out. There does not seem to be any real objection to such an arrangement, except popular feeling, or prejudice, or whatever it may best be termed; for although you may insure a man's reluctant presence at the sermon, you cannot

command his unwilling attention; and in the case of children, it is clear that some such course would be desirable. There is very little fear that even a moderate preacher would, under the proposed arrangement, find himself without an audience, for preaching of almost any kind is still popular with the masses; and for a very bad and careless preacher, it might be a wholesome check to feel that his congregation had it in their power to pass a very intelligible vote of censure on his performances, without withdrawing themselves, in the last resort, as at present, from public worship altogether.

Yet this popular interest in the question of preaching is strong evidence, even in the most satiric strictures which it has called forth, of the powerful agency which still belongs to the pulpit, however dormant or imperfectly exercised. It will probably not be without its good results. The preachers themselves are evidently not unaffected by it. Treatises upon preachers and preaching, from the hands of "the cloth" itself, have been abundant lately. Some few of those which are least professional—as taking rather the historical, anecdotal, and critical view of the subject—now lie before us. Dean Ramsay's unpretending little volume 'Pulpit Talk,' is merely an amplification of two popular lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution—pleasant, like the writer's previous volume, but slight, as might be expected from the circumstances. The Dean is an authority to whom men of all shades of religious opinion will listen with respect; a preacher not only in the pulpit but out of it whose wise and kindly influence has been widely felt for good. Mr. Hood's volume—published two years ago under the title of 'Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets,' in a questionable taste which he has adopted from some of the old divines whom he quotes—is also a reproduction of lectures delivered before a Dissenters' Training Out-

lege, and is much more elaborate and more professional,—not free from some narrow Nonconformist prejudices, but containing much interesting matter, carefully collected and well put together. Mr. Neale and Mr. Baring-Gould take but a limited portion of the ground—the “Mediæval” and “Post-Mediæval Preachers.” Mr. Jackson seems to have drawn pretty largely upon his predecessors, or from the same sources—repeating not unfrequently their mistakes—but producing a readable book, in spite of a somewhat haphazard arrangement. A good many of the popular anecdotes which all the writers give us are well known, especially the ludicrous ones, which are the most apocryphal; but there might be room yet for a popular history of the pulpit, which none of these little books, or others of a similar type, either supply, or probably have aspired to supply.

The pulpit has gone through as many phases of life as the Christian Church itself. Of the great preachers of primitive times we know comparatively little, with some two or three exceptions. Augustine, Chrysostom, Ambrose, and the two Gregories live still in their homilies which have been preserved; but we are hardly in a position to judge of the style or effects of their ordinary preaching. Augustine has left on record both precept and example as to one essential duty of a preacher—to preach so as to be understood of the people. Of all temptations to be avoided, he warns the Christian orator against the use of “*sesquipedalia verba*.” “What profits the golden key,” he says, “if it will not open the lock? and what objection is there to the wooden key, if it will?” The Bishop of Hippo was essentially a preacher to the multitude; and far less eloquent than John of the “Golden Mouth,” was perhaps even more than him a model for the teachers whom the Church demands at present.

When these great voices were silent, there followed an interval in which either there were no effective masters of the pulpit, or we at least have lost their works and their names. At last, in the twelfth century, rose Bernard of Clairvaux—“the last of the Fathers.” He was emphatically the preacher in high places. Kings and nobles were awed by the wondrous eloquence of his language, or won by the persuasion of his dovelike eyes, and pressed to take from his hands the crosses—the pledge of the Second Crusade—as fast as they could be supplied by tearing up his monastic cowl. But after his death, something like a dark age of preaching seems again to have followed. Here and there lights shone out of the gloom—solitary “Lamps” with their accompanying “Trumpets,” as Mr. Hood would term them. One of the greatest of these was Anthony of Padua, who wore out his life (dying at thirty-six) in missionary labours throughout Italy. Wherever he went, crowds filled the churches at early daybreak to hear him. He, like Augustine, was a preacher to the people. Allusions to common trades and occupations occur continually in his extant homilies. He was also one of the first who introduced that element of humour into his sermons which (as we shall have occasion to notice hereafter) was carried out even to abuse by many of his successors. But the mere skeletons of his preaching which have come down to us give no fair specimens of his powers. He was adopted as the patron saint of Portugal; and the Portuguese Government, in 1706, conferred on him formally the title of “Marshal-General” of the army, taking care, however, to pass him regularly but rapidly through all the intermediate military grades, from private upwards. They assigned him an annual pay of 160 ducats; and for many years subsequently an image of the saint,

in full uniform, was carried on a chair in every campaign at the head of the army. Philip de Narni, a Capuchin friar, preached at Rome against non-residence—the standing sore of an established church from his times down to our own, against which successive generations of preachers took up their parable in vain—and with such effect, that thirty bishops who heard him are said to have rushed back in compunction to their own dioceses the next morning. Jerome Savonarola, a reformer before his age, thundered so powerfully at Florence against the corruptions of the Papal court under Alexander VI., that the too popular preacher was brought to the stake as a heretic. If he was too faithful an exponent of the vices of the Papacy, he was equally honest in his denunciations of popular sins; and some notion of the fiery temperament of the man—possibly even some excuse for his persecutors—may be gathered from the story told of his sometimes working himself up to such a pitch of righteous indignation that he would quit the pulpit suddenly without finishing his sermon, as though shaking off the dust from his feet against such an evil generation.

The pulpit oratory of the middle ages was, of course, very generally leavened with the peculiar tenets and corruptions of Roman doctrine. The personages of the Old and New Testament were set forth as having been good Catholics, with the most utter disregard of the unities of time and place, and with an effrontery which tells its own tale of the ignorance and credulity of the hearers. The French ecclesiastics were the boldest in this respect. Abraham and Isaac, on their journey to Mount Moriah, are represented as employing themselves by the way in duly reciting aves and paternosters; and the Virgin Mary, at the time of the Annunciation, is said to have been found telling her beads and reading in her "Hours"—not in Latin, however, or in French,

carefully adds the preacher, but in Hebrew. Father Chatenier, so late as 1715, speaks of "L'abbé Jesus." Nicholas de Lyré asserted that he was of the order of Friars Minorites. But in spite of this and other drawbacks, there can be no doubt but that the medieval pulpit from time to time produced men who were deeply read in the Scriptures, and who interpreted them with a depth of thought and a fulness of illustration which, if often mystical and fanciful, was always interesting and attractive. The age was ignorant, credulous, superstitious; the mass of preachers were likely to share its faults; but the great names of the Church were, as Dean Ramsay says, far in advance of their age.

The ancient mode of preaching was, of course, extempore, with what amount of previous preparation would depend on the powers or habits of the preacher. The sermons of Origen are the first which are recorded as having been taken down by short-hand writers; and it was probably not until a date comparatively recent that any preacher thought of actually writing out his sermon at length beforehand, with the view of delivering it from memory, as has been the habit with many of the most successful modern extempore preachers. The practice of reading from a manuscript seems only to have come in after the Reformation, and even then to have been for a long time exceptional and unpopular. The Puritans, with one consent, and with a torrent of virulent abuse, as was their fashion, scouted it. Even after the Restoration, it was only tolerated, and not always that. An ordinance issued by Charles II. to the University of Cambridge in 1674 declares that the practice "took its beginning from the disorders of the times," and forbids "that supine and slothful way of preaching" to be used at the universities in future. But it crept in again, and maintains its ground—whether for good or

evil this is not the place to inquire. Some of the best modern preachers have failed entirely in extempore efforts. Sanderson, though he had an excellent memory, declared after one trial that he would never make the attempt again; and Massillon, who always committed his sermons carefully to memory, on one occasion broke down entirely before the king, when once he had lost himself.

When classical literature was almost the only literature in existence, it was natural that the language of the pulpit should be largely leavened with allusions, and even quotations, from Greek and Roman writers. If a man was not a classical scholar, he was no scholar at all. It is unnecessary to remind readers of our own Jeremy Taylor; but it would be curious to learn what the simple parishioners of the little church of Llanvihangel Aberbrythic, where he preached occasionally while living at Golden Grove, could have thought of his sermons, richly jewelled as they are with Pagan learning. Some of the French and Italian preachers were far more pedantic in their display. They quoted from profane authors far more largely than from the Scriptures. Cornelius Musso, Bishop of Bitonto, preaching on the Ascension in the sixteenth century, speaks of Christ as dying like Hercules, rising like Apollo or Esculapius, ascending to heaven as a true Bellerophon, "a second Persæus, who had slain the Medusa who changed men into stones." Another Bishop, of the same date paints Him as "the young Horatius, who had slain the three Curiatii of ambition, covetousness, and sensuality; the Hercules who destroyed the Cerberus with three heads." The same prelate quotes continually from "le grand Virgile," as he calls him; and Peter Mariui, confessor to René Count of Provence, a preacher

not over-scrupulous in his style of illustration, gives a quotation from Ovid's '*Remedium Amoris*.' The Spanish preachers went farther still, and with worse than bad taste forced even the fables of Adonis and Danaë into illustrations of their sacred subject.* Even the homely Latimer quotes Terence—and quotes him wrong. Philip Copeau, Bishop of Lisieux, has the credit of being the first eminent French preacher who reverted to the primitive and praiseworthy custom of citing the Scriptures in evidence instead of Pagan authors.

Humour and anecdote were in frequent use with medieval and post-medieval preachers, especially with the French and Germans, though Gabriel Barletti of Naples set an early example of it. Jean Raulin, who preached in Paris about the middle of the fifteenth century, was remarkable for the quaintness of his fables and apoloques. One of his best, satirically aimed at the power of the nobles and the claims of the regular priesthood, is given by Mr. Baring-Gould in a diluted modern form, which is a very doubtful improvement. We prefer, even for brevity's sake, to translate the Latin.

"The lion summoned the wolf, the fox, and the ass into chapter, that they might confess their sins, and that he might impose penance on them according to their guilt. The wolf came and confessed himself thus:—'I have sinned, in that I have eaten a sheep which certainly did not belong to me; but I hold this as of ancient privilege from my forefathers, who have ever exercised the right—father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather—so that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary but that wolves have always eaten sheep.' 'Is it so?' said the lion; 'have you really such prescriptive right?' And when the

* "*Predicatoriana*," par G. P. Philomneste: Dijon, 1841. To this rare and curious volume these pages (and possibly many others) are considerably indebted.

wolf replied, 'Yes,' he imposed on him for that great crime a single paternoster.

"Next came the fox, who confessed that he had done ill, in that he had eaten sundry capons and hens not his own; but then he had a right, from all precedent of antiquity, to eat them. And so in like manner he was absolved for a single paternoster.

"Last came the ass, and confessed that he was guilty of three mortal sins. First, he had eaten some hay that had been dropped by somebody's carts along the banks and bushes. 'A grave sin, O ass!' said the lion, 'to have eaten what was not your master's.' Secondly, he had committed a nuisance in the cloisters of the monastery. 'A heinous crime,' said the lion, 'defiling sacred ground!' The third offence could hardly by any persuasion be wrung out of him. At last, with much doleful braying and groaning, he said he had sung—or brayed, after his manner—in harmony with the pious brethren who were singing in choir. The lion answered that this was the gravest sin of all, to have made a discord in the holy brethren's music. So the ass was horribly scourged for his little offences, while the wolf and the fox were dismissed, with full absolution, to enjoy their hereditary privileges."

Oliver Maillard, a Cordelier, one of the preachers to Louis XI. of France, was another of those early divines who acted on Horace's maxim, that a jest may sometimes do duty for a sermon. He was as bold, however, as he was humorous, and launched his bitter jests against ladies of high degree, judges on the bench, and even Louis himself, with as much earnestness as point. A courtier told him the King threatened to have him thrown into the Seine. "Tell his majesty," said Maillard, "that even then I shall get to heaven by water sooner than he will with all his post-horses." The establishment of

posts through France was just then the King's favourite project, and Louis was wise enough to laugh and forgive him.

Another remarkable preacher of nearly the same date, and of very similar style, was Michael Menot, also a Cordelier. Modern criticism commonly treats him as a mere ecclesiastical buffoon, and quotes his sermons as instances of the bad taste and grossness of his times. The character of those times was gross, it is true, and the prevalent vices, both amongst laity and ecclesiastics, were gross; and Father Menot spared neither. His diction, his illustrations, his points, were adapted to his audience; and it was the habit of the day, good or evil, to call a spade a spade. Mr. Disraeli, who was probably the first English writer who dug much into the printed volume of his *Sermons*—which is scarce enough, in spite of repeated editions—places him not unfairly among "Jocular Preachers;" but if he had been nothing more than this, he would have hardly been called by his countrymen *Laugis d'or*. Menot's sermons, written in a medieval Latin interlarded with French, are full of quaint conceits, and homely, often coarse, illustrations, pushed not seldom to a point which to our taste is palpable buffoonery: but upon the ruder audience of his day such preaching would tell with considerable effect. Some of his more extraordinary ebullitions have been quoted quite often enough by collectors of such specimens; but his exposition of the Parable of the Prodigal, though the details are here and there ludicrous and coarse, as might be naturally expected from such a subject in such hands, shows very considerable descriptive power; and his additions to the Scripture narrative, not much more unwarrantable than those of some modern expositors, are forcible and graphic enough to impress the moral strongly on an unlettered auditory. When he

describes the younger son as the spoilt child who had always had his own way, coming to his father—"as bold as the Pope himself"—and asking to have his portion of goods; pleading that, as the father surely did not mean to disinherit him "when it should please Providence to do so much for the children as to take their father out of the world," the inevitable legacy might as well come now,—he boldly appeals to the young men amongst his audience, whether such be not, in too many cases, "the form and pattern of their own life." When he blames the father as too indulgent for complying, and urges on parents the sin of supplying money which they know will be spent in riot and extravagance, he touches a point which modern expositors have perhaps too entirely overlooked. When he shows the prodigal thrust out with insult and contumely by the false friends on whom he has lavished his money; when the rich man to whom he goes to ask for employment mocks at his white hands and fair cheeks, asks him "what work he can do," and gets the humbled answer that he "has never learned to do anything," but that he "will be content with very low wages,"—there is a homely pathos in these additional touches which might not be without its effect upon an impressionable hearer, and which has not been reached by modern preachers who have taken quite as great liberties in "improving" the sacred text. Even when Menot accommodates his lessons so entirely to the fashions of the time as to dress out the prodigal youth, when setting forth on his travels, in a "pourpoint fringed with velvet, a Florence cap, a shirt of fine linen, puckered at the neck, scarlet boots of perfect fit, and a cloak of damask silk floating at his back," and returning home to his father's house clad in "a scanty *rocket* which scarcely covered his ham,"—he does but translate literally into the vulgar tongue

the spirit of the sacred original, and set forth vividly to men of the sixteenth century an ancient parable in sixteenth-century language. There is no more intentional burlesque of Scripture in Menot's sermon than in the works of an unknown and forgotten artist, probably as reverent a student of the Gospel as the more learned or more fastidious reader, which may still be seen, as we have seen them, hanging on the walls of English farm-houses and cottages. There the prodigal takes his leave, dressed in scarlet coat, hessian boots, and stiff choker of the period—when George the Third was King; mounting his tilbury, the fast vehicle of that day, which a groom in top-boots is holding. The father is in the costume of the British farmer, with two plethoric bags of money in his hand. The whole series of six or seven plates is equally grotesque; but their queer anachronisms no more imply any irreverence on the part of the designer than on that of the rude villagers who still admire them. They were the product of the same era of taste which thought it the correct thing to play Cato in a full-bottomed wig and laced coat, such as Addison himself might have worn on grand occasions, and when, as a curious counterpoise, plethoric British kings and their gouty ministers were exposed in effigy by a grateful country to all the rigours of a London climate in an unmitigated Roman toga and sandals. Let the reader who chances to fall in with any of these quaint old Bible prints in his rural wanderings, study them curiously, but, if possible, with a grave face, for the sake of some stander-by who may be more shocked at levity on such subjects than at anachronisms of costume. An inward smile will do no harm to any one. The truth of the parable is independent either of Father Menot's scarlet boots, or the British artist's hessians.

The history of the prodigal was a favourite subject with the Fran-

ciscan preachers. It gave ample scope for the dramatic details in which they delighted and excelled. Philip Bosquier, another of the order, who lived nearly a century after Menot, took that worthy father's very original sermon as a sort of text for a course of fifty-two discourses of his own, which he composed and printed on that single parable. In burlesque he went even beyond his model; but there are not wanting passages in which sarcasm is brought to bear upon his audience with a point which might have told in spite of its apparent buffoonery. He thinks it "a mercy that the young man did not rob his father at once," instead of going through the ceremony of asking him for the money; many modern prodigals (St. Francis, his own founder, among the number) had done so before, and would do it now. He, too, dilates on the culpability of parents in the matter of unrestrained indulgence and neglect of discipline: he goes farther, and accuses the parents of his own day as not merely winking at the immorality of their sons, but even setting an immoral example in their own persons. "Such fathers," he says, "are devourers of their own offspring in a worse sense than Saturn of old." Such mothers are like the apes who crush and strangle their little ones in the foolish ardour of their embraces. "O blind affection!" he exclaims. "O worse than apish love! *Cæcus amor prolis!*" "They will not even have the patience to wait," he says, "for their daughters' corruption in due course, when they shall come to years of discretion." The biting sarcasm of Horace was evidently in the mind of the classical Franciscan, and he adds to it a point of his own. He enters, as may be conceived, into profuse detail of the items of the prodigal's extravagance; but though the description is spun out with a prolix verbosity wearying enough to the modern reader, there is a wealth of imagery in his illustrations which may have been very at-

tractive to those who were entirely dependent for their intellectual sensations on the harangues of the preacher, few and far between. The scenes of a prodigal's life have seldom been painted in more lively colours. Bosquier dwells much, towards the close of the story, on the indignity of a youth of high birth and breeding being set to feed hogs, of all employments; and he concludes this portion of his subject with the strong remark, that as he had chosen to live the life of a hog, so with the hogs he was at last sent to feed. Anticipating a favourite practice of some modern preachers, who are fond of putting forward supposed doubts and objections which would otherwise never have entered into the heads of the most sceptical audience, Father Bosquier starts this query, towards the close of the parable, where the young man determines to "arise and go to his father"—"Why did he not write?" and he answers, that probably such an ill-conditioned youth could neither write nor read; not because his father had neglected to send him to school, but that it was as impossible to teach him letters "as a pig to play the trumpet."

A popular German preacher in the next century—Abraham de Santa Clara—seems to have studied Menot's and Bosquier's exposition of the parable, and to have endeavoured to emulate their fulness of illustration. The German satirist is not less pungent, though perhaps somewhat heavier and coarser, than his French predecessors. He suggests that the prodigal was probably "*an Irishman*." What special spite the preacher had against the Irish does not appear, as he gives no reasons for fixing on the nationality. His sermon is full of ponderous Latin puns; but there are points here and here which no doubt would tell upon a German congregation, over-given to the frequenting of wine-shops. "It might be said of the prodigal" (remarks the preacher) "as of Joseph,

'an evil beast hath devoured him; an evil beast, indeed; an evil beast is the Golden Griffin; an evil beast is the Golden Eagle, the Golden Buck, and the Golden Bear.' These tavern-beasts had so dealt with him, that "his breeches were as full of holes as a fishing-net." The prodigal's extravagant equipments were a favourite and fertile theme with these scenic preachers. Bosquier's and Santa Clara's descriptions read like Court tailors' bills; and the latter adds, in protest against the new-fangled costumes of the day, that it would soon be necessary to establish universities of tailors, and grant them degrees as "doctors of fashion." Petit André, discoursing one day on the same text when Madame de la Tremouille was present incognito, took occasion to paint the youth's retinue as follows:—"He had six splendid dapple-grey horses, a grand carriage of crimson velvet laced with gold, a rich hammercloth covered with coats of arms, pages and lacqueys in yellow liveries faced with black and white." It was the very carriage and liveries in which her ladyship had come to the sermon.

This Father André, familiarly called "Le Petit" (Boullanger was his family name), was a friar of the order of Reformed Augustins, who preached during many Advents and Lents before Louis XIII. and XIV. He was a jester by nature, and used his talent in a fashion which is certainly startling to the sober taste of a modern congregation. But if the opinion of those critics who were nearly his contemporaries is to be trusted, he was much more than a mere jester. "He did not always make those laugh who listened to him," says Gueret; "he spoke truths which sent bishops back to their dioceses, and made many a coquette blush. He had the art of biting while he smiled." Far from priding himself upon the laugh which he sometimes raised when in the pulpit, he punished himself for

such indulgence of his natural humour by corporal "discipline," and his private life was in all respects that of a devout and austere Churchman. A writer, who speaks of having been often present at his sermons, declares that he himself had never heard the preacher indulge in any of those buffoneries with which he was commonly credited; and it is very possible that many current anecdotes of his eccentricities have as little foundation in fact as some which are told of a well-known modern preacher. Some of the best attested show that the Little Father's jests must often have been carefully-planted home-thrusts to his auditors. Preaching on the casting-out of the devil which was dumb,—"Know you, brethren, what a dumb devil is? I will tell you—it is a lawyer at the feet of his confessor. In court, these gentlemen chatter like pies; but at the confessional, devil a word can one draw out of them—*dæmonium mutum*—a dumb devil indeed." Preaching before M. de Péréfixe, Archbishop of Paris, he saw the prelate asleep. He called out loudly to the Suisse on duty, "Shut the doors! the shepherd is asleep; the sheep will get out; to whom am I to preach the word of God?" The Archbishop was very soon awake, and remained so to the end of the sermon. André had no liking for the Jesuits. He was requested on one occasion by them to deliver the usual panegyric on their founder. He complied; and in the course of his oration introduced an imaginary dialogue, in which St. Ignatius asked of Heaven a locality for the operations of his new Order. "But where to place you? the deserts have been assigned to St. Benedict and St. Bruno; St. Bernard occupies the valleys, St. Francis the country towns—where are you to be quartered?" "Ah! master," replies the saint, "put us only in some place where there is something to get—in the large towns, for example—and trust us to do the rest." Nor does André

seem to have had a very high opinion of the monastic orders in general. From the pulpit of a monastery which had lately been struck with lightning, he returned thanks to Heaven, which always "took such care of its own." "Do we need further proof," said he, "than what has just happened to this pious house in which I am preaching? The lightning fell on the library, and consumed it, without hurting a single monk. Had it unhappily struck the refectory, what numbers would have been killed! *Mon dieu!* what would have been the desolation!"

Not only jest and anecdote and grimace were used by some of these lively divines, but they even took with them occasionally into the pulpit certain of what less grave actors would call "properties," to help the action of the scene. The celebrated Father Honoré, preaching one Lent upon the vanity of human life, suddenly produced a skull, which he made the subject of a monologue, very much after the fashion of Hamlet in the tragedy. "Thou wast the skull of a magistrate—was it not so? He who makes no answer assents." Fixing on the ghastly image the cap of a judge—"Ha!" said he, "hast thou never sold justice for gold? Hast thou never entered into a villanous compact with advocates or procureurs-general?" Then he would throw aside the skull, and produce another, on which he put a woman's head-dress. "Thou wast the head of one of these ladies of fashion, it may be; where now are those bright eyes, which rolled so wantonly? those pretty lips, which formed such winning smiles?" So he would go through a series of imaginary characters, having the proper costume ready for each, producing such effect as may be conceived. But he was an earnest man, and a successful preacher, in spite of what we might call his buffooneries. "He distracts the ear," said Bourdaloue of him, "but he also reads

the heart." These dramatic effects have been made use of by modern preachers. Mr. Jackson tells us of a Yorkshire Methodist preacher, familiarly called "Our Billy," who "has been known to take a pair of scales into the pulpit, and literally to weigh in the balance the several characters he described." Whitefield produced great effect upon his hearers on one occasion, by an illustration which appealed, something in the same way, to the eye as well as to the ear. "You seem to think salvation an easy matter. Oh! just as easy as for me to catch that insect passing by me." He made a grasp at a fly, real or imaginary. Then he paused a moment, and opened his hand—"But I have missed it!"

The English pulpit, during the period which we have glanced at, was duller, if more decorous. There were few names of mark, and but little reliable account of their preaching has come down to us. Hugh Latimer, who made Paul's Cross ring some half-century later, and who had in him many of the characteristics of the foreign humoristic preachers who have been noticed, complains bitterly of the low ebb to which preaching had fallen in England. He speaks of the "strawberry preachers," whose season was but once a-year. "How few there be throughout this realm that give meat to their flock as they should do, the visitors can best tell. Too few, too few—the more is the pity; and never so few as now." A preacher at Paul's Cross, a little later, complains of the lack of preachers, even at the universities: "There is not now in all Oxford more than six or seven preachers." Latimer's own preaching may be well described in the words which he himself uses in one of his sermons:—

"I have a manner of teaching which is very tedious to them that be learned. I am wont even to repeat those things which I have said before, which repetitions are nothing pleasant to the learned:

but it is no matter—I care not for them; I seek more the profit of those which be ignorant than to please learned men. Therefore I oftentimes repeat such things which be needful for them to know, for I would so speak that they might be edified withal."

His sermon on the Plough is an excellent instance of his homely but forcible expositions, but is perhaps too well known for quotation. Those "on the card"—or it should rather be on the "cards"—are an instance of the way in which he turned to his purpose ideas which might have seemed most foreign to his subject. He had the great art of the preacher, that of bringing forth "things new and old." He abounds in anecdotes, and some well-known jests have been borrowed from his variegated pages. The tracing the cause of the Goodwin Sands to the existence of Tenterden steeple is one of the many stories told—and well told—in his pages. He is occasionally coarse, bitter, violent, and even almost directly personal, as was the fashion of his time. He made home-thrusts at bishops and clergy, which must have been very disagreeable for them to hear; but he does not spare the other learned professions. He longs to fit some judges that he wots of with a "Tyburn tippet" in lieu of the judicial ermine—"It will never be merry in England till we have the skins of such;" and when he has to speak of the woman who "had suffered many things of many physicians," he observes that well she might, "for physicians nowadays seek only their own profits." Latimer, with his yeoman's birth and independent spirit, was a true Englishman to the core. One can fancy the men round Paul's Cross applauding, as they did audibly enough at times, when he spoke of the English bow as "that gift of God which He hath given us to excel all other nations withal."

Proverbs have been largely used by all popular preachers who addressed themselves to the masses.

One need not quote the example of St. Paul, but the great medieval preachers are full of them. Bernard and Peter of Blois made frequent use of them. The French humoristic preachers who have been noticed—Menot and Petit André and Maillard—naturally seized upon such a ready means of appeal to the dull popular intelligence. Latimer rejoiced in them, no matter how homely. But perhaps the most extraordinary use ever made of proverbs in the pulpit was in a sermon preached and printed by one Mr. Burgess, on the devils entering into the herd of swine. He entitled it, "The Devil driving and drowning his Hogs;" and he divided his discourse into three heads, inasmuch as, he remarks, "the devil here verified these old English proverbs." 1. "The devil will play at small game rather than none at all;" 2. "They run fast whom the devil drives;" 3. "The devil brings his hogs to a fine market." And in spite of—or even, it may be, in consequence of—this more than homely illustration, those who have read the sermon pronounce it to have been not ill adapted to impress a rude and uncritical audience.

After the date of those dramatic preachers, as they may be called, there appears to have followed a temporary calm, which was not favourable to the growth of earnestness of any kind in the unreformed branch of the Church Catholic. It was broken first in France. There arose the line of great French preachers, the golden age of the pulpit, under Louis XIV. and XV. Their reputation was coextensive with Christendom, and in spite of all the changes of style and taste, they continue models of pulpit eloquence to this day. The Court of France at that date presented a curious contradiction. Vice was one of the component parts of good society; and so was the Catholic religion, at least so far as outward observances went. The King attended the public offices of the

Church regularly—and his mistresses with him. His courtiers followed, in both respects, the royal example. There was a paradoxical kind of faith, which accepted, and apparently realized, the truths of Christianity and the teaching of the Church, without allowing them to have any practical influence on the conduct of life. Something like it was seen, perhaps, in England under the Stuarts; but the phenomena were not so remarkable. The Court preachers at Versailles were admirably fitted for their office. They were men who might not have found their vocation, like some of the great preachers before them, in missions to the heathen at home and abroad; they were not born to be voices crying in the wilderness. But, on the other hand, neither were they the mere "players upon a pleasant instrument," to whom kings and courtiers might love to listen as an intellectual excitement, and who carefully avoided, as Court preachers before and since have done, any such too-plain delivery of their message as might offend the ears of their royal and illustrious auditory.

The first of this brilliant line of orators was Jacques Bossuet, who received his early education at the Jesuit's College in his native town of Dijon, and subsequently at the College of Navarre at Paris. There, before he was sixteen, the fame of his remarkable talents and learning had reached even the fashionable circles of the capital. At one of the celebrated soirées at the Hotel de Rambouillet, the Marquis de Feuquières spoke in raptures of the extraordinary promise of a *protégé* of his who was studying for the Church. He undertook that, if allowed a few minutes of solitude for collecting his thoughts, the young student should preach an extempore sermon on any text which might be given him. The company, by whom any literary novelty was welcomed with enthusiasm, at once challenged the Marquis to the proof. Young Bossuet

was sent for, and in Madame de Rambouillet's *salon*, before that brilliant and critical audience, the young preacher of sixteen delivered his first sermon at eleven o'clock at night. Voltaire remarked that he had never heard any one preach so early—or so late. The Bishop of Lisieux, who was then in Paris, heard of the precocious performance; and Bossuet was invited to display his powers a second time, before himself and two other prelates. They were equally astonished and charmed; and Cardinal de Bausset, who tells the story, fairly remarks that their verdict as to the true qualifications of a preacher was more reliable than that of the wits and courtiers of the *salons* of Rambouillet. The gifts which could impress two such audiences must have been remarkable indeed. Bossuet distinguished himself, soon after his ordination, as a controversialist against the Protestants in the diocese of Metz; but it was not until his thirty-second year that he had an opportunity of preaching before the Court; and even this, it must be remembered, was an unusually early age for such an honour. He had lost none of his youthful powers. He preached six courses of Lent sermons, and four in Advent, at Paris and Versailles, and moved his courtly audience by turns to tears and admiration by his nervous eloquence. Yet these grand sermons, though not extempore, were merely hastily dashed on paper and roughly corrected; and he is said never to have preached the same sermon twice. He is best known, perhaps, by his funeral orations; but this branch of pulpit oratory is by no means as congenial to the English as to the French taste, and in spite of their unquestioned eloquence they will be apt to weary the English reader. Dean Ramsay thinks otherwise, and quotes Robert Hall's marginal note written upon his copy of the volume—"I never expect to hear language like this till I hear it from the lips of seraphs round the

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accords him the high reputation in which he was held by his contemporaries, possibly because his published remains give but an imperfect impression of the vigour and attractiveness of his actual preaching. It was said of our own Bishop Sanderson, that (owing to his ineffective delivery) "the best sermons that were ever written were never preached;" and probably some of the best ever preached have never been written or printed, because it is impossible to transfer to type the voice and manner of the preacher, often the most important element in rhetorical effect.

Born in the same year as Fléchier, and only five years younger than Bossuet, Louis Bourdaloue, the Jesuit, did not reach his meridian nearly so early. It was not until ten years after Bossuet's first appointment as Court preacher, when he had already retired to the quiet duties of his diocese and his preceptorship, and his voice was heard in Paris but at rare intervals, that Bourdaloue—"Le *predicateur des rois et le roi des predicateurs*"—began first, as Madame de Sevigné expressed it, to "thunder at Notre-Dame." No one, she declared, had really preached before he came—a remarkable testimony from one who must have heard Fléchier and Bossuet. For thirty-four years he preached before the Court or the fashionable congregations in Paris, and year by year his reputation increased. But it was not only the higher classes who thronged to hear him; the shopkeepers and artisans filled the aisles of Notre-Dame when he was announced to preach. One Father D'Harrouis, a Jesuit, told Menage (or at least Menage tells the story), that when the great preacher had visited Rouen, the whole place was thrown into disorder. The tradesmen shut up their shops—the lawyers deserted the courts—the physicians left the bedsides of their patients—to hear him. But—added the good priest simply—"when I went to preach there next year, I

put all things to rights again: there was not a man of them left his business." A sweet yet powerful voice, and a commanding presence, were natural advantages which came in aid of Bourdaloue's eloquence. But his matter was as good as his manner. He had been a diligent student, and not only the treasures of Scripture, but the best writings of the early Fathers, were largely drawn upon by him in his sermons. With a simple and unaffected delivery, and a chaste and inelaborate style, his were the legitimate triumphs of a Christian preacher. Nor was he by any means a preacher only: his hearers believed alike in his sincerity and his profound knowledge of the human heart, and flocked to him in private as the best director of their consciences. Five or six hours a-day were not uncommonly spent in the exhausting work of the confessional. In all the private and public offices of his Church he was regular and devout; and some years before the close of his life, it had been his wish to retire altogether from his work as a preacher, and to end his days in some religious house, where, to use his own touching words, he "might review before God the past years of his life in the bitterness of his soul." But the strict rule of the order of Loyola would not grant even this indulgence to the weary preacher. The final answer from Rome was, that the Church had still work for him in Paris; and there he died, in his harness to the last, having said his last public Easter mass but two days before.

Five years before his death, in the last year but one of the seventeenth century, his great successor, Massillon, then a young priest of the Oratory, delivered his first Court sermon, on All-Saints Day, at Versailles, before the great King and his brilliant train of courtiers, on the pointed text—"Blessed are they that mourn." Bourdaloue heard of the young preacher's growing reputation, and, remarked pathetically,

in the Baptist's words—it may be hoped with as little jealousy—"He must increase, but I must decrease." Less powerful in the pulpit than either of his great predecessors, Massillon was even more persuasive; and when he began, with downcast eyes and quiet voice, and almost total want of the gesticulation so habitual to French orators, he held the congregation wrapt in a silence through which every modulated tone was heard distinctly. He has been called the Cicero of French pulpit eloquence, as Bossuet has been compared with Demosthenes; and he has much of Cicero's grace and elegance, with something of Cicero's fault of over-polish and dilution. French critics have preferred Bossuet; but Massillon has more attraction for the English reader. Voltaire is said to have kept the volume of his sermons, known as '*Le Petit Carême*,' always on his writing-table, as one of the most perfect models of style. His Court sermons have a courtliness which is without servility, and may be favourably contrasted in this respect with some of our own great preachers in the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts. He begins his first sermon, it is true, with a well-turned compliment to the great Louis, which drew forth an audible murmur of applause from his courtly audience; but he at once qualifies the eulogy, without retracting it, by the eloquent disclaimer, "Thus would the world speak; but, Sire, Christ speaks not as the world." He did not hesitate, on one occasion, to compare the King unmistakably with David, as disregarding the sanctity of the marriage-bed; and he spoke of the defeat of his armies at Ramillies and Malplaquet as warnings and judgments from Heaven upon royal and national sins. It is something to the credit of Louis that he never took offence at the preacher's boldness.

No offence was taken, either at Massillon or other Court preachers

who spoke as fearlessly; but it was because the point of the preachers' weapon never went thoroughly home. It shakes one's faith in the efficacy of any preaching to think how little practical effect these confessed masters of the art, whom all men thronged to hear—and who, be it remembered, were thoroughly in earnest, and believed and practised what they preached—produced upon that dissolute French society. We are told, indeed, that the King said to Massillon, that whereas other eloquent preachers made him feel pleased with them, the effect of Massillon's preaching was to make him dissatisfied with himself; but the dissatisfaction seems to have had little result. We read, that when the preacher delivered his remarkable Lent sermon on "the small number of the elect," after speaking of four great classes of sinners—those who do not wish to repent at all, those who did wish it, but put it off, those who repented only to relapse, and, lastly, those who thought they had no need for repentance—he concluded that division of his sermon with the striking apostrophe, often quoted, but not yet too often, delivered in his most thrilling tone:—

"Withdraw now these four classes of sinners from this congregation,—for they will be withdrawn from it at the great day. Stand forth now, ye righteous! Where are ye! Remnant of Israel, pass to the right! Wheat of Jesus Christ, separate yourselves from that chaff destined for the burning!—O God, where are thine elect!"

We read that even that careless audience were so impressed by the solemnity of the appeal, that hundreds among them half-rose up in their places with a murmur of excitement, as though they expected to see the separation actually take place; and that the general emotion was so vivid, that the nerves of the preacher himself were visibly shaken. But such emotions are transient, and for any practical effect on the religion or morals of

quite unintentionally, was by Dr. Sheridan (father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan), then high in favour with the Court in Dublin, who, having to preach for a friend on the anniversary of the succession of the House of Hanover, selected an old sermon on the words, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and lost all chance of future preferment in consequence.

There are far worse dangers to be apprehended in the matter of pulpit oratory than familiar illustrations and honest plain-spoken English. Firing over the heads of a congregation is a far more common fault, and much less excusable, than firing point-blank into their consciences, even if at some slight risk of falling into the coarse and grotesque. Rowland Hill (who certainly did not himself sin on the side of over-refinement) was right enough when he said, "I don't like those mighty fine preachers, who so beautifully round off all their periods that they roll off the sinner's conscience." "When I preach," said Luther, "I sink myself deeply down: I regard neither doctors nor masters, of whom there are in the church above forty; but I have an eye to the multitude of young people, children, and servants, of whom there are more than two thousand." It is hardly too much to say that two-thirds of every sermon that is preached is practically unintelligible to an audience of working men. Neither the words, nor the ideas, nor the formation of the sentences, are what they are accustomed to. It is quite true that such audiences by no means object to fine language, if it be sonorously delivered; and there are plenty of stories current as to the imposing effect of a sounding polysyllable, or even a scrap of Latin, upon ignorant hearers. But if the pulpit trumpet is to call to the real battle of life, it must at least utter an intelligible sound. Sermons, even more than prayers and catechisms, must be in the "vulgar tongue," if

they are to have any practical effect on the masses. It has been one of the laments over the Church of England that she is "dying of gentility;" but those who have listened to preachers outside her pale know that the Dissenting pulpit is not a whit more free from the faults of an inflated style and "genteel" vocabulary. The fine language of such orators is of a different type; the ornament is coarser, the metaphors less chaste; but the fastidious polish of the university graduate is not replaced, as one might be led to hope, by the homely simplicity of an uneducated apostle. There is more declamation, but hardly so much common sense; and often the only difference in the matter of hard words is, that the preacher of the conventicle is not quite so nice as Mrs. Malaprop in his "derangement of epitaphs." Hard words are often worse than unintelligible to an ignorant hearer; he makes a guess at their meaning from the context, and the guess is not always a happy one. A country clergyman can hardly be too careful in this respect. Mr. Hood has a story of one who was sent for suddenly to a cottage, where he found a man in bed. "Well, my friend," said the pastor, "what induced you to send for me?" The patient, who was rather deaf, appealed to his wife. "What do he say?" "He says," shouted the woman—"what the deuce did you send for him for?"

Plain-speaking is desirable, as a matter of good taste as well as of edification, in the pulpit. There, of all places, affectation, or the savour of affectation, raises a sneer of angry disgust; whereas an honest homeliness will at the worst but call forth a harmless smile. A Welsh Calvinistic minister, well known in his day as "Sammy Breeze," was called upon to preach amongst others at one of those periodical gatherings popular amongst the Welsh, which are, as it were, feasts of sermons—two, three, or even four preachers succeeding each other

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The length of a sermon is a very fertile subject, in the present day, of discontent and remonstrance. Tastes and opinions have always differed, and the preacher's own views upon this point may not always be in exact correspondence with those of his congregation. Sermons in early times seem to have been comparatively short. Some of those extant by the Latin fathers would not occupy, as they stand, more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour; many of Bede's consist of only a very few lines. Therefore we are not safe in resting upon such data for their actual duration when delivered, since it is plain that in many cases what has come down to us are merely outlines or notes upon which the preacher worked, or short-hand memoranda (for there were short-hand writers even in those early times) taken down on the spot, and dressed and corrected afterwards. Long sermons, as a rule, were the product of the post-Reformation, and especially of the Puritan times, when preaching usurped a sovereignty over all devotional exercises. Yet some of the earlier divines were lengthy enough, especially university preachers. Bishop Alcock preached "a good and pleasant sermon" at St. Mary's, Cambridge, which lasted from one o'clock until half-past three. If such was anything like the ordinary length of a university sermon, one

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her delightful biography of that remarkable man, the story of his long-remembered sermon—of three hours and a-half—preached for the London Missionary Society in Tottenham Court Road Chapel. "The necessity of coming to an end did not occur to him." Thrice he paused, and the patient congregation sang hymns in the interval. But, partly on account of his enthusiastic theory of missionary work, and

partly, no doubt, from the length at which it was set forth, the "religious world" never wholly forgave him. It is with the wholesome awe of the Nemesis which always waits upon prolixity, and not because we have exhausted a subject which has been only slightly and imperfectly touched, that we now take leave of our readers. It is possible that we may return to the more modern pulpit hereafter.

O WHY SHOULD A WOMAN NOT GET A DEGREE?

ON FEMALE GRADUATION AND LADIES' LECTURES.

AIR—"Argyll is my name."

YE fusty old fogies, Professors by name,
A deed you've been doing of sorrow and shame:
Though placed in your Chairs to spread knowledge abroad,
Against half of mankind you would shut up the road:
The Fair Sex from science you seek to withdraw,
By enforcing against them a strict Salic law:
Is it fear? is it envy? or what can it be?
And why should a woman not get a degree?

How ungrateful of You, whose best efforts depend
On the aid certain Ladies in secret may send:
CLIO *here* writes a lecture, URANIA *there*,
And more Muses than one prompt the Musical Chair.
CALLIOPE sheds o'er the Classics delight,
And the lawyers have meetings with THEMIS by night;
Yet, if VENUS de' Medici came, even She
Could among her own Medici get no degree.

In Logic a woman may seldom excel;
But in Rhetoric always she bears off the bell.
Fair PORTIA will show woman's talent for law,
When in old Shylock's bond she could prove such a flaw.
She would blunder in Physic no worse than the rest,
She could leave things to Nature as well as the best;
She could feel at your wrist, she could finger your fee;
Then why should a woman not get a degree?

Your tardy repentance now seeks to supply
What your jealousy formerly dared to deny.
You would open a byway where women may *pass*,
And by which, if they can, they may climb to a *class*.
But you wish them to show intellectual riches,
Such as only are found with the wearers of breeches ;
So if I were to marry, the woman for Me
Shouldn't try for a Class, or desire a degree.

Your Lectures for Ladies some fruit may produce—
For a Course of good lectures is always of use ;
On a married Professor your choice should alight,
Who may lecture by day—as he's lectured at night.
And allow me to ask, what would Husbands become
If they weren't well lectured by women at home ?
When from faults and from follies men thus are kept free,
There surely the woman deserves a degree.

Yet without a degree see how well the Sex knows
How to bind up our wounds and to lighten our woes,
They need *no* Doctor's gown their fair limbs to enwrap,
They need ne'er hide their locks in a Graduate's cap.
Then I wonder a woman, the *Mistress of Hearts*,
Would descend to aspire to be *Master of Arts* :
A Ministering Angel in Woman we see,
And an Angel should covet no other Degree.

VAPOURS, FEARS, AND TREMORS.

THERE are few persons, probably, who do not know what it is to awake in the early hours of the morning, when vitality is said to be at its lowest, with a load on mind and spirits, a sense of things going all wrong with us, a worry of other people's misdoings, a panic of self-mistrust, a horror of impending evil. One sting after another starts us broad awake. The real anxieties of the past day grow into the dimensions of despair, molehills swell into mountains, a feverish activity in self-tormenting raises a host of goblins out of our most trifling blunders. Memory recalls long-past mistakes, and sets them up in hideous enlargement: cheek-by-jowl with these bristle the words and deeds of yesterday, charged with a baleful significance, and pregnant with evil issues, which nothing but a prompt reversal can avert. Something must be done, and that instantly. If the post went out at four o'clock in the morning, if the household and the outer world were astir to act out the programme of undoing with which our disturbed fancy is so busily prolific, there is no knowing what spectacle we might not present, or how low our credit for discretion might sink, leaving the world with a different opinion of our discretion from what we trust to be its present estimate. But with this painful experience comes also the calming recollection that this morbid conscience has but a shortlived reign, and leaves little trace upon our actions. We settle it, perhaps, that something has disagreed with us, or we were overtasked the day before, and the nervous system deranged. We lay aside the hours of fidgets as we do our dreams—nobody need be the wiser. We relapse into hope and complacency. There is no more question of undoing the past; we live in the present and work for the future as before.

It is well, however, to recall these

restless, agitated, unreasonable moments (for we are not concerned here with the workings of true compunction), if we have ever experienced them, as they should teach us tenderness and forbearance towards a very trying class. For an hour our nerves had been painfully excited:—there are people whose whole lives, or long periods of them, are passed in precisely the condition of thought and feeling we have described. We can laugh at ourselves when we emerge from this fantastical purgatory, but there are some who never emerge. As with the lotos-eaters it was always afternoon; as some men for the whole of the twenty-four hours take an easy after-dinner view of life; as some sanguine busy nature lives always in "glad, confident morning,"—so are there some with whom it is always two or three or four hours after midnight, when the sky is at its darkest, and no ray of the dawning has yet showed itself. And these are the victims of their nerves—the unhappy people who cannot throw off the bugbears of the night by inhaling one draught of spring's delicious air, or by throwing themselves into their appointed work, or by seeking the invigorating society of their fellows—people who have for their daylight prompters the uneasy suggestions and misgivings which only visited our couch once and away, swarming and buzzing round our pillow through some special conjuration—prompters malignantly bent on their exposure, which can by no means be thrust aside by one gallant spring in the cheerful world of life and fact, but are perpetually betraying them into exhibitions of caprice, wilfulness, irresolution, fears, tremors, and what not, disturbing the general serenity; but which, if they annoy and exasperate others, are in truth infinitely more annoying and exasperating to themselves.

Very provoking these people are, no doubt; so very trying to others that we are apt to forget that themselves are most tried of all. When persons won't let others be at peace, it is difficult to do them justice, and not to suppose that in worrying us they are pleasing themselves—difficult not to reply to their querulous greetings, their "good mornings," which cast an ominous gloom, in the tone of the man in the play, "The morning is a very good morning, ma'am, if you don't spoil it." For though waking fits of morbid depression, as far as we can judge, visit pretty impartially men and women alike, and many a man engaged in important designs can echo Pope's experience of the terrible morning thoughts and haunting dreams that attended upon the beginning of his 'Iliad,'—which sat so heavy upon him that he wished anybody would hang him a hundred times—the world's domestic experience of this temperament, acting, suffering, and teasing in broad daylight, is commonly through woman's weaker, more susceptible organisation. Men are nervous, hipped, blue-devilled, but when they give the reins to this temper they pass into another stage altogether. They rarely reach the feminine point without going beyond it. Odd stories get abroad; we don't know what to think. It belongs to woman to reach the extreme of unreasonableness without exciting any real fears for her reason.

Hence a man with whims and grotesque fears and fancies is regarded as something exceptional; but the class of nervous women—that is, women under the tyranny of their nerves—though in reality a perfectly distinct class, colours our whole idea of the female sex. Instead of being held fantastic exceptions, they constitute with many men the feminine ideal. Of course the main reason for this lies in an inherent distinction. The nerves do not play the same part in the

different organisations. But also the nerves, to achieve their fullest tyranny, need a will at liberty to act out its volitions; and man has both a wider range and a stronger will to carry out his conceptions, whether wise or foolish, besides being gifted with a more eccentric invention; so that, when a prey to morbid influences, he soon establishes for himself an individuality; while woman naturally follows a lead. Then, again, the manifestations of undue nervous excitement are viewed very differently in men and women. No man is thought the better of by anybody, whether man or woman, for having any touch of the hysterical temperament. He gets no encouragement; but women, up to a point, are indulged in it. A man thinks none the worse of a woman for being a coward; on the contrary, his own vigour and courage are magnified in the comparison. Youth and beauty are never so attractive to him as when owning weakness and suing for protection. And as civilized life furnishes few daily opportunities for protecting on a large scale, occasions must be invented. It is very true that "*on ne se guérit pas d'un défaut qui plaît*." And while it is thought charming to show fear of the smallest mouse that creeps on floor,—to be the victims of a hundred unaccountable whims, feminine nervousness will not be checked in the bud as it ought. Moreover, when the nerves ally themselves to temper (the most worrying exhibition of the disorder), and become veritable tyrants, the tyranny is less wounding to a man's self-love than subjugation to a stronger nature,—to the firm unflinching resolve of a stolidly reasonable woman. In the one instance he submits to weakness, in the other to strength. It is soothing to his pride when a man has to give way, that he yields, because he has to do with a mind incapable of hearing reason, because she is the weaker vessel—a simili-

tude which does not apply indiscriminately to all women. As an example, that a certain subjugation to unreasoning impulses is supposed to be typical of the whole sex, Shakespeare is considered to represent in his Constance, "a very woman." Now she is only a woman of a certain class. It is commonly assumed that the ladies of Queen Elizabeth's time had no nerves, which are always treated as a modern distemper. This notion will probably always prevail. "Our grandmothers" and great-grandmothers are invariably considered a more matter-of-fact rational class than the fine ladies of the day, for this sad reason, that the whimsical part of the sex has ever been the prominent part; that what is charming and bewildering is not often reasonable, and that men in every age have liked women for their follies and their faults. Hence, the examples which stand out in the past age are never those that reigned in men's hearts, or swayed the surface of society. That there were nerves in Shakespeare's day we need not question; and that they performed pretty much the same part that they do now we see from this one impersonation, where the hysterical temper is shown in magnificent, eloquent, heroic proportions. Constance is evidently a woman who, in no part of her life, had ever dreamt of controlling herself. She exercises power, not through her nobler qualities, but through her weakness, her fears, and, we will add, her selfishness—a thing inseparable from fumes and frenzies of any kind. Not that her troubles are any of them illusory, which often enough happens; they are real and bitter enough; but she meets them, not with her reason, but her passions, and in a quiver of excitement, tolerating no other point of view but her own. In the first place, when Salisbury brings her the news of the hated marriage of Louis and Blanche, she turns upon him in weak anger for making her uncomfortable. She abuses him,

calls him a "common man"—a "fellow"—and threatens him.

"Thou shalt be punished for thus frightening me."

Then follows the beautiful passionate picture of a timid, self-abandoned nature:—

"For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of
fears;
A widow husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou'ldst but
jest,
With my vexed spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day."

It is the peculiarity of fear, as a passion, that it holds the mind fast to itself; and Constance, fond mother though she is, yet cannot but dwell on her own part in the sorrow, and view her child's peril in relation to it. Arthur, like all people who have to do with such women, has to merge his affair in the matter into hers, and to soothe,—

"I do beseech you, madam, be content."

Her answer is significant, characterizing the nature of affection, not of all women, but of a particular temper. She could easily have been content if her son had been ugly. She loves him through her eyes, through the qualities which minister to pride or complacency. It is unfair to many a devoted mother to say this tone is typical of all women.

"If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert
grim,
Ugly and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains;
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patched with foul moles, and eye-offending
marks,
I would not care. I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee."

She absorbs and concentrates the whole weight of calamity into herself; as a fact she never once contemplates Arthur's fate apart from her own. "Get thee gone," she says to Salisbury,—

"And leave those woes alone, which I
alone
Am bound to underbear."

Even where she rises into sublimity, she is still representative of a class, not of her sex generally.

"To me and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit:
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it."

A good many peevish excitable natures set themselves on a throne of suffering,—seeing only the dark side, and enhancing every trying circumstance—who fail of the eloquence which wins for poor Constance a world of sympathisers. The effect her paroxysms produce on her son are more closely allied with our experience. For himself he cries in weariness,—

"I am not worth this cull that's made for me;"

while the spectacle of her passion makes him regard her as the principal in all the transactions plotting against himself,—

"O this will make my mother die with grief."

In one other circumstance Constance is representative. She had no one to control her, and this is an essential condition to the full development of the hysterical temper. A weak and yielding husband is the negative influence which has commonly afforded the most favourable soil for the establishing of a tyranny of this sort: so it is represented in comedy, so it is found in our experience. A woman must know no master to develop to the full her unhappy subjugation to her nervous system; but to have somebody by her side whose control ought to tell, but does not, may be observed to constitute a sort of hotbed for the growth of whims and fancies. It is here that we see their full sway. We do not say that any amount of nervous irritation relieves of responsibility. Many a woman with this excuse for self-abandonment exercises over her nature a control as strict that none but herself knows her temptations. But what we would plead for the women who apparently do not attempt this task of self-restraint is, that the work is—often beyond the conception of most persons—

difficult, and needing an effort of unrecognised self-mastery that amounts to heroism. What we reproach in them as a wilful disturbance of the general peace—as a deliberate indulgence of temper or some studied invention of caprice and unreasonableness—may be at worst only a proclivity yielded to; a failure of effort, where effort is felt to be, though it is not, impossible. It is a posture of mind needing to be overridden with a strong hand—sometimes realising this need for itself. Under firm control it learns reason or causes only individual suffering; but humoured it absolutely requires victims. A habit of interference grows with indulgence. It learns to look out for food for its alarms, to be on the watch for uneasiness, to consider itself the arbiter and dictator for all within reach of its infinite suggestions.

This is one reason for the saying that no woman shows what she is till she is married. Many a woman who, single, undistinguished, kept by circumstances in the background, with none dependent on her, her own claims subordinate to half a hundred others, however constitutionally a prey to her nerves, devours their harassing promptings in silence. She knows that they would not be tolerated—that while now endured as a harmless cipher, by any development of troublesome whims she would be thrust aside altogether. But marriage brings a sphere: husband, children, servants, are her born subjects. If naturally conscientious, nerves stimulate conscience, as they do everything else, into very restless action—every conceivable mischance suggesting some burdensome precaution enforced and exacted as a duty. This dominion of a diseased conscience is not only more galling but not so easily evaded as any control exercised by dispassionate reason, or what passes for such. In the first place, reason, because it is reason, mistrusts itself, and admits the doctrine of chance and

the more or less probable; but nerves are beyond this. Every possibility is a certainty in the sense of its absorbing the mind and shutting out any other view of the question. Allowed their sway they see every contingency, at which they take alarm as a *fait accompli*, unless their system of precaution is followed. If, for example, a mother has listened to the voice of her nerves till they silence reason, she is afraid of everything for her children: afraid they should eat too much; afraid they should overheat themselves if they play heartily; afraid they should catch a fever every time they pass a cottage; afraid they should fall over a precipice, or into the water, or over the banisters, every time they are out of her sight, or liberated from strict surveillance. No possibilities are too remote, no precautions too curious and fantastic to guard against them. These and kindred fancies grow by what they feed on; the duty of attending to them swallows up all other duties. They propagate themselves by indulgence, and ramify into every department of life. So long as authority lasts, obedience is exacted with the remorseless exigency of fear. A rigid and prying system of limitations prevails. Nervous fears necessarily range themselves on the side of check and caution. They disqualify from a large view; it is some imminent peril that is to be guarded against: the future may take care of itself. The mother loves her children and her husband, but is always in the way of their pleasures. Some hideous phantom of possible calamity warns her against enjoyment and natural expansion; and while her tormentors keep her quaking and trembling in a tension, known in hysterical language as *saddle-strings*—our readers will recall Mrs. Gamp, "Which saddle-strings is weakness, to expunge my nerves this night,"—the objects of this morbid devotion are passing through an experience, and storing up me-

mories very much the reverse of what these throes should earn. Where a child is kept on short commons, lest a full, satisfying, appetising diet should possibly give form to some lurking mischief, he is pretty sure as a man to remember the hunger, and to retain obstinate resentful faith in the strength of his infantine digestion. No nervous subject is capable of imagining or believing in any enjoyment uncongenial to his or her own nature: hence there is no mis-giving in depriving others of a hazardous pleasure, because the hazard would more than neutralise it in their case. They are necessarily indifferent to the disappointments they cause. They have averted a possible danger—and they scarcely acknowledge a step between possible and imminent—by interference or non-compliance; and whatever suffering they undergo, none of it is caused by inflicting a pang upon young imprudence. Nothing can be more inexorable than a temper under the dominion of its nerves, where caution is stimulated by fear. People in this state are deaf to reason, and, from their non-sympathetic condition, equally deaf to appeals to their feelings; they would do much that nobody wants them to do, but they are adamant on the particular point at issue.

How is it possible to hint at the infinite suggestions of unstrung or over-strung nerves engaged in a pursuit of boundless possibilities? Imagination is let loose, but still wing-bound, to run and snuff along the ground for all conceivable contingencies. Every trifle she first magnifies, then tracks to some wild issue. For her there ever sits "the shadow feared of man" in some dreaded waste near at hand. And it is part of the absorbing—in a sense egotistical—tyranny of over-mastering nerves, that they shut out natural perception. They are not checked by the fear of communicating their own tremors. Hence nervous people are the worst nurses in the world; they cannot dispense

with the relief of giving utterance to their fears. It is their notion of sympathy to take a dark view; to be lavish of lugubrious pity; to treat every ailment as the beginning of something worse. A mother hanging over a beloved child will give way aloud to a succession of hideous prophecies. She expresses the depth of her affection through exaggeration. Not to be full of forebodings is to be careless and indifferent. If the weak stomach turns from the proffered draught, and there has been talk of a mad dog any time within six months, she will not scruple to suggest hydrophobia among a thousand other diseases as a possible cause. She is so accustomed to a train of contingent horrors, one driving another out of the field, that the thought that one of them may stick and haunt, where she could least intend it, never restrains her. And this because, whoever suffers, it is the habit of a morbid sensibility to take for granted that self suffers most: what she can bear cannot be supposed to affect tougher natures.

After all, it sometimes strikes us that there must be amusement in a ready invention for horrors, as in all other exercises of the fancy. At least it is not unlikely that the indulgence of expression, of giving a tongue and a name to every fear, despatches it to some limbo, leaving the mind that gave it birth free for some new chimera. Scapin, cajoling his patron, commends the advice of an ancient philosopher to men returning home from ever so short an absence, that "il doit promener son esprit sur tous les fâcheux accidens que son retour peut rencontrer; se figurer sa maison brûlée, son argent dérobé, sa femme morte, sons fils estropié, et ce qu'il trouve qui ne lui est point arrivé, l'imputer à bonne fortune." The restless spirits we speak of carry out this advice half-way through every concern of life, but here they stop. They are not thankful for what does not happen. They contemplate every

form of calamity, but never congratulate themselves on their *bonne fortune* if one and all does not befall them. If it is not that it may be something else. It is very obvious that this is a habit that must grow with exercise and liberty of speech. If there is nobody to listen, if there is authority to stop it, this hotbed of fears lowers its temperature; but where there is no check, all parties suffer. It is important to remember who suffers most; but nobody can be comfortable where a nervous temperament is permitted, and permits itself, unchecked indulgence. Observe how this temper, allowing itself to act on its immediate impulses, uniformly breaks up every conversation it is not engaged in; how it puts a stop to the flow of thought and mirth, sport and pastime, by the suggestion of something to be avoided, and some other thing to be done. We may see—where there is no obvious ground for this instinct of interruption—a painful search of eye and mind for an excuse to stop what is going on easily, pleasantly, carelessly, and therefore in such strong contrast to the workings of a harassed restless spirit. Miss Brontë, in her character of Mrs. Yorke, in 'Shirley'—hard yet true—shows the demoralising effect of this undisciplined temper in the head of a house. The vigorous sons learn to play on her hysterical tendencies; nobody pities her; and the family generally find it so difficult to enjoy themselves with such a nature in the ascendant, that a sort of tacit compact exists to snatch a fearful joy while they can, and at any expense of her nerves—knowing that when the sharp nose shows itself, and the restless eye dwells on them, all sport will be over. It is true that Miss Brontë treats these nerves as a pretence, as mere temper; but we have little doubt that the original from whom Mrs. Yorke was drawn was an object of compassion; and that, even if self-restraint might have suppressed her exasperating habits, nobody knew the

effort it would require. In fact, there is a "too late" for the treatment of this fatal malady. But all literature agrees to ignore any excuse for men or women making themselves disagreeable. "There is no real life but cheerful life," says the 'Spectator.' If a man cannot enjoy himself, he must stay at home. If he laments in company, where others are in a humour to enjoy themselves, he must not take it ill to be presented by the servant with a porringer of caudle as a hint he had better go to bed. Cares, distresses, diseases, uneasinesses, and dislikes of our own are by no means to be obtruded upon our friends. Considering how little satisfaction there is to get out of life, we should be more tender of our friends than to bring them the little sorrows that do not belong to them. And women, he would have us think, more generally sinned against the duty of being cheerful. "A great part of female elegance," he observes, "consists in describing uneasiness. Take a fine lady of a delicate frame, you will observe from the hour she rises a certain weariness of all that passes about her." Pope of course takes the same line, and warns the ladies against a prevailing faith in flights and vapours—

"And trust me, dears! good-humour will prevail!
When airs and flights and screams and scolding fall."

Miss Austen, just as she generally is, is satirical over this temper, as the effect of mere folly, wilfulness, and selfishness. Her Mrs. Bennet takes to hysterics and her bed in trouble; and the cynical husband's remark is, "This is a parade that does one good, it gives such an elegance to misfortune! Another day I will do the same. I will sit in my library in my nightcap and powdering-gown, and give as much trouble as I can." And even good amiable Mr. Woodhouse is shown up in the gentle "selfishness," which in truth belongs to everything morbid—that minute worrying, perpetual inter-

ference, that trusts nobody, and is so full of its own creeping fears and precautions, that it is absolutely blind to the thoughts and feelings and aims of those nearest it. Nor can we regret that literature has been hard-hearted. Its influence has done much to drive hysterics from the parlour to the kitchen. It is very important to show that the loss of self-control, whatever it may once have been, is no longer interesting, even with youth and beauty to back it; it is opposed to the reticence of modern manners. And when these potent forces are in the wane, the remark of Lady Charlotte Lindsay on Queen Caroline's deportment at her trial is applicable to every loss of self-command,—"I fear that, on the wrong side of fifty, a woman does not create much interest by being in a passion." While we pity and excuse, we own it is well that some people should learn what others *may* be thinking of them, that they should have forced upon their imagination an unwelcome truth. For of all people the victims of their nerves are least conscious of the figure they make in others' eyes—they know themselves least. There is, indeed, in most persons a trustful persuasion that, in showing themselves without disguise, they are carrying people along with them and making a favourable impression. They are relying on a supposed inexhaustible fund of sympathy, and unconsciously they infuse flattery in the appeal to secure it. But when people abandon the idea of self-mastery they lose this tact, run foul of others' rights and expectations, indulge themselves in any amount of insinuation while enlarging on their own grievances, and go away in entire unconsciousness that they have made an enemy or cooled a friend in the process. We shall hear persons of this character lament over the unkindness of the world in seeming blindness of their own share in bringing it about. Their own rights and claims, their own trials and suffering, are pre-

minent to the obscuring of every other view.

Even where there are naturally warm affections, this temperament is unfriendly to friendship, and doubles and trebles the difficulty in observing its duties. A hundred jealousies obtrude themselves on the one hand, balanced by as many omissions on the other. Mistrust is inseparable from it, causing failure in cordiality at critical times; the expression of this mistrust equally so, uttered with a provoking unconscionableness of any grievances but on one side. Yet there may be virtues and noble qualities, which should be taken as compensations; and it needs only some insight into the overstrung susceptibilities which cause these eddies and undercurrents, some surplus of indulgence on the stronger side, some patience, for things to right themselves, and a good understanding to be maintained through it all. But this forbearance is not a common quality. Few can undertake more than their own share of mild tolerance and patience; hence a morbid temperament has few friends, and is apt, as time gets on, to find itself alone; a victim, as it supposes, of the world's unkindness; incapable to the end of taking in, much less of profiting by, the lesson which may be derived from the isolation.

In so far as this irritability of temperament is matter of organisation, it may possibly be regarded as removed from the field of moral science; but while we assert it to be a reality, as opposed to the mere affectation, ill-temper, or wilfulness, with which it is so generally confounded, we would adduce it as an argument for a more systematic education than has hitherto been thought necessary for women. The fact that so many women are unreasonable as to implicate the whole sex in the aspersion, should surely reconcile people to the attempt at infusing some more solid elements into their training. Men who oppose the present movement

altogether, under the fear that mental discipline and exact teaching would make women masculine would do well to consider that there are women still who do not reach even to the feminine ideal of sober consistency and rational self-government—who live in a sort of dissolution of the reasoning powers, mere pensioners on the general forbearance. One way to check the tendencies we have described is to begin a moral training of the intellect betimes—to instil habits of work, to cultivate the attention, to compel thought. Women are often unreasonable because they have been allowed to think reasoning out of their range—something unfeminine, strong-minded, and as such unattractive. Really to think out a question—to carry it back to its causes and forward to its results—is rarely part of a woman's education. She is complimented on her instincts and intuitive perceptions; and where the temper is equal and the mental health perfect, these gifts of nature stand her in such stead that her lucky hits and happy self-guidance keep her ignorance and blunders out of sight, and perhaps immaterial. But irritable nerves disturb the scent, as it were, and put instinct out of gear. Nerves want check and control, and no authority is equal to a woman's own over herself, if she can be taught to exercise it. Many a woman passes through life without one close grasp of what is her position or her duty, or even what are the proper means for attaining her ends. It is true that women can catch an educated tone at much less expense of mind than it costs men. She passes muster under disadvantages which would throw him out of the lists; but still she may suffer from want of discipline, the necessity of fixing the mind for long periods and at stated times on distasteful studies which every schoolboy goes through.

It is not only that women have less reasoning power, but also that

they are less taught to reason, which may be the cause that there are so many more unreasonable women than unreasonable men. By unreasonable we do not mean illogical; we do not mean any incapacity to reason in words, or even consciously in thought, but that perversity of the reason which prompts so many to run counter to their own wishes and aims—which leads them to want a thing, and do everything in their power not to get it. Many sufficiently strong-minded women do not reason well. We can see no connection between their argument and their conclusion, between the object desired and the road they take to it; but they carry their point, which is the thing necessary, and in which the unreasonable woman fails. Now we do not call Mrs. Glegg, in spite of appearances, unreasonable in the following dialogue between husband and wife. Mr. Glegg is conversing with a packman on his own garden-walk, when,

"Mr. Glegg, Mr. Glegg," said a severe voice from the open parlour-window, "pray are you coming in to tea? or are you going to stand talking with packmen till you get murdered in the open daylight?"

"Murdered!" said Mr. Glegg, "what's the woman talking of?"

"Murdered! yes; it isn't many 'sized ago since a packman murdered a young woman in a lone place, and stole her thimble, and threw her body into a ditch."

"Nay, nay," said Mr. Glegg, soothingly, "you're thinking o' the man wif no legs as drove a dog-cart."

"Well, it's the same thing, Mr. Glegg, only you're so fond of contradicting what I say."

The wife is not here acting the unreasonable woman, because what she says conduces to her end, which was to maintain her consequence by breaking up a conversation in which she had no share. Women may be unreasonable through sheer hard-headed perversity, as—

"Daphne knows with equal ease
How to vex and how to please;

But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devised
Surer ways to be deceived,
Paradoxes weakly widdling,
Always conquered, never yielding;
To dispute her chief delight,
With not one opinion right."

They are oftenest unreasonable from not using their judgment beyond their immediate needs; as Andrew Fairservice says, "They're fashious bargains, aye crying for apricocks, pears, plums, and apples, without distinction o' seasons," and are very apt in this way to make unjust demands, and to form preposterous expectations, without the nerves having any hand in it. Narrow education leaves many women content to be ignorant of a hundred matters passing before their eyes, the source and origin of things perpetually in use unsought into. It is enough to have them within their call. Men are unobservant; but we believe the degree in which women are so has much to do with their indifference to the charge of unreasonableness. They leave to men the labour of thought. In the same way women encourage in themselves the stolid unreason of prejudice. They are careless and defiant of reason, because they are not expected to think, and do not regard reason as their province. Mere weakness of mind—it speaks for itself—is unreasonable. We see amiable fatuity wasting kindness on wrong objects, scrupulous in the wrong place, and sticking where it should give way. A woman of this sort will throw herself away, and then provoke her bad bargain of a husband by useless obstinacy in trifles. There are clever women, unreasonable from a want of balance of their powers, who alternate between wisdom and folly, penetration and a millstone blindness.

But all this is distinct from a certain typical unreasonableness which reigns in a nervous organisation pampered to its full bent. Such a one is unreasonable through all her being, and in-

capable of a clear dispassionate judgment. Any possibility, however remote, will make her throw over all the promptings of experience. A prey to vain regrets, fretting over the inevitable, seeing the whole past a mistake, yet with a childish confidence in change, and an unlimited power of vague expectation, she still refuses to reconcile herself to the inevitable. Things cannot go on, and must not go on, that are distasteful. To her life has no lessons; desires and wishes have no instincts towards their fulfilment. She worries where she loves. She craves for companionship, and longs for distinction, yet drives away her friends, and conspires against her own ambition. She needs affection and indulgence, yet expends her ingenuity in acts of teasing and provocation peculiarly her own. She sees no limit to her claims, and is blind to all reciprocal obligations. Temper, caprice, self-will, get the credit for all this; but there is a power which adds intensity to it all, and, when indulged up to a point, imparts a scarcely responsible force to natural tendencies, a sting to temper, strength to will, panic to fear, poignancy to fretting, invention to jealousy, and nagging to ill-nature. Under this dominion she is blind to her own interests, and no more reflects on the impression she makes on others, than a person in terror of the flames considers the becomingness of the costume in which she escapes from them. We draw an exaggerated picture, perhaps, but in its degree not an unfamiliar one.

When we consider woman's delicate organisation, the sensitiveness of her mental touch, and the part assigned to her in the order of things of developing the importance that lies in little things—the latent tendencies that work in seeming trifles—we should perhaps wonder rather at the general repression of flutters and fears, and the promptings of quivering excitement, than at occasional exposures and excesses. Courage in a woman is a far higher

quality than in the generality of men, because with her it arises from an appeal to her noblest faculties. She does her duty in danger with an inner trembling. She is a heroine, realising all the peril. Even when she avows her fears, who would be hard upon her? There is an innocent confiding candour which we own to preferring to a boastful parade of bravery. The appeal of the comely matron of old days, "Recollect, coachman, we are all females," could not but stay his reckless down-hill course. The contempt of the sea-captain had surely a dash of tenderness towards the trembling voice which asked, "Oh, captain! is there any fear?" he replied, "Plenty of fear, ma'am, but no danger." Training and self-respect induce the woman of higher type to devour her fears, to suppress expression. She teaches herself courage by acts of resolution, which set the quaking heart beating double time. She represses panic, feeling that others are weaker than herself, and in sparing their nerves strengthens her own. And more than all is she strictly repressive of those promptings of high-strung irritable sensibility which give a name to temperament. Many a woman, who by her friends is considered specially superior to such weakness—an example of self-forgetting cheerfulness, and all the qualities which inspire confidence and reliance—knows it, through the inner conflict and resolute mastery by which alone she has overcome temptation. We have dwelt on the other side of the picture, where there has apparently been no conflict, for the double purpose of urging the difficulty of the task as a plea for greater tenderness of toleration than it is easy to give to habits at once so irritating and so repelling; and also as it furnishes an argument for a more thorough training of the intellect and reasoning faculties, more systematic infusion of vigour and self-discipline, than has hitherto been accorded to women.

MR. GLADSTONE AND DISESTABLISHMENT.

THE time is rapidly approaching, when it will be decided whether the year 1869 shall constitute an era in the history of England. By employing the word "disestablishment," by making it the pivot for rallying the Liberal party, by rendering it the centre of the policy of that party, Mr. Gladstone has brought forward a question than which none can more profoundly affect the fortunes and the future of the nation. Let no one indulge in the illusion that disestablishment, as raised by Mr. Gladstone, is a purely Irish affair, a local measure aiming at the conciliation of a disturbed portion of the people, an act which can have local consequences only, and which, therefore, need not trouble the serenity of busy, hard-working Englishmen. It is said that England looks on this Irish Church question with indifference, that she feels that Ireland has fallen into a wrong state on Church matters, but that the Government will set all right, with more or less wisdom, without touching any vital interest of the whole empire. No mistake could be more serious or more complete. First principles on the essential elements of national life are at stake in this matter. The Irish Church, now that Mr. Gladstone has distinctly raised the issue of disestablishment, cannot be touched without directing every eye to the foundation of modern society. It is not a local religious broil which has to be healed; it is a reconstruction of the public and private life of the English people which Mr. Gladstone proposes to the English Parliament. Disestablishment is a word of no purely local significance. If the Church is established in Ireland, so is it also in England. If the Church of England has no right to exist in Ireland, reasons must be given for

this judgment, which are capable, nay, which certainly will bring that Church's continued existence in England to the bar of a public trial. Before a decree of disestablishment in Ireland can be pronounced, the questions—What is the Church of England? in what name and by what right does it exist here? what principles of public policy gave it birth, and have entwined it with the inward life, not only of every social organism, but we might almost say, of every household in the country?—these questions, we say, must infallibly be answered before the disestablishment of the Irish Church can be enacted. To say that the Church of England, in England, is outside of the contest—that there is no agitation to overthrow her—that, whatever may be done in Ireland, there cannot be any recoil of any importance in England—is pure folly. The right of the Church of England to exist is involved in every word of the discussion. The very question—What is disestablishment? what effect will it have on the future relations of the disestablished Protestants? compels an inquiry into the nature of the Church of England and of its constituent principles.

It is Mr. Gladstone's doing. If the country is now forced to ask itself—Shall we have the Church of England in the future? it is Mr. Gladstone who has put the question in words which cannot be evaded. If England, at a period of profound internal peace, and with reference solely to a discontent amongst a portion of her people, which, as all parties universally allow, has not been created by the Irish Church, and will not be cured by its destruction—if England is compelled to put to herself the strange inquiry whether she shall proceed to make a revolution subversive in effect of almost every

practice and institution of her past history, it is Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Gladstone alone, who has thrust her into this position. It was he who sounded the word disestablishment; and if the Revolution is enacted, to him and to him alone must belong the merit or demerit. This word found an echo, it is true, all over the Radical ranks, and has accomplished the end aimed at by winning a great majority at the elections; but what the multitudinous voters meant by disestablishment, what specific conception they had formed of the nature of this act, what they understood themselves to be doing when they voted for Mr. Gladstone and disestablishment, are matters on which, as yet, no light has been given.

We must turn, then, to the utterer of this now famous word. What did Mr. Gladstone mean by it? Had he formed to himself a definite notion of the precise thing to be done in disestablishing, and of the exact effects which it would produce on the Protestant Episcopalians of Ireland? We believe nothing of the kind; and the disbelief is not confined to ourselves. Mr. Gladstone has not shown the slightest symptom of having grasped the sense of the word which he has made the watchword of his policy. He has been wafted into power on the crest of the wave raised by the blast of this sonorous word. Have he or his followers ever known what it is to disestablish such a society as the Church of England? We are thoroughly persuaded that Mr. Gladstone never thought out what this expression implied, what would be its range of action, what deeds it would compel him to perform, and to what state it would reduce the Protestant Episcopalians of Ireland. He thought of the Episcopal Churches of Canada and America—probably also of the Colonial Churches—without analysing the jumble of their present position; and then he paraded before his imagination some vague picture of

a something which he supposed to be the Church of Ireland, and which he complacently fancied he was presenting with the precious gift of liberty. This vision he endowed with form and substance; he placed it as a living organised being before his eyes, and supposed that his own part of the transaction was not to create—far from it—but to instal in independence and true Church freedom his pre-existing social personality. As for his followers, their condition of mind is yet more obvious. Their sole feeling was that the time was come for dealing in earnest with the problem of the Irish Church. The kind of action to be applied they left to the selection of their political chief. They pronounced, indeed, against Lord Russell's plan of levelling up—that is, of transferring a portion of the endowment to the Catholic Church, and so far establishing it in Ireland; at least the most vigorous and decided portion of the Radical host, the Dissenters of Scotland and Wales, were resolved to give no money to Popery. Whether they were equally unwilling to give assistance to that hated institution still more effectual than money, we shall consider presently. Mr. Gladstone had found them a word: its interpretation they left to him; for themselves it expressed in a general way the necessity of placing the Catholics and Episcopalians upon terms of equality in Ireland. Some of them, no doubt, desire the abolition of all connection between Church and State throughout all the British dominions; but they are relatively few amongst the mass of Mr. Gladstone's followers. But they have the advantage of knowing what they mean. No State Church anywhere; no Church of England any more,—that is what these men want for, and no doubt they will not be rebutted by any difficulties resulting from disestablishment. They are willing that all Episcopalians in England and Ireland should be stripped of every

link which binds them together into societies, if only they can achieve the indifference of the State—of the collective nation—for all religions. But, as we have said, these men, though entirely to be relied upon by Mr. Gladstone for following him to whatever lengths his impulses may carry him, are few. The majority made Mr. Gladstone Prime-Minister, but their only conclusion is that the Irish Church must be dealt with, though how, by what process, this end is to be accomplished, they leave to Mr. Gladstone to propound. To what extent these persons can be trusted by Mr. Gladstone, time alone will reveal.

The thinking, then, has not been done either by chief or followers; but it must be done and will be done by the country before this great revolution can be achieved. Disestablishment has been pronounced for the first time in her history by the rulers of England. She will demand, when so vast an interest is at stake, to learn the meaning and bearing of this great word. Mr. Gladstone has uttered but has not explained it. He must be held to the word, for it is the foundation of his leadership of the State; and if he has neglected to explain its sense, the task of thinking it out must be carried through by others.

What, then, is disestablishment? To establish a Church is to connect it with the State, to procure its official recognition, to obtain for it public endowment from the State, or by sanction of the State. To disestablish a Church is to break this connection—to separate the Church entirely from the State, to place it on the footing of a purely voluntary society, such as an academy or a club, to withdraw the State from all concern with its affairs, and to put an end, not to all enjoyment of endowments by the Church, but to its participation in every kind of fund continuously derived from the

State. Upon disestablishment the Church, if not dissolved by the act, becomes a voluntary association, examples of which are furnished by the Free Kirk of Scotland and the Episcopal Church, and other institutions of like nature. Disestablishment, however, does not absolutely shut out all interference of the State from a free Church's affairs, as many erroneously suppose. The State may not manage or direct the Church's administration, but the relations which it creates amongst its members fall under the law of contracts, and the civil tribunals of every country are the ultimate interpreters and enforcers of all contracts, whether ecclesiastical or civil. Disestablishment, then, repeals every law which the State has enacted respecting the administration of the Church: the State withdraws absolutely so far, and thenceforward knows no more of the Church than it does of any club or other private society in the land.

Such being the nature of the process of disestablishment, is this the act, we ask, which Mr. Gladstone intends that the State shall perform? Is this his interpretation of religious equality? Does he mean that the State shall stand in the same identical relation towards the Protestant Episcopalians as it now bears towards Roman Catholics? that it shall be as absolutely unconnected with them—shall be, as State, as profoundly ignorant of their proceedings, as totally absent from all their affairs—as it is from those of the Roman Catholics? If such be Mr. Gladstone's meaning—and he can have none other, unless he has been trifling with language, and using a sonorous word with no particular sense—then we say to him that he has undertaken to perform an impossibility, unless at the same time he destroys the Church of England in England. He cannot disestablish in Ireland, do what he will, unless he also disestablishes in England. He cannot withdraw

the State from the Irish Protestants unless he equally withdraws it from the Protestants of England. He cannot annihilate the State Church in Ireland except by giving a mortal stab to the whole Church of England all over the Empire. The thing is not to be done, and here is our proof of the assertion. It turns on a fact, little understood at the present day, but which is of immense significance in all matters relating to the Church of England. Parliament bears a double character towards that Church. First of all, it is the State—the nation, so to say—in its collective capacity, independently of all religious action. But the Parliament is also the Legislature of the Church of England, its government and its only government, the maker of its laws, the centre of its administration (for the Crown is only a part of the State), the framer of its rules, the only source from which new measures required to meet the wants of a society which lasts through ages can emanate. What other Churches seek from their respective legislatures or governments—the Roman Catholics from Rome, the Kirks of Scotland from their several Assemblies, the Wesleyans from their Conference—the Church of England naturally and of necessity seeks and must obtain from Parliament. Theories on the distinction between Church and State have no place here. Practically, and as a matter of actual necessity, whenever the Church of England requires something from its legislature or its government, it must have recourse to Parliament, for that is the only body which can make laws or regulations for that Church. Now let us suppose that Mr. Gladstone has worked his will to even beyond his heart's desire. Let us imagine that his friends of the Liberation Society have pushed him on to deprive the Irish Episcopalians of every shilling of title and endowment, and that he has stripped them of all recognition by the courts of law, and of

every ecclesiastical title to bind them together, and has reduced them to a mass of unassociated and unconnected individuals. They have lost their endowments, their distribution into parishes, their official connection with their clergymen, their rights to being married by their rectors or being buried in the old churchyards, but they have not lost their religion. They were Church of England men before disestablishment; they are just as much Church of England men after, as individuals. They meet together on the morrow of disestablishment, they declare themselves each to be members of the Church of England, they group themselves into congregations, and they pronounce the totality of these congregations to be the Church of England in Ireland.

Now, what is the position of these Irish Protestant Episcopalians towards the Church of England, the real Church of England established by law in England? Are they members of that Church or not? They have declared themselves to be members, and they have chosen clergymen ordained in that Church who have bound themselves by all the laws and regulations of that Church. Will the Church of England repudiate them? Will the Parliament, the legislature and government of that Church, say to them, "You do not belong to us"? Will the Parliament declare that there cannot be any members of the Church of England in that particular piece of land called Ireland? Will it say to a body of Englishmen about to settle in Connemara and to take their clergymen with them, "You, one and all of you, clergymen and laymen, shall cease to be members of the Church of England as soon as you have crossed the Irish Channel"? And who is to say this? The Church of England herself, through her legislature, through her government. It is she herself who will renounce and expel her own people. Was

ever such a thing heard of amongst men? Parliament, as the government of the Church of England, directly or indirectly possesses members in India and Australia and New Zealand, and in endless other places, and has given them chief officers or bishops, and sends out perpetual supplies of clergymen to provide for their social wants, and exercises discipline over those clergymen, and compels them to conform to every regulation laid down by itself (the Parliament) as to the teaching and worship to be administered to those foreign congregations. Is Ireland to be the one spot on the surface of the globe, of which the Parliament, the Church of England herself by her legislators, shall say, "No members of the Church of England here?" The very civil courts and tribunals of Ireland would put such an unnatural, such an unheard of mother to shame, by declaring that the Irish Protestants by agreeing to set up the relationship of Church of England men amongst each other, and engaging Church of England clergymen to minister to them as such, have entered into a legal contract, and must, on grounds of pure civil legality, observe every law and rule, every article of the creed, every detail of the worship, every formula of the liturgy of the Church of England. Does Mr. Gladstone intend to prohibit the courts of law to take notice of such a contract? Is membership of the Church of England to be pronounced by the law of England to be in Ireland an immoral, an illegal, a prohibited contract? Is it to be declared as illegal as a bet, as contrary to public policy as slavery? Would humanity listen for an instant to a proposition so outrageous, so impossible, so ridiculous? Would it suffer such a tissue of absurdities to be enacted into law?

The thing is impossible. Englishmen cannot be prevented from being members of the Church of England in whatever land they

may dwell, least of all within the territory of the British nation: and where the members of the Church are exercising their membership, there the Church itself is. And now what shall we say of establishment in their case? Are they established or not? Undoubtedly they are established, as truly and really established as every Churchman in England itself. They are not established with parish churches, and tithes, and public endowments; but they are part and parcel of an established Church, and over against all other religious associations, they are the State Church. Mr. Gladstone will not have disestablished them, because he could not. To accomplish that purpose he must root up the Church of England herself, and then, of course, along with the society, all membership of it will have been destroyed. If he does not shrink from such an attempt, all we say is, let him try it.

But we shall be met with the objection that political equality is the right of every Englishman, and that it imperatively demands the disestablishment of the Church of England in Ireland. Granting that the deed is possible—and we have shown that it is not—we answer that this plea of political equality holds good in England quite as much as in Ireland. If an established Church is a breach of political equality, the Nonconformists of every kind have as much right to complain as the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Such a charge attacks the principle itself of an Established Church, and not merely its application to a particular country. No doubt there are Dissenters who proclaim that the State can never connect itself with any one form of religion, without doing violence to religious equality. We have already dealt with this doctrine in a preceding number (October 1868), and we need not repeat here what we said then. But we do say this now to

the Roman Catholics, that this objection of religious inequality against a State Church comes with singularly bad grace from them. The Roman Catholics are the one religious community in Christendom who emphatically preach religious inequality, who will never, if they can help it, tolerate religious equality in any form. The Church of England is a State Church, and the Church of Rome a Church-State; and vast indeed is the difference to the interests of religious freedom and religious equality. The theory of the Church of England places the administration of ecclesiastical affairs in the hands of the whole nation; the theory of the Church of Rome swallows up the nation into the Church, and places both under the government of priests. In the past, Rome put her foot on all secular sovereignties, and taught and acted upon the doctrine that to be a bad Churchman was to be a traitor to the State, and to merit the penalties of treason. In the present, she proclaims with unbroken consistency that the absorption of the State, in some locality at least, is necessary for the existence of the Church; and Archbishop Manning vehemently preaches that the appropriation of a portion of Italy to priests is the palladium of the Church's safety. Not many years have elapsed since no other form of religion was suffered at Rome but the Roman. Let the Liberation Society hold sittings at Rome; it would be an interesting experiment to learn what treatment they would receive. The Catholics of Ireland denounce Established Churches: according to the creed of Rome, it is temporal sovereignties which have to ask for permission to exist. It is not, it cannot be the principle of the identity of Church and State which offends them in Ireland, for that principle is their own. In clamouring for disestablishment, the one thing which is certainly not present to their thoughts

is to assert the essential separation of the State from the Church. They have nothing in common with those of their allies who cry that the State must never know any difference between religions, must never lend the temporal arm to any religion as the true one, must relegate priests to the kingdom of the Spirit, and banish them, as Churchmen, from the kingdoms of the world. Religious equality is the right doctrine when the thing to be done is to shiver and shatter Protestants to atoms, and to leave a vast, compact, and foreign organisation dominant in their midst; but religious equality would be a damnable heresy in the Papal States when it demanded that all forms of religious opinion and organisation should enjoy equal privilege and recognition in the State.

We see, then, that so long as the Church of England subsists in England its real disestablishment in Ireland is simply impossible. It may lose the parish and the parish church, the glebe, and the tithes; but it will continue as a congregation, as a body of Church of England men living together in Church association, and it will bring in the State into every town or village in which they dwell, and will be ruled exclusively by the State in all Church matters as fully as it is now. It will not lose its bishops. The congregations will accept the present bishops; and, like the other clergy, they will be subject to the rules and discipline of the Church of England. As to their successors in the future, Mr. Gladstone may prevent by law their appointment by the Crown; but the essence of Establishment does not consist in the nomination of bishops by the Crown. There is nothing contrary to the principle of Establishment, that as the nomination to parochial cures is largely vested in the hands of private patrons, the nomination of bishops should be vested in elec-

tors chosen by the congregations. The mode of appointing bishops is purely an incident of detail: the Establishment of the Church of England does not turn on this particular process. In the genuine sense of the word the Irish Church will be as established as ever, however much it may be disendowed. Mr. Gladstone may easily disconnect it from the tribunals which now judge ecclesiastical causes, but he will gain nothing whatever by such an act. The Church in Ireland will simply come under the Courts of Equity instead of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and it is utterly immaterial to the nature and essence of a Church by what particular civil court its laws may be enforced. The Judicial Committee itself is a very recent innovation. Within the memory of this generation the Supreme Court of the Church of England was the Court of Delegates, composed of members nominated by the pleasure of the Crown for each occasion; and any layman whatever, whether lay judges or others, might be chosen to try any ecclesiastical suit, and determine what was and what was not permissible doctrine within the Church of England. Nor will the principle of establishment be in any way injured by the circumstance that the Courts of Equity will judge on a contract by consent to be members of the Church of England instead of upon the present status of the Church in Ireland. Establishment has its root in the very vitals of the Church of England. It is inseparable from its essence, because it lies at its very centre, in the essential and dominant fact, that the Church of England is the State's Church, that its laws and its formularies rest on the sole authority of the State, that Parliament is its Legislature, and that it is nothing else but what Parliament has made it, or will make it in the future. Establishment is present wherever there is a congregation of

Christian men associated together as members of the Church of England. It may be very excusable if clergymen should be ignorant of the true nature of the Church of England; but Mr. Gladstone is a professional statesman, and if he has recklessly meddled with a vast question with whose real character he is unacquainted, he will have to thank his own neglect only for the consequences.

Mr. Gladstone has three courses open to him. The fourth—real, effective, direct disestablishment—lies beyond his reach. First, he may reform and re-arrange the Church of England in Ireland. Secondly, he may carry out what he calls disestablishment by simply repealing all laws now existent about the Church in Ireland, and totally disendow it at the same time. Thirdly, he may go on with the first part of this process, but combine with it partial disendowment only. With respect to the first course, he has committed himself and the House of Commons, by the Resolution which it passed, in sound at least, to its direct contradictory. The House resolved to disestablish, in contradiction to remodelling. What it meant by disestablishment, it has left Mr. Gladstone to explain hereafter. The second course has been decidedly and peremptorily condemned by the whole country. It is universally rejected by public opinion: Mr. Gladstone has distinctly announced his intention not to adopt it. The nation, in very unmistakable terms, has repelled such an outrage as the confiscation of every endowment which Protestant benefactors had conferred on the Church of England in Ireland. Even the Catholics dare not put forward so barefaced a demand. Hence Mr. Gladstone, of necessity, must fall back on the third course: he must disestablish, as he constructs the phrase, and partially disendow: he must reserve a portion of the endowments for the Protestant Episcopalians, which,

according to his ideas, he will have disestablished.

Let us consider this position. The endowments of the Church are now divided into two funds: one unreservedly placed at the disposal of Parliament; the other to be appropriated to the disestablished Protestants. The first of these funds—the surplus, as it is often called—is to be taken away from the Protestants, not because they possess means in excess of their wants, nor because they are guilty of having abused these means; but solely because they originally belonged to the Roman Catholic population of Ireland, and were diverted to Protestant uses by the conquering might of England. But this reason, if valid for any purpose, has restoration for its logical and natural consequence. If these funds have been wrongfully taken away by violence, then why not restore them to those who were unjustly robbed of them? But to this, the only logical and justifiable course, two dissentients oppose an insurmountable resistance. The party which represents itself as plundered refuses to accept the proffered return of the spoils. The Roman Catholics decline to receive back the endowments taken away from their predecessors. It is impossible to withhold the tribute of admiration to their statesmanship. They prefer freedom of action to money. Thanks to the political blindness of most English Liberals, the Roman Catholics have acquired in Ireland a position which is unexampled in ancient and modern Europe. They have released themselves from every kind of control from the temporal power—a position which our own Roman Catholic ancestors, freemen who knew how to be members of a Church and yet preserve their liberty, refused to the chiefs of their own communion, and which every Catholic State in the world now pronounces to be intolerable. That position has been granted to Roman Catholics in Ireland, and it

is accepted by Mr. Gladstone as a basis for further legislation in the same direction. The Catholics know well that to accept the endowments would inevitably entail a concordat. No possible plea could then avail them to refuse limitations on the employment of public funds, which Roman Catholic States have everywhere found indispensable for the protection of civil liberty. Securities which Catholic France, Italy, and Austria, and now even Spain, have felt to be due to their peoples for their religious and civil safety, England must inevitably have demanded of an endowed Catholic Church: and exemption from such securities that Church thinks to be more favourable to its interest in that country than the acquisition of an endowment. It declines, therefore, the restoration of its alienated endowments.

A large body of Protestants supports them in this refusal. Protestant bigotry will not touch the unclean thing. The stronghold of the enemies of the Irish Church, Protestant Dissent, swells with inherited dislike of Roman Catholicism. For them it is still the accursed thing: to give it money would be to partake in the abomination. They are willing, for the sake of keeping the Catholics quiet, or from a desire to rescind a wrong act performed by the nation, to take away these funds from the Protestant Episcopalians; but they stop half-way. Nothing will persuade them to do more than half the act. With their eyes open, they prefer to support the Catholic policy. They had rather throw statesmanship overboard than give pain to a darling prejudice. Hence they legislate in the nineteenth century with the feelings of the sixteenth. What matters it if the Roman Catholics are strengthened, and gain power against every denomination of Protestants, and are enabled to press on their broken fragments with the weight of an enormous organization, strong with territorial influence

with foreign power, with funds gathered from every region, with ancient tradition, with the prestige of the longest duration of which the world can boast, with ideas whose influence the boasted strength of modern intellect has been unable to subdue—what matters the shivering of the national Church to pieces in the presence of such a force, so long as Protestant purism does not defile its fingers by giving money to Roman Catholics? We do Mr. Gladstone the justice of believing, that if he could follow his own counsel, this surplus would be offered to the Romanists; and if the offer was actually made, we are far from disbelieving that the Catholics would reflect a little before they rejected it.

But his followers have ruled otherwise, and this surplus will not be restored to the Roman Catholics. There is no other spiritual body left to whom it can be given; and it must therefore be applied to purposes not spiritual. Our limits forbid us from discussing this question on this occasion. Let it suffice to say, in the powerful words of the Provost of Oriel, in his sermon preached on Advent Sunday before the University of Oxford:—"May the State appropriate, alienate, dispose of these endowments at her pleasure? May she do so next year, or ten years hence, or three hundred years hence,—so long as the need and the uses of these endowments are what they are, and as good as they were, and as accordant as ever with the benevolent designs of the founders? So long as the same needs and interests shall remain, for the State to alienate these endowments would be simply a confiscation and a wrong, for which Holy Scripture has used the expression, 'robbing God'!" The State is certainly the trustee of these endowments: we will not quarrel with those who affirm that it has become the proprietor by gift. But so long as the purpose for which these endowments were given re-

mains as real, as urgent as ever; so long as the members of the State need religion, its ministrations, its comforts, its ennobling and civilising uses—so long does the moral obligation lie on the State not to divert them to other ends. The State may not be assailing the foundations of property, or dealing with what is not its own; but it will be robbing itself, its children, the subjects whose highest interests are committed to its care. At the present hour it has a spiritual fund, undeniably accomplishing spiritual benefits, even if only amongst a narrow portion of the Irish community. If the endowments are bestowed on Roman Catholics, their destination, their value, will still be spiritual. But the refusal of the Catholics to receive them back does not alter their spiritual character, or diminish by one iota the general duty of the State not to divert them from their spiritual uses—uses which Ireland requires as undeniably as ever. In real truth, it is the Parliament who is the trustee, and the nation, the Irish nation, the proprietor of these funds. For a Parliament to devote them to secular objects is to commit a cruel and severe wrong to the State. It may not be a violation of the principle of property, but it is an injury to civilisation; and, as Provost Hawkins so vigorously expresses it, it is to rob God.

We come now to the second portion of the endowment—the portion which Mr. Gladstone proposes to reserve for the Protestant Episcopalians. A part of this fund he appropriates as compensation to the clergy who have hitherto received this remuneration for their labours. He will not encounter any difficulty from their life-estates. The bishops and rectors of the Irish Church are definite persons; and nothing is easier than to declare that bishops and clergymen with definite names shall receive for the remainder of their lives the same stipends as they now enjoy. Money

can be assigned to individual men by name; but if the recipient is to be a corporation or society, that corporation must be defined. Mr. Gladstone's Bill must declare what is the body that he endows. Formidable indeed is the task which Mr. Gladstone has here imposed upon himself. He must with the same breath disestablish and endow; he must destroy and he must create at the same moment. He has not as yet told the world what he means by disestablishment; hence we are left to conjecture as to the state of the disestablished, and the process of their re-endowment. Probability suggests the belief that he intends the Irish Church to die as a State Church, and to rise again as a Voluntary Church. It is to rise from its own ashes; but by what process of generation? Where is the difficulty? many reply. Did not the Churches of America and of Canada constitute themselves on the voluntary principle with perfect ease? They did, doubtless; but the ecclesiastical world is not now what it was then. Since the time when those Churches were formed the foundations of the Church of England have been upheaved by violence, and the very keystone of the whole edifice—its Protestantism—is fiercely denied or resented by large masses of the clergy. The word Protestant is hotly denounced as a repudiation of catholicity. Judgments of the Church's supreme tribunal have been delivered, which have raised the angriest clamours that the Church has fallen under bondage to laymen. Doctrines have been judicially declared legitimate which are passionately declared to be tainted with damnable heresy. It is a question of Church organisation; and intense is the excitement to procure some instrument for Church action. The Church is agitated to its centre with endless longings for Church government. Some, and amongst them are men of distinguished piety and authority, preach

the principle that the successors of the apostles—those on whom holy hands have been imposed—are alone the true interpreters of doctrine, the genuine voice of the Church. Into their hands and rule they would consign the whole body of believers. Others would soften so sharp a distinction of orders by the admixture of a few gentle and submissive laymen to serve as a cover for the real administration of the Church by the clergy. Others, again, recognising in such laymen, however religious and estimable, but a feeble representation of the laity, inculcate the necessity of conferring, in a distinct organisation, on the laity, a practical and genuine share in the actual government of the religious body. Another group defend the existing constitution of the Church, which has rendered the laity the depositaries of the power of ruling and defining opinion, and the supreme rulers of the Christian society. Discussions on the first principles of Church government agitate the entire mass. The very nature of Church, and what it is that constitutes a Church, are keenly debated. Convocation, synods, councils, canons, are ever on the lips of thousands, and this within a body defined and ruled by law, with established courts and a paramount legislation. If such things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? If men wage fierce and perpetual strife within the limits of an established and governed society, what must be expected to occur when these men are set free from all restraint, and are forced to settle their ideas on Church government, and to frame a constitution under which they are to live and work together? When, in the history of Christianity, was so large a body bold to debate and determine an ecclesiastical polity? What analogy can be found for it, except, perchance, Spain seeking by universal suffrage how she shall be governed?

In Spain, however, the will of the majority will prevail. Is there any security whatever that the opinion of the whole community of disestablished Protestants will be respected, each Churchman, lay as well as clerical, voting independently and for himself, and his vote reckoning for as much as any other Churchman, even though he were a bishop? A constituent assembly will be convened: will it consist of one, two, or three orders? and who is to decide this point beforehand—a point by which the subsequent decision and construction may be absolutely determined? If Mr. Gladstone instructs the Commissioners to look to the bishops for the report that the new Church has been formed, he will have given them a most real veto upon all the proceedings; and he will not only have disestablished and dissolved the old Church, but he will further have made the new one by substituting the right of the supremacy of the bishops and clergy in it in the place of the supremacy of the Crown and Parliament which governed the old. Then there arises the very grave question of the minority, the nominal minority—for it may be composed of a great majority of the whole mass. What if they refuse to accept the deciding vote? What if they assert that the new Church with its new constitution will make its rulers, its laws, its cast of doctrine, its liturgy, its forms of public worship, too Evangelical, or too High Church, or too Ritualistic? Suppose that they refuse to conform, are Mr. Gladstone's Commissioners to allot them their share of the reserved endowments in proportion to their numbers? may there be as many Churches as there are counties in Ireland? and if not, will not the State have determined a vital question, which was wholly out of its competence on the principle of Voluntaryism?

These, and a host of other questions like these, can and will be

addressed to Mr. Gladstone if he attempts to carry out his scheme of bestowing the reserved endowments on a Church constructed on the Voluntary principle. What answers he will give to them we cannot conceive. Probably he will give none, but will throw the settlement of all these perplexities on the Irish Episcopalians themselves, with an allowance of some eighteen months within which their work of reconstruction must, under pain of losing all share of the endowments, be completed. It is not in the least likely that either Parliament or the country will suffer Mr. Gladstone to divest himself of the responsibility which he has laid upon himself by proposing disestablishment. It is not conceivable that even the House of Commons will permit him to say to the Irish Churchmen, "Here is so much money—do as you like; ask me no questions: only, if at the end of so many months you do not bring me a new Church all made, on which you are all agreed, you shall get nothing at all." Such a consignment to anarchy and chaos, for very shame, no legislature in the world would perpetrate. But a Voluntary Church, constructing a new government for itself, encounters another difficulty of very formidable proportions. Mr. Gladstone professes himself to be bound to respect private endowments bestowed by Protestants out of moneys which did not flow from a Catholic source. But on what body did they confer these benefactions? On a society whose law was the law of the land, of known structure and constitution, employing tribunals, liturgies, creeds, and forms of public worship legally defined and incapable of being altered, except by the law of the nation represented in Parliament. They knew perfectly well what the body was that they were endowing. But all these conditions are overthrown the instant that a new and undefined organisation is substituted for the old one. It is a moral

certainly that many of these gifts would never have been made if the donors had had any conception that they were supporting a society whose principles, beliefs, rituals, and form of government they might have detested. Miss Burdett Coutts presses heavily on the colonial Churches with the same difficulty. She extended her noble and Christian liberality to a Church which she supposed to be the Church of England itself. She protests that she was misled, and that she never dreamed that she was endowing a Church of which the Bishop of Capetown and his self-chosen synod were to be the lawgivers. These private endowments of the Irish Church are so large that Mr. Gladstone is forced to respect them; yet if he delivers them over to a Voluntary Church, he attacks the very principle on which they were given.

All this violence is performed in the name of religious equality; but what is the religious equality which will come forth from this chaos? On the one side the Protestant Episcopalians will be dissolved into a mass of unconnected and unassociated units. They will have lost their organisation, their legislature, their government, their liturgy—everything which constitutes them a society. They will be required, in an age convulsed by vehement dissensions as to the nature, attributes, and fitting government of Church, to construct a new society, a new Church, for themselves. They will have no means for enforcing submission on a minority. They may end by finding themselves divided into several competing if not conflicting Churches. They will be impoverished by the deliberate act of Parliament, and their maintenance will be thrown on the voluntary support of the members, often poor, of their own fraternities. They will wear the appearance of men morally condemned by Parliament—of Christians scarcely authorised to live in

Ireland. They may easily become a collection of feeble, scattered, and poor Episcopal sects.

What presents itself on the other side? A strong, energetic, and concentrated organisation. We see a Church resting on a basis broad as the whole world. It enjoys unity of will and counsel and unity of action. It wields a vast power, strong with the prestige of a devotion extending beyond a thousand years—stronger yet with ancient traditions to which the minds of multitudes have bowed for ages, and to which some of the ablest Protestant intellects have surrendered their intellectual freedom. It speaks with a voice of commanding authority and keenly-cutting logic at a time when the belief in the magical virtues of the apostolical succession has acquired such strange influence over so many members of the Church of England. It will act with a skill that has been trained in the subtlest school known to mankind for the art of manipulating human mind and character. It will marshal against small and precariously-constituted communities great wealth, sharp intelligence, and the most splendid array of hierarchical pomp and grandeur. It will appeal to a long and brilliant history, to an abiding duration, as notes of the true Church, against which the gates of hell are doomed never to prevail. Its march will be directed by a central intelligence, which will bring every kind of religious, political, and intellectual force to bear on the shattered Protestants. It is a foreign centre too, a foreign power, which bears no love for England and her Church—which has cruel wrongs, as it thinks, to redress—which finds in England her present enemy to her ascendancy—and, most of all, which sees in the Episcopal structure of England's Church the most effectual instrument for winning back her members to the true apostolical succession. To break up the Pro-

testants to atoms in the presence of such a hostile, proselytising, indefatigable force, is called religious equality. To turn the Protestants into undrilled guerillas in the front of an army massed and concentrated more than army ever was, is held the last brilliant invention of Radical policy.

The perplexities which must inevitably be encountered in the pathless region of Voluntary association, have driven two eminent members of the Liberal press to fall back upon the Church of England as the only nucleus round which the new formation of the Irish Church must be developed. They have taken the old Church as the backbone of the new institution to be created. The 'Pall Mall Gazette' has proposed that the reserved endowments should be given to a Voluntary association, constructed on the principles of the Church of England. What the meaning of this proposition is we are wholly at a loss to discover. The Church of England is the simple contradictory of Voluntaryism: and none knows this better than the 'Pall Mall' itself. The *differentia* of the Church of England, its one distinguishing peculiarity, is, that its laws and every portion of its organisation are made by the law of the land—that is, by the whole nation represented in Parliament. The essence of a Voluntary society is, that the entire organisation is created and regulated by itself. The Church of England is a part of the State: a Voluntary Church is a private combination. No alteration can be made in the Church of England except by Act of Parliament: in a Voluntary Church every kind of change, even of its very constitution, can be made at the pleasure of its members. The necessary result of the State character of the Church of England is government by the laity, and broad comprehension of religious opinions: a Voluntary Church, even if it started from a lay origin (which is very

improbable), might speedily land itself under clerical rule, and be wound up to the rigid standard of one dominant opinion. The Church of England embraces High-Churchmen and Low-Churchmen, Ritualists and Evangelicals, the Bishop of Salisbury and Broad Church eminences, down to the minimum of Christian belief. A Voluntary Church, whatever may be its constitution at the commencement, may, indeed almost certainly would, in a very short time become purely High Church or Evangelical. The Prayer-book would be altered, and some of the prayers or of the articles would be erased from it, and a touchstone of orthodoxy applied to her clergy, and a Dean Stanley or a Mr. Mackonochie expelled from its communion. Is this what the 'Pall Mall' would call a Voluntary Church constructed on Church of England principles? There are no Church of England principles but its constitution; and a Voluntary Church would inevitably soon arrive at an organisation which would be anything rather than that of the Church of England.

The proposal of the 'Times' is of a far more intelligible and practical character. It urges that the Protestant Episcopalians should be retained and dealt with as real and actual members of the Church of England, and that their status in Ireland should be identical with that now held to belong to the branches of the Church of England settled in colonies which possess independent legislatures. It has been laid down as law that the writs of the English ecclesiastical courts do not run in these colonies, inasmuch as the Crown possessed no power of conferring coercive jurisdiction on sees of its own creation. Does it follow from this fact that these Churches are dissolved—that there is no method of enforcing upon them the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England—that they have no longer

any connection with the mother Church, and that membership of the Church of England, exercising itself through the agency of Church of England clergymen, who shall be bound by the laws of the Church of England, is impossible in a colony? By no means; there is a change of legal machinery, and that is all. Formerly, the colonial Churches were actual parts of the Church of England, and the same processes prevailed amongst the members resident in the colonies as amongst those who dwelt in the mother country. The recent judgments of the Judicial Committee have declared that the supremacy of the Crown does not exist as such in the colonies. The colonial Anglicans, therefore, depend now on the civil courts of the colony for the enforcement of that discipline which had been wont to be carried out by the direct action of the Crown. But by what do these colonial courts judge? for that is the capital point. By the law of the Church of England, which her members in the colony have adopted by consent. The Church becomes a case of contract; and precisely as the civil tribunals of England and Scotland enforce the observance of the laws of their several societies on Roman Catholics and Dissenters of every kind, so the colonial courts compel obedience to the laws laid down by the English Church. They bind the clergymen to use the same worship as that enforced by the Judicial Committee in England, to profess the same doctrines, and to conform to all present and future regulations made, respecting the Church, by Parliament. Whether the compelling body, the court of appeal, be the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, or the supreme court of the colony, is a point entirely immaterial. The same law governs both, the same administration of Church is carried out.

It results, in conclusion, that three courses are open to Mr. Gladstone. The first and best is, that he should renounce the word which he so hastily uttered, and that, ceasing to speak of disestablishment, he should modify the Irish Church according to the state of the Irish people, and the expressed sentiments of the majority of the nation. It is unnecessary, as it is unstatesmanlike, to adopt a remedy which far exceeds the range of the disease. There is abundant room for measures which shall satisfy the reasonable demands of the Roman Catholics without attempting to disorganise the Protestant Episcopalians of Ireland. There is, however, little reason, we fear, for hoping that Mr. Gladstone will fall back on a proceeding so wise and salutary, unless the difficulty of defending any other proposition in Parliament, and the public opinion of the country, shall force him into a better mind.

The second but inferior course consists in placing the Irish Church on the same footing as the colonial Churches. In this case the Irish bishops would disappear from the House of Lords, but they would still be nominated by the Crown. They would possess no coercive jurisdiction: the courts which now judge ecclesiastical causes in Ireland would be stripped of their authority; but the same law would be enforced, the same liturgy, the same discipline and creeds, as are now maintained by her spiritual tribunals. The Crown would exercise no direct action over the Church; but the civil tribunals of the Crown would, on the basis of contract, issue the identical decrees which are now pronounced by her ecclesiastical courts. It would be the Church of England still in all her fulness, working with a different legal machinery, but ruled by the same lawgiver, and identical in every part of her essence with the mother Church in England.

Or, lastly, Mr. Gladstone may re-

alive to be deaf to every counsel of moderation, and to pursue to the end the phantom of disestablishment. He may repeal every law which has been enacted respecting the Irish Church. He may strip the Protestant Episcopalians of Ireland of every glebe, every tithe, every parish church, every cathedral, every endowment; but so long as the Church of England abides in England, he will not have disestablished them. He will have fallen upon an arbitrary meaning attached by himself to disestablishment. In actual fact the Irish Episcopalians will remain as much established as ever, because they will still have a personal and ecclesiastical connection with the State which will be possessed by no other body of Christians. The Roman Catholics will know nothing of the State: the Protestant Episcopalians will simply declare themselves to be members of the Church of England, and they will instantly restore the State Church to Ireland. They will cry, *Le roi est mort: Vive le roi!* There will be no break in the continuity

of the Church: they were members of it previously, they will be members still. Their membership will come instantly under the protection of the civil courts; the predominance of the law of Parliament, as their legislature, the prayers and articles prescribed by Parliament, the obligation of their clergy to conform to the injunctions of the State, will have undergone no change. It will be open to a dissatisfied clergyman to leave them, no doubt; but he will be as unable whilst he stays amongst them to alter their ritual as Mr. Mackenzie has been in England. Whilst the Church of England lasts in England, disestablishment is impossible for Mr. Gladstone—true disestablishment, the real separation of Church and State, the ignoring by the State of all forms of religious belief. The Irish disendowed Episcopalians, as voluntary members of the State Church of England will remain an abiding monument of the impotence of a statesman who clinched at a word but was powerless to seize the substance.

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HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO. X.—THE NOVELIST.

OF all the many branches in which literature flourishes, there is none which has been so widely and universally developed in our own generation as that of fiction. We are informed on all sides that we have made immense progress in positive knowledge of every description; but we can see for ourselves the astounding progress which has been made in that special track of art, which demands, some people think, the minimum of knowledge, cultivation, or training. It has come to be a common doctrine that everybody can write a novel, just as it used to be that everybody, or rather anybody, might keep a school; and in point of fact, nowadays most people do write novels, with a result which can scarcely be called satisfactory. The art is as old as human nature; and yet it is not so old in its present shape but that we can identify the fountain from which so many springs have flowed. The similitude is one too energetic, too violent, however, for the subject.

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The modern English novel, which is in everybody's hands nowadays; which gives employment to crowds of workpeople, almost qualifying itself to rank among the great industries of the day; which keeps paper-mills going, and printing-machines, and has its own army of dependants and retainers, as if it were cotton or capital,—the English novel, we say, arose, not with any gush, as from a fountain, but in a certain serene pellucid pool, where a group of pretty smiling eighteenth-century faces, with elaborate "heads," and powder and patches, were wont to mirror themselves in the middle of George II.'s reign; while Pope was singing his melodious couplets, and Chesterfield writing his wonderful letters, and Anson fighting with the winds and seas, and Prince Charley planning the '45. From all the confused events of which the world was full—bewildering destruction of the old, still more bewildering formation of the new—the spectator turns aside into the

quaintest homely quiet, the most domestic, least emotional, of all household scenes: and there finds Samuel Richardson, a good printer, a comfortable, affectionate, fatherly tradesman, kind to everybody about him, and very much applauded by his admiring friends, but with no special marks of genius that any one can see. Other men of far greater personal note breathed the same air with this active, pottering, and virtuous bourgeois; men with good blood in their veins, and gold lace on their coats, and Greek and Latin at their fingers' end, not to speak of youth, and vivacity, and high spirits, and knowledge of the world. There was Henry Fielding, for instance, writing bad plays, and painfully casting about what to do with his genius. What was he to do with it? having at the same time an ailing wife and little children, burdens which Pegasus can take lightly *en croupe*, when he is aware what he is about, and has his course clear before him, but terrible drawbacks to the stumbling steed which is seeking a path for itself across the untrodden ways. It is impossible to give any sketch of one of the two great novelists of the age without introducing the other. Fielding has a thousand advantages to start with over our homely forefather. He is so genial, so jovial, such a fine gentleman; so high an impulse of life and current of spirit run through his books. His wickednesses are not wicked, but mere accidents—warmth of blood and rapidity of movement carrying him away. And then his knowledge of the world! Richardson's knowledge was only of good sort of people, and secondary *litterateurs*, and—women, who are not the world, as everybody knows. This curious distinction of what is life and what is not, which has prevailed so widely since then, probably originated in the eighteenth century; though the observers of the present day might be tempted, in the spirit of an age which in-

quires into everything, to ask why Covent Garden should teach knowledge of the world more effectually than Salisbury Court, and whether players and debauchees throw more light upon the workings of human nature than honest and reasonable souls,—this is so entirely taken for granted by critics, that it would be vain to make any stand against so all-prevailing a theory; and yet the question is one which will suggest itself now and then to the unprejudiced. But, notwithstanding the superior knowledge of the world, which gave Fielding an advantage over Richardson—notwithstanding his better acquaintance with polite society, and immensely greater spring and impulse of genius—it was the old printer, and not the young man of the world, who found out the mode of employing his gift. The path once opened was soon filled with many passengers; but to Richardson must be given the credit of having directed the stream towards it and opened the way.

Richardson's personal history is of a kind unique in literature. He had lived half a century in the commonplace world before any one suspected him of the possession of genius. Ordinary duties, commonplace labour, had filled up his fifty years. He had gone through what it was natural to suppose would be the hardest affliction of a man conscious of an original gift of his own, the printing and publication of much rubbish of other people's, with the greatest patience, and had, to all appearance, occupied himself with his own life without any thought of reproducing its mysteries for the edification of others. He had been respectable and helpful and friendly from his cradle. One of Fielding's biographers declares contemptuously that Richardson "had never known the want of a guinea, or committed an act which the most rigid moralist could censure." It seems the worst accusation that could be brought against him. Neither man nor maid could lay their scath to

him. He was a little fussy, a little particular, more than a little vain, but only with that simple vanity which is fed by domestic incense. None of those irregularities which are supposed to belong to genius, existed in this homely man. He was diligent in business, plodding even, to all appearance, with a quick eye for his interest, and a soul capable of the most tradesmanlike punctuality and industry. He paid his way, built houses and barns, wrote and spoke a great deal of good-humoured twaddle, and had not one spark of the light which so often leads astray in his commonplace countenance. And yet, strangely enough, when the late blossom came, it was not a humble specimen of a class already known, but something entirely new and original. Had the world been aware that a new development of art was about to come into being, and that it lay between Richardson and Fielding to produce it, who could have for a moment hesitated as to which should be the founder of the new school? The one had every possible stimulus to spur him on; the other no inducement at all, except the promptings of that half-vain, half-benevolent impulse to benefit others which has indeed produced much print but little literature. The triumph of the old fogey over the splendid young adventurer is complete in every particular. It may be said that Richardson did not mean it, but that in no way detracts from the glory of his originality. Shakespeare probably did not mean it either. While the young man, torn with a thousand cares, tried ineffectual hackneyed ways of working, such as every needy wit resorted to—poor comedies in the taste of the day, inferior even to the previously exciting rubbish, and utterly unworthy of his own powers—the humdrum old printer glided calmly into the undiscovered path which was to bring fame to both of them. Very seldom is it in this world that the old fogey triumphs. Youth gets

the better of him at every turn. Even when he is a hero, with a fine past behind him, he is thrust into a corner to leave room for his grandson, while yet the springs of life are undiminished. We all allow, with a certain fond adoration, that nothing is too good for youth, and enjoy it over again in our children, or cling to it frantically in our own persons, as circumstances or temperament ordain, with the strangest pathetic superstition. It has the cream of everything—health and favour, and success and congratulation. But once in a way, when fifty beats five-and-twenty, may not the rest of us be allowed the unusual luxury of a cheer?

Richardson was born in 1689, in Derbyshire. "My father," he says, "was a very honest man, descended of a family of middling note. My mother was also a good woman, of a family not ungentle." These mild protestations of gentility, however, do not seem to have moved the good man farther. He makes no attempt to envelop his progenitors in fictitious dignity as Pope did, but acknowledges the tradesmanship of his immediate connections. It was intended that he should be brought up to the Church—a phrase which bore a very different meaning in those days and in our own. Had the intention been carried out, Richardson probably would have become one of the poor curates who are revealed to us in his own, and more distinctly in Fielding's, works—good men, who took a horn of ale in the kitchen, whose chief means of communicating with the squire or his lady was through "the waiting gentlewoman," herself a curate's daughter. That he had "only common school learning," and at fifteen chose a business, was no doubt a great deal better for Samuel, as well as for his future readers. He describes himself as being "not fond of play," and of being called Serious and Gravity by the other boys, who, however, sought his society as a teller of stories, some of which

were from his memory, but others, "of which they would be most fond, and often were affected by them," of his own invention. "All my stories carried with them, I am bold to say, a useful moral," says the virtuous romancer. And we may be sure they did; for whatever may be the objection of the precocious modern child to an over-demonstrative moral, there can be no doubt that stern poetic justice, and the most rigid awards of morality, are always most congenial to the primitive intelligence. It was not only schoolboys, however, who benefited by his moralities. The following incident shows the lad in a more curious light:—

"From my earliest youth I had a love of letter-writing. I was not eleven years old when I wrote, spontaneously, a letter to a widow of near fifty, who, pretending to a zeal for religion, and being a constant frequenter of church ordinances, was continually fomenting quarrels and disturbances, by back-biting and scandal, among all her acquaintance. I collected from the Scripture texts that made against her. Assuming the style and address of a person in years, I exhorted her, I expostulated with her. But my handwriting was known. I was challenged with it, and owned the boldness; for she complained of it to my mother with tears. My mother chid me for the freedom taken by such a boy with a woman of her years; but knowing that her son was not of a pert or forward nature, but, on the contrary, shy and bashful, she commended my principles, though she censured the liberty taken."

A certain delicious air of self-satisfaction in this narrative shows plainly enough that the mature moralist, in the height of his fame, approved, and was on the whole somewhat proud, of these doings of the baby prig. The little monster, we believe, might even now be matched in here and there a virtuous Low Church household. The reader will recollect a set of American novels much *repandu* some fifteen or twenty years ago, in which the creature flourishes, and is not "chid" but adored for its pious

impudence. Pleasanter incidents, however, are in the life of this droll little precocious adviser and sage. It is clear that he was born with an old head upon his young shoulders, and his success was great among women—a "success" of a character curiously out of tune with the manners of the time, and at which critics, born conservators of the sneers of all the ages, continue to jeer, notwithstanding that the cycle has run round again, and a Platonic counsellor of womankind has once more become a favourite character in life and fiction. Here is a companion picture of a much more agreeable kind:—

"As a bashful and not forward boy, I was an early favourite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighbourhood. Half-a-dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, and thought I should, to borrow me to read to them, their mothers sometimes with them, and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making.

"I was not more than thirteen, when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love-secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their lovers' letters: nor did any one of them ever know that I was the secretary to the others. I have been directed to chide, and even repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time that the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection, and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing *this* word, or *that* expression, to be softened or changed. One, highly gratified with her lover's fervour and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I have asked her direction, 'I cannot tell you what to write: but (her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly;' all her fear was only that she should incur slight for her kindness."

Never was a more distinct foreshadowing of the life to come. The quaint urchin, in his little coat and breeches, a wise little undergrown

old man, making his comments with the infinite complacency of precocious childhood, keeping the young women's secrets, knitting his soft brows over the composition of their love-letters, ready, no doubt, to go to the stake rather than betray one of his confiding friends, is a picture full of humour and a pleasant sentiment. If it were not that it is the fashion to sneer at Richardson, one would say, indeed, that there could scarcely be a prettier picture. It is not, of course, the ordinary ideal of a boy of thirteen; but yet it is indisputable that there is a kind of man for whom, from his childhood, the society and confidence of women has an irresistible charm, and that such a man is by no means of necessity a milksop, as society in general is good enough to suppose. This character, it is evident, showed itself in the future novelist at the earliest possible period, and as his life developed it made itself more and more apparent. There are many reasons which strengthen this tendency when it exists in the mind of a man in Richardson's position. He was without education, and yet striving for the best results of education, if we may venture on such an expression. Books, and discussions about books, and that heavenly art of conversation which every intelligent inexperienced being expects to find in society, were to this lowly lad the greatest things on earth. And where was he to attain any semblance of these delightful discussions—that feast of reason and flow of soul of which he dreamt—except among women? Women are very badly educated, everybody says, and everybody has said it from the remotest antiquity,—and it is very wrong indeed that such a state of affairs should continue to go on as it has gone on for several thousand years; and therefore it is most right and just to institute ladies' colleges, and courses of lectures, and university examinations. But yet the fact is that, so far

as talk is concerned, the sisters of the boy upon whom we are spending heaps of money at Eton and Oxford, are not only much pleasanter to talk to, but very much more ready and better qualified in many instances to take a part in those mild intellectual encounters, those little incursions over the borders of metaphysics, discussions of motives, sentiments, cases of conscience, points of social honour, which are the most prolific subjects of conversation, than—not only their brother, but their brother's tutor, and all the learned community to which he belongs. Mr. Helps, in his 'Friends in Council,' and all the remote descendants of that popular work, reduces his feminine interlocutors to a very small share in the talk; but had the talk been real, the chances are it would have been they, and not Ellesmere or Milverton, who had the lion's share. Among themselves, women continually discuss such subjects. And so long as there remains a prejudice in favour of Shakespeare and the musical glasses as subjects of refined conversation, men in Richardson's position, painfully climbing the social ladder, will always find their best aids in the help and guidance of women. Had the young novelist attempted to read or elicit any sympathy about his books from the bores in the village alehouse, what a downfall would his have been! But their sisters in the mantua-maker's parlour responded by nature to any fine sentiment or case of delicate distress. It was no doubt of as much importance to Richardson that he thus came in contact with the young women and their love-letters, instead of the village wits in the alehouse, as it is of importance to a freshman at Oxford to begin his course under the auspices of a good or bad "set."

In the year 1706, Richardson began his active life as apprentice to a printer. "He thought it would gratify his thirst for reading," says Mrs. Barbauld; an interpretation of

the motives of a "devil" which ought to make authors in general benevolent towards the imp. But the young printer did not find the facilities he had hoped for. His master naturally wanted him to work, and not to read; and he had to steal from sleep and amusement the time which he felt himself bound to devote to the improvement of his mind. He "engaged in a correspondence with a gentleman greatly my superior in degree, and of ample fortune, who, had he lived, intended high things for me," he informs us. Who this mythical personage was, or how the 'prentice lad became acquainted with him, no information is given. But "multitudes of letters," says Richardson, "passed between this gentleman and me. He wrote well—was a master of the epistolary style. Our subjects were various; but his letters were mostly narrative, giving me an account of his proceedings and what befell him in the different nations through which he travelled." This romantic episode of his youth, which looks very much as if it might belong to the fabulous era which occurs in most men's history, was terminated by the early death of "the gentleman," and henceforward nothing but sober prose occurs in the narrative. Richardson served out his apprenticeship, worked five or six years as a compositor, and finally set up for himself in a court in Fleet Street. He must have been a man of about thirty when he thus ventured to try his individual fortune. Everything had evidently gone with him in the soberest, most methodical way. No exaggerated good luck nor superlative energy had been his. A few years later he became the publisher of the 'True Briton,' one of the factious newspapers of the time; and subsequently two or three other papers passed through his hands. Like a true London 'prentice, he married his master's daughter—a step which no doubt promoted his modest fortunes; and on her death,

married again the daughter of a bookseller at Bath—keeping his affections strictly within the trade. An acquaintance with the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Onslow, procured him the printing of the Journals of the House, in twenty-six folio volumes: a work in which there was apparently more honour than profit, since he complains to one of his correspondents that he had never yet had payment, "no, not to the value of a shilling, though the debt is upwards of three thousand pounds." But it is clear that the man who could be the nation's creditor to the extent of three thousand pounds must have thriven in his affairs. He had a large family of sons and daughters, most of whom he lost in infancy—a house in the country near Hammer-smith—and all the comforts of a well-to-do and thriving citizen. In this pleasant unexciting routine of busy life, working hard early and late, yet taking his leisure and seeing his friends, fifty years of Richardson's life were spent. He had his trials and his joys like the rest of us; but nothing occurred to distinguish him from any other printer in the trade, except, perhaps, a knack he had of compiling indices, writing prefaces, and doing other humble necessary accidental jobs in the launching of a book into the world. This knack, towards the year 1740, suggested to some enterprising publishers the idea of a homely little work, such as might be "useful" to the ignorant. The account of this suggestion, however, had better be given in Richardson's own words:—

"Two booksellers, my particular friends, entreated me to write for them a little volume of letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves. 'Will it be any harm,' said I, 'in a piece you want to be written so low, if we should instruct them how they should think and act in common cases, as well as indite?' They were the more urgent with me to begin the little

volume from this hint. I set about it, and in the progress of it, writing two or three letters to instruct handsome girls, who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue, the above story (one of structure somewhat similar to that of 'Pamela') recurred to my thoughts."

From this slight origin sprang a whole world of literary efforts, and some of the most notable books in the English language. Nothing can be more characteristic of the man who no more suspected himself of possessing that strange light of genius within his humdrum individuality than the world did. What the fatherly good soul meant was to assume in print the rôle which he had evidently come to by nature in the ordinary intercourse of life. He had daughters of his own, and preferred—"I do not blush," he says, "to confess it," the society of women; and what more just than that, when the pen was thus put into his hand, he should employ it in warning young women against those snares of which the world was full? In the simplest good faith the *bonhomme* began his homely labours. There is no touch of inspiration, no thrill of poetic frenzy, about the matter. A little pleasant natural complacency, something of that unctuous amiability which characterises the giver of good advice, a little fuss, a pleasant excitement, and flutter of interest in the dutiful feminine household. Thus 'Pamela' came into the world. Richardson was over fifty by this time. He had all the settled habits of a punctual tradesman, and of a man early married and long habituated to the calm yoke of domestic life. His first critics were his wife and a young lady visitor, who "used to come to my little closet every night with 'Have you any more of "Pamela," Mr. R.?—we are come to have a little more of "Pamela."'" This encouraged me to prosecute it," says the unconscious novelist. But so

little was he aware of any special merit in his work, that "I had not the courage," he tells his friend Aaron Hill, "to send the two volumes to your ladies, until I found the books well received by the public." "I had no leisure," he adds, to another correspondent, "nor knew I that I had so much invention, till I almost accidentally slid into the writing of 'Pamela.' And besides, little did I imagine that anything I could write would be so kindly received as my writings have been by the world."

The story is sufficiently well known to want little description; and at the same time it is so completely contrary to the taste of the present age, that it is with difficulty that it can comprehend the wild plaudits with which it seems to have been received. That young women should be taught to guard their "virtue," and yet that the brutal squire who permitted himself all kinds of attempts upon it was, after all, not such an offender but that he might be pardoned when his "intentions" became "honourable," and married and made very happy ever after, is the astounding sentiment of the eighteenth century as expressed in 'Pamela.' Those letters which the virtuous papa, in all the domestic purity of his slippers and his closet, read to his "worthy-hearted wife," and her young lady friend, and which were written with the intention of turning "young people into a course of reading . . . which might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue," abound in nauseous details as explicit as the frankest of French novels. To be sure, Pamela is spotless; and there is no dangerous seduction of sentiment to confound the reader's sense of right and wrong; but it does not seem to occur to the author that his heroine's delicacy of mind is in the slightest degree impaired by the assaults made upon her, or that the coarse contest is anything but a sublime trial and victory of femi-

nine purity. Such, there is no doubt, was to a great extent the sentiment of the age. "Why is old Lady So-and-So's staff like 'Pamela'?" said a pretty wit, in her patches and powder. "Because it is the prop of virtue!" Perhaps we are not so much better in reality as we think ourselves—for is not the sensation novel a resurrection of nastiness?—but yet we have advanced a little in our ideal of virtue and its props. No doubts on the subject, however, seem to have troubled the satisfaction of Pamela's original audience. The book was published anonymously in the year 1740. "It was received," says Mrs. Barbauld, "with a burst of applause from all ranks of people. Its tendency was considered so excellent that popular divines recommended it from the pulpit. Ladies at Ranelagh, in the height of gaiety and fashion, held up the slim volumes to each other 'to show they had got the book that every one was talking of.'" "Mr. Pope says it will do more good than many volumes of sermons. I have heard them (Pope and Allen) very high in its praises, and they will not have any faults to be mentioned in the story. I believe they have read it twice a-piece at least," says Richardson's brother-in-law. "Mr. Chetwynd says," adds the same authority, "that if all other books were to be burnt, this book, next to the Bible, ought to be preserved." Other enthusiastic contemporaries declare it to be "the best book ever published."

"I opened this powerful little piece," says Aaron Hill, while still unaware, or affecting to be unaware, of its authorship, "with more expectation than from common designs of like promise, because it came from your hands for my daughters; yet who could have dreamed he would find, under the modest disguise of a novel, all the soul of religion, good-breeding, discretion, good-nature, wit, fancy, fine thoughts, and morality? . . . It will live on through posterity with such unbounded extent of good consequences that twenty ages

to come may be the better and wiser for its influence."

Such was the reception afforded to a book which nowadays we should consider of very doubtful tendency, and upon which the most enthusiastic admirer would certainly never think of bringing up his son to virtue, as one of Richardson's admirers proposes. A still greater compliment was in reserve for it. Fielding, with a curious mixture of contempt and imitation, wrote his 'Joseph Andrews' avowedly as a parody upon, and trenchant satire of, the Waiting Gentlewoman, who had carried her purity to so good a market. The state of feeling which could permit such a proceeding is happily incomprehensible to ourselves. It is said the two men had been on good terms before, though there never could have been much friendship, one would imagine, between the struggling playwright afloat amid all the dissipations of town, the ruined squire, with the best of blood in his veins but not a shilling in his pocket—and the orderly sober citizen, warm and well-to-do, whose virtues and failings were alike respectable. Nobody except Richardson himself, who felt it deeply, seems to have considered that there was anything derogatory to the dignity of genius in this curious parody and adaptation. The spiteful meaning has all evaporated by process of time; and perhaps the highest claim of 'Pamela' to consideration now is, that it was the occasion of producing another work of quality much less mortal than itself. Fielding pays the *kain* or toll to the devil—which seems to have been exacted from that age, as it was from the mediæval artificers, who built bridges and founded cities by the help of the Evil One—with a certain jovial readiness. But disgusting as are his preliminary chapters, we are not sure that they are really worse than Pamela's elaborate defence and detailed account of her

various dangers; and Richardson has nothing which can compare with the conception of Parson Adams. This wonderful, simple, patriarchal, wise, and innocent and foolish priest—with his learning and his absence of mind, his tender heart, his spotless character, his sympathy and severity—is one of the first and finest figures in that gallery of worthies which has since expanded so widely. He stands between Sir Roger de Coverley and Uncle Toby, one of the earliest of those matchless pictures, made with a smile on the lip and a tear in the eye, which enrich English literature. And there are few greater marvels in literary history than the fact that such a conception was brought into the world, in the first place, by a rival's spiteful impatience of public approbation as shown to the author of the pioneer story—the novel which had sounded the waters, and made the chart, and opened the dangerous yet triumphant way. Thanks to that alchemy of genius which works the base alloy out of the gold unawares, and defeats even its own evil motives when once its splendid activity is fully got to work, Fielding's book, which began in malice and filthiness, rapidly cleared into a real masterpiece of art. A greater compliment could not have been paid to Pamela. It is the grand distinction of that pretty, voluminous, simple, and prudent maiden.

The story was translated almost immediately into French and *Dutch*—that language, now so unknown, being then the familiar tongue of our closest allies. And it produced for Richardson a crowd of correspondents, and fame which was entirely beyond his expectations. A spurious continuation, called 'Pamela in High Life,' was published shortly after, and led the author to give forth two additional volumes, which, however, have fallen into utter oblivion. Warburton advised him, in his own name and that of Pope, to "make it a vehicle for

satire upon the fashions and follies of the Great World, by representing the light in which they would appear to the rustic Pamela when she was introduced to them." But satire was not Richardson's *forte*; and the continuation of Pamela is as dead as any other of the secondary novels of the day.

After this curious blaze of sudden excitement and success, quiet fell once more upon the printing-office, with the printer's house over it, in Salisbury Court, and over the pleasanter home at Hammersmith. The good tradesman went back to his business; he opened his house hospitably to his intimates; he wrote his little letters, full of a soft purr of satisfaction and content. He was pleased with himself, pleased with his friends, and perhaps felt that the world itself could scarcely be so wicked, since 'Pamela' had so lively a reception in it. The kindly simple heart of the man is very well expressed in his letters, notwithstanding this purring of complacency. When he hears that one of his friends has an unwholesome residence, and is subject to perpetual illness in it, he puts his own country house immediately at that friend's disposal. He sends the young ladies copies of 'Pamela,' and toy-books for the children. With a softer instinct still he consoles a dissatisfied poet over the apparent failure of his works. "Your writings require thought to read and to take in their whole force, and the world has no thought to bestow. I do not think," he adds, as so many benevolent critics have said with the same object, "that, were Milton's 'Paradise Lost' to be now published as a new work, it would be well received. Shakespeare, with all his beauties, would, as a modern writer, be hissed off the stage." Everything he says is full of the same good-nature and bland patriarchal kindness. Success evidently had nothing but a softening effect upon him. The only touch of bitterness in all the six, not over-

lively, volumes of his correspondence is directed against Fielding, of whom he speaks with a certain acrid offence which is quite comprehensible, to say the least.

In this quietness, his biographer tells us, eight years were passed without any further appeal to popular sympathy and admiration. But the interval was not one of idleness. Within a year or two of his first publication the plan of '*Clarissa*' seems to have so far ripened in his mind that his correspondents were informed of it. In 1744 he informs Dr. Young (of the '*Night Thoughts*') that "I have not gone so far as I thought to have done by this time; and then the unexpected success which attended the other thing," he adds, "instead of encouraging me, has made me more diffident. And I have run to such an egregious length, and am such a sorry pruner, though greatly luxuriant, that I am apt to add three pages for one I take away! Altogether I am frequently out of conceit with it." But still the work went on. It gave all his friends a subject to write about, and added a zest to his homely life. During those tranquil passing years, which seem to go like so many days (the time of the '45, when Scotland was being rent in sunder, and Charles Edward going through his martyrdom, and the Scots lords being beheaded and quartered almost under the eyes of our placid novelist!) Richardson, in his snug closet, after his day's work, went on slowly elaborating his story. Some parts of it appear to have been sent before publication for the criticism of his friends at a distance; and it was regularly read and submitted to the judgment of his home circle, which included a varying number of young ladies who seem to have been in the habit of paying long visits at his hospitable house, and whom he called his daughters, and corresponded with in the most voluminous and sprightly manner.

"He used to write in a little summer-house or grotto, as it was called, within his garden, before the family was up; and when they met at breakfast he communicated the progress of his story, which by that means had every day a fresh and lively interest. Then began the criticisms, the pleadings for Harriet Byron or Clementina; every turn and every incident was eagerly canvassed, and the author enjoyed the benefit of knowing beforehand how his situations would strike."

One of the members of this little conclave thus describes the scene: "The grot, the garden," she exclaims, "rush upon my view" —

"And then a choir of listening nymphs appears
Oppressed with wonder, or dissolved in tears,
But on her tender fears while Harriet dwells,
And love's soft symptoms innocently tells,
They all with conscious smiles these symptoms
view,
And by those conscious smiles confess them
true."

The patriarch himself gives, however, a description of this pretty domestic life from a point of view less reverential and more consistent with the light-mindedness which is common, we fear, to young woman-kind.

"I never knew one of you girls," he complains playfully, "put out of your course for the pleasure of the poor man, whom, nevertheless, you profess to honour. His leisure time is generally in a morning. Did ever any one of you rise an hour sooner in favour to him? You were never visible till the breakfast-table had been spread half an hour. A little arm-in-arm turn in the garden after that was necessary to relate your dreams and give account of your night's rest; change of dress came next; then dinner-time approached; then retired to write (till the dinner-bell summoned you), one to one absent favourite, one to another, as love, or duty, or both induced. After dinner a conversation that could not but be agreeable; but dinner-time conversations are seldom other than occasional prattlings on vague subjects: attendance of servants will not permit them to be more. Some charming opportunities talked of by-and-by for reading

and conversing. The day we will suppose fine. Your Highmore cannot bear to be confined within the house or garden walls. She throws out her temptations for a walk where she can see and be seen. All the girls accompany her. Nobody must read or be read to till the walkers return. The man of the house is invited to dangle after them; not for an escort—they fear nothing. He, aware of his little consequence to them in their walk, stays frequently at home; gives directions to his gardener; and is but just got upstairs to his writing (I should *now* rather say *reading*) desk, when the gypsies' return is signified to him by the call of the tea-bell. Down he must go; for why? They are at leisure to expect him. Down goes the passive . . . Fresh promises to themselves of reading-time. The honest man, who is to be taken up and laid down as they please, is asked if he will not read to them by-and-by. He passively bows; the rather signifies compliance, as the opportunity for the book and his employment is yet at a distance. At last, however (the tea offices all over), they assemble at one large table; one goes to ruffle-making; one to border-making; one to muslin-flowering; one to drawing; and then the passive man is called to his lesson. He is often interrupted by supper preparations. At last the cloth is laid, all the important works are bagged up; each lady looks pleased and satisfied with her part so well performed of the duties of the day."

But whether listened to with breathless and weeping interest at breakfast, or interjected as an accompaniment to the ruffle-making and muslin-flowering between tea and supper, the gregarious good soul, in his simple vanity, read his book to the girls, collected their impetuous youthful opinions, and himself learned to believe in his own characters, as they grew into actual personages in the lively discussions of the house. And thus was produced the history of 'Clarissa,' a book which, after lying buried for years in "gentlemen's libraries," has lately been republished, and re-introduced to popular notice. A more remarkable book has never been written; and when the char-

acter of the author, and his age, and all the circumstances that have just been described, are taken into consideration, the reader cannot but feel that the production is unique in literature. The story of a pretty and good girl involved in the mazes of a long courtship, full of sweet sentiments and tender morality—with very black shadows kept respectfully away from her, and never allowed to cloud the white light in which she stands—with a womanish perfection of a lover, and a gradual ascension out of difficulty into the height of blessedness—is the kind of narrative which was to have been expected. Indeed, the succeeding history of 'Sir Charles Grandison' fulfils almost all the requirements of the situation, and feels something like the natural production of the humble optimist and his little court. But 'Clarissa' is nothing of all this. The book is long-winded, sometimes tedious, overlaid with moralisings, and full of improbabilities; and yet it is one of the finest tragic efforts of genius—a book which by times touches upon the borders of the sublime.

We are under the disadvantage at the present moment, of coming in, as it were, at the end of a tolerably lively discussion raised by Mr. Dallas's late republication of this remarkable book. No work, perhaps, has ever called forth a greater diversity of opinion. To some critics the story is at once disgusting and improbable, tedious to the last degree, forced and unnatural in its effects, and of the most artificial construction. To these objections Richardson's warmest admirer cannot answer with a decided negative. The story in its chief point is revolting, and the book is prolix beyond all modern conception of the word; and yet it seems difficult to believe that any reader, once fairly entered upon it—"infected," to use Macaulay's forcible but disagreeable expression—could give it up again until he came to the end, or could accompany the

heroine through her extraordinary humiliation and triumph without tears. The story turns upon a crime so brutal and cowardly that it is quite beyond any possible gloss of sentiment. Once more, it is female virtue that is assailed—the theme, apparently, of all others most familiar to the age—but nothing can be more unlike the rustic resistance and servile gratitude of *Pamela* than this strange duel to the death between the man and the woman, in which a hundred typical strifes might be embodied. *Clarissa* herself is such a type of character as could have been set forth only by a man habituated to the society of women, and to look upon things very much from their point of view. She is a delicate creature, whose heart has but begun faintly to awaken to any conception of love or individual inclination when she is suddenly frozen back into herself—into the chill unopened bud of her life, by such a horror as is sufficient to congeal the young blood in its very fountain. Her soft insensibility to any contagion of passion, the shrinking, faint, easily relinquished preference which is all she is ever made to feel for her destroyer—is brought as an accusation against the perfection of her womanhood. But the critics who do so have not taken the trouble to think that it was a woman in the bud whom Richardson intended to draw—a creature forced into extraordinary development, it is true, but warped by the very influences which urged her life into pathetic blossom, out of that warm and tender sweetness which comes by the natural agency of bright sunshine and common rain. Her heart had begun, as we have said, softly, unawares, to turn towards the man who pretended to love her, with that shy, sweet, gradual impulsion which is one of the most beautiful things in nature. Her eyes and her heart were being drawn to him modestly and maidenly, in a tenderness half acknowledged, half

denied, even to herself; when Fate seized upon the innocent creature, wrapt her in its fatal web, arrested in the first place the rising fancy, chilled and withered it by doubts and fears; and then, by a sudden violent revulsion, closed up the opening bud, with all its fairy colours, and forced forward the pale splendour of despair, chill maiden flower, stealing every hue of colour and perfume of life out of its exquisite climax of sorrow and decay. No man less acquainted with all the secret unseen sweetness of a girl's heart—its brooding over itself, its soft reluctance, its delight in the hesitations and tender delays which irritate passion into frenzy—could have drawn the early *Clarissa*, so passionless and dutiful, exacting nothing but the right to reject a repugnant suitor, and ready to make a sacrifice of the soft beginnings of liking in her heart, if her parents would have but accepted that pure yet painful offering. Then, when this morning light fades—when the helpless creature is caught into the vortex which is to swallow her up—the reader can see the chill that comes upon the opening flower, can see the soft virginal husks closing up over the arrested bud; and then the drooping and the fading, and sudden bursting forth by its side of the other development, which is so different, so consistent and inconsistent with the first promise of the outraged life. The conception stands by itself amid all the conceptions of genius. No Greek, no Italian, no English poet has painted such a figure in the great picture-gallery which is common to the world. Neither ancient nor modern woman has ever stood before us thus pale and splendid in the shame which is not hers, sweet-soul, though it kills her. Almost every other victim shrinks and burns with the stain of her own fault; and even *Lucretia* herself, if more awful, is less womanly, less tender, less sweet than the maiden creature in whom nature and religion reassert

their rights after the first moment of frenzy; who calls for no vengeance, and can accept no expiation, and dies smiling, of no external wound, but only by the deadly puncture of the shame itself, making all other daggers unnecessary. How it came about that a homely soul like that of Richardson, amid the flutter of his pretty fresh companions—the girls that frequented his garden like so many doves—could have fallen upon this tragic ideal, is a very difficult matter. His earlier and later works are both quite comprehensible, and in harmony with the circumstances; but what unthought of inspiration made the good man capable of *Clarissa*, is a question which we do not attempt to answer. In the quaint prosaic garments with which his prolix style has invested her—in the artificial yet not ungraceful costume of the age, the “pale primrose-coloured paduasoy,” the Brussels lace cap, the apron of flowered lawn, all set forth with the liveliest realism—it is a virgin-martyr, a poetic visionary being, one of the few original types of art which we have here before us. Not *Desdemona*, not *Imogen*, is of herself a more tender creation. They are so much the more fortunate that it is immortal verse that clothes them. *Clarissa*, for her part, has but a garrulous and pottering expositor, but in her own person she is divine.

We repeat, and with all the strength of conviction, that the highest poetic creation of the age is this one matchless figure. It was inherently a prosaic age, and Richardson was prose itself. If spiritual science had so far advanced in these days as to make it possible that the shade of Shakespeare could have breathed this conception into him, leaving the sexagenarian with stammering lips and tedious tongue to evolve the tender mystery, it would be a feasible sort of explanation. The jewel is clumsily cut, and set

in his own way in the heaviest old-fashioned setting, but it is a diamond of the purest water,—and where did he find it? The astonished spectator, looking at him and his surroundings, and at the wonderful work just issued out of his commonplace hands, can but echo the question. *Sophia Western* is a pretty creature, a sweet sketch of the surface and outside of a woman; but she can no more stand within the charmed niche that encloses *Clarissa*, than can *Harriet Byron* or any other conventional heroine. Such a creature exists by her own right, and is not the fruit of observation, or study, or knowledge of the world. She lives, as *Miranda* does, in the island, owing nothing to earth and all to heaven. Not a woman of her generation is half so true to nature; and now that most of the women of her generation are dead and buried, *Clarissa* lives, still surprising the warm tears of youth out of world-worn eyes.

The first half of this wonderful book was published some time before the concluding volumes; and nothing can be more amusing than the storm of entreaty, remonstrance, even threats, with which the author was overwhelmed if he should venture to pursue his inexorable purpose. On second thoughts, *Clarissa*, strange as it appears, must have been Richardson's lawful offspring, and not a heavenly changeling brought to him by Shakespeare's shade. The steadiness with which he resists all persuasion, his obstinate maintenance of his own ideal in the face of a hundred angry critics, is as clear a proof of his paternity as was Solomon's test. He will not have his child mangled by any profane touch, nor desecrate her by vulgar makings-up or impossible recovery, such as were quite in keeping with the character of a *Pamela*. The urgency and seriousness of the appeals made to him show the extraordinary impression made on his contemporaries

ries, and would be ludicrous in their fervour to any one who had not fallen under the enchantment of the story. Lady Bradshaigh, who was unknown to him at the time, though afterwards one of his closest correspondents, writes to him as follows, with the earnestness of a petitioner for life:—

"I am pressed, sir, by a multitude of your admirers to plead in behalf of your amiable Clarissa. Having too much reason, from hints given in your four volumes, from a certain advertisement, and from your forbearing to write, after promising all endeavours should be used towards satisfying the discontented—from all these, I say, I have but too much reason to apprehend a fatal catastrophe. I have heard that some of your advisers who delight in horror (detestable wretches!) insisted upon rapes, ruin and destruction; others, who feel for the virtuous in distress (blessings for ever attend them!) pleaded for the contrary. Could you be deaf to these and comply with those!

. . . It is not murder or any other horrid act, but the preceding distresses which touch and raise the passions of those at least whom an author would wish to please, supposing him to be such a one as I take you to be. Therefore, sir, after you have brought the divine Clarissa to the very brink of destruction, let me entreat (may I say insist upon) a turn that will make your almost despairing readers half mad with joy. I know you cannot help doing it to give yourself satisfaction, for I pretend to know your heart so well that you must think it a crime never to be forgiven, to leave vice triumphant and virtue depressed. . . . If you disappoint me, attend to my curse—May the hatred of all the young, beautiful and virtuous for ever be your portion! and may your eyes never behold anything but age and deformity! May you meet with applause only from envious old maids, surly bachelors, and tyrannical parents! May you be doomed to the company of such! and, after death, may their ugly souls haunt you! Now, make Lovelace and Clarissa unhappy if you dare!"

The same lady, continuing her remonstrances (which she does at a length and with a fluency which makes the prodigious correspondence of Richardson's heroines a

trifle less incredible) makes use of stronger and stronger arguments. "Sure you will think it worth your while to save his soul, sir," she cries, pleading for the reformation of Lovelace. "It is too shocking and barbarous a story for publication!" she exclaims, when another volume has made her acquainted with the worst that can happen. "My hand trembles, for I can scarce hold the pen. I am as mad as the poor injured Clarissa." Another anonymous correspondent declares: "Since I have heard that you design the end shall be unhappy, I am determined to read no more. I should read the account of her death with as much anguish of mind as I should feel at the loss of my dearest friend." Gibber, in theatrical fervour, on being informed that Richardson intended his heroine to die, shouts—"D—n him if she should!" and asks whether he is to be expected to stand a patient observer of her ruin? in the face of all this hubbub of remonstrance, the author persevered with a steady firmness, quite unlike his ordinary complaisant amiability. He gives his reasons for so doing at length in his letters to Lady Bradshaigh, with as much gravity and seriousness as distinguishes the appeal to him. If it had concerned the life of some one condemned to die, the matter could not be more solemnly discussed. It is evident that he considers it as a matter of course that all the world should be serious over such a question. He replies to his correspondent's appeal in the following serious strain:—

"What, madam, is the temporary happiness we are so fond of! What the long life we are so apt to covet! The more irksome these reflections are to the young, the gay, and the wealthy, the more necessary are they to be inculcated.

'A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.'

"Of this nature is my design. Religion never was at so low an ebb as at

present. And if my work must be supposed of the moral kind, I was willing to try if a religious novel would do good. And did you not perceive that, in the very first letter of *Lovelace*, all those seeds of wickedness were thick-sown which sprouted up into action afterwards in his character—pride, revenge, a love of intrigue, plot, contrivance. And who is it that asks, *Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?* . . . And as to reforming and marrying *Lovelace*, and the example to be given by it, what but this that follows would it have been, instead of the amiable one your good-nature and humanity point out. 'Here,' says another *Lovelace*, 'may I pass the flower and prime of my youth in forming and pursuing the most insidious enterprises. . . . I may at last meet with and attempt a *Clarissa*, a lady of priceless virtue. I may try her, vex her, plague and torment her worthy heart. I may fit up all my batteries against her virtue; and if I find her proof against all my machinations, and myself tired with rambling, I may then reward that virtue; I may graciously extend my hand; she may give me hers, and rejoice and thank heaven for my condescension in her favour. The Almighty I may suppose at the same time to be as ready with His mercy, foregoing His justice on my past crimes, as if my nuptials with this meritorious fair one were to atone for the numerous distresses and ruins I have occasioned in other families; and all the good-natured, the worthy, the humane part of the world forgiving me too, because I am a handsome and a humorous fellow, will clap their hands with joy and cry out—

'Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave deserve the fair.'

"Indeed, my dear madam" (he adds in a following letter, with increasing solemnity), "I could not think of leaving my heroine short of heaven. . . . A writer who follows nature and pretends to keep the Christian system in his eye, cannot make a heaven in this world for his favourites, or represent this life otherwise than as a state of probation. *Clarissa*, I once more aver, could not be rewarded in this world. To have given her her reward here, as in a happy marriage, would have been as if a poet had placed his catastrophe in the third act of his play, when his audience were obliged to expect two more. What greater moral proof can

be given of a world after this for the rewarding of suffering virtue and for the punishing of oppressive vice, than the inequalities in the distribution of rewards and punishments here below!"

With such solemnity was the question of the ending of a story treated by author and readers! It could not have been more profoundly serious had it concerned the saving of a life. And the very fact, that Richardson had thus a manifest motive in his tale, independent of the rules of art, makes it still more apparent with what an intuitive perception of the best principles of art he kept by his original idea. *Clarissa* made happy would have been a commonplace being, another *Pamela*, a less serene *Miss Byron*; while *Clarissa* outraged, putting aside with a sweet mournful pride the atonement which is impossible, carrying her involuntary pollution to heaven, is the rarest conception. A man who writes a story with a moral purpose is in most cases doubly hampered; but here, fortunately, the interests of morality concurred with the highest necessities of art.

Lovelace, the only other character worth considering in the book, bears tokens of having also been conceived by a man used to contemplate the world from a woman's point of view. He is not in the smallest degree a milksop, nor does he approach the perfections of Sir Charles Grandison by any indications of the nascent prig. He is full of vivacity and spirit and humour even at his worst; but his wickedness is as different from the frank animalism of Tom Jones as it is possible to conceive. Vice has to him all the attraction of intrigue, all the charm of sentiment and emotion, and that irresistible temptation of universal conquest which is so strong in women. *Lovelace*, like a true woman's hero, will not allow himself to be beat. He will conquer by fair means, if possible—but if not, by any means. He is bent upon making himself the object of everybody's attentive admiration, wonder, or horror, as the case may be. Though he is not with-

out a certain subtle undercurrent of contempt for the very admirers whom he dazzles and beguiles, it is a necessity of his nature to beguile and dazzle everywhere. And so he does. The reader perceives that the effect he produces is a real effect. It is no assertion of the author, but a visible result worked out by very apparent means. His friend loathes, abjures, and denounces his horrible project, but cannot detach himself from the charm of his personality. Society gazes and averts its eyes with a flutter of horror, yet is continually dazzled by the courageous front he bears, and flattered and melted by the pains he takes to recommend himself to it. Tom Jones's sensuality is a mere matter of disposition—a peccadillo, of which neither he nor his author is ashamed, involving nothing but the temptation and downfall of the moment, not much more important than the robbing of an orchard or the shooting of an unlawful pleasant. He is infinitely nastier and infinitely more innocent than the subtle seducer, whose name has come to represent a class, happily more rife in fiction than in life. The hero of Fielding would have been harmless as a girl to Clarissa. He would have kissed the hem of her garment notwithstanding his fundamental easy-minded uncleanness. In power and subtlety of conception the hero of Richardson is as far superior to him as he is inferior in execution. Perhaps the very inferiority of execution, indeed—the long-windedness, the wearisome prolixity, as contrasted with the incisive brilliant brevity and clearness of the rival moralist—does but bring out the more, the extraordinary advantage, in point of elevation and depth, which the one has over the other. The genius of Richardson thus unawares took up and profited by what was essentially a feminine ideal. To women, vice of the Tom Jones development is abhorrent and incomprehensible; while vice like that of Lovelace, which sets all the powers

to work—which is full of plot and contrivance, of insatiable love of approbation and necessity for conquest, of emotion and mental excitement, and remorse and passion—is something which they can understand and realise. It would be too deep and too curious a question to ask why this feminine conception should have been worked out by a man as it has never been by any female artist, even in a field like this, where women have won many triumphs—and might lead us into speculations which have little to do with Richardson; but yet the fact seems to us very clear. Lovelace is the detestable, while Clarissa is the attractive, part of the book; and yet he too is full of attraction. His undaunted spirit, his impudent vivacity and readiness, which is never at a loss; the way in which he fights every inch of the ground, taking the blame upon himself, yet never sinking under it, is as fine a picture as any in art; and there is a something in his distracted letter, on receiving the intelligence of her death, which reaches the highest tragic height. When all is said that can be said of the imperfections of the workmanship, and the tedious exuberance of detail with which these two wonderful figures are enveloped and overlaid, it is still undeniable that the Man and the Woman stand forth in this book in their mortal struggle with such tragical and solemn force as has seldom been given to any creations of the imagination. The conception is perfect; it is the execution alone which is to blame.

Perhaps no novel has ever been received with such universal enthusiasm. All kinds of people wept and applauded. It flew over the Channel with a swiftness which is seldom equalled even in these days of increased communication, and was translated by the Abbé Prevost, himself a congenial writer, who "softened it," the biographer quaintly tells us, in order to adapt it to—save the mark!—"the more

delicate taste of the French." Letters poured upon the author full of a fever of admiration, sometimes most amusingly expressed. One lady, for example, says: "I am more and more charmed with your *Clarissa*; it is indeed a noble character, but I fear nowhere to be met with except in your Letters. *What a pity it is you are not a woman*, and blest with means of shining as she did! for a person capable of drawing such a character would certainly be able to act in the same manner if in a like situation." Dr. Johnson, in repeated letters, asks characteristically that an index should be made to the book; for it is not, he says, "a performance to be read with eagerness, and laid aside for ever, but will be occasionally consulted by the busy, the aged, and the studious; and therefore I beg that this edition, by which I suppose posterity is to abide, may want nothing that can facilitate its use." There are portions of this correspondence, especially the letters of Mrs. Klopstock, the wife of the poet—who, in all the effusiveness of ardent youth, gives Richardson a sketch of her own love-story and happiness—which are touching and charming as any romance. "Oh, the heavenly book!" cries this enthusiastic creature. "You will know all what concerns me," she adds, in her pretty German-English. "Love, dear sir, is all what me concerns; and love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter." After a few charming letters, this little episode of real life finds its conclusion in a brief obituary notice—a piece of plain and sad prose—more pathetic than anything in fiction. Richardson's fatherly heart was always open to such confidences. Had he been a woman, as his other correspondent suggests, he could scarcely have been more tenderly ready to open his sympathies and affections to all who sought them. He is himself, however, moved to complain of the flood of addi-

tional occupation thus brought upon him:—

"I am drawn into acquaintance and into correspondences upon it so numerous, and that with and from people of condition, that what time I have to spare from my troublesome and necessary business is wholly taken up. I am teased" (he adds) "by a dozen ladies of note and virtue to give them a good man, as they say I have been partial to their sex and unkind to my own. But, sir, my nervous infirmities you know—time mends them not—and '*Clarissa*' has almost killed me. You know how business engages me. You know by what snatches of time I write that I may not neglect that, and that I may preserve that independency which is the comfort of my life. I never sought out of myself for patrons. My own industry and God's providence have been my whole reliance. The great are not great to me unless they are good. And it is a glorious privilege that a middling man enjoys who has preserved his independency, and can occasionally (though not stoically) tell the world what he thinks of that world, in hopes to contribute, though but by his mite, to mend it."

The publication of '*Clarissa*' thus placed the respectable old printer upon the highest pinnacle of contemporary fame. There is a most amusing semi-romantic episode in his correspondence, touching the beginning of his personal acquaintance with his correspondent Lady Bradshaigh, which is too characteristic to be omitted. The lady (the same who interceded for the reformation of Lovelace and the happiness of *Clarissa*) had for some time corresponded with him under a fictitious name, and a great deal of coquetting had ensued touching a personal interview. Richardson, having in vain invited her to his house, and suggested other modes of meeting, at last humours her fancy for stealing a preliminary peep at him in the Park, by such a description of himself as sets the good soul before us in all the homely prose of his daily appearance. Never was a more innocent little intrigue. Lady Bradshaigh herself

was, as she informs us, "turned forty," and of the full and rosy development not uncommon at that age. Her "dear man," a certain passive rustic Sir Roger, who makes no appearance in his own person, shared her enthusiasm and amused himself with her letters. Yet she hesitates, like a mischievous girl, over the innocent meeting, and teases her unknown friend with appearances and disappearances, keeping him promenading about the Mall, while she passes in her chair, and conducting herself with all the malicious freaks of a young flirt. Here is the sketch of his own respectable person, with which Richardson furnishes his troublesome correspondent:—

"I go through the Park once or twice a-week to my little retirement, but I will for a week together be in it every day three or four hours, at your command, till you tell me you have seen a person who answers to this description, namely: Short, rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints; about five foot five inches; fair wig; lightish cloth coat, all black besides; one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support, when attacked by sudden tremors or startings, and dizziness, which too frequently attack him, but, thank God, not so often as formerly; looking directly foreright, as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back; of a light brown complexion; teeth not yet failing him; smoothish faced and ruddy cheeked; at some times looking to be about sixty-five, at other times much younger; a regular even pace, stealing away ground rather than seeming to rid it: a grey eye, too often overclouded by mistiness from the head; by chance lively—very lively it will be, if he have hope of seeing a lady whom he loves and honours; his eye always on the ladies; if they have very large hoops, he looks down and supercilious, as if he would be thought wise, but perhaps the sillier for that; as he approaches a lady, his eye is never fixed first upon her face,

but upon her feet, and thence he raises it up, pretty quickly for a dull eye; and one would think (if we thought him at all worthy of observation) that from her air and (the last beheld) her face, he sets her down in his mind as so or so, and then passes on to the next object he meets—only then looking back, if he greatly likes or dislikes, as if he would see if the lady appear to be all of a piece in the one light or in the other. Are these marks distinct enough, if you are resolved to keep all the advantages you set out with? And from this odd, this grotesque figure, think you, madam, that you have anything to apprehend? anything that will not rather promote than check your mirth? I dare be bold to say (and allow it too) that you would rather see this figure than any other you ever saw, whenever you should find yourself graver than you wish to be."

Richardson was at this time about sixty, perhaps the first gallant of his age thus pursued and tantalised. The little contest ended in a cordial meeting and long-enduring friendship.

'Clarissa' was scarcely well out of his hands when we find his friends beginning to assail him about the Good Man, whom it now remained to him to draw. "As to the *fine man*," he writes in 1750, when "the divine Clarissa" was but newly published, "what shall be done if such ladies as Miss Sutton, who can so well tell what she does *not* like, will not do us the honour to tell us what she does? Will she or will you, madam, be so good as to acquaint me what he is to do, and what he is *not* to do, in order to acquire and maintain an exemplary character?"

The answer to this letter affords us a strange glimpse into the social virtue, or rather want of virtue, of the time.

"I believe," his correspondent replies, "the young ladies hardly know themselves, for want of patterns, what an agreeable man with religion and sense is, which makes me wish you would show them one. They are so used to see those they think genteel and polite without morals and religion,

that they imagine them almost if not quite incompatible, and are afraid, if they insist too much on the last, they must give up the first."

The correspondence goes on at much length, going into all the details of the subject. In August, 1750, Richardson had begun the required piece of work, but complained of his incapability of carrying it out. "My business has great calls upon me," he says, "my very relaxations are business; altogether, time of life too advanced—I fear, I shall not be able to think of a new work. And then the title is a very audacious one. To draw a man that *good* men would approve, and that young ladies in such an age as this will think amiable—tell me, madam, is not that an audacious task?" But the subject was too tempting an occasion of letter-writing to be let slip. Mrs. Donaldson, who is the leader of the assault, continues with unabating energy:—

"To think of a man with religion, sense, and agreeableness, is easy, and to say he shall have this or that good quality; but to work these up into a story—to produce these in action—I know nobody who is capable of doing it but Mr. Richardson; and if he declines it, how shall I pretend to encourage him? And yet I wish he would try. . . . If our hero must fight, let it be before we are acquainted with him; and when once a man has shown his courage it will keep him from insult. Suppose the woman he likes engaged in her affections, before she knew him, to one of a more modern cast, could we not make our hero show virtue and honour, and at last, to the credit of my sex, triumph over the man of mode? . . . Some faults, you observe, our virtuous man must have—some sallies of passion; the best *man's* character will bear it, though a *Clarissa's* would not. I will not arrogate any merit to our sex from it, but suppose it arises from custom, education, or what you will, 'tis certain our man must not be an angel. *Clarissa's* goodness seems, if I may use the expression, intuitive. Our man, to make him natural, must have some failings from passion, but must be

soon recovered by reason and religion. . . . Our man must have so much of the Christian and philosopher that reflection must always set him right."

The counsellors became more exacting as time went on:—

"This morning the doctor received a letter from Mr. Skelton," writes Mrs. Delany. "He says he wishes you were to exhibit a bad woman as well as a good man. I don't know but I wish so too; but not as a principal figure, only in your background, and by way of shade, to set off some of your brightest figures." "My dear agreeable friend," the same lady adds, on an after occasion, "has communicated to me the sketch you have sent her of your truly fine gentleman. I have no fears about him; I am sure he will be as complete as human fancy and judgment can make him. . . . She has told me your dispute about Harriet's owning her passion so freely. If she has mere liking only, she may tell her mind without reserve; but if she is downright in love, it is impossible she should, if as delicate as I am sure you would have her be. . . . But this restraint goes no further than till the favoured person has made his passion known. Then I think Harriet may (nay, should) frankly and generously avow her inclination. In the mean time I should only allow of some involuntary approbations which may flatter Sir Charles, but for which, if Harriet recollects them, she should condemn herself."

Richardson, on his part, coquets a little, giving his friends to understand that he is much guided by their counsels; but yet, as we have seen, steadfastly taking his own way. He is even pathetic when occasion serves.

"What can I mean, you are pleased to ask," he says, "by seeming uncertain whether I shall publish my new work? Have I not, madam, already obtruded upon the world many volumes? and have I not reason to apprehend that the world will be tired of me if I do? When will this scribbler stop, will it not be asked? But when no more can be written or published by the same hand, then indulgence will possibly for that very reason be exerted in favour of the new piece. And a defunct author will probably meet with better quarter than

a living one; especially as he is known to be a man in business—an obscure man, and one who is guilty of very great presumption in daring to write at all, or do anything but print the works of others.”

This humility is, perhaps, a little overstrained, considering the triumph of *Clarissa* over all rivals.

In the letter last quoted he begs the assistance of Mrs. Delany and her friends “in describing a scene or two in upper life;” and it is evident that, deluded by this extreme amiability, his correspondents were now and then so rash as to write not only counsels but letters (for insertion in his books) for him, and “remarks” upon various subjects, for which the novelist is properly grateful, but—puts them in his waste-basket and takes his own way. In short, there can be little doubt that Richardson, while occasionally taking a hint, with that supreme power of natural selection which belongs to genius, did but amuse himself with the deliberations of his little parliament. He permitted them to persuade themselves that they were useful to him, and that their suggestions and criticisms guided his work; but whenever their judgment went contrary to his own, his decision is remorseless, though always full of thanks and acknowledgments. In this matter it is evident he displayed that smiling bland consistent resolution which makes bystanders imagine the man moves by their influence, who is all the time calmly, and without a moment's hesitation, taking his own way.

In less than five years from the publication of ‘*Clarissa*,’ ‘Sir Charles Grandison’ was given to the world. Its purpose has been so clearly expounded in the letters we have quoted, that it seems unnecessary to add to this description of its leading *motif*. It is the history of the *fine man*, so often referred to—“*our man*,” who was to embody in himself every perfection.

This intention was but too rigidly carried out. The fine, the splendid, the courteous Sir Charles—politest of lovers, most speckless and charming of men—is a composition too sweet for the common palate. It would be foolish to say that there is not in this book much of the same charm that we find in ‘*Clarissa*’; but a man could not, as some of Richardson's correspondents regretfully remark, be brought into such a “delicate distress” as a woman; neither do the same rules answer with the coarser male creature which do very well for his sisters. Sir Charles is the pink of every perfection known to the age; but he is so universally appreciated, so flattered and beloved, everything prospers so beautifully in his hands, that all the admiration the reader can give is forestalled, and he feels himself limping a world behind the enthusiastic audience in the book itself. It is a book as true to the circumstances and antecedents of its author as ‘*Clarissa*’ is above them. There are all the complications of the love-story—all those delicate expedients for staving off an inevitable *dénouement*, which the art of fiction has since elaborated; there is the excitement of an abduction, so managed as that any possible stigma upon the heroine, or suggestion of impropriety, should be avoided; there are a succession of promising duels, all successfully eluded by the skill and grace and irresistible courage of the matchless hero; and, finally, there is the double love, with all its delicacies, which seemed at one time to secure for the author the happy ending all his friends demanded, and the unhappy ending which he himself approved. But Richardson was older, and perhaps more persuadable, and Clementina had no grievance to make life impossible, as *Clarissa* had; and accordingly, all ends, as the ladies would have it, in rose-water and confectionery and wedding-cakes, actual and prospective.

Perhaps it is beyond the powers of ordinary human nature to strike the highest chords of mortal music more than once; Richardson was no Shakespeare, but a very common-place man, preferred, one can scarcely tell how, to the privilege of one creation. But his wings lasted him only till that commission was accomplished. Into his little natural round, which he had paced in 'Pamela,' he falls back again in 'Sir Charles Grandison.' He had been snatched out of it into higher regions for one moment of full inspiration, but now the good old soul dropped back. His garland and his singing-robes fell from him. His fine gentleman is virtue incarnate in a laced coat and the daintiest of ruffles. He wears gold lace and point upon his very soul. Silk and velvet and embroidery are moral qualities in him. He has no existence out of those fine, too fine, clothes; his principles and his manners are carefully cut to harmonise with that lovely exterior. The ideal is still feminine, but it has shifted its ground and become a kind of housemaid's ideal, the perfection of everything that is *fine*. In 'Clarissa,' as we have said, the author had seized, with a perfection which as yet no woman has equalled, the higher tone of feminine feeling. In 'Sir Charles Grandison' he has caught, with a reality equally unrivalled, the lower and less exalted tone. Nothing could be more exact than the flutter of womanish correspondences, the universal worship given by all the circle to the idol in the midst; the mixture of envy and fondness with which his chosen bride is surrounded; the girlish murmurs of applause, the frank adoration of the sisters, the beatific avowals of the bride. Such a chanting of litanies and burning of incense is, unfortunately for the objects of it, still a frequent evidence of womanish enthusiasm. Its effect, generally, is to make the man who is the central figure look extremely foolish to the

outside world. But here the instincts of the author come in to save that last degradation. Sir Charles is not made to look foolish. How he is saved from it, it is difficult to tell—but he is saved. He is invested with all the preternatural solemnity and grandeur of the as yet undeveloped being familiarly known to this too-familiar age as a prig; but he is not made to look like a fool—which, in the circumstances, is about the highest praise that could be given.

'Sir Charles Grandison' was published in 1753, the author being sixty-four, still involved in the toils of business, and suffering from nervous complaints, which often made him unable to write. Its reception by the world was no less flattering than had been that of the others. His friend, Dr. Young, who had feared that the new work might diminish the reputation gained by 'Clarissa,' retracted his opinion at once. He writes:—

"I now applaud what I presumed to blame;
After *Clarissa* you shall rise in fame."

"I look upon you as an instrument of providence adjusted to the peculiar exigencies of the times," says the same admiring friend, "in which all would be *fine gentlemen*, and only are at a loss to know what that means. While they read, perhaps, from pure vanity, they do not read in vain, and are betrayed into benefit whilst mere amusement is their pursuit. . . . And as I look upon you as an instrument of Providence, I likewise look on you as a sure heir of a double immortality. When our language fails one indeed may cease; but the failure of the heavens and the earth will put no period to the other."

This letter begins with an outburst of "Joy to you, dear sir, and joy to the world; you have done great things for it; and I will venture to affirm that no one shall read you without benefit or—guilt." In such strains did his friends sound forth the praises of the successful author. And indeed it was for this high reward he consciously strove—not for the guerdon of art,

or such praise as might be shared by a profane boisterous Fielding or wicked Tristram Shandy. He himself informs us that his novels appear in the humble guise of novels, "only by way of accommodation to the manners and tastes of an age overwhelmed with luxury, and abandoned to sound and sensitiveness;" and, complaining of some excisions made by his French translator, the Abbé Prevost, adds: "He treats the story" ('Clarissa') "as a true one; and says, in one place, that the English editor has often sacrificed his story to moral instructions, warnings, &c. The very motive with me," adds Richardson, "of the story's being written at all."

These words are amusingly suggestive of the differences of national conception in point of art. Yet it is curious to find that the success of Richardson's works, and especially of 'Clarissa,' in France, was immediate; and there can be no doubt that they are still better known and more appreciated among our neighbours than by ourselves—a fact, perhaps, not so extraordinary as it looks upon the surface, since the classical productions of any language are always first presented to foreign students. Mrs. Barbauld tells us of a Frenchman who, in her own time and knowledge, "paid a visit to Hampstead for the sole purpose of finding out the house in the *flask walk*, where *Clarissa* lodged, and was surprised at the ignorance or indifference of the inhabitants on that subject." 'Grandison' was the last of Richardson's works. In it he had completed the cycle of labour which commended itself to his mind. He had drawn (accidentally) the simple girl resisting vice, and making a very good thing of her virtue. Startled by his own success, he had then roused all his faculties to the creation of a paragon maiden; and the only thing that remained for him to do was then the paragon man. That task fulfilled, his office

as a moralist was over. In vain his friends tempted him to other exertions. The *bad woman* of Mr. Skelton, the *widow* of Lady Bradshaigh had no attractions for him. His work was done; and it is no small testimony to the simple, kindly nature of the man to find him back at his printing, writing the invaluable judicious letters of an experienced publisher to the authors whose works passed through his hands. Thus, all the blaze of his own literary fame still surrounding him, we find him giving modest counsel to Dr. Young about the preface to the 'Night Thoughts.' "I humbly think this part cannot be too delicately mentioned," he says. "Might not, sir, the manner of introducing what relates to the army be less violent, if I may so express myself, and the connection be made more easy?" "A thousand thanks, my best friend, for restoring me to myself," cries Young, in reply, "I shall follow your advice in the dedication." This is not the only instance of his careful regard for the fame and success of his friends. He had but a few years more to live, but his activity was as yet undiminished. To the last he continued to write letters, discussing all sorts of subjects, social ethics of every description, and the semi-metaphysical questions which are dear to women, with his dear girls, who call him "my papa," and communicate with each other to his praise and glory: "Miss Hecky," writing to "her Sukey" or "her Pris-y," in strains of adoration, mingled with the liveliest sprightly sketches of their odd old-fashioned life. He pulled down his old printing-offices, and built new and much enlarged ones, while all this pleasant chatter went on; and how the old man, superintending his work and his buildings, could find time for letters of a dozen pages, is a mystery which the reader will find it difficult to fathom. He was worried, too by an Irish piracy of

his books, which gave him no small trouble, and by many bodily infirmities. It is taking an ungenerous advantage of the kind soul to postpone to this twilight period of his days the quotation of his sentiments about his great rivals; and yet these are too characteristic to be left out. We have already said that he never forgave Fielding for the spiteful travesty attempted in the 'Joseph Andrews'—a feeling which is very comprehensible, and even excusable, and no doubt coloured his judgment in respect to his competitor's future works. But it is very doubtful whether, under any circumstances, two minds so dissimilar could have appreciated each other. It is thus Richardson speaks of the unquestionably shabby intention, so soon and so splendidly swallowed up in one real creation of Fielding's first work:—

"So long as the world will receive, Mr. Fielding will write. Have you ever seen a list of his performances! Nothing but a shorter life than I can wish him can hinder him from writing himself out of date. The 'Pamela' which he abused in his 'Shamela' taught him how to write to please, though his manners are so different. Before his 'Joseph Andrews' (hints and names taken from that story with a lewd and ungenerous engraftment), the poor man wrote without being read, except when his 'Pasquins,' &c., roused party attention, and the legislature at the same time. According to that of Juvenal, which may be thus translated:—

'Wouldst thou be read, or wouldst thou
 bread insure,
Dare something worthy *Newgate* or the
 Tower.'

In the former of which (removed from inns and alehouses) will some of his worst scenes be laid, and perhaps not unusefully. I hope not."

At a later period Richardson announces that 'Fielding has over-written or rather *under-written* himself' in 'Amelia.' "The piece," he says, "is as dead as if it had been published forty years ago as to sale. . . . His brawls, his jeers, his gaols, his sponging-houses, are all drawn from what he has seen or known.

As I said, he has little or no invention." The good man, however, reaches the climax of hallucination when he thus addresses Miss Fielding, the sister of the moralist, and herself the author of some forgotten books. He tells her he has just reperused a collection of letters published by her. "What knowledge of the human heart!" he exclaims; "well might a critical judge of writing say, as he did to me, that your late brother's knowledge of it was not (fine writer as he was) comparable to yours. His was but as the knowledge of the outside of a clock-work machine, while yours was that of all the fine springs and movements of the inside."

Nor is he more lenient to Sterne. "Who is this Yorick? you are pleased to ask me," he writes to the Bishop of Sodor and Man. "You cannot, I imagine, have looked into his books; execrable, I cannot but call them." A lady, whom he quotes, a friend of his daughter's in the country, gives a less severe but not less decided judgment. "There is subject for mirth, and some affecting strokes," she says. "Yorick, Uncle Toby, and Trim are admirably characterised, and very interesting; . . . but let not 'Tristram Shandy' be ranked among the well-chosen authors in your library." "I am told that the third and fourth volumes are worse, if possible, than the two first," adds Richardson, "which only I have had the patience to run through." Thus it will be seen that, open-hearted as the good man was, there was a limit to his amiability; and that his rivals or betters in his special department were less dear to him than the rest of mankind. "Mark my prophecy that, by another season, this performance" ('Tristram Shandy') "will be as much decried as it is now extolled," says the correspondent whom he quotes; "for it has not intrinsic merit sufficient to prevent it sinking when no longer upheld by the shortlived breath of fashion." Let us forgive him, if he takes plea-

sure, in the thought. It is the only meanness of which the good soul seems capable; and when we consider the ridicule that had been poured upon himself by all the wits, their scorn of his humble degree and respectable virtuous life, and the solemn sense he had of the responsibilities attending the literary faculty, and the heavy guilt of every man who used it in indifference to the interests of morality, some excuse may be found for the old man. No doubt he thought it was the evil tendencies of these works that moved him to so much indignation; and it is equally without doubt that in an author, himself so successful, jealousy could not be the only motive, but that a real and unaffected horror of sin and nastiness must have counted for much in his ill-nature. If any of the present living brotherhood of poets were to employ similar language in respect to Mr. Swinburne, would anybody say it was envy?

The last few years of Richardson's life were spent in comparative ease and leisure. He had made his business great and flourishing, and, with a natural regret, lamented that he had no son to leave it to. He had been long subject to infirmities which are vaguely described

as nervous disorders, one of which was a shaking hand, which made him unable to write. These weaknesses increased with age; and in the year 1761, when he had attained the age of seventy-two, a stroke of apoplexy put an end to his blameless homely life. He left four daughters behind him, all that remained of his family, and a reputation quite unique in history. It seems needless to repeat the description of an anomaly so well known and fully acknowledged. He was a respectable tradesman, distinguished by no aspirations (so far as is apparent) beyond his peers; a good printer, entering with all his heart into his business; a comfortable soul, fond of his fireside and his slippers, and his garden and all homely pleasures; never owing a guinea nor transgressing a rule of morality, according to the dreadful accusation we have elsewhere quoted; and yet so much a poet that he has added at least one character to the inheritance of the world, of which Shakespeare need not have been ashamed—the most celestial thing, the highest imaginative effort of his generation. Nothing can be more unlike Richardson than Clarissa, and yet without Richardson Clarissa had not been.

DOUBLES AND QUITS : A COMEDY OF ERRORS.—PART V.

"O messenger fulfilled of drunkenesse,
 Strong is thy breth, thy limmes faltren ay,
 And thou bewrelest alle secretesse :
 Thy mind is lorne, thou janglest as a jay :
 Thy face is tourned in a new array :
 Ther drunkenesse regneth in any route
 Ther is no consell hid withouten doute."

—CHAUCER: *Canterbury Tales*.

CHAPTER X.

MY mind was no sooner relieved as to the pecuniary bar to my wishes, than back came all my carking doubts as to Lady Rose's real disposition to me. Sure as one end of the beam flies heavenward, so surely is the other correspondingly depressed; and I was ready, self-torturing, to explain away on the most dismal hypotheses, all the symptoms in my favour which her manner had betrayed. As for that last scene in the garden, from which I had derived so much hope—what was that? what was it but the finishing scene in her little drama, upon which the drop—in the shape of that old harridan Mrs. Badger—prematurely fell? Or, to take another metaphor, she had been playing her salmon, had him wriggling in the shallows, the gleaming "gaff" was in the air, and the *coup de grace*—capturing and slaying at the same moment—would have fallen, but that her felonious hand had been arrested by the arrival of a witness.

But I won't moralise about Care—we have enough of her in real life—so let me not dismount her from the crupper, or disembark her from the trireme, to usher her into these pages; and let me omit to chronicle how, as I travelled campwards that night, she gnawed me "*iniqui dentate*," and content myself by saying that, writhing under the tortures she inflicted, I wriggled myself into a desperate but calming resolution.

That I should postpone my declaration until BurrIDGE's affair was cleared up was apparently the ludicrous position in which I stood at

present—a striking instance of the nonsense a timid and incoherent lover can bring himself to talk for the purpose of approaching his object under cover. Yes; strictly analysed, it stood thus, that my matrimonial hopes were to depend upon the detection of some possible moral lapse on the part of Carlotta! I blushed—I verily blushed—as well I might, when I found myself *vis-à-vis* with the indecent absurdity of the idea. It was intolerable; and the resolution I came to was this, that, *coute qui coute*, I would cast the die to-morrow. It was past midnight when we reached the camp, but the click of billiard-balls was still audible from the hut devoted to that amusement; and from the windows of the mess anteroom lights still shone. Wishing BurrIDGE "Good-night," I repaired thither. It was tenanted only by a beggarly array of empty tumblers—the *reliquiæ Dancaum*—and by *that* one inevitable hazy subaltern asleep on the sofa. Wanting this last feature, the equipments of an anteroom towards the small hours would seem to be incomplete indeed; though why, his bed being adjacent, he should sleep there, seems to fall under the Dundreary category of things incomprehensible. The slumberer was, of course, quickly awakened, and the unfailing Aldershot question propounded, "Is there a field-day to-morrow?"

"Field-day?" yawned the sub—"yes, I should think there was, of the most aggravated description. Under arms at 8 A.M.—twenty rounds of blank ammuni-

tion—several Royal Highnesses and an American general. Couldn't well be worse. How they do nag us here, to be sure! but, thank goodness, it's our last."

"How?"

"How! haven't you heard about the *route*?"

"Not I; what *route*? I've just come from town."

"Well, that's good: bless you, the *route* came before mess to-night. We're off to L—— in three days."

"To L—— in three days?"

"Yea, a filthy hole, they say; and a three-company detachment starts for M—— the day after to-morrow. A, G, and F companies;—and, by the by, I forgot; of course, you're to be in command of them. So you're off, the day after to-morrow; and that gets you out of to-morrow's field-day. The detachment's struck off everything—luck for you—it *will* be a hot one to-morrow."

"Is all this in orders?"

"All of it."

"Surely you're dreaming or chaffing?"

"Why should I? there's nothing wonderful in it, is there? And, by Jupiter! I think we've had our share of the mill; and now I suppose" (regretfully), "I *must* go to bed."

It was very true, as he said, there was nothing extraordinary in it, but it was such a sudden *bouleversement* of my ideas and plans and wishes, that I could hardly take it in at first. In the order-book, however, which I found open on my table, there it all was inexorably in black and white; and if farther confirmation were necessary, it was thoroughly brought home by finding that my servant had already packed up nearly everything, and specially those articles indispensably necessary till the last moment.

I was distracted, however, from future woe and present discomfort by one all-engrossing consideration, and that was, that being limited to one day for my operations, I simply *must* carry out my lately-formed resolution, and liter-

ally *on the morrow* bring the momentous question of my love to an issue. With a broader margin there would have been room for panic or procrastination; now, there was none. Necessity, mother of invention, only certain inspirer of action! It seems to me that she does not get half enough of credit for another of her attributes, and that is, as a tranquilliser of the mind. This contemplation of the inevitable calmed me wonderfully; and reflecting on the good fortune which had taken me to town on that very day, and on the happy results of the journey, without which I should have been all at sea, I went to bed, determined to rise at *revsille*, get all business connected with our move over by noon, and devote the rest of the day to the paramount matter.

It needed not the blare of bugles and other early sounds of camp-life to rouse me from my slumbers. They had been deep, but I started from them at sunrise, with a mighty thump of the heart brusquely inviting me to contemplate the hazards of the day.

Men take a more sanguine view of their difficulties at night than in the morning. I suppose nature kindly so arranges it, in order that sleep may come and gird them up to face with vigour what daylight, the disillusioniser, presents in grim reality.

My sleep had been as sound as possible, and when I rose it was a beautiful morning—not a cloud in all the sky—and the sun looking as if he meant to give it them hot and strong in the Long Valley; but notwithstanding sound slumbers and the cheering influence of a bright summer morning, I felt no small sinking of the spirit as I began to speculate on what the next few hours were to bring forth.

Fortunately I was not long permitted to indulge in such thoughts; for very soon began to flow in upon me that stream of visitors which an impending move inevitably draws upon the devoted captain. The

adjutant, with sheaves of documents, returns, and instructions (for I was to be in command of the whole detachment); the paymaster, with his budget of worries; the quartermaster with his; my colour-sergeant with a hundred notes and queries; my pay-sergeant, with many subtle questions of finance; despairing tradesmen from the town, praying for liquidation on behalf of defaulting privates; insolvent privates, imploring advances; the irrepressible soldier's wife, "married without leave," therefore ignored by a paternal Government, and left to the bounty of a patriarchal captain, and inevitably requiring £1, 7s. 8d. to clear her out of the present quarters, and a similar sum to convey her to the scene of new depredations; my groom for instructions about Crosstree; Jew hucksters, to know if I was inclined to relieve my baggage by parting with a few articles of dress; soldiers about to be discharged, to look out for a tip and a character. It took seven good hours' work to dispose of all this; and it was considerably past noon, and the music of the returning division was already audible, when I found myself putting Crosstree's head, for the last time, in the direction of F—.

As I had had no time for reflection all the morning, so I resolved to give myself none now, and poor Crosstree suffered for the philosophic resolution, having to perform the journey at a pace that vexed even his willing spirit. The familiar objects of the way, at which his speed was wont to be relaxed—the memorable hill, the oracular hedgerow, the grove that had witnessed my earliest demonstrations—these were all passed indifferently; and it was not till Pan, Syrinx, and the Araucaria were behind me, and the hall-door of the Hermitage stopped the way, that I drew my rein.

I was conscious of much excitement of manner as I put my stereotyped question, "Mrs. Badger at

home?" She was at home, and I went up to the drawing-room.

"Gracious heavens! Captain Bruce!" she cried; "what a disappointment! You're not at the Review!"

"No, Mrs. Badger, I'm not, and I'm sorry you're sorry I'm not."

"You didn't see them, then?"

"Who?"

"Why, the girls and Badger, and the Melvilles and Morris— they've all gone over to the camp to see the field-day, and they hoped to pick you up after it, for they're going to make a day's pleasure of it, and picnic ten miles on the other side of Aldershot, I believe. I'm sure they'll be very sorry to have missed you—they're sadly in want of gentlemen, too."

I stared stonily at Mrs. Badger; I was benumbed, petrified, and could say nothing, till I was recalled to myself by her question—

"How do you come to be away from the Review?"

"Because—because I've come to say good-bye," I faltered, absently.

"Good-bye? who to? why?"

"I've come to say good-bye to her—that is to you and Mr. Badger and all the little Ba—, I mean the young ladies."

"Captain Bruce, is there anything wrong? You look strange—has anything happened?"

I rallied myself with an effort. I had hardly noticed what the good lady said; I had been engrossed with the thought, "How am I to see *her*?"

"Nothing wrong, my dear Mrs. Badger, only I'm the most unfortunate of men. Our marching orders have come, and I'm off to-morrow."

"To-morrow? where? how? why? whatever are we to do without you? I'm quite sorry, I assure you, and we'll all miss you, especially Badger," (bless Badger!) "for you're a prime favourite with him, you know. And is it *quite* fixed?"

"Quite; and I shan't even have a chance of saying good-bye to Mr.

Badger and your nieces—unless, indeed, you'll keep me here till they come back."

"Gladly would I, but it would be of no use—they don't expect to be back till ten or eleven o'clock. But don't you think you might follow them and find them?"

"I will!" I cried, starting up abruptly, and preparing to depart on the instant. "Good-bye, Mrs. Badger. I have to thank you for much hospitality and much happiness. The road, you say? Good-bye!"—and I should think even her good-nature must have been sorely tried by my curt and unceremonious leave-taking.

A good man is said to be merciful to his beast, and I fear I forfeited on this occasion all title to the epithet, as, with raging disappointment and fierce hope jostling each other in my soul, I mechanically urged Cromston back, *ventre-à-terre*, to the camp. Dimly, however, from the chaos of my thoughts rose one merciful idea, and that was, that as the length of my afternoon's journey was indefinite, and as the Captain had already done some work, it would be well to procure some other means of transport; and with this intent I steered straight for the mess-hut, lounging about the door of which I found a score of officers. There was some surprise and some laughter as I tore up at a gallop, and a cry of "Hallo! Maseppal you're late for luncheon—the packing of the mess has begun. We feed no more in the halls where we have revelled."

"I don't want to eat any more; I want some one to lend me a dog-cart for the afternoon."

"You'll find it difficult to get such a thing," said an intensely surly man with very tight hair, very high eyes, and a face of the most forbidding aspect. "All of us I mean, all the fellows who really know anything, or take an interest in their duties are getting them on Saturday evening. The horses are going up to auction, you know, and he

spoke with as much pomp as if he was announcing a change of ministry.

"Then you won't lend me yours, I suppose?"

"Oh! really now, I couldn't. I'd be glad to oblige, but it's a principle I've always stuck to—always rest your cattle before travelling."

Now, six months before date, "the Doctor" at Rugby had, no doubt, frequent occasion to request the pleasure of a *lête-à-lête* interview with this dogmatist.

"But I daresay," he continued, "you might get the pill-box." The pill-box was a fifth-hand brougham which, to the surprise and delight of all beholders, our surgeon had set up.

"Thanks; the pill-box is too grand for my purpose. Where's Jack Leslie?"

"Jack? Oh! he's *perdu* to-day; he's been a good deal troubled with duns all the morning, and he's been sitting about like a ghost from place to place. I rather think you'll find him in your own hut; he went off to try it. He said he thought it was about the safest place; he had found the paymaster's office and the quartermaster's store both quite untenable, he said."

I went down accordingly to my hut, and on opening the door was greeted with a tremendous shout from the interior room.

"Hollo! what the de-evil do you mean by disturbing a sick man—a regimental captain—when he's ill in bed? Leave the hut, you d—d scoundrel, whoever you are."

I advanced to the bedroom, and as I entered it, a figure in the bed dived like a duck under the sheets, whence a deep moaning began to proceed.

"Who's this? what's the matter?" I roared through the bed-curtain.

"Go away and don't disturb me, I tell you," responded a muffled voice from the darkness. "I've got to be quiet. I'll save you

put in the guard-room, whoever you are, as sure as my name's Captain Bruce of the — Fusileers."

I gave a sharp cut with my whip across the most prominent part of the enveloped form, and Jack Leslie uncoiled himself with a yell of agony.

"Bruce, by jingo!" he cried, sitting up and rubbing himself.

"Yes," I said, affecting wrath; "get out of that bed, you impertinent young villain—how dare you?" and I gave him another cut with my whip.

"Don't, Donald; don't be savage. I couldn't help it. I've been hunted like a rabbit the whole morning,—upon my honour I have; and even when I was in the orderly-room with the Colonel, that beast Chisel, the tobacconist, was flattening his nose against the window, waiting for me, and threatening to come in and report me. This was the only place I could get any peace."

"Get up, sir!" I continued, sternly, "and get me your dog-cart; I require it this afternoon."

"Do you?" said Jack, ruefully.

"Yes, I do."

"I was thinking of having a little 'out' myself," he said. "You see we're all asked to dine with the —h, and it would be confoundedly hot, two regiments dining in one hut, so I thought I would tool over to F—, and have a last dinner at 'The Grapes.'"

"Ah! well, you see, that can't be arranged;" for what is the good of having a subaltern if you can't use him and all his effects as if they were your own property?

"Where are you going?" asked Jack.

"I'm not quite sure—somewhere beyond Odiham to join a picnic party."

"Take me with you?"

"Well, I don't see why I shouldn't—they want men, and I suppose in a strait of the sort you might pass for one. Go and get your trap, and get some cold stuff from the mess and a bottle or two of cham-

pagne—we had better take a contribution; besides, we may miss the party and have to depend on our own commissariat. Look sharp."

Jack had scarcely left me when my colour-sergeant presented himself. "Detachment to parade at six o'clock, sir, for the Colonel's inspection," said the man.

"To-night?"

"Yes, sir; all hands, in marching order."

"Very well."

I gave myself no time to execrate Fortune and her *celeris pennæ*, grievously as she was deserting me, but walked desperately over to the Colonel's hut.

"Well, Bruce," said he, affably, "and how do your arrangements get on?"

"They were completed at one o'clock, sir," I said, with a Wellingtonian air.

"What! everything? and have you settled your attached men's accounts?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's well, Bruce—very well. It's a mistake to leave things to the last."

"Yes, sir, it is, as you say. You're thinking of seeing the detachment to-night, sir?"

"Yes, at six o'clock. I made it late—I thought it would suit everybody better."

"I came to ask, sir, as I have a very special reason, if you could dispense with my presence. Lealie is thoroughly up to the company's affairs" (for I determined, of course, to sacrifice Jack), "and will be able to answer any question as far as that goes; and as for the other companies—"

Here the chief interrupted me—he was a good fellow, but very particular; and nothing but desperation would have made me prefer the request.

"I'm really astonished, Bruce, that you should ask such a thing—you of all men. It's a most improper request. I regret that you should have made it. I cannot

dispense with your presence. Certainly not."

The Colonel was angry. I saw the case was hopeless, and left in despair. What was to be done? It was past three o'clock now, and out of the question to go and be back in time for parade. I found Jack in his dog-cart at my door.

"You may put up the trap, Jack—there's a parade."

"The devil! when?"

"Six o'clock."

"Shall you go after?"

"Ah! perhaps: I hadn't thought of that—there may be time."

"Let me have the use of your bedroom until parade-time, Donald—or, by the by, will you lend me sixty-five pounds to square these kites? whichever you please."

"I think I'll lend you the bedroom, for choice, Jack."

"Very well," said Jack, and, handing the cart over to a servant, he retired meekly to his lair in my inner room. Six o'clock arrived, and the parade fell in. The Colonel came to it in a very unchristian temper: my unlucky request had quite upset him. He made a minute inspection of the three companies, and found innumerable little faults, especially with mine. There were several aggravated cases of long hair, misfitting tunics, absent chin-straps, ill folded greatcoats—there was an abraded cheek-bone—even a black eye, and the Colonel delivered a lengthy homily on each topic as it presented itself. Then he had to make a valedictory exhortation to the men on good conduct in out-quarters; and, being a slow man, it was half-past seven when the parade was dismissed.

"I'm afraid I've made you late for dinner with the —th, Bruce," said the Colonel; "but I dare say it's no great penance: and, indeed, there are one or two little things I really want to speak to you about still: so come and take a chop with me in my hut, and we'll combine dinner and business. Come along now, for dinner will be ready."

Oh, fate! oh, fortune! oh, execrable Colonel! It was in vain, then, that I had lain down late and risen up early—all my efforts were in vain; and this chop was indeed the vainly-eaten chop of sorrow.

It was an extinguisher—the chance so keenly pursued had eluded me and fled to the limbo of remote possibilities. What hope was there of its recurrence? when could it recur? Deferred hope is heart-sickness to all manner of men—to a lover, hope indefinitely deferred is akin to despair. "Time," "Absence," "Distance," are words that fill his soul with sinister presentiments; they are the dark antitheses of his burning central thought; they conjure up the idea of a wild ocean of changes and chances rolling between him and his wishes and hungering to engulf his hopes—an ocean fed by all the waters of Acheron, and Phlegethon, and Styx, and Lethe. With these words ringing in my ears, with these sombre impressions weighing on my heart, I sat with the fatal Colonel at his fatal meal, absent and abstracted, mechanically replying to his peddling pipe-clay twaddle in the stereotyped jargon of routine, and leaving entirely to him the onus of making conversation. He saw there was something wrong; I fancy he concluded that I was offended with his roughish strictures on parade—for his manner was for a time conciliatory. Eventually, however, he lost patience and gave me a pretty broad hint to say good-night at an early hour; and, nothing loath, I betook myself with my heavy burden of grief and disappointment to my hut. There I found Burridge impatiently awaiting me. He had only heard that evening of our impending departure, and had hurried up full of concern to say good-bye and administer consolation. Indeed, my departure was almost as severe a blow to him as to me, for it cut off the only link that kept him in a sort of rapport with

Mary, and robbed him of that confidential daily talk on the subject, which is the elixir by which a lover lives in absence.

"I'll tell you what it is, Donald," he said, after the lugubrious view of the situation had been thoroughly considered—"there's only one thing for it. You must get leave and come back here and stay with me, as soon as ever you can, and carry your matter to a triumphant conclusion. Promise me you will."

So I did promise, as soon as I had got the detachment settled down, to get leave if possible and return—and—and "try my luck, at least." I was reduced to this feeble state of mind again.

"It is only *au revoir*, then," said Burrige, as he left.

"I hope so," said I, "but it is a long way, and getting leave may be impracticable, and when I come she may be gone."

"Nonsense: *au revoir*." "Amen."

The detested journey was accomplished the next day, and hundreds of miles lay between me and Lady Rose.

My first care on arriving was to write a note to Badger, expressing my great regret at missing him when I called the day before to say "good-bye." I told him that my regret was lessened, however, by the expectation of returning to Aldershot very early, where I had been obliged, from our sudden departure, to leave a *most important* matter unaccomplished; and when I did return I hoped to find him and *all his circle* in a flourishing condition.

I knew the letter would be read in open court, and I hoped that the underlining of certain words would convey to Lady Rose a sense deeper than they suggested to the mere Badger.

My hopes of a very early return

to Aldershot were, however, much damped next day by a letter from the Colonel, saying that he heard the district was in an unsettled state, and strike-disturbances apprehended; that therefore, until the Major, who was to command us, and who had gone on a month's leave, joined the detachment, he hoped I would "stick very close" to it, especially as the other officers were very young.

To ask for leave was therefore impossible, and there was nothing for it but to await the Major's arrival with what patience I might command. The idea of proposing to Lady Rose by letter occurred to me once or twice in my most desperate moments, but I discarded it; there was an ill-omened smack of the sneaking and the pusillanimous, a sort of vote-by-ballot suggestion, about it that deterred me, and I resolved that by the utterances of the *viva vox* I should stand or fall.

The month passed away, moving with leaden wings. Let those who have been in similar circumstances recall their feelings, and read in them mine, during its progress; and let those who have not be thankful, nor seek to know prematurely what the future may not unlikely have in store for them yet.

The month passed away, and the Major arrived. Bounding like the roe, I went to demand my release.

"No," said the Major; "it is impossible, my good fellow. The inspection may come off any time in the next four or five weeks, and the Colonel's desire is that there should be no leave until that is over."

Was there ever to be an end of this? It was like ascending mountains of unpleasant altitude, when a seemingly endless succession of new summits presents itself to the panting climber.

CHAPTER XI.

Independently of my own internal causes of discontent, the quarters in which we now found ourselves were anything but pleasant,—a large manufacturing town, with an atmosphere vitiated by every chemical abomination; a Radical population, with “rattening” proclivities and a chronic tendency to strike; a millocracy who detested the military, and would none of them; and a neighbourhood of bloated aristocrats who so thoroughly ignored the town that they included us in the ostracism to which they treated it. Such was the place in which our lines were cast. I may add that it always rained, that the neighbouring country was level and uninteresting, and for miles round the vegetation was blighted by the noxious breath of the town’s million chimneys. Then there was no barrack accommodation for our biliard-table, and the biliard-rooms of the town were unavailable, being infested by unclean and insolent manufacturers; racket-court there was none—nor cricket ground; and months lay between us and the hunting season. Altogether there was nothing to be done but eat, drink, sleep, and grumble. To none of these occupations is the British officer averse, yet the honest fellow likes to vary his pleasures like others; and why not? Probably these gloomy accessories mattered less to me than to the others. Self-absorbed as I was, and engrossed in a superior source of trouble, perhaps the dull monotony was even less distasteful to me than would have been a perpetual racket of gaiety. That, however, was by no means to prejudice my right to swell the full-toned chorus of discontent which rose in the barracks from morn to dewy eve, including in a comprehensive anathema the town and all its works, along with that sublime impersonality the

Horse Guards, for dooming us to such a sojourn.

Those who had the largest aptitude for being bored declared that it was “the evenings that killed them,” and I dare say so it was. There was no theatre nor public amusement of any sort, and desperate were the substitutes, even cheerfully accepted. A temperance lecture advertised for a fortnight previously had really been looked forward to with interest, and well attended from the Barracks. A wild-beast show which had visited the town for three days, and had four exhibitions per diem, was punctually attended by many officers at every diet; so much so, that Jack Leslie declared that the lion, near whose cage they had sat on several occasions, had latterly always risen, grinned, and wagged his tail like a dog on the entrance of the Barrack party.

To us thus bored, then, and clutching at every straw in the way of amusement, it was a matter of no small excitement to see, one day, the walls and boardings plastered over with flame-coloured posters inscribed in green letters with the word “*Hurrah!*” and nothing else. There was interest, there was hope, there was promise in the word; and the detachment said to itself cordially, “By all means—hurrah!” The posters continued to cheer away upon the walls without explanation for three days; and then came another mysterious inscription in yellow and blue, “Would you believe it?” This enigma was much canvassed. Practical men got angry and said, “D—n it—*what?*” Others suggested that the mayor had gone mad, &c. &c. &c.; but no one could make anything of it. Expectation was therefore at its height when a third fulmination at all events asserted something—“Plotski is coming!” It was Plotski’s advent,

then, that we were invited to hail with jubilation in the first placard, and the almost unearthly happiness of that event that was suggested by the second.

But who the deuce was Plotski? his visit was gratifying, but who was he, and what? Was he a Polish refugee come to lecture on the wrongs of his fatherland? Was he an itinerant dentist, a vagrant homœopath, a conjuror, a wizard, or what not? Conjecture lost itself. Time must show; and it did, for a third placard announcing "He is here," was followed next morning by an inundation of hand-bills on the mess-table finally clearing up the Plotski mystery. These announced that the eminent Signor Plotski, LL.D., of Amsterdam, Buenos Ayres, and Moscow, accompanied by his wife, the irresistible Madame Plotski (*née* Kartoffel of Bagdad), would, at the urgent request of the leading inhabitants of M——, favour that town with a two days' visit for the purpose of "lecturing (with experiments and scientific demonstrations) on certain phenomena connected with magnetism, electricity, and phrenology in their relation to the human will." This was very gratifying; and nothing could be more satisfactorily dirty and scientific than the appearance of the great man when he presented himself in person that forenoon to solicit the favour of our patronage. In countenance he was one of the most villanous and ill-favoured *savans* it has ever been my lot to contemplate. He wore a fez and black spectacles, and an all-enshrouding frock-coat of rusty black which reached to his heels, and suffered, here and there, to appear at abnormal crevices, hints of some possible linen of an almost impossible grimness. His accent when he spoke was so incomprehensible and peculiar at first that we tried him in French. The sage, however, was ignorant of that frivolous tongue; he said, "yah," and "si," indeed, when interrogated as to his

capabilities in German and Italian, but declined farther converse in them, alleging mysteriously that there "*was a cause*" which made *his own* language (which he omitted to name) or "*the Anglesch*" the only fitting vehicles for his thoughts.

"I have come, Gen'ral," he said, addressing the Major — "I have come, Gen'ral and gents, to talk a weesh out of my harrt. You 'av all 'eard of Pittagorass?"

"Oh yes!" said I "of course we all know about him."

"Then I need not to tawlk about 'im;" and he paused abruptly. "You are aweer of grayvitation?"

"Yes, yes."

"Then I need not to stay long with 'im either."

"You are aweer that the mateerl forces are rig'lated in their development by a cat'nation of homogenus causes?"

"Yes," said the Major, frowning, and slowly nodding his head, dense as a turnip, as if making a gigantic effort to grapple with the subtlety of the idea—"yes, clearly, so."

"Ferry well, so far; you beleeff in somethingk?"

"Yes," said the Major, sadly bothered.

"You shall disbeleeff it all at my weesh," cried the Professor, snapping a pair of dusky fingers under the Major's nose.

"How?"

"You say four make more nor two?"

"Certainly."

"I shall make proof-ment that eet ees less!"

"Bravo, Professor!" cried Jack Leslie. "I'm a convert already, and I'll be generous enough to pay two bob instead of four for admission to your entertainment to-night—is it a bargain? Reserved seats, mind."

"Silence, Mr. Leslie!" cried the Major, who flattered himself he was rather coming out in science; "be silent, sir!"

"Oh! eet ees ferry goot, so far; let 'im say 'is funny word. He

shall come in for no sheeling at all, eef he weel geeve hees body for make exper'ment."

"Thank you," said Jack; "I'll rather go back to the old faith, and pay four bob."

"Ferry goot, so far; but I need not to delarge much now. You weel come, Gen'ral and gents—you weel come to my conversadzyony?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"Here are the permits;" and he produced a bundle of filthy tickets, and distributed them, receiving money "according to the old faith."

"Professor," said an officer who had recently mounted a popular hobby, "I daresay you know something about spirits?"

The Professor looked wistfully at him, but replied, "Tank you, not now; one glass wine—sherry, perhaps."

"Oh, sherry! certainly; but I didn't mean that. You deal in occult science; are you at all given to spiritualism?"

"To all science, sare; but not as a professor. In private I am ferry much with the spirits."

"Major," whispered the spiritual officer, "mightn't we ask him up to supper after the lecture, and have a little spirit-rapping?"

"By all means," and the Professor was invited, and gladly agreed to come.

At the advertised hour we went down *en masse* to the lecture-hall. There was a good house, and everything in due order for a meeting of the sort. Green-baize-covered table on the platform, tumbler and decanter of water, &c. &c. No Professor, however. Some time elapsed, and the audience began to express their impatience noisily enough. At last, a tall wild-looking woman, with fierce black eyes, came hastily on to the platform, and addressed the meeting. Her utterance was rapid and indistinct, and she spoke in much the same remarkable lingo as that favoured by the illustrious Plotaki. This was the irresistible action of the Kartoffels of Bagdad.

She explained that she was in great distress, that the Signor had just had "one of his ep'lectic fits," which rendered a connected lecture from him impossible that evening. She hoped, therefore, the audience would kindly excuse the omission of the theoretical section of the entertainment, which was the Signor's province, and be satisfied with those practical experiments and demonstrations which were hers. She appealed to the good-nature, &c. &c., of a British audience, and the audience cheered and were content.

Thereafter, in accordance with her invitation, there was a rush upon the platform of candidates for biological treatment.

"My lecture," she said, "is contained in six words—I can! I will! I do!" and straightway she fell to work with much energy and success to the constraint of the wills and the distortion of the bodies placed at her disposal.

What the theory of her operations may have been, I know not; in practice they were very simple. Having secured the attention of her patient, she directed him to stare fixedly into her eyes (and a very evil pair of optics they were) for a longer or shorter period. She then superadded a few mesmeric passes, or rapidly darted her clenched fists close to his face, suddenly unclenching them as though releasing volumes of compressed magnetism. When this simple treatment was concluded, she pronounced the patient to be "in her power," or "under her control," which in the generality of cases he proved to be. She then ordered him to do her bidding, inviting and defying him to resist and disobey. In a short time she had about twenty subjects thoroughly under command; and the platform became the scene of a most Bedlam-like spectacle. Here a hapless individual was to be seen working his arms like the sails of a windmill. There another stood, in the attitude of Ajax, defy-

ing the thunderbolts of Jove, with a sheepish shamedness of face finely contrasting with his tragic pose. Another wagged his head as if he would have wagged it off. Another hopped violently on one leg without gaining ground. Another was doubled up with involuntary laughter. A church-warden-like person danced the "Perfect Cure" in a corner, with a deprecating simper on his face. As a central figure a very bashful man (keenly alive to his horrible position) vehemently apostrophised the audience as "Ho! Hangelina! my hown! my beloved!" and it was a curious matter of speculation whether the aspirates were under his own control or supplied by the dominant influence. The features of the victims, working with intense spasmodic action—their swelling veins and starting eyeballs—showed that they were resisting, though vainly, the behests of "the Irresistible."

Nothing could be more successful. When the first batch was disposed of there was a call for more, and again and again there swarmed on to the platform scores of fresh assailants, anxious to match their volitions against the singular powers of the woman. It must be confessed that, on the whole, she justified the title she had assumed. At the close of her experiments with the last batch, a "pale head" slowly and cautiously introduced itself at the door of exit from the platform, behind Madame—a pale head adorned with a fez and garnished with black spectacles. Madame was unconscious of the apparition, but not so the audience generally, who beheld with breathless interest what they supposed to be a premonitory symptom of some new *diablerie*, if not of the fiend himself in *proprid persona*.

"The seance," Madame began to observe, "must now, to my shagreen, seeneesh." The pale head here reinforced itself by the introduction of a villainous-looking claw,

which was waved, as if in adieu, towards us.

"Whaat you have seen," continued the lady, "is not much, but it is whaat I can do. The offie malady of Saynior Plotski will not allow his prisence this night—"

"HA! HA!" ejaculated the head, in the *basso profundo* of a melodramatic ruffian, instantly withdrawing itself.

Madame gave a tremendous start and looked round, and a thrill of expectation ran through the audience. "The offie malady," she repeated, "of me imminent hosband, will not allow his prisence this night. I thank you—farewell!" and she bolted hurriedly from the platform, and through the doorway where the vision had displayed itself.

The audience loudly applauded, expecting that this was a *coup de théâtre* to work them up; but Madame not re-appearing, and the officials proceeding to turn out the lights, they broke up mystified and murmuring, as well they might.

A supper had been prepared in the mess-room in honour of the *sarant*; and although it seemed that his company could not now be hoped for, we, with the adaptability to circumstance of the military appetite, at once sat down to its discussion. The conversation, of course, turned upon the mysterious Plot-ki and his strange apparition at the door of the platform.

"My impression is," said the Major, pompously (he had suddenly constituted himself a biological authority)—"my impression is that, standing where he was, the Professor was exerting a magnetic influence upon us; he was compelling us to leave the place without objecting on the ground of an unfulfilled programme. I was quite conscious of a strange sensation when he threw out his hand."

"But what did 'Ha! ha!,' mean?" inquired some one.

"Ah! that 'Ha! ha!' meant—I suppose that 'Ha! ha!' conveyed

some impression—some—some—eh? to most of us, eh?"

"My impression, Major," said a port youngster, "is, that the whole thing was a swindle, and when it was all over, 'Hal hal' meant 'sold again,' or words to that effect."

"Considering the success of the experiments," replied the Major, loftily, "the word swindle can scarcely apply."

"My impression," said another, "is, that the fellow was beginning to have another fit, and was telegraphing for assistance."

"Yea, that would account for his wife hurrying off as she did."

"At all events," I remarked, "I don't think we're losers by his absence now: a dirtier-looking ruffian I never saw."

"Genius has its eccentricities," said the Major, sententiously.

"I wonder if he ever was at Moscow."

"Devil a bit."

"HA! HA!"

The sound proceeded from the doorway, and was the twin brother of the coohinnation lately under discussion. We all started, and looked towards the door, where, sure enough, were the "pale head," the fin, the black goggles, and the waving paw of the Professor.

"I'm a lookin' at you!" he cried, archly applying his forefinger to his nose. "I hear you a-talkin' of me. Talk of the devil! 'devil a bit HA! HA!'"

"Confound the fellow, he's mad!" muttered the Major, in great confusion.

"Come in, Professor; delighted to see you; just saying what a bore it was your not coming," said I, recovering my presence of mind, and rising to receive him.

"Gawdud!" growled the unimpaired person. "I hear you a-sayin' 'ou about me; but I'd come in: ou make; howewer wuz a drop o' brandy and we'd wuzn't make it tight."

The Signor had apparently ac-

quired the English tongue with considerable fluency since the forenoon, though perhaps not according to the best models.

"I hope you've quite recovered your—your—a—a—little attack, Signor Plotaki," said the Major, blandly, as the invalid seated himself.

"Ah! that was gammon—a trifle of the old enemy, I mean. I'll take some medicine though, if you'll 'scuse the freedom."

"Oh! certainly, certainly," said the Major; "pray take every freedom."

"But you must get it for me."

"Certainly; but what would you take? The hospital is at hand—a draught or a pill of any kind? or—"

"Ha! ha!" roared the invalid. "Pills be d—d! brandy and wa'r'r to be sure. Why, man alive! professors and signiors have throats; they're just like you all; thirst, thirst, thirst, that's the d'sease—brandy's the perfick cure. Get's a go o' brandy, old swivel-eye!"

This was addressed to our very respectable butler, who had a slight obliquity of vision.

"Martin," said the Major, in a manner intended to rebuke the Signor with dignity, "have the goodneces to bring a small glass of brandy."

"A small one for the Gen'ral, cock-eye, and a wopper for me," amended the professor. "I can't abide your timple-fulls of brandy, gents; they take no grip of the stummick; what I likes is something to take me by the hinside, and shake me like a darg."

We had now a pretty fair notion of the nature of the malady which had prevented the Professor's return. It was clear that the great man was far from sober, and was in fact a drunken English black-guard. Mumm, Americanism, and Shmoo. Arree now understandin'. At this juncture the Major rose, and uttering something about "an engagement," bet the room.

"And now," said Plotski, when he was supplied with a huge beaker full of brandy which he scorned to dilute—"now that old Stick-in-the-mud's gone, let's be jolly! gay young dogs all;" and he shoved back his fez, and took off his goggles, thereby fully disclosing a most villanous countenance and a pair of bleering, blinking, red eyes.

"By the by," he continued, "I don't mind if I pick a bit; any devilled truffles? No? Well, then, a fried hoyster? None? 'Ang it, you've no kweeseen, you coves! When I dine with the Hemperor at Moscow, he's always up to the mark. 'Plotski, my jolly young waterman,' he says, 'I know your 'abits. Your tastes are genteel, but simple—come and feed to-day—taity, taity—no cardinals or nonsense—honly my himperial self—some devilled caiyvhairy and four bottles of clo-voovo—in the smoking-room. Don't dress.' Oh! he's a wunner, is the Hemperor! Here's to him. Hurrah! hurrah!" and he drained his tumbler with a gasp of satisfaction.

"Was any of you ever at Aleppo?" he continued.

"Yes," said Jack Leslie, who constituted himself the chaffer of the mess in general—"yes, I was born there: were you?"

"No, I wasn't born there: I aint a-leper. Hal hal hal twig? ah! hal hal hal not so dusty, eh? hal hal hal I wasn't born there, but I was hambassador there wonst."

"From what king?" said Jack.

The Professor blinked at him a moment, and then said, "If any one axes you the question, little pink-and-white, you can say it was from the King of the Cannibal Islands, if you like. I won't contradict you, and you can say I'm a Kokasian, if he wants to know any more about me, and that I'll dine with him the first fine Sunday next week."

He emptied his glass, and nodded at Jack with his eye very tight

closed, and then favoured us with an isolated scrap of intelligence.

"We drank nothink but 'Tickly-Bisky,' down at Aleppo—nothink; it's strong—it makes me thiraty to think of it: pass the bingoo."

"You seem to have been a great traveller, Professor," I remarked.

"Yes, sir," said the Professor, and as his eye rested on me, it seemed to dilate and acquire a look of puzzled and hazy interest, almost of recognition.

"Why—damme!" he stammered, half rising—"damme!—it's—it's—oh! blow me tight! here's a go!" Then he took a pull at his liquor, nodded three times to me with an expression of drunken wisdom, and went on,—

"Yes, I've travelled, sir, all round the horange—I've seen men and manners—I don't mind saying. I've seen a few things. I've been up the Nigel and the Cotty-Wotty. I've topped the 'Imalayas, and I've crossed the Rocky Mountains."

"The Rocky Mountains, have you?" cried an ensign, much interested; "a poor brother of mine went with an expedition there, three years ago, and he has never been heard of since."

"His name, sir?" cried the Professor.

"Wilson," said the ensign.

"Which of the Wilsons, sir?"

"Thomas."

"Thomas Wilson—very fair?"

"As fair as I am," said the milk-white youth. "with a red scar on his cheek."

"That's the man, sir," cried Plotski, decidedly. "Poor Thomas Wilson is no more, sir; we were all starving; drew lots; lot fell on T. Wilson, and he was man-meat in half an hour."

"Wh—wh—wh—what do you mean?" faltered the ensign.

"Why, we ate him, of course. I had a grill of him, and a boil of him, and I had him cold, and then we had him heated up and hashed, and devilish tough the poor fellow was all ways. Give us the bingoo till I,

wash the memory of him off my palate."

I am afraid there was a shout of laughter at this disgusting anecdote, and young Wilson fled from the room.

"Pooh!" said the Signor, "he needn't fret—we all heat each hother in the Rockies;" and he plunged into his tankard.

On emerging therefrom his eye again rested on me, and winked. I returned it vaguely; he then shook his head and gave a drunken giggle.

"Let's have some spirit-rapping, Professor," said the spiritualist.

"What for?" said the Professor, on whom his repeated draughts were beginning to make awful ravages.

"Oh! get them up, and ask them all sorts of things—secrets, you know—you promised you would."

"Did I?" said Plotski, "then I'll keep the word. Plotski's faithful and true. I don't need to rap. I don't care a rap. I'm a spirit myself. I am—what you want know? I could tell you all 'bout yourselves. Spirits tell me everything. Tap me. Blaze away." And he winked a very tight wink at me again.

"Tell us when we'll get out of this abominable quarter," I said, rising to leave the room, and putting the question to cover my retreat.

"Don't go—don't leave us. Thingummy," he cried. "I'll tell you—sit down—what was it?—Oh yes! I'll tell you—Now I could tell you 'bout yourself. Your name's B—B—B—Hang it! Your name begins with a B; don't it, now?"

"Bravo! Professor; but any one might have told you that," said I.

"Devil a bit! You've been in India?"

"Yes, of course; but everybody has."

"Devil a bit! You've been in love." There was a roar of laughter, hints of my condition having got abroad.

"Well," I said, "every one has."

"Devil a bit! You're married."

"Of course—of course," I said, to humour him.

"But you don't hit it off with the missus."

"Not at all."

"You've not seen her for six years."

"No, I certainly haven't."

"Give me the brandy," said the Professor, looking round the table with drunken triumph, "I'll rest after that; I've told you a thing or two." He took another tremendous pull: the man's interior must have been lined with cast-iron.

"Lawyers can do nothink for you like a clever bird like me. I'll tell you 'nother secret, now. You've paid money to try and g'rid of missus, and you can't—ain't you, now?"

"Yes, of course."

"You've gone t'wrong shop—this is sh-shop for you, Bur-Burridge, my boy—that's yer blarmed name—I've got you at last." There was a roar of laughter down the table, and the Professor blinked and nodded round at the laughers, like an owl surveying a row of candles, and feeling the worse of it.

I felt as if an electric telegraph had passed through my head. Who was this ruffian? Did he know all about Burridge? Could he be of any use? Had he really got a secret that could help us?

I composed myself and said, "Yes, but the secret, Professor?—the secret? How am I to get rid of this confounded wife of mine?"

"Ah! yes; that's wot you want to know—hic—of course; but the terms?—hic—the rowdies?—hic—the rhino? the flimsies? eh, old Burgage? What'll ye stand?"

"Tell me what you'll do first."

"I shay, d've remember Garden Reach? and Count Smufflefrowaki a-ridin' through the desert, eh? Oh Lor! how the—how she did pile it up!—hic—mounteenious—hic—I call it, oh Lor! She's a clever one

—aint she now, Buggy? that blarmed wife of yours?"

"But you forget the secret—the secret."

"What'll ye give to b'rid of the she-male? Candly now, Cap'n?—be lib'ral."

"If you put me in the way of getting rid of her, if you give me real documents that will do that, I'll give you a couple of hundreds."

"Taint enough—I might be lagged myself; but I'll come round and talk a bit."

He rose and groped his way round to me, falling repeatedly in the transit.

"I'm sick of the d—d business—hic—I 'ont stand it, there. I'll p-p-peach for £250; promise me £250 and not to lag me—hic—and I'll p-peach for £250—I will, by gum!"

"I promise."

"Well, then, your missus was married when you—when you married the—hic—devil out in—in—"

"Hwzare is he? Tayke me to um! Show me mee hosband!" These words, bellowed outside the door, immediately preceded the entrance of the Irresistible, who burst into the room in a state of the highest excitement. The shock tumbled Plotaki off his chair, and he remained beneath the table, concealed. "Moighty noice offishers!" continued the lady, "moighty p'loite indeed, to keep a lady standin' out foreinst the door in the strayte, and thim blayguards of soldgers to say sich things to the loikes of me! No admitt'nce, was it? Will, here I am, annyhow, and now, hwzare's mee hosband, Mr. Impiddence?" and she fetched Jack Leslie a whack across the cheek, which stopped his grinning. There was a very biological energy about the lady certainly. "Hwzare is he, ye varmint?" she screamed.

"Here," piped Plotaki from his lair.

"Hwzare?" she cried, advancing.

"Here," rejoined Plotaki, raising his white sodden face above the table—"here—drunk; and I shay, damme, I've done it! I've done with you too, you blasted witch! I've peached—I have, by gum!"

"Hwhat?" yelled the woman; then recovering herself, she raised her forefinger menacingly, fixed her horrible eye on Plotaki, and ejaculated, as it were an incantation, "Cran-barra! Klimpski khobana!"

"Cranberry yourself! Give me a gi—gi—glimpse of the cabana, and I'll sh—shmoke him," cried Plotaki. "I tell you I've done it (hic); I've sold! Three figures!—Two (hic), five, nought! that's my price—going, going, gone!" and his head came down with a bang on the table that made the glasses dance.

"He's dronck, jontlemen!" cried the Irresistible; "belayve nothing he says. Come home at wonst, Maximilian!"

"I 'ont, I tell ye. I aint a-goin' to be 'ocus-pocussed about the country—'avin' eclectic fits—and gammonin' (hic) bout Bagdad and Leckchures—I'm done with it, I tell ye. Two—five—nought—Cap'n; come to King's 'Ed t'morrow—you'll 'av it all out."

"I'll be with you at ten," I said.

The woman looked keenly at me, and her countenance changed.

"He's been telling you nonsense, sir," she said. "You won't trouble to come?"

"Oh! I'll come to ask for the Signor's health," I said, with a laugh, and a look intended to convey the idea, "I only say this to humour him; I won't come."

There was some difficulty in getting the Professor off the premises; but at last the barrack-gates fairly closed upon him and Madame, and fainter and fainter from away down the empty street came back their voices—sounds of fierce vituperation, mingled with the shrill tipsy laughter of the man.

To my brother-officers the scene

had suggested nothing but the disgusting intoxication of Plotski, and steps, indeed, had just been about to be taken for his ejection at the moment when the woman presented herself. The conversation which the Signor had addressed to me had excited no curiosity whatever, being set down simply to the maunderings of a drunkard; so, after one or two little bits of chaff about "getting rid of that abominable wife of mine," we separated. I had little doubt now that I had got a key—the key, in fact—to the Burridge mystery, which might unlock it—which *might*, if properly handled; but obviously it was a case of great nicety. The fellow might deny everything in the morning—and what then? He had been drunk—he had talked nonsense—he would remember nothing about it. Unfortunately I was *not* Burridge. Although he was satisfied of my identity, I could identify him in no way; even if I could, by what legal process could I detain him, or force him to repeat, sober, what he had stated when drunk? In his sober moments this biological woman would regain her ascendancy, and it was clearly her object to keep the secret which he had let out. That he had spoken the truth I had no doubt; the woman's anxiety showed that at once. On recalling Burridge's story I had no difficulty in identifying Plotski with the individual who had figured in it, both in London and at Calcutta, as Count Dol-dorowski, plotting for the rescue of Carlotta's papa, and then as Bill Whytock, the rascally brother of that infamous woman. That he was her husband I had now scarcely a doubt. But this woman—who was she? Not Carlotta, certainly. Burridge's description of her did not at all tally with the characteristics of the "magnetic lady." Who was she, then? Her interest in the business was a vital one, clearly, and a hold over her would be a most desirable acquisition; but

how to get it? Here I was all abroad.

Early in the morning, to be prepared against all contingencies, I extracted from the Major (under pressure of the most tragical representations of life-and-death business) a week's leave, and having packed a portmanteau, and mobilised myself generally, at half-past nine I presented myself at the King's Head and inquired for Signor Plotski.

"The Signor started by the nine o'clock train, sir," said the waiter.

"The devil! started for good and all? took his baggage?"

"Yes, sir, and the lady and everything."

"But he's to lecture to night?"

"No, sir, the lady got a telegram, she said (she was out early), that called them away. But they're to be back on Monday, to give the second lecture."

"Where did they go to?"

"Can't say, sir, I'm sure; they went to the train—main line—that's all I know, from giving the cabman his orders."

Here was a checkmate. As I stood pondering, a man came up to the door and said to the waiter, "I wish to speak to Signor Plotski—I won't detain him a moment; say it's about the lighting the hall for this evening."

"But he's gone," said the waiter.

"Gone? where?" cried the man, turning white.

"Can't say, sir; he's gone though."

"Oh the swindler! oh the scoundrel! oh the blackguard! done me out of a five-pound note as clean as a whistle."

"How's that?" asked the waiter.

"Why, I let him the room for two nights at £5 a night, and was fool enough not to take the payment in advance."

"Oh! if you're the gentleman that owns the hall," said the waiter, "it's all right; he left a message for you that they're to be back to

lecture on Monday, and you're to be sure to have the hall in order and send out the advertisements."

"That's a business-like swindler! Hall ready! advertisements out! chuck good money after bad! very likely—the infernal scoundrel!"

An idea occurred to me—a brilliant one I thought—and I said, "I have a very strong reason for wishing to get hold of this fellow too; now, suppose we can find out where he's gone, we might telegraph to the police to arrest him; your charge is quite strong enough."

"But where has he gone?"

"Well, we can try at the station; they are a remarkable enough looking couple; the booking-clerk or some of the porters may have noticed their destination."

Down we went accordingly to the station, the lessee of the hall cursing and swearing all the way. "I could have told you he was a blackguard," he said, "and not to be trusted; but he had such a good house last night, I never dreamt of his going before he had a second haul. I can't understand it. It's just my luck."

We had no sooner described the party to the booking-clerk, than he said: "Oh! you mean the lecturer and his wife? Yes, I can tell you about them: they booked to London."

"Sure?"

"Certain; I noticed it, because I meant to go back to the lecture to-night."

"When is their train due in London?"

"Three o'clock."

"Bravo! there's lots of time. Come, let us go to the police station." And in half an hour we had the satisfaction of knowing that, on the arrival of the Signor at King's Cross, he would find an escort waiting to conduct him to Government lodgings for the night.

I then telegraphed to Burridge at Aldershot to meet me in town—and to my agent, who had taken

the case in hand some time before, to the same effect; and at twelve o'clock I was myself rattling away to London in the express train due at 4.30.

I found Burridge and the lawyer already waiting for me at the hotel. At the station I had heard of Plotski's safe arrest.

Adolphus was nearly mad with excitement. It was a quaint study to observe this plunger of elephantine stolidity prancing about the room like a maniac, tearing his hair and almost foaming at the mouth. One moment in rapture at the thought of release, shaking me by the hand, and slapping the lawyer on the back; the next full of doubt and fear, then breathing the most murderous sentiments against Plotski: "I would have killed him Donald, if I had been you—strangled the hound on the spot. How on earth did you keep your hands off him?"

"It's a good case," said the lawyer—"it's a fairly good case; the grand piece of luck is having him in confinement; away from the influence of the woman, we have some chance of getting the truth out of him. I will arrange to get access to him to-morrow morning, in the police cell, on the plea of getting his evidence in an important case. And I think, I *do* think, Captain Bruce," he continued, glancing at Burridge, who was at the moment going through the motions of putting Doldorowski's head "in chancery," "if you were to continue to personate your friend, and come with me in that capacity, it would be better. Captain Burridge's excitement might destroy it all."

"How say you, Adolphus? shall I go for you?" said I.

"Ugh!" sobbed Dolly, throwing himself down with a sob of exhaustion after his strong pantomime. "Yes, Donald, it would be better; I couldn't answer for myself. I'm a good-natured bird generally, but, hang it, seven years of purgatory,

and served out by this fiend! I'd be at him, I suspect. You'd better go." And so it was agreed.

"Mrs. Burridge is in London, herself," said the lawyer.

"Oh! hang it, man, don't call the devil by my name!"

"The alleged Mrs. Burridge, I should say; it will simplify matters. Perhaps a warrant for her arrest might be obtained."

"Well," said Dolly, "I'd rather not, if it *can* be avoided. I owe *her* no kindness, certainly, but I don't want all the newspapers to be full of me and my adventures."

"I'm afraid that can't be helped; if the man confesses that he is her husband, and also his connivance at her bigamous marriage, he must be indicted of course."

"We must see what turns up at the interview with him in the morning."

Permission having been obtained to visit Plotski (who had been remanded pending the arrival of the lessee from M——) in his cell, the lawyer and I went thither about eleven o'clock next forenoon.

We found the wretch lying on a bench, looking horribly haggard and ill, apparently verging on that condition popularly known as "the horrors." He started up with an oath when we came in. "What! more troubles! more people to swear me a thief! D—n you, Burridge! it's you. I hate you—you've plagued my life out. Curse your secret, our secret, her secret. Fifty pounds a-year! ha! ha! and chained to a tiger-ess! It aint worth it; blowed if it is. I'll peach—here goes!—listen to me peaching, gents. Once on a time—there was—ha! ha! don't you wish you may get it?" and, with an insane laugh, he sat down and put his head between his hands. Presently he began to writhe and groan and cry out.

"Oh God! it burns—it burns—it's splitting—it's bursting—it's blowing up! Catch hold of me, some one—quick! save me!" and

down he fell on the floor in a fit. We got the surgeon at once, who brought him round with some strong application.

"You can't possibly speak to him now, gentlemen," said the surgeon.

"It's of vital importance," said I.

"I can't help it; he's in a very critical state—he is unfit to be spoken to. I shall give him a quiescent now; towards evening you may come back, and if it is at all permissible, you shall have access to him then."

This was a terrible *contretemps*. He might not be visible that night, but he might be well enough to appear in court next day. The lessee would have arrived by that time, the case might be settled without imprisonment, and the Signor would be out of our control, and able to take himself off to Bagdad, Moscow, Aleppo, or the "Cotty-Wotty." We had really nothing tangible to go upon—nothing but his own drunken utterances.

An idea occurred to the lawyer, and in accordance with it a telegram was sent to the lessee, begging him to delay his arrival in town for another day, and promising that his interests should not suffer thereby.

On presenting ourselves at the police station in the evening, the surgeon said, after some hesitation, that we might see the man for a very short time. "He's quite quiet and rational now, but you'll find him in a very low state," he added, "and don't stay long with him."

Certainly the Signor was in a very dilapidated state. "Can't you let a poor devil alone?" he cried; "let me alone, to go off the 'ooks in peace."

"No, my good fellow," said the lawyer, quietly, "you're not going off the hooks; and if you were, it would be all the better for you to do the right thing once in your life. We shan't trouble you long. You gave the Captain here some infer-

winkin'. She's a clever one, she is; and she got on to the tune of twenty pound a-week once. I got back in the world—lost my berth at the Surrey, and was 'ard up—starvin' I was; so I thinks, 'I've a pull over yon one along o' the robbery,' thinks I, 'and I'll go and look my lady up.' So I went and saw her.

"'Wot d'ye want, you disreputable-lookin' hobjick?' says she to me, quite 'aughty.

"'Money,' says I, 'and money I'll have.'

"'Police!' she cries.

"'Don't 'oller,' says I, 'or I'll split to your manager about your robbin' old Pobjoy's till.'

"Down she sat, quite pale, and gev me a tenner.

"'I'll take it in the mean time,' says I, 'and I'll hold my tongue purvisionally.'

"After that I was a good deal about her, getting fivers and suchlike, now and again.

"'Here again!' she used to cry, when I came in.

"'Yes,' I used to say, 'I've come to get some glue for my tongue.'

"There was a woman (my tiger-ess), Kitty Colooney; she was a dresser, and a bit of a hactress, and a bit of a dancer, and a bit of a lot o' other things too. She was a clever one, but thirsty. She was useful to Carlotta, and when she got on in the world, went to stay with her, doing odd turns for her,—rehearsing now and again, makin' her clothes, and suchlike; her maid, she called her then, but she was her pal, too, all the same.

"I kep' company with Kitty for a bit, then, and she says to me, 'You've a pull over the missus, Bill,' says she, 'but go halves, and I think I'll be able to get a bigger screw on some day.'

"'Agreed,' says I, and it was so.

"Kitty had good sharp ears and good sharp eyes, and before long she comes to me and tells me that the missus is workin' up to a second marriage with a haas of a hoffer (you, my fine feller), and that here

would be a screw and no mistake; and it was so. Soon after, Carlotta takes herself haff to Ingia, 'untin' this youngster (you, you know); and Kitty persuades her to let her go out, and be 'useful to her, and better herself' as she said; and she hadn't been away four months when Kitty writes and tells me that the game's played, the missus married, and the screw on tight and sure, and it was so.

"Kitty got a pot of money to be quiet, and behaved on the square to me at first; but *that* didn't last, and I had to go to Calcutta myself to look after her. I soon let my lady know that I hadn't come all that way for tenners and fivers, and I did get a pretty tall figure out of her.

"Then the banker turned rusty, and you came down, and I nearly split, being partially tight, you remember; and then you paid me haff. I went 'ome then, and Carlotta promised me wot she could give in the way of tips, and fifty pound a-year.

"I was at her pretty hoften for tips, and so was Kitty, I expect; for at last she got desprate, and she writes to me, and she says to Kitty, 'My life's a burden along o' you two, and I'll give myself up—I will, and I swear it—unless you make a bargain with me to keep together and keep each hother quiet, and take your annuities—Kitty a 'undred, and you fifty—and bother me no more for your perquisicks, as you call 'em.'

"Well, we 'ad to make the bargain, and we've kep' together, and a fine dog's life it's been. Kitty's father 'ad been a biologist, and a mesmerist, and a conjurer, and hother things; and Kitty 'ad learned the tricks of the trade, and got 'old of a leekchure of her guv'nor's. 'We'll set up byologisin,' says she; 'it'll pay like fun, if you'll keep the muzzle on that big mouth of yours. You'll spout the leekchure in a wig and barnacles, and I'll work the hother horacle, which I can do.'

And she can, for her gov'nor 'd put her up to all the devilment, and all the tricks; and so we *did* set up; but I'm sick of it, and I'm sick of 'er, and I've peached, and I'll be drunk for a year, if I like. That's the whole go. And just you get me out o' pris'n now, and 'and me over the flimsies, as per contract—two, five, nought."

"I daresay that can be arranged," said the lawyer: "if we find you've told the truth, we'll pay the small debt for you, and get the charge withdrawn. As to the sum you mention, I can say nothing about that till I see Captain Burr ridge."

"Well, use your eyes, and look at 'im now, and talk away—no ceremony with me—I aint proud, I ain't."

"You mistake: this is not Captain Burr ridge, but his friend."

"Oh! Walker—oh! gammon—oh! you 'aven't got a nerve, I don't think. 'Cause I've got on barnacles, that aint to say there's a lot o' green in the white o' my eye, is it?"

Declining to discuss this optical question, or to argue out the point, of my identity, we left Mr. Whytock to his prison meditations.

"What do you think of it?" said I to the lawyer, as we left the police office.

"Think of it?" said he; "I think excellently of it."

"But do you believe his story?"

"I believe there is enough of truth in it to serve our turn; and we have been singularly lucky in getting it out of him. Depend upon it, he's committed some crime;—it was my haphazard hint that we knew something against him independent of this business that made

him begin to be communicative; and of course, his nervous state was all in our favour."

"What are we to do next, then?"

"Next?" said the lawyer, hailing a cab—"the Surrey Theatre, of course; we must unearth this Tom Finney."

"I believe we have just left Tom Finney," said I.

"Very well, we must identify him as such. All we want to prove is that the man who married the *soi-disant* Mrs. Burr ridge was alive at the end of '57; whether his name was Whytock, or Finney, or Plotski matters not a jot."

But, to my surprise, we found from the officials at the Surrey Theatre a confirmation of Whytock's statement, so far.

Carlotta in 1851-53 had been engaged at that theatre. In the latter year she was believed to have married one of the stage carpenters, Thomas Finney by name. They must have quarrelled and separated shortly after, however; they certainly were not living together, or even on speaking terms, at the end of the year, about which time she left the theatre, and took an engagement at the Adelphi—Finney continuing at the Surrey without intermission till '62.

I had done injustice to Signor Plotski, then, it seemed; but what had become of Mr. Finney? He had changed his theatre, but the reigning carpenter knew his address; and we were *en route* again in half an hour, in quest of his lodgings.

"Nothing like striking while the iron is hot," said the lawyer, rubbing his hands. "We'll have the case completed before night."

NEW ZEALAND AND ITS GOLD-FIELDS.

Not the least remarkable circumstance in the last twenty years of the world's history—eventful though they be—is the wonderful change wrought in many of the countries bordering the Pacific Ocean by the discovery of gold-fields. Commencing with those of California in 1848—which, in an incredibly short space of time, transformed a large territory, inhabited only by Indians and *rancheros*, into populous states of the American Union—discoveries were successively made in British Columbia, New South Wales, Victoria, New Zealand, and Queensland, and, to a small extent in Tasmania. It is, however, to the gold-fields of New Zealand that we purpose devoting our attention in this paper, on account of the surprising richness of the latest discoveries in that colony, and of their being little known to the public at home; and because we have likewise something to say of the natural features and present condition of the "Britain of the South," as it has been aptly termed.

New Zealand possesses attractions for the colonist and the traveller such as no other British possession can rival. With the finest climate on the globe, large tracts of well-watered fertile soil, inexhaustible forests of splendid timber, and great mineral wealth—the Alpine range of the South Island, with its immense glaciers, and the extraordinary volcanic phenomena of the North Island, present objects of interest for the scientific tourist or the lover of nature which will amply repay a voyage to the antipodes. It is impossible for any one visiting this colony not to be struck with the remarkable analogy between it and its parent, Great Britain. Its insular position and spacious harbours, and the circumstance of the various centres of population being cut

off from communication with each other by land, in consequence of the high intervening mountains, all operate to make New Zealand at some future day a great maritime country; and though the climate is not so bracing as that of the British Isles, it is yet free from the enervating heat of Australia on the one hand, and the long ice-bound winter of Canada on the other.

But not only is New Zealand especially attractive to the emigrant and to the traveller, there is also much in this colony to interest the politician and the philanthropist, for here is now being worked out one of the most difficult problems of civilization—a problem of which the solution is far from being arrived at, which presents every day some new and unforeseen complication, but which the enlightened principles of the present age declare ought to be solved. The conditions of this problem were: On the one hand, a large and fertile territory, very sparsely inhabited by tribes of savages, who lived only about the shores, or on the banks of lakes and rivers, leaving immense tracts of valuable land unoccupied and waste—their chief occupation being waging war upon each other, while the most revolting cannibalism and other atrocities prevailed. On the other hand, a vigorous European race seeking for lands wherein to locate its surplus population, and diffuse the blessings of civilization and Christianity among the aboriginal inhabitants. How to accomplish this great end—how to occupy the wastes of this fine country with a civilized people, to change this fertile wilderness into cultivated provinces, and, at the same time, to avoid the lamentable consequences which have hitherto resulted in similar instances—the gradual decay and extinction of the aboriginal race—is the problem which

is now being attempted to be solved in New Zealand, though as yet, it must be confessed, with but little success.

The first recorded discovery of gold in New Zealand took place in 1852—the year following that in Australia—when a small quantity was found at Coromandel, a harbour about thirty miles from Auckland. After being worked for some months, the place was abandoned; but after an interval of a few years it was again taken up, and a little gold is still being obtained there from deep-lying quartz-reefs. Until 1867, this was the only place in the North Island where gold was worked; but, as we shall see presently, the latest, and in all probability the most valuable, of the New Zealand gold-fields, has recently been opened up not far from there. The discovery of gold in the South Island commenced in 1854, when it was found in a small quantity in Nelson province, at Massacre Bay, where Tasman, the discoverer of New Zealand, anchored his ship, and so named the roadstead from several of his men having been killed there by the natives. It was not till 1857, however, that the gold was regularly worked, but during the following year nearly £100,000 worth was exported from thence. This locality has not proved rich enough to attract many people, though a certain amount of gold is still obtained.

A long chain of mountains of considerable height traverses the South Island, forming an Alpine range or backbone extending along its whole length, and towering up in some places to an altitude of from 10,000 to 13,000 feet above the sea. This mountain-chain lies close to the western coast, to which, in some places, its spurs extend; and nowhere is there more than some twenty miles of densely-wooded land intervening between the shore and the slopes of the hills. On the eastern side of the range, the features of the country are very different, consisting of open undulating

land and extensive grassy plains, traversed by broad and rapid streams. In this open hilly country lie the famous Otago gold-fields, which were discovered in 1861, when diggers came flocking to that province from Australia and California, and the stream of emigration from the mother country increased rapidly. This may be said to be the commencement of the "Golden Age" of the colony, in the literal sense of the term, though it was far from being so figuratively; for in the previous year the disastrous native war had broken out, which—commencing at Taranaki about the disputed ownership of the famous Waitara block of land—continued, with little intermission, through the Waikato, Tauranga, Wanganui, and east-coast campaigns, to the close of 1866.

The Otago gold-fields extend inland as far as the lakes; and one of the townships, Queenstown, is situated on the banks of Lake Wakatipu. This beautiful sheet of water lies between ranges of lofty mountains, which are snow-clad in winter; and at the head of the lake stands Mount Earnslaw, rearing its white crest far above the snow-line to a height of over 9000 feet, with a magnificent glacier clinging to its rugged sides, and stretching down towards the lake. Strikingly beautiful is the view up the lake, looking towards this hoary giant; and seen, as we saw it, at the close of a hot summer, when the hills on either side were free from snow, and the dark birch-woods upon their slopes were reflected from the calm surface of the lake, while the mountain stood out in fine relief, with its glacier-sides gleaming with rich colours in the sunshine—it was a picture not to be forgotten. The only quartz-reefs in Otago are situated in this neighborhood, not far from Queenstown, but accessible only by a bridle-track over the mountains, which in winter is most difficult of passage from snow and ice.

The machinery for crushing the quartz, as well as all supplies, has to be conveyed to "Skipper's," as the place is called, on the backs of pack-horses; and a hard life the miners lead in this out-of-the-way bleak place. With the above exception, the Otago gold-fields are alluvial surface-diggings, and, consequently, not of a character to become a settled industry, like regular mining. Therefore when, in 1864, a very rich district was discovered on the west coast, large numbers of the diggers, attracted by the glowing accounts received from there, proceeded to the other side of the island, and Otago fell off considerably in population.

Up to this time the country on the west side of the dividing range was uninhabited, except by a few scattered natives, and almost unknown. It possessed no harbours but small rivers, with shallow and dangerous bars at their mouths, passable only by vessels of very light draught; and the enormous expense and labour necessary to clear the land of its dense forest-growth would alone have rendered its occupation impracticable for generations to come. A vast change was, however, soon to take place in this respect; for beneath that fertile soil lay hid golden treasures, which, when once disclosed, would speedily cause the luxuriant forest to be penetrated and cleared in all directions, and the inhospitable wilderness to become a populous district. In October 1859, gold was first discovered on the west coast in Nelson province, but was not worked till two years later, and then only by very few people, chiefly natives. In 1862 it was found in the neighbouring province of Canterbury, but it was not until towards the end of 1864 that public attention was drawn to these parts. About this time several important discoveries took place in the neighbourhood of the Hokitika river; and in the end of December the great "rush" to the west coast com-

menced, when thousands of diggers and others flocked to the spot from all parts of the colonies, but especially from Victoria and Otago. Fresh discoveries were rapidly made in various localities, and it became clear that the entire country west of the dividing range—extending from Cape Farewell, at the entrance of Cook's Straits, nearly to Milford Sound, with a coast-line of 350 miles in length—was more or less auriferous. In fact, diggers have actually been at work here and there along the whole of this extent.

The provinces of Nelson and Canterbury share this rich gold-producing country, for the Otago boundary joins the west coast just where the narrow strip of alluvial land above described is terminated by the great mountain-range jutting into the sea. The coast-line of the two first-mentioned provinces is a sandy beach, entirely exposed to the ocean, upon which a heavy surf constantly breaks, rendering landing impossible. But numerous small rivers descend from the western slopes of the mountains, finding their outlet along this coast; and these, as we have said, are the only harbours which nature has bestowed upon this rich mineral district. Of these streams, the Buller in Nelson, the Hokitika in Canterbury, and the Grey, forming the boundary between the two provinces, are the most accessible to the small vessels which alone can cross their dangerous bars; and as there are also rich "diggings" in the vicinity of each of these, the principal towns of the west-coast gold-fields have sprung up at their mouths. Hokitika—where, in December 1864, but one solitary hut stood—at the time when we visited it, little more than two years later, numbered a population of 7000 or 8000, with well laid-out streets, churches, schools, hotels, a large theatre, and numerous shops, well stocked with every article that the capricious taste of the most reck-

less digger could by any possibility demand. Added to these were many neat and comfortable private residences, with suitable public buildings, but all built of wood. There was also a substantial quay, alongside of which we counted no less than six small steam-vessels, besides a dozen or so of coasting craft. The large steamers from Australia have to anchor in the roads, and their passengers and cargo are transhipped into the river-steamers. Greymouth, though smaller than Hokitika, is a place of some consequence, particularly as there is a valuable coal-mine a few miles up the river; and Westport, at the mouth of the Buller, is a place rapidly rising in importance. Besides these principal towns, there are numerous townships scattered about at the various localities where gold is found in payable quantities, and the whole population of the west coast at the time of our visit was estimated at about 40,000 souls. Since then, however, fresh attractions have appeared in a very rich district recently discovered in the North Island, and many restless individuals have resorted thither; so that these gold-fields have in their turn suffered a decrease of popularity, and Otago has thus had its revenge.

The gold on the west coast is found in alluvial deposits; generally a stratum of shingle and gravelly clay, underlying the surface vegetable-mould. In some places this gold-bearing stuff descends to a depth of 150 feet, but it is generally much nearer the surface. We have said that a dense forest covers the whole of this region, and the undergrowth is so thick that passage through it can only be effected with great difficulty. Therefore exploring for gold, or "prospecting," as it is termed, is here a matter involving much labour and hardship; and it will be long before the actual capabilities of this gold-field become determined. Generally speaking, though

not always, the gold is found in "creeks,"—i.e., the beds of small water-courses, or depressions caused by the dry beds of former streams.

The mode of proceeding is as follows: Every person intending to dig for gold must take out a licence, called a "miner's right," for which he pays a pound per annum, and without which he cannot have a "claim" allotted to him. The diggers almost always work in gangs—parties of from two to eight men—six being a common number. We will now suppose such a party starting on a "prospecting" excursion into the bush. Each man carries his "swag" or bundle, containing blanket, change of clothes, and so many days' "tucker" or provisions, all wrapped up in a waterproof sheet. Then between the different members of the party are distributed a light calico tent, an axe, the "billy" or tin pot for cooking, and the digging implements, consisting of pick, shovel, and shallow tin dish for washing out the gold. Thus equipped, they start off in a direction previously agreed upon between themselves, but which is kept a profound secret from all others—unless it may be some friendly storekeeper who has supplied them with their fit-out on credit, and who looks for a good share of the result of their labour by-and-by. After many days of toil, cutting their way through the thick bush, and "prospecting" the ground as they go, we will suppose our party to have at last hit upon a spot that promises well; for though a certain amount of gold may have been found at every place where a "prospect" was tried, it might have been in so small a proportion as not to be worth working under existing circumstances. But when a "payable" locality is hit upon, the prospectors in the first place endeavour to ascertain the richest spot; and after digging as long as their supply of "tucker" will allow, they return to town with their rich

harvest, leaving one or two of their party to keep the ground; and, if they find that the secret cannot be longer preserved, they give the information to the Warden of the gold-field. That official then makes public the intelligence, and the "prospectors' claim" is awarded to the discoverers, which means a double allowance of ground on the spot selected by them. Other parties now quickly proceed to the new ground, where "claims" are allotted to them on application—it being understood that a person may choose any spot not previously occupied; and if, on further trial, the place proves to be rich, a "rush" takes place, diggers throng thither from all parts, a track is quickly cut and made practicable for pack-horses, the storekeepers load trains of these animals with supplies of all sorts, and in an incredibly short space of time a canvas village has sprung up in the heart of the forest. Should the "diggings" continue to be productive, substantial wooden houses soon take the place of the frail canvas stores and grog-shops, gaudy signboards proclaim the attractions of the "Ballarat Hotel," the "Miners' Arms," and other rival establishments; while branch banks are started for the purpose of buying the gold from the diggers, and the place assumes a more permanent appearance. On the other hand, should the place turn out, after all, not sufficiently rich to continue working, it is condemned as a "duffer," and becomes abandoned for some more promising locality. Such is the development of one of the "diggings" townships, which are all more or less of an ephemeral character, except places like Hokiitika, which are commercial centres and depots for supplies to all parts.

One of the most singular practices of the diggings is that designated by the expressive term of "shepherding." Let us suppose that a party of prospectors have

been out for some time, and return for fresh supplies. If it is suspected that they have come across something good—either from its having transpired that they had taken gold to the bank, or from some unguarded expression of one of the party—and are trying to keep it to themselves, when they start off again they are "shepherded," i. e., followed and watched, until it is seen whether the surmise was well founded or not. Some ludicrous stories are told of this practice. In one case it was suspected that a certain individual, who was an indefatigable and successful prospector, had found a very rich locality; and a large body of diggers set out to "shepherd" him. In vain he protested that they were wrong in their suspicions—they would not believe him. He then tried to get away from them, but without success; and this only confirmed them in their belief, and made them more determined to follow him up. His position now began to get serious—days had passed, and the impatient crowd threatened to "lynch" him if he did not show them the spot, believing, as they did, that he was wilfully misleading them. The unfortunate man was at his wits' end, but at last he led the way to the edge of a deep and rapid torrent, and, with the energy of desperation, made a vigorous leap across a dangerous chasm, gained the opposite side, plunged into the thick bush, and so escaped, leaving the enraged and disappointed "shepherds" to return whence they came.

The present mode of working an alluvial gold-field is widely different from the primitive manner in which the early operations in California and Australia were carried on. Then the soil was washed out by hand in "cradles" or "rockers," involving constant manual labour of a severe description. Moreover, the operation had to be confined to the vicinity of water. It soon became apparent, however, that in

gold-digging—as in every other kind of industry—organised co-operation and division of labour produce better results than the feeble efforts of individuals; and so companies were formed to carry on operations upon a larger scale, and in a more systematic manner. Works were constructed to carry water to distant parts, and the cradle gave place to the system of “sluicing.” Some of the water-races are works of great ingenuity and magnitude, costing thousands of pounds in their construction. Since a good force of water is requisite for the operation, a considerable difference of level is necessary, and the water has sometimes to be conveyed a long distance. At the celebrated “Gabriel’s Gully,” in Otago, there are races forty miles in length, winding round the sides of hills, and carried across valleys by means of light timber aqueducts called “flumes.” But as wood in that part of Otago is extremely scarce, “flumes” are only resorted to occasionally, the race being generally led round the head of the valley. On the west coast, where timber is abundant, “fluming” is in extensive practice, and the races are in consequence much shorter, not exceeding eight or ten miles in length. At the Waimea Creek, near Hokitika, there is a “flume” thrown across the valley at a height of over one hundred feet, which is a quarter of a mile in length, and in the construction of which 40,000 feet of sawn timber was used. The channel for the water is a trough made of boards, and this is supported by a light framework, or scaffolding of poles, constructed with great ingenuity. Looking up the valley, which is thickly wooded, this work presents a most graceful and elegant appearance, like a fairy viaduct of enormous height, the terminations being lost in the foliage of the forest. The water-races are constructed by companies, and the proprietors of the different claims pay them a certain weekly rent, accord-

ing to the quantity of water they use. This is ascertained by the dimensions of the branch race, which conveys the water to the claim from the main aqueduct. Some of the most skilful constructors of these extraordinary works were uneducated men, without any engineering knowledge whatever. One of the most celebrated of them was “California Joe,” as he was called, who planned many of the finest races in Otago, having acquired his experience in California. He is said to have gone entirely by his eye, carrying his levels along with unerring accuracy.

The process of sluicing is as follows: The water is brought from the race to the highest level of the claim, and is made to pour down upon the required spot in a stream of some force. The stuff washed down by the action of the water falls into the upper end of a long wooden trough, placed conveniently for the purpose, on just such an incline as that the water and fine earthy particles run freely off, leaving only stones and gravel behind, in which remains the gold, its weight preventing its escape. One man standing by picks out the larger stones; another keeps continually raking the stuff about, and prevents it from accumulating at one place. The trough has a double bottom, with holes in the upper one, in which the gold becomes deposited. Once or twice a-day the water is turned off, and the gold collected. Such is the process generally at the west coast and other alluvial gold-fields. But at Gabriel’s Gully, sluicing is performed on a much larger scale. The hills on one side of this gully are auriferous nearly to their summits, and the richest of these, called the “Blue Spur,” is being gradually sluiced away altogether. The “wash-dirt”—here a sort of stiff gravelly blue clay—is underlaid by a hard rock; and in this rock channels are formed, along which the stuff is washed by the action of the water pouring down

in a small cataract from the race above. The gold becomes deposited in these rocky channels, and the process goes on night and day—the nature of the wash-dirt not requiring such constant attention as in the case above-mentioned, and the “cleaning-out” for collecting the gold only takes place occasionally. In the gold-fields of the South Island the metal is found in small particles, varying from the finest dust to flakes like fishes’ scales, “nuggets” being rarely seen.

Nothing can exceed the desolate appearance of one of these diggings after the works have been going on for some time. Yawning holes full of water, heaps of large stones carefully piled up to economize space, mounds of gravel, with rills of muddy water trickling along in every direction—such is the condition into which the once grassy valley has become transformed. Or, if it is a wooded district, maimed trunks and upturned roots, with a chaos of broken branches, lie mingled with the above in wild confusion.

It will be seen that the process of sluicing which we have described is, after all, but a rough-and-ready method; and, in spite of all care, much gold is carried away with the earthy particles in the water, and deposited in the valley or the bed of the creek. But, though neglected by the diggers as not worth collecting, in Otago this escaped gold is not suffered to be lost: for here is located quite a colony of Chinese—each digging throughout the Otago gold-fields having a number of “Celestials” established there, who employ themselves in working over again abandoned claims and the beds of creeks, and so, by patient industry and their thrifty habits, manage to collect considerable sums. It is pleasing to see the good terms on which the Chinese live with their English neighbours. Being content with places considered by the diggers as worthless, they do not

interfere with the interests of the latter, and are useful to them in many ways. When the Governor, Sir George Grey, visited the Tuapeka gold-field in 1867, he was received at the town of Lawrence by a procession of the inhabitants, with flags and streamers, and bands playing—foremost in the assemblage being the Chinese community, with their peculiar banners. And on arriving in the town, when addresses of welcome were presented, a deputation of the Chinese presented their address also to the Governor, and were warmly cheered by the assembled crowd on the occasion. But although they live on peaceable and friendly terms with the English diggers, they have occasionally serious quarrels amongst themselves, and cases of suicide are not unfrequent, occasioned chiefly by gambling losses. On the evening of the day just referred to, a Chinaman was taken to the hospital, having poisoned himself, after losing all his money at play; but he fortunately recovered under skilful treatment.

We have now to return to the other great division of New Zealand, the North Island; where, as we have seen, gold-mining operations were, until 1867, confined entirely to Coromandel, and only there to a small extent. For some years previously to this date, however, it was known that there was gold to be found further to the southward in the creeks of the same mountain-range, which—commencing at Cape Colville, the eastern entrance of the beautiful Hauraki Gulf—extends southwards for one hundred miles till it forms the eastern boundary of the great Waikato basin. The discovery had been made in 1857 by the natives, who found some gold in the bed of a creek running down from this range into the river Thames, at the head of the gulf. This part of the country was, however, native property; and the Maoris jealously refused permission for exploring, or

prospecting on their territory until the year 1866, when the enlightened and liberal chief, Wiripe Hotevene Taipari—who had long endeavoured to persuade his people to concede the privilege—placed a party of prospectors on his land. The following year gold was again discovered in the Karaka Creek; and in July, Taipari and three other chiefs signed an agreement, giving the Government the right of mining for gold over their lands, on condition of their receiving the fees for the mining licences, and payment for all valuable timber used. On the 1st of August, 1867, the Thames district was proclaimed a gold-field; and on the 10th of the same month, a party, headed by a young man named Hunt, discovered the first "leader" of gold-bearing quartz at the foot of the Kurunui Creek, close to the sea-beach. Fresh discoveries were made in rapid succession, the excitement in Auckland became intense, and a rush took place, which speedily spread to all parts of New Zealand. It is worthy of remark that Hunt's claim—the first discovered—has proved, up to this time, one of the richest and most profitable.

This new El Dorado turned out so very promising, that when we visited it—only nine months after Hunt's discovery—several thriving townships had already sprung into existence, and about 5000 mining licenses had been taken out. The chief, Taipari, had received, up to that time, as his share of ground-rents and the miner's rights, no less a sum than £1500; and about four times that amount had been paid to other natives. Taipari may be said to be now in receipt of an income of £4000 or £5000 a year, and he well deserves it; for besides his liberality in allowing his land to be explored, he has shown the greatest generosity in giving sites for churches, hospital, cemetery, and other public institutions. Moreover, he sets a good

example to his fellow-countrymen, by living in a civilized and respectable manner in a neat English house.

The gold in this district is contained in quartz-reefs; such small quantities as have been obtained from the beds of creeks having been merely washed out from the "leaders" by natural causes. The seams of quartz run through the spurs of the mountain-range in every direction; and the claims are situated on the slopes of the steep gullies lying between these spurs, down the bottom of which trickle small streams of water—the creeks above spoken of. A claim for a single individual in this gold-field is 50 feet by 300; the former being measured horizontally along the hill-side, and the latter up the slope. The workings are, for the most part, horizontal drives into the hill-sides, which drain themselves, and therefore there is no expense necessary for pumping or hoisting; and the quartz is shot down into the valley below, and taken to the nearest machine to be crushed. The process of extracting the gold from the quartz is ingenious and simple. The stuff is put into a strong cast-iron box, into which water is kept constantly flowing, and is crushed into a state of liquid mud by means of heavy iron "stampers." The liquid runs off down an inclined plane, passing over several "ripples" of quicksilver, by which the gold is taken up, and becomes amalgamated with it. Once, twice, or three times a day, according to the richness of the stuff, the machine is stopped, and the amalgam taken out. It is then put into a retort and subjected to intense heat, by which the mercury is distilled off, and completely separated from the gold. The latter is again melted and run into bars or ingots, and is then ready for the mint.

The appearance of the Thames gold-field at the time of our visit was exceedingly picturesque. On a narrow flat of ground, about a

mile and a half in length, at the mouth of the Thames river—lying between the slopes of the hills and the shallow shores of the Hauraki Gulf—stood the rising townships of Shortland and "Tookey's," consisting of new wooden buildings of every size and shape, and comprising churches, banks, hotels, shops, public-houses, private dwellings, and business edifices of all sorts, with here and there a tent or canvas shanty. On the outskirts of the township was the "diggers' town," where the ground-rent is much lower, and the dwellings in which consisted almost exclusively of the two latter classes of habitations. Then a little further, at the foot of the hills, the workings began to appear, extending from there to the tops of the highest spurs, and far up the steep wooded gullies out of sight. The sides of these gullies were clothed with dense forest, which reached to the very summits of the range; and numberless white tents and shanties were to be seen peeping out from amid the dark-green foliage as far back as the view would permit, while wreaths of curling smoke betrayed the situation of many others hidden by the dense vegetation. Here and there gigantic kauri-trees towered above their forest brethren, with bare trunks and stiff unbending branches, contrasting with the feathery and graceful rimu, the gnarled stems of the puriri, and the stately rata, covered with its growth of orchids and other parasites. Beneath the shade of these monarchs of the bush, tree-ferns of wondrous beauty, and the elegant nikau palm, together with many handsome shrubs and creepers, sheltered in their turn ferns and mosses of endless variety and loveliness. But before long the beauty of this scene will have gone, never to return. Already the ruthless axe is heard in every direction, and the leafy giants bow their heads and fall grandly before their fell destroyers. The puriri, the rimu, the kahikatea, and many others,

serve for the slabbing of the drives and shafts, while the noble kauri furnishes supplies of the finest plank for building purposes. The stems of the graceful tree-ferns are in constant request for "corduroy" roads; and the poor defenceless mosses, ferns, and creepers are overwhelmed in an avalanche of "mullock" and rubbish from the drive above. The very creek at the bottom of the gully is turned and distorted from its natural course over and over again, by the workings of the lower claims; and destruction and desolation speedily obliterate all traces of a forest-scenery that was, but a short while since, unsurpassed in picturesque beauty.

About ten miles north of Shortland, towards Coromandel, is the Tapu Creek, another very rich locality, where a thriving township has sprung up; and twelve miles in the opposite direction, inland, are the Puriri diggings, which have also attracted a considerable number of people. But there is little doubt that the greater part of this mountain-range will prove to be auriferous; and, from the gold being in quartz-reefs, the workings are of a nature to become a permanent industry. It will be seen, therefore, that this gold-field is a very promising one, and has already become of considerable importance, notwithstanding that, at the time of its discovery, the province of Auckland was in a state of great commercial depression, capital being extremely scarce. As yet there has been no great influx of people from without the colony; for there have been counter-attractions in some recently discovered diggings in New South Wales and Queensland; but the Thames quartz-reefs are turning out so very valuable, that there is every probability of another Ballarat being in time developed from the modest township of Shortland.

Some idea may be gathered of the richness of these reefs from

the following comparison. It is considered in Victoria, that if half an ounce of gold can be produced by the crushing of a ton of quartz, the work is remunerative. At the Thames gold-field, many claims have yielded from 15 to 40 ounces to the t.n, and the enormous amount of 100 ounces has been several times obtained from quartz taken as it came from the leader, while even four or five times this latter quantity has been produced from picked specimens. It should be mentioned, however, that the gold of this field is of inferior value, containing a quantity of alloy, and that about 25 per cent must be taken off the above amounts for a fair comparison. To show the prizes that may be drawn in the lottery of a gold-field—where, however, there are many blanks—a quarter of a share in Hunt's claim was sold for £100 about a month after its discovery, the purchaser undertaking to pay another hundred out of the profits. Eight months later, the original owner bought back the quarter-share for £2300; and as the profits upon it had in the meanwhile amounted to seven or eight hundred pounds, the fortunate speculator netted a clear £3000 by the transaction in this short time!

In consequence of the scarcity of capital above alluded to, the development of the Thames gold-field has been much retarded for want of sufficient machinery to crush the quartz, and many fine claims have been forced to stand idle for this reason. The machines already up are working night and day, their owners making rich profits, the whole cost of the machines being repaid in a few months. New machinery is being erected in every direction; and it is probable that, before these lines are printed, the capitalists of Australia will have turned their attention to these parts, and companies will have been formed to buy up claims,

and work them on a larger scale than has been hitherto done. From the fact of this gold-field being situated so near Auckland with its well-furnished markets, and from its lying absolutely on the sea-shore, supplies of all kinds are very cheap; and as the nature of the working is, as we have seen, very inexpensive, the profits are proportionately great.

It is very frequently supposed that the population of a gold-field is a collection of disorderly individuals, and that crime and excesses of all kinds abound there. But this is not by any means the case—in our colonies at all events. In the early days of the gold fever in California, no doubt numbers of profligate and lawless characters—the refuse of New York and New Orleans—betook themselves to the diggings; and the violence and ruffianism which prevailed there for the first two years brought an evil notoriety upon the land of gold. But in Australia, the diggers and miners have proved to be, on the whole, a quiet, orderly, and industrious set; and in New Zealand this has been the case to a remarkable degree. In Hokitika and the other towns on the west coast, as well as in Otago, the amount of crime is exceedingly small, and the police force almost ludicrously few in number, compared with what one would have supposed necessary in such circumstances. As a rule, the diggers are sober and well conducted. They have a high sense of honour in their dealings amongst themselves, and disputes about claims are easily adjusted by an appeal to the law. They trust implicitly to the good faith of their "mates," and it is not at all an uncommon thing for a gang of six or eight men to be at the same time working claims in Victoria, Otago, and the West Coast or Thames. When a new and promising gold-field is discovered, one or two mates will be despatched to the newly-found

diggings, provided with funds to make a start there. In their own rough way they draw up their balance-sheet, and forward to their absent comrades their share of the proceeds.

It is manifest that special laws and regulations are necessary for such a peculiar community as that of a gold-field. Where the ground is rich and limited in extent, it would be unfair to allow any one individual to monopolise more ground than he could fairly work; therefore a certain proportion of ground is assigned for each man's claim, varying in amount according to the extent and richness of the place, and other conditions. The law requires that there must be a man actually working at each claim, with the exception which will be presently mentioned; and if a claim remains untouched for twenty-four hours, it is liable to be taken possession of by any person who chooses to assert the right. This is called "jumping" a claim. For instance, if a man on the lookout for a desirable spot comes across a "six man's ground," and finds only five men working it, he can take his measuring-tape and mark out a single claim for himself off it. As a rule, jumping is discouraged as a species of sharp practice not in accordance with the diggers' sense of honour; and if a reasonable cause can be shown in the Warden's Court why the claim in question remained unworked, the "jumper" loses the suit, and has probably to pay the costs. Still there are always certain individuals who go about looking for an opportunity to take advantage of their neighbours, and who gain an unenviable notoriety by jumping. On the other hand, there are often men who are too lazy and indolent to work steadily at their claims, and so deserve to lose them. It is not necessary that a man should work in person. He may hold a dozen different claims at the same time, so long as he employs people

to work them. These are called "wages men;" and the rate of wages at the Thames at the time of our visit was from thirty shillings to two pounds a week. Upon reasonable and sufficient grounds a claim may be "registered" for a time—that is, application is made to the Warden of the gold-field for a "protection" to let the claim remain unworked for a limited period, upon such grounds as going away for supplies, sickness, want of machinery, or other causes.

The quantity of gold exported from the west coast has been as follows:—

In 1864, nil.		
" 1865, 302,034 oz.,	valued at	£1,176,080
" 1866, 560,222 "	" "	2,170,792
" 1867, 521,094 "	" "	2,053,984
Total, 1,383,350 "	" "	£3,400,856

While the total quantity exported from Otago to the end of 1867, since the first discoveries in that province in 1861, was 2,208,409 oz., valued at £3,566,286, which will show the richness and importance of the later discoveries. It is impossible yet to form any idea of the quantity obtained from the Thames district, as there has not been sufficient machinery to extract the metal from the quartz, but it is believed that the amount will prove very great.

We have said that New Zealand abounds in attractions for the traveller and the explorer. The Alpine range in the South Island presents to the mountaineer a field for feats of daring equal to that of Switzerland in grandeur and sublimity, together with the charm of novelty, which the well-trodden peaks of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa can no longer boast of. In fact, the New Zealand Alps have in some respects the advantage over their European rivals. Though they cannot boast of such a numerous array of lofty peaks as are to be seen in the Bernese, Pennine,

and Helvetic ranges, yet their glaciers are upon a grander scale than those of the Swiss Alps, and Mount Cook is one of the finest mountains in the world. Rising to a height of over 13,000 feet, with a singularly striking outline, the full proportions of this magnificent mountain can be seen as few others can, as it stands in close proximity to the sea-coast, the foot of its huge glaciers reaching down to within a few miles of the shore. Seen from Hokitika, at a distance of sixty miles, Mount Cook is a noble object; and, as may easily be supposed, its view from the sea is very grand. Nor must we, in this comparison, forget that in lake-scenery also New Zealand has much to boast of. The valleys of the great mountain-chain contain many beautiful sheets of water—from the serpentine Lake Wakatipu, fifty miles in length, which we have mentioned above, to the solitary mountain tarn. The largest of these are in Otago; and probably the most beautiful are the Lakes Manipori and Te Anau, in the south-west of that province, which part of the country is but little known. We now come to another striking feature of New Zealand scenery. The great mountain-range, as we have said, approaches the sea at the boundary of Canterbury and Otago on the west coast. The high spurs of this range jut out here into the sea, forming a precipitous iron-bound coast, intersected every eight or ten miles by deep ravines, which form long and narrow fiords of great depth of water. These clefts in the mountains—for such, in fact, they are—vary from six to twenty miles in length, and are rarely above a mile in width; while on either side the mountains rise suddenly to a height of several thousand feet, pouring down numberless torrents, terminating in cascades of great beauty. Owing to the mountainous nature of this part of the country these sounds will never be of any value as harbours; but

for wild and grand scenery they are probably unsurpassed even in Norway. The most remarkable of them is Milford Sound, which is not more than half a mile in width in any part, while the mountains on either side rise up almost perpendicularly to a height of 7000 feet, and a magnificent waterfall, of 700 feet unbroken height, adds to the grandeur of the scene.

In the North Island, Mount Egmont, in the province of Taranaki, is an object of singular beauty—being a nearly perfect cone of 8270 feet in height, snow-capped, except in the height of summer, and sloping gradually in a graceful outline to the sea-coast, which winds round its base in a semicircle, on the north side of which stands the pretty and fertile settlement of New Plymouth. In the interior, near Lake Taupo, stands the lofty Ruapehau, with its crest of perpetual snow, and its sister Tongariro, an active volcano—being the southern of a series of remarkable volcanic vents which extend from here in a north-easterly direction to White Island, in the Bay of Plenty. In this volcanic district are situated the famous hot lakes of Rotorua, which, in extent, formation, and extraordinary eruptive effects, are unrivalled as yet in the world. It was our misfortune not to have an opportunity of visiting this wonderful locality; but as a description of it will be deeply interesting to our readers, we make no apology for quoting from an account written by Dr Hochstetter, the geologist of the Austrian Scientific Expedition in the frigate Novara, a few years ago:—

‘The Lake District, so called on account of its numerous lakes, is situated about two days’ journey from the Bay of Plenty. It is almost exclusively inhabited by the natives, who have selected the beautiful and fertile banks of Rotorua and Tarawera as their settlements. . . . The principal point of attraction of this region is Koto-Mahana, or the hot lake, with its wonders, a visit to which well repays the fatigues

of a few days' travelling through New Zealand rush and swamps."*

The name of Warm Lake (Roto lake; Mahana warm) may in the full sense of the word be given to it. The masses of boiling-hot water which spring up along the banks and from the bottom of the lake are really colossal. . . . Visitors intending to stay a few days at the lake are recommended by the natives to select as their quarters the small island Puni. This is a rock 12 feet high, 25 feet long, and nearly 100 feet wide. Small huts are here erected, in which we make ourselves as comfortable as possible. But I believe that any one who did not know that persons have lived here for several weeks would only with great difficulty be persuaded to remain here even for one night. The continual roaring, rushing, singing, buzzing, boiling, and the intense heat of the ground, impresses a feeling of terror; and during the first night of my stay I awoke suddenly, as the ground under me became so hot that I could not possibly bear it. In examining the temperature, I made a hole in the soft ground, and placed the thermometer in it. It rose immediately to boiling-point, and when I took it out, a stream of hot steam instantly ascended, so that I hastened to cover it again as fast as I could. Indeed, the whole island is nothing but a torn and fractured rock, decomposed and softened by steam and gases, which almost boiled to softness, may at any moment tumble to pieces, and vanish in the hot water of the lake. Hot water bubbles up everywhere, either below the surface of the lake or above it; and whenever a hole is made in the ground, or the crust removed which is formed over the fissures of the rock, hot steam bursts forth, which we used for cooking our potatoes and meat, spreading them on ferns, according to native custom.

The centre of attraction and of interest is the eastern bank, where are the most important of the springs, which indeed the lake has to thank for its renown, and which are the most magnificent and grand of all hot springs at present known.

Te Tarata is situated at the north-eastern end of the lake. It lies 80 feet above the level of the lake within a crater which is open towards the side of the lake, and forms the principal basin

of this mighty bubbling spring. It is 60 feet high by 60 broad, and filled up to the brim with clear boiling water, which rises in the centre several feet higher, looking beautifully blue in its snow-white incrustated basin. Enormous clouds of steam, rising upwards, are reflected in the blue mirror of the basin. The temperature of the water, which probably reaches to boiling point in the centre, was 183° near the rim of the basin. The water is neither alkaline nor acid; it has a slightly salt taste, and possesses in a high degree the property of petrification, or rather of incrustation. The sediment consists, as in the hot springs of lee and, of silica; and the overflow has formed on the slope of the hill a system of crystal terraces, which, appearing almost as white as marble, present a sight which it is impossible to describe. It is as if a cascade, rushing over steps, had been suddenly arrested and transformed into stone. Each of these steps has a small elevated rim, from which hang delicate stalactites; and here and there, on the smaller and broader steps, are formed water-basins. These blue basins, filled with crystal water, form natural baths, which could not be surpassed by those constructed by the most refined luxury. One can select his bathing-place either deep or shallow, small or large, and of every temperature, according to his taste, as the basins situated on the heights near the source contain warmer water than those of the lower steps. Some of the basins are so large that a person can swim in them with comfort. Such is a description of the celebrated Te Tarata spring. The natives assert that the whole water in the principal basin is sometimes ejected suddenly with vast force, and that it is possible to look into the empty basin, thirty feet deep, which fills again speedily. A path leads from the foot of the Te Tarata spring through the bush to the great Ngahapu spring. The basin of this spring is 70 feet long and 30 broad. The water within it is in constant and dreadful agitation. It is only for a few moments that the water is quiet in the caudron, when it again bubbles up, and is thrown eight to ten feet high; and a foaming surf of boiling hot waves stream over the walls of the basin, so that the observer is obliged timely to retreat. The thermometer rises in these springs to 206°. Farther

* The natives made an excellent road of 60 miles in length to these lakes, in expectation of the visit of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

south, close to the banks, is situated the Te Takapo spring—a boiling-water basin of 10 feet in diameter, the geyser eruption of which rises to a height of 30 to 40 feet.

“Not far from this spring the traveller arrives at a hollow called Waikanapanapa (variable water), the approach to which is covered with bush, and somewhat difficult, as one has to pass several suspicious-looking places, where there is danger of sinking in the boiling mud. The cavity itself appears like the crater of a volcano; the walls, bare of vegetation, are rent and torn; pieces and tongues of rock of white, red, and blue fumarolic clay, rising upwards like spectres, threaten to fall every moment. The bottom is formed of fine mud; and silicious stalactites, broken into every form and variety, lie about like pieces of ice after the breaking up of a frozen stream. Here is a deep pool filled with bubbling mud—there a caldron full of boiling water—near it a dreadful hole, which, with a hissing noise, ejects a column of steam; and farther on small mud-hills (fumaroles), from two to five feet in height—mud-volcanoes, if the name may be applied to them—which, with a dull noise, throw out of their craters boiling mud, and represent, on a small scale, the effects of large volcanoes. . . . The above-mentioned springs are the principal ones. On the slope of a hill, rising about 200 feet above the level of the lake, there are more than 100 places that eject steam. . . .

“On the western bank, the great terrace spring—(Otuku Puarangi (cloudy atmosphere)—forms the counterpart of Te Tarata spring. The stalactic steps reach to the lake, and one ascends as on artificially-formed marble steps, which are decorated on both sides with green shrubs. These terraces are not so grand as Te Tarata, but are more delicate, and of a beautiful pink hue, which adds a peculiar charm to this wonderful formation. The basin of this spring is 40 or 50 feet in diameter, and appears as a calm, blue, glimmering, steaming, but not boiling mirror of water. On the northern side, at the foot of the terraces, is the solfata, Whaka-taratara—a sulphur-pool in the true sense of the word—from which a hot muddy stream runs into the lake.

“There are about twenty-five large hot springs—or *ngachas*, as the natives call them—at Roto-Mahana. I dare not venture to estimate the number of the

smaller ones. And Roto-Mahana is only one point of a rent above 150 miles long and 17 wide, between the active crater of Tongariro and that of the White Island in the Bay of Plenty, throughout which hot water and steam are ejected from the earth at innumerable points.”

White Island is also a place of remarkable interest. It lies in the centre of the Bay of Plenty, 25 miles from the land, and is an active volcano, or rather solfata, about a mile in diameter, and 800 feet high. One side of the crater has been blown out, and in the centre of it is a lake of sulphureous water, surrounded by many openings emitting jets of steam, and roaring like so many huge high-pressure boilers blowing off their steam. Large masses of the purest crystallised sulphur lie scattered about in all directions, and the whole interior of the crater is heated and soft, and ready to break forth at any spot in a jet of steam, or a bubbling up of liquid sulphureous mud.

Such are the leading features of the grand phenomena of nature which New Zealand contains. But the botany and zoology of these islands have likewise much that is remarkable in their respective sciences; and the geologist will find here special points of interest, since the formation of the country is not less varied than that of our own islands, while in addition are to be seen the peculiar volcanic phenomena that have just been described. To the traveller, then—whether he be a lover of science, or one whose motives are curiosity and love of enterprise—we would say, “Visit New Zealand—you will there find a vast field for speculation and inquiry open to the philosopher, with virgin peaks and untrodden glaciers inviting the Exploits of a Southern Alpine Club.”

There are few parts of the world more highly favoured by nature than the province of Auckland. The extensive inlets of Hokianga, Kaipara, and Manukau on its west coast, with navigable rivers run-

ning into them, give an immense extent of inland water communication, which is as yet scarcely begun to be developed. The Waikato and Thames rivers also afford an easy access to the very heart of the country. The north-east coast abounds in fine harbours; and the beautiful Hauraki Gulf, studded with islands, is a smooth sea of some 50 miles in extent, surrounded with sheltered anchorages—the Waitemata river, which is the harbour of Auckland, being at its south-western corner. No more beautiful place for yachting can be imagined than this. Outside of Auckland harbour there is a picturesque sheet of water, as large as the Solent, but of more convenient depth, with very little tide, and perfectly landlocked—being sheltered by numerous islands; and beyond this again, the Hauraki Gulf, with an outer *cordon* of islands shutting out the ocean swell, and with secure harbours to run for in every direction.

Until the last few years, sheep-farming in New Zealand was confined almost entirely to the South Island. Not only was the country better adapted for the purpose, but the very small number of natives in that division of the colony rendered the acquisition of land there a safe and easy matter. Large tracts were speedily bought up by the provincial governments, and leased as sheep-runs; and much freehold property was also acquired by the settlers. A great extent of each of the provinces in the South Island (as indeed throughout the colony) consists of hilly country unsuited for agriculture; but, being covered with indigenous grasses, and watered by numerous streams, it is admirably adapted for the depasturing of sheep. These districts were eagerly sought after, and the whole of the pastoral land in the South Island has been for years taken up. New Zealand owes much to the energy and enterprise of some of her early colonists, who

underwent great hardship and privations in opening up the country, and exploring the passes across the mountain-ranges. A new practice has of late years been introduced in sheep-farming in the South Island. When the land is suitable for the purpose, it is ploughed up, and, after taking a crop of corn off it, is laid down in permanent English grasses. By this means the land will carry many more sheep than when they were fed upon the less nutritious indigenous herbage; and as it is then fenced in, fewer shepherds are required, and expense saved. This method prevails extensively in the province of Southland, in the southern part of Otago, and on the great Canterbury plains; but it is confined to the lowland districts which are held in freehold. Such a system would be impracticable in the hilly country; and the land there is generally held on leasehold as "runs," the tenure of which is somewhat precarious, since, by the system of "free selection"—which obtains here as well as in Australia—the run-holder may at any time see some of his best land taken possession of, and so find himself compelled to throw up his lease. Sheep-farming upon the system above described is sometimes carried on upon a very large scale. A Scotch company possesses, in the province of Southland, 200,000 acres of freehold land, divided into separate farms. On one of these, about 15 miles from the town of Invercargill, we saw three steam-ploughs at work; and we were informed that, in this one section of the estate, about 3,000 acres of fresh land were being broken up yearly. Since then, the company has extended its operations still further, and has many more steam-ploughs now working.

In the North Island, the country, generally speaking, is not nearly so well adapted for sheep-farming; there being in many places no indigenous grasses—the country being

covered with thick fern or scrub. Moreover, it is intersected by numerous swamps, and there is a great deal of forest-land. Still, in some parts there is good natural pasturage, and especially in the province of Hawke's Bay, where sheep-farming is extensively carried on. The natives there were averse to selling their land, preferring to lease it; and no less than £26,000 a-year is now being paid as rent to the Maori land-owners in that province. This system is a great benefit to both parties. To the Maori proprietor it insures a fixed and certain annual income, keeping him in ease and luxury; while to the colonist it is the best guarantee for peaceful occupation—since the natives well know that if, from any disturbances, the settlers were driven off the land, their incomes would cease.

The cultivation of cereals has not been attended to in this colony as it ought to have been, owing principally to the war in the North Island, and to the distracting influence of the gold-fields in the south; but it is now coming more extensively into practice. The principal grain-producing districts are the Canterbury plains, the Taieri and Oamaru districts in Otago, and some parts of Southland. But before the war large quantities of wheat were cultivated by the Maoris in different parts of the North Island.

It is not our desire, even if the limits of this paper would admit of it, to enter minutely upon the vexed question of "the native difficulty"—a subject which has raised more controversy than any other relating to a British colony since the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies. But a few observations upon the present aspect of affairs seem desirable.

The native question may be said to be confined entirely to the North Island, since the Maoris in the other division of the colony are very few in number—the warm

climate of the north being better suited to their semi-tropical constitutions than that of the more rigorous southern island. Until about ten years ago there was much uncertainty as to the number of the aboriginal inhabitants. They had been variously estimated, from Cook's time downwards, at from 70,000 to 200,000 in number; but it is probable that during the present century they have never exceeded 120,000, and may have been considerably below that estimate. The first regular census of the natives took place in 1858, when their numbers were,—North Island, 53,000, South Island, 2,500. The unsettled state of the country since then has prevented another census being taken; but it is not difficult to arrive at a near approximation of their number, which, at the close of 1867, was estimated at 38,540 for both islands. This shows an alarming decrease in ten years; and although much of this is to be attributed to losses in war, and to privation and disease consequent upon their living crowded together in fortified *pahs* during the long period of hostilities, there is no doubt whatever but that the Maoris are rapidly declining in numbers, and that, unless some great change takes place in their habits and mode of living, the race will have almost disappeared by the end of this century. The European population in December 1867 was 218,453, the numbers being,—North Island, 79,913 — South Island, 138,540. Thus it will be seen that the Europeans, in the North Island alone, are now more than double the entire native population of the country.

There has probably never been such a striking instance of good intentions and honest principles completely frustrated and nullified, as in the case of the management of the aborigines of New Zealand since it became a dependency of the Crown. The colonisation of the islands was forced upon a reluc-

the first elections took place in 1853, only 100 natives were on the register. Indeed, there were serious doubts in the minds of the law-officers of the Crown, whether the native tenure of land entitled them to vote at all under the Constitution Act, and much controversy arose upon this point. It has been said by a Colonial secretary that the Constitution of New Zealand "appears to have been framed in forgetfulness of the large native tribes within the dominions to which it was intended to apply;" and there is certainly fair ground for such an assumption. It is manifest that the Act practically excluded the Maoris from the franchise, and therefore it was a violation of the spirit of the treaty, which had guaranteed them "all the privileges of British subjects." But, on the other hand, no reasonable person would have advocated a measure which would have had the effect of putting all the natives on the register; because, when the Act came into operation, they were more than twice as numerous as the Europeans; and the most ardent admirers of representative institutions would scarcely desire to see a minority of Englishmen out-voted by a majority of semi-civilised barbarians. There was, however, one clause—out of the eighty-two that the Act contained—specially relating to the Maoris, which provided that, if expedient, particular districts might be set apart, within which the laws, customs, and usages of the aboriginal inhabitants might be maintained for the government of themselves. For some reason or other, this clause—which was only permissive—remained a dead letter; and when the Act was put into operation, the entire colony was divided into provinces, in accordance with the general provisions of the statute, and no native districts were established. Therefore it resulted that the Maoris were practically excluded from Parliament, and had no special arrangements made for their govern-

ment, as was obviously necessary under the altered state of affairs.

But this was not all. The natives had before long to find out that they were no longer under the direct rule of the Governor appointed by the Queen, but were handed over to the control of the majority of a Parliament in which they were unrepresented. When the Governor ruled the country, and was Governor in fact as well as in title, it was a state of matters not only intelligible but acceptable to the Maoris; as they felt that they were governed by the Queen, for whom they entertained a profound respect. Moreover, it was in accordance with their own policy and ideas. But the present system is incomprehensible to them. It is true that, for some years after the Constitution Act came into effect, the management of native affairs was retained by the Imperial Government, through the Governor; but it was afterwards handed over to the Colonial Parliament, although against the wish of the colonists themselves. The consequence is, that no settled policy or system can be followed. The Governor cannot initiate any measures, as he is bound to abide by the opinions of his "constitutional advisers." Ministers may propose beneficial changes, but they are dependent upon the will of Parliament to carry them into effect. Their successors in office may take a totally different view of matters, and a Parliamentary majority of the day may entirely upset the arrangements of a previous session, however excellent they may have been. Such a mode of governing a proud, high-spirited, and warlike race like the Maoris, would be perfectly ludicrous, if it were not that it would be almost impossible to devise any system more mischievous. And we firmly believe that it is only the advantage derived from the sale and lease of lands to the *Pakeha*, and the constantly growing necessity for European luxuries, that has prevented the troubles with the

natives in the North Island from being tenfold greater.

In saying this, we would particularly disclaim any reflection upon the Legislature of New Zealand. It is our happiness to be personally acquainted with many members of both Houses. We have listened to their debates, and have been present on the occasion of more than one grave political crisis; and it is impossible to speak in other terms than those of the highest admiration of the Parliament of this—almost the youngest—British colony. The ability and good sense with which questions are discussed, the dignity and decorum which characterise the proceedings, and the admirable qualifications of the Speakers of the two Chambers, are in the highest degree creditable to the colonists; while among the members of both Houses are not a few orators of the very first rank, and likewise some who are worthy of being called statesmen in every sense of the term. But, however excellent the composition of the Legislature may be, governing the natives by a Parliamentary majority cannot be other than a most objectionable method; and the success which attended the first administration of Sir George Grey—a period of eight years, the most prosperous in the history of the colony—shows the benefit of direct government in native matters, when a far-seeing, able, and experienced man is at the head of affairs. It is scarcely too much to say, that, had Sir George Grey continued to govern New Zealand upon the old system, the late lamentable war of six years' duration would probably never have occurred. The colony would therefore have been spared the heavy load of debt now weighing it down, and England would not have had cause to mourn the loss of some of her bravest sons. In justice to Sir George Grey, it must be borne in mind that, on his return to the colony in 1861, after an absence of eight years, the condition of affairs was

entirely changed. The Constitution Act had been in operation during the whole of that period, Parliamentary institutions were firmly established, and the "responsible advisers" of the Governor—a somewhat ambiguous term, it seems to us—were the rulers of the population, whether Maori or European. The natives had already begun to perceive that, under the altered state of matters, the Governor was powerless. The spell had been broken, and Sir George Grey found that his influence over the chiefs, which had formerly been very great, was to a great extent lost, and could never again be restored.

It follows, from what we have shown, that a grave error was committed in assimilating the two divisions of the colony under the Constitution Act, when their internal condition was so widely different. In the South Island the natives were but a handful of men; in the North Island they were, in 1852, double the number of the whites. The New Zealand settlers only followed their national instincts, and the example of other colonists, in demanding self-government; and, so far as they alone are concerned, they have shown themselves much more fit for representative institutions than many older provinces. But in bestowing the Constitution of 1852 upon the country, without any special provision for the government of the Maoris being carried into effect, a great injustice was committed towards them—in the opinion of many people—as well as a grave political error. It is true that the natives came within the limits of the franchise, but we have seen that practically they were shut out from Parliament, and therefore suffered an infringement of their rights under the treaty of Waitangi. Two courses might have been adopted, either of which would have been consistent with our obligations towards the natives, and might probably have prevented the late disastrous war. Parliamen-

tary government might have been deferred—in the North Island, at all events—until the settlers had become more numerous, and the natives sufficiently advanced in civilisation to take a part in the Constitution,—very endeavour being made in the mean time to improve their social condition, and to encourage them to learn the English language; or, the treaty of Waitangi might have been revised, native districts set apart, as contemplated by the Constitution Act, and a suitable form of government adopted, in accordance with Maori ideas. This latter course would probably have been the most satisfactory, both to the colonists and the aborigines; and it would not have been a difficult matter to institute a sort of constitution for the native districts, with a Maori house of representatives to deliberate upon matters concerning themselves; for they already had an existing institution, somewhat analogous, in their Runungas or Councils. Thus they might gradually have been trained to take a part, at some future time, in the general government of New Zealand.

Upon Sir George Grey assuming the government for the second time, an effort was made to establish institutions for the benefit of the Maoris, both socially and politically; but the time had passed, and it was now too late. For several years, the "Land League" and the "King movement" had been agitating the minds of the natives; and the unfortunate war in Taranaki had still further excited them, and brought these two questions into great prominence. The Land League was a combination to prevent the further sale of lands to the *Pakeha*; the King movement was a sort of instinctive effort, on the part of the Maoris, to obtain law and order by a system of government amongst themselves, which they could see no chance of otherwise obtaining, and was not originally intended as an act of disloyalty

towards her Majesty. Act after act was now passed by the Colonial Parliament, establishing new institutions, but without result; and the powerful Waikato tribes—who had been no parties to the treaty of Waitangi—stirred up by the persuasions of some of the more turbulent chiefs, and by their own warlike sympathies—broke out into open rebellion. Then followed the war under General Cameron, the details of which are no doubt familiar to our readers.

We will not here enter into the subject of the unfortunate differences that took place between the Governor and the General. The matter occasioned much public scandal, and gave rise to a bitter feeling in the colony, in consequence of the Imperial Government siding strongly against the Governor, who had warmly defended the colonists from the ungenerous accusations made against them by the General. It is sufficient to say that the effect of the action of the Colonial Office has been to create amongst the colonists a strong and universal feeling of indignation and sorrow, at what they conceive to be the cold, unsympathetic, and illiberal treatment they have met with. It is greatly to be regretted that, on the completion of the political independence of a colony, its last feelings towards the Home Government should be of this nature; and it is not thus that the New Zealand settlers deserve to be treated. Struggling against difficulties and trials sufficient to crush a much older community, and cheerfully taking upon themselves the burden which the parent country shifted from off her own shoulders, the colonists of New Zealand have shown themselves to be brave, true-hearted Englishmen, of whom their fellow-countrymen at home may well be proud.

It will be in the recollection of many of our readers that, about the close of 1863, a singular superstitious fanaticism broke out amongst

the Taranaki tribes, and spread with extraordinary rapidity over the greater part of the North Island. For a time this "Hau-Hau" fanaticism—so called from a *shibboleth* used by them—took an extraordinary hold upon the natives; the leaders of the movement, or "prophets," as they styled themselves, working upon their credulous and superstitious natures to such an extent as to excite them to all sorts of atrocities, of which the savage murder of the Rev. Mr. Volkner, an earnest and devoted missionary, was the most wanton and cruel. The missionary labours of half a century were thus swept away; the Bishop of Waiapu, and other clergymen in the native districts, had to abandon their stations, and Hau-Hau flagstaves were to be seen all round the coasts. One of the leading points in the new belief was, that the *Pakehas* were to be driven out of New Zealand; and the war became thus still further prolonged. So utterly deluded were these fanatics, that they believed themselves to be invulnerable—or were so persuaded by their prophets; and in many instances they deliberately exposed themselves, in this belief, to certain death from the soldiers' fire. It was not in reason, however, that such a monstrous delusion should last long; and numbers who had been led away by the infatuation became enlightened after a time, and openly acknowledged their folly and abjured their errors. There is, however, a considerable number of the natives still clinging to this superstition; but they are chiefly those who have been in a state of disaffection or open rebellion, such as the Waikatos, some of the Taranaki and Wanganui tribes, and the Ureweras in the mountain districts on the east coast. Defeated, but not subdued, the fierce Waikatos have retired into the mountain-regions of the interior, and there hold sullenly aloof from any intercourse with white men. They have instituted an "*aukati*" or boundary-

line—a pale, in fact—across which they will permit no stranger to pass; and so strict are they in their seclusion, that it is exceedingly difficult to obtain any information regarding them. The so-called Maori king has taken up his abode with these tribes, to which he belongs.

It must not be supposed that either the rebellion or the Hau-Hau superstition was general. There are many loyal natives who have been faithful in their allegiance from the very foundation of the colony, and who have been our staunch allies throughout. These men have resisted all the machinations of the Hau-Hau prophets, and it was by their valuable aid, in a great measure, that the rebellion was subdued. Some of the loyal chiefs are men of great intelligence and integrity, and are deservedly held in much respect by the colonial authorities, as well as by the settlers.

Towards the close of the war, it was resolved to punish those tribes who had been in rebellion, or who had committed murderous outrages, by confiscating portions of their lands; and this was at once carried into effect. The Waikato district, occupying the west central part of the North Island, had already been taken possession of, by right of conquest, in the campaign of 1863; and in 1865 military settlements were formed on blocks of confiscated land in the Bay of Plenty, and on the coast between Wanganui and Taranaki. But the rebel natives are by no means disposed to allow the settlers to remain in undisturbed possession. Outrages of all sorts are continually taking place. Barbarous murders are committed, as recent intelligence shows; and a strong militia force has to be maintained at each place, at a great expense to the colony, to protect a handful of settlers. So far, therefore, this policy has been a failure; and it is now a serious question with the colonial Government whether these forced settlements should not be

given up, and only the nominal possession of the land retained for the present. A region of dense forest, swamps, and mountains—the chief natural features of the North Island—lies at the back of these sea-coast settlements, and the natives sally forth from their fastnesses and murder the settlers with impunity; for, immediately on the approach of a military force, they retire into the bush, whither it is impossible to follow them with any hopes of success. It would seem that the only effectual mode of dealing with these turbulent tribes would be to cut roads in all directions through the forests, and so render their fastnesses accessible for military operations, as was done in the Highlands of Scotland in the last century; and we believe that this plan is in contemplation. For many reasons it would be the most effectual, and probably in the end the most economical plan to adopt.

The Waikato confiscated district is a wide open valley, containing many thousand acres of fertile land, through which runs the Waikato river, with its confluent, the Waipa, both navigable for small steamers for 120 miles from the sea. The settlers there have as yet been undisturbed; but it is certain that the Ngatimaniapoto, and the other tribes to whom this land belonged, still entertain hopes of some day or other regaining possession of their territory, and of their fine river, to which they are much attached. In this belief they are encouraged by the predictions of the Hau-Hau prophets. The Waikato country must therefore be, for some time to come, a source of much anxiety to the colonial Government; for it is far too important in situation, and too extensively settled, to be given up, since there are now several thriving townships on the banks of the river, besides many fine farms and sheep-runs.

Some of the leaders of the rebels captured in arms during the war, were transported to the Chatham

Islands during the years 1866-67; their families in most cases accompanying them. They were given land to cultivate, and were treated very kindly—more as emigrants than prisoners. Their uniform quiet behaviour threw the Government completely off its guard, and the very commonest precautions were neglected. One day last summer, the prisoners, to the number of some three hundred men, women, and children, who had laid their plans with great skill and secrecy, rose and overpowered the scanty guard of ten men, seized all the arms and ammunition, robbed the neighbouring settlers of their money, plundered the public chest, and then compelled the master and crew of a vessel lying there to take them back to New Zealand, where they safely arrived some days afterwards, and escaped into the bush. An expedition was sent in pursuit of them, and though no captures were made, they were harassed a good deal, and some of their number killed. In revenge for this, they some time afterwards, in conjunction with the disaffected natives of that district, surprised and fell upon the settlers at Poverty Bay, and committed those horrible outrages, the details of which, received by the January mail, so strongly excited the feelings of the public in this country. But although nothing more brutal and ferocious can be imagined than the conduct of those murderous ruffians, there was nothing in the last news received before these lines go to press, to indicate any symptoms of a general outbreak, or that this was other than an act of revenge on the part of the escaped prisoners and their friends, unconnected with any of the other tribes, and not affecting the general state of the country.

While an immense amount of abortive legislation regarding the Maoris has been produced by the New Zealand Parliament, it is satisfactory to be able to record one

NEW ZEALAND AND ITS GOLD-FIELDS.

Not the least remarkable circumstance in the last twenty years of the world's history—eventful though they be—is the wonderful change wrought in many of the countries bordering the Pacific Ocean by the discovery of gold-fields. Commencing with those of California in 1848—which, in an incredibly short space of time, transformed a large territory, inhabited only by Indians and *rancheros*, into populous states of the American Union—discoveries were successively made in British Columbia, New South Wales, Victoria, New Zealand, and Queensland, and, to a small extent in Tasmania. It is, however, to the gold-fields of New Zealand that we purpose devoting our attention in this paper, on account of the surprising richness of the latest discoveries in that colony, and of their being little known to the public at home; and because we have likewise something to say of the natural features and present condition of the "Britain of the South," as it has been aptly termed.

New Zealand possesses attractions for the colonist and the traveller such as no other British possession can rival. With the finest climate on the globe, large tracts of well-watered fertile soil, inexhaustible forests of splendid timber, and great mineral wealth—the Alpine range of the South Island, with its immense glaciers, and the extraordinary volcanic phenomena of the North Island, present objects of interest for the scientific tourist or the lover of nature which will amply repay a voyage to the antipodes. It is impossible for any one visiting this colony not to be struck with the remarkable analogy between it and its parent, Great Britain. Its insular position and spacious harbours, and the circumstance of the various centres of population being cut

off from communication with each other by land, in consequence of the high intervening mountains, all operate to make New Zealand at some future day a great maritime country; and though the climate is not so bracing as that of the British Isles, it is yet free from the enervating heat of Australia on the one hand, and the long ice-bound winter of Canada on the other.

But not only is New Zealand especially attractive to the emigrant and to the traveller, there is also much in this colony to interest the politician and the philanthropist, for here is now being worked out one of the most difficult problems of civilization—a problem of which the solution is far from being arrived at, which presents every day some new and unforeseen complication, but which the enlightened principles of the present age declare ought to be solved. The conditions of this problem were: On the one hand, a large and fertile territory, very sparsely inhabited by tribes of savages, who lived only about the shores, or on the banks of lakes and rivers, leaving immense tracts of valuable land unoccupied and waste—their chief occupation being waging war upon each other, while the most revolting cannibalism and other atrocities prevailed. On the other hand, a vigorous European race seeking for lands wherein to locate its surplus population, and diffuse the blessings of civilization and Christianity among the aboriginal inhabitants. How to accomplish this great end—how to occupy the wastes of this fine country with a civilized people, to change this fertile wilderness into cultivated provinces, and, at the same time, to avoid the lamentable consequences which have hitherto resulted in similar instances—the gradual decay and extinction of the aboriginal race—is the problem which

is now being attempted to be solved in New Zealand, though as yet, it must be confessed, with but little success.

The first recorded discovery of gold in New Zealand took place in 1852—the year following that in Australia—when a small quantity was found at Coromandel, a harbour about thirty miles from Auckland. After being worked for some months, the place was abandoned; but after an interval of a few years it was again taken up, and a little gold is still being obtained there from deep-lying quartz-reefs. Until 1867, this was the only place in the North Island where gold was worked; but, as we shall see presently, the latest, and in all probability the most valuable, of the New Zealand gold-fields, has recently been opened up not far from there. The discovery of gold in the South Island commenced in 1854, when it was found in a small quantity in Nelson province, at Massacre Bay, where Tasman, the discoverer of New Zealand, anchored his ship, and so named the roadstead from several of his men having been killed there by the natives. It was not till 1857, however, that the gold was regularly worked, but during the following year nearly £100,000 worth was exported from thence. This locality has not proved rich enough to attract many people, though a certain amount of gold is still obtained.

A long chain of mountains of considerable height traverses the South Island, forming an Alpine range or backbone extending along its whole length, and towering up in some places to an altitude of from 10,000 to 13,000 feet above the sea. This mountain-chain lies close to the western coast, to which, in some places, its spurs extend; and nowhere is there more than some twenty miles of densely-wooded land intervening between the shore and the slopes of the hills. On the eastern side of the range, the features of the country are very different, consisting of open undulating

land and extensive grassy plains, traversed by broad and rapid streams. In this open hilly country lie the famous Otago gold-fields, which were discovered in 1861, when diggers came flocking to that province from Australia and California, and the stream of emigration from the mother country increased rapidly. This may be said to be the commencement of the "Golden Age" of the colony, in the literal sense of the term, though it was far from being so figuratively; for in the previous year the disastrous native war had broken out, which—commencing at Taranaki about the disputed ownership of the famous Waitara block of land—continued, with little intermission, through the Waikato, Tauranga, Wanganui, and east-coast campaigns, to the close of 1866.

The Otago gold-fields extend inland as far as the lakes; and one of the townships, Queenstown, is situated on the banks of Lake Wakatipu. This beautiful sheet of water lies between ranges of lofty mountains, which are snow-clad in winter; and at the head of the lake stands Mount Earnlaw, rearing its white crest far above the snow-line to a height of over 9000 feet, with a magnificent glacier clinging to its rugged sides, and stretching down towards the lake. Strikingly beautiful is the view up the lake, looking towards this hoary giant; and seen, as we saw it, at the close of a hot summer, when the hills on either side were free from snow, and the dark birch-woods upon their slopes were reflected from the calm surface of the lake, while the mountain stood out in fine relief, with its glacier-sides gleaming with rich colours in the sunshine—it was a picture not to be forgotten. The only quartz-reefs in Otago are situated in this neighborhood, not far from Queenstown, but accessible only by a bridle-track over the mountains, which in winter is most difficult of passage from snow and ice.

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curate enough to tell us when a popular vice began to decay, and when it ceased to exist, for old-established customs rarely die out in a generation; but there is a period in the history of one modern race about which our knowledge is singularly ample and trustworthy, and this is the time immediately before and immediately after the acceptance of Christianity by the Scandinavians. In this case we have their old heathen poetry, every line of which throws a bright light upon some quaint usage or long-forgotten superstition; we have their family sagas, which cover great part of the period in question, are truer than any historian from Livy to Macaulay, and more interesting to boot than most modern novels, provided they be perused reverently and as a youth should hearken to the tale of a respected but slightly hawering grandsire; and when these fail us, we are able to fall back upon some excellent chronicles, and a great mass of nearly contemporary and singularly graphic legislation. We propose, then, to take some of the principal events in the life of a heathen Northman, and to explain some of the institutions under which he lived and of the qualities he would probably possess; and then to show what change the lapse of a century made in them. We shall find many popular vices have become discredited in the interval, and that much alteration in national habits has been brought about. Of these changes some can be traced to internal decay, some to the direct attacks of Christianity, and some to a change of circumstances, by which customs once pleasant and profitable ceased to offer any temptation. We shall refer more particularly to the Icelanders, who were less exposed than other Scandinavians to external influences, and concerning whom our information is more accurate; but when looked at from this distance of time, the differences between the

various communities who spoke the Northern tongue become microscopic, and we shall not therefore always be scrupulous in assigning minute shades of character to their specific owners.

In describing the character of the ancient Northman we are obliged to say a few words about his religion; but, in so doing, shall say no more about his mythology than is absolutely necessary to throw light upon national customs and feelings; for the wars, the revels, and the twilight of the gods have been so fully and so well described in prose and verse, that if the reader descries afar off the Midgard Serpent and the Hall of Odin, he may be tempted to turn the page and mutter,—

"Nota magis nulli domus est sua quam
mihi lucus
Martia, et (Eollis vicinum rupibus antrum
Vulcani."

The Northman had no idea of a Creator, of an omnipotent personal God, or of an eternity of rewards and punishments. He was aware of a heaven above, and of a hell beneath, both of which were inhabited by beings who had been born and should one day die, and who meanwhile were engaged in unceasing strife; the dwellers in heaven seeking to preserve the world to which they had given form and beauty, and the powers of hell watching their opportunity to destroy it. In this struggle man could bear a part, and his life on earth was a type of the final battle and a preparation for it. The daughters of Odin were always roaming over the world in search of men who had proved themselves worthy of sharing their father's fate; and reckless daring was the first qualification for the man who must one day encounter the serpent and the wolf in a hopeless conflict. No energy on the part of god or man could avert this consummation; for dimly visible in the background were other powers mightier than those of heaven and hell, who had ordained the end of this world and the birth of a better.

These dread beings, whom the Northmen called Norns, were incapable of pity or anger, and could not be moved by prayer and sacrifice, or irritated by crime; for they had already ordained all that was to happen to the end of time. Nothing was too vast for their care, and the most trivial incidents were ruled by them. "I warned you," says Gudrun to her brothers when they have fallen into the snare; "but no man can strive against his doom."* This conviction that all things were unchangeably fore-ordained, gave rise to the same unthinking fearlessness as that by which the Mohammedan fatalists were distinguished; and the inevitable nature of man's doom was constantly urged as a reason for meeting danger with a dauntless front. "Each man's day is appointed him; it is better to die now with honour than to live on in shame."

The Northman's training for the battle of life began early; the child of nine years old could sometimes boast of a murder for every year of his life; the illegitimate boy of twelve was adopted into the clan for stabbing his father's enemy; and the child of five was shunned by his playmates because he had never shed blood. When they came into battle, the sight of carnage filled them with the ungovernable ferocity of wild beasts; they delighted in being covered with blood from head to foot, and in their wild excitement threw aside their weapons and fixed their teeth in the enemy's throat. When the fight was over, the prisoners were generally reserved till next day, while the conqueror was weighing the comparative merits of the many kinds of torture with which he was familiar. He had his choice between scalping

them and pouring pitch over their wounds, twisting their bowels round a pillar, carving their backs into the grisly likeness of a spread eagle, or skinning them alive. The last device had grown into disfavour, because it was found that the victim bled to death very rapidly, so they hit upon the plan of flogging the skin off the greater part of the body with small sticks, and this improvement was found to work admirably.

The life and religion of the Northern warrior was a training to endure defeat as well as to share in the combat. The gods, his protectors, are doomed to be vanquished; and from his infancy he has heard of kinsmen who have fallen by the hand of a stranger. He may himself beat off many an attack, but must expect to meet a mightier at last; and it is better to die by the brave man's sword than to be the victim of Age, the terrible hag who brought Thor himself to his knee. All the tortures he inflicted upon his prisoners he expected would one day be inflicted on himself, and he was prepared to undergo them with the unflinching calmness which we now consider belongs rather to women and savages than to the civilised warrior. He was expected to laugh while they tore out his heart, and to sing his death-song while serpents were gnawing him. So highly esteemed was this ability to face and endure the inevitable, that in a singular Christian legend, where the heroes of old are represented undergoing the torments of the damned, while less renowned champions disquiet the fiends with their howling, Sigurd alone, the greatest hero of Northern story, neither groans nor speaks. His whole life was a training for this last hour of

* They carried their ideas of a controlling fate into queer little particulars, which, however, we find set forth in all seriousness. Two warriors were wrestling for life and death in deep water, "and the strength of Thormod began to fail him, but inasmuch as his hour was not yet come, the waistband of his foe broke at that instant and his breeches fell about his heels, and he could swim no more, but sank and drank an unspeakable quantity of water; and so he died."

trial, and it was a shameful thing at any time to show any sign of feeling pain or privation. "Listen to those fellows squealing under the knife of the leech!" said a soldier who possessed the hospital: "it is no wonder they could not face our swords." Another wounded man behaved on the same occasion with more propriety: for he pried the iron from his breast himself, and, with an appropriate verse, held it up for the surgeon's inspection. It was an old sea-rover's rule that no man must speak of his wound till next day: and there are many curious instances in which it was complied with. "Why do you eat nothing but curds?" said a host to his visitor, "you must have got something in your mouth. Ah! I see—it is the head of an arrow through your jaw!"

Only those warriors would be allowed to fight beside the gods who in this world had faithfully discharged their duties towards mankind. Now these duties were very few, and were strictly limited to a narrow circle: for man owed nothing to his fellow-men originally, but a variety of obligations were gradually laid upon him by the circumstances of his life. These were created by kindred, friendship, or express compact: and all the duties which had devolved upon a man through any of these channels, he was bound to perform under severe penalties in this world and the next. But he had no moral rules at all which bore any reference to men who were not bound to him by any of these ties. We will now describe more fully some features of his moral system.

The most strongly marked characteristic of the Northman was his reverence for the tie of blood. Each clan was a little army in an enemy's country; all around were rivals who were only kept at bay by a continual display of watchfulness and power. There was no public authority to suppress violence or redress injuries; for although there was no lack

of courts, lawyers, and legal formalities, it was well understood that no individual could have the hardihood to appeal to them unless he had previously secured the support of a powerful clan. Consequently every man felt he was bound to back his clan, right or wrong, to the very utmost, and the duties of clansmen towards each other were held to be absolutely unbounded. The chief duty everybody owed to his kinsman was to share in his quarrels; and in an age when no drinking-bout, horse-fight, or shinty-match, ended without bloodshed, a member of a large family was always at feud with somebody. If his kinsman had been killed or hurt, he was bound to exact the customary blood-money, and was entitled to share in it; and if the money was not forthcoming, he was bound to make reprisals by putting to death the first member of the offending clan who came in his way, without paying any regard to the peaceable character or friendly disposition of the victim: for in the eye of custom the family was a unit—an indivisible atom—each member of which was responsible for every other. If this satisfaction were not obtained, every member of the family was disgraced for generations. No lapse of time could heal the wound: the unborn infant was bound to avenge his father, so that to spare the child of your enemy was the act of a madman. "Spare not the child," says the Valkyrie to Sigurd, "whose brother or father thou hast slain: the lad is a wolf's cub, whom no gold can tame." And when afterwards she became a mortal woman, and was wronged by him, she urged his friends to murder him, and to slay also the whelp his son. Odin himself bids his hearer beware of his brother's murderer; and the counsels of the Edda were carefully obeyed by the Northmen. It was not necessary to take vengeance on the spot; the old warriors prided themselves on being able to conceal their anger:—

"Soon comes a thrall's vengeance,
Never comes a coward's."

If a man committed some infamous crime, his family shared in the disgrace; and when Christianity was despised as a womanish superstition, the cousin of a recent convert might recover heavy damages from him to make amends for the shame brought upon himself.

Although even distant relations were disgraced who allowed their kinsmen to suffer wrong, still quiet unenterprising men were always anxious to avoid feuds in which they felt no personal interest, and, with a little of our own feeling towards poor relations, were very ready to find out that their oppressed kinsman was in the wrong, or that the tyrant was too strong to be meddled with. It was a sad thing to be a childless old man; and there are many stories, which have still a pathetic interest, of old sea-rovers whose strength has failed them, and whose neighbours plunder field after field, and offer to settle the matter by duel. In all such cases it was useless to appeal for help to strangers. "I do not know what you have done for me that I should put myself out of the way for you," was always thought a sufficient and a creditable answer; and if a chieftain would occasionally interfere to see justice done, it would be to please some wandering younger brother who had picked up Quixotic notions in foreign parts, or because the offender had caused a public scandal by forswearing himself. Children, therefore, were the choicest favour of heaven, and men sought to obtain them for themselves by spells, and by the same means to deprive their enemies of this blessing and weapon—a direction which the spite of a witch generally took.

But miserable as was the condition of the childless hearth, the new-born infant was not always welcomed as an addition to the riches and strength of their family.

On the contrary, whenever a child made its appearance, it was for the head of the family to determine whether the stranger should be received into the federation, or should at once be put to death. If he had any reason to suppose the new comer would be no prop to his declining years, but would be dangerous to the family interests, or burdensome to its resources, the father was fully authorized by law and usage to put it out of the way. But he was obliged to decide at once; for as soon as he had raised it from the ground, and bestowed upon it the solemn rite of heathen baptism, the infant became one of the brotherhood,—its life was no longer at the father's disposal, but was hedged about with legal penalties and family feuds. The very closeness of the tie of blood made a family hesitate before they allowed themselves to be entangled in it, for no member could ever be expelled or abandoned. Whatever his crimes or his necessities, he must be supported against the dearest friends, and under the most cruel difficulties; and as all Scandinavia, and particularly Iceland, was miserably poor, and afflicted with constantly-recurring famines, a family could very easily become too numerous for its resources; and, in fact, a large family was commonly esteemed a luxury, or, more properly, a deferred investment, for the most part beyond the means of a struggling man. Again, if the father had any reason to apprehend that the child would be no comfort to him in his old age, he had no scruple in destroying it. "Throw the baby away," said Asbiorn to his wife, when he came home and found his daughter married to a man he despised; "I will not be at the trouble of rearing any more girls for you to waste." Or sometimes he would have a fearful vision, which a wise woman would interpret to foreshadow the downfall of his house, which the child yet unborn should bring about; and

then, like Thurstane, the father of Helga the Fair, would idly hope to thwart the Norns by ordering the immediate death of the infant.

As soon as it was resolved the child should die, it was handed over to a thrall to put out of the way, for the slaughter of an infant was no work for a gentleman. The manner varied from time to time, and was originally very rough and speedy. There is a gruesome story of one of the first colonists of Iceland, who could hardly have been a needy man, but who bade a thrall take the child and bury it; so he laid it on the ground in the presence of the family, while he whetted his spade; when lo! the child lifted up his voice, and chanted—

"Raise me from the mould,
Take me to my mother;
The best bed for the babe
Is the bosom of its father."

The appalled spectators rescued the young bard, and he lived to be a great man. But there seems to have been a continually-growing feeling that the child should be allowed a chance for his life; and in late years the usual practice was to leave it in the snow or in a crevice in the lava. This was done as tenderly as the cruel circumstances would permit. A place was chosen sheltered from the wind; a piece of meat was put in its mouth, to give it as long a chance as possible, and a soft-hearted thrall would leave it near a footpath, in the hope that a pitiful passer-by might dare to have compassion on it; or sometimes he would be moved by the mother's entreaties to commit the child to the care of some trusty friend: but this he would do very secretly; for if the deed was discovered, Iceland was no home for him. For when the father decrees his infant's death, he means his orders to be carried out; and as Thurstane said, in answer to his wife's expostulations, "You must know by this time that it is unlucky to disobey me." If

the child were saved by chance or design, he was no member of his father's family, took no share in the family inheritance, paid no part of the blood-money which the relatives must subscribe to atone for a life taken by one of the family, but was held little better than a "corner child," for whose mother's hand no price was paid. It needed rare merit or distinguished services to procure admission into the family circle for the child once doomed to die; for, by the act of devotion, the victim had become the property of the powers of evil, and was ever afterwards apt to fall into strange frenzies, and, as some thought, was at times unable to retain even the outward form of man, but was doomed at certain regular intervals to adopt the body and life of a beast of prey.

If a man's poverty obliged him to destroy his child, he was not held to have done anything either wrong or unusual; indeed he was bound, as a good clansman, to sacrifice his personal feelings to the permanent interests of the family; but in the absence of this necessity, the act was very discreditable to the whole relationship.

The tie of blood was far stronger than any other bond which the Northman could form; and when men set these duties at naught, the fiery end of the world is at hand. The sanctity attached to them contrasts strangely with the slack reverence commanded by the marriage-tie, which was lightly twined and lightly broken. Notwithstanding the almost superstitious respect paid to women, they were regarded as the property of their male relations, who disposed of them in as absolute and sometimes as hurried a manner as any other chattel. In form and in reality marriage was a bargain in which the suitor purchased from the lady's family a more or less valuable commodity. It was necessary that certain solemn words should be employed, but the

essential part of the ceremony was the payment of the money, without which the children of the union were illegitimate. It was not usual to pay any attention to the lady's wishes; and when occasionally the father said he would see what his daughter thought of it, the suitor at once suspected he was being trifled with, and threatened a feud. Of course love-matches did sometimes occur then as at all other times, and there were even one or two instances of a headstrong woman declaring she would marry whom she pleased, and being allowed by a weak father to have her own way. The husband was absolute master of the household, and did not hesitate to enforce his orders by blows. Nothing was more common than for a saucy or sulky wife to have her ears publicly boxed; this, in fact, was quite the ordinary sequel to a discussion between husband and wife. An old sea-rover married a young wife who could not endure him, and would do nothing to make his home agreeable. One day they were in the farmyard, and saw the cock give the hen a very sound thrashing. "Do you see that?" said the old gentleman. "What of it?" answered the lady. "What happens to one may happen to another," replied he, quoting an old proverb. The caution was sufficient, and they became a very affectionate couple. But an ill-used wife had a remedy ready to her hands, for the union was dissolved almost at pleasure by either party, the chief difficulty being the painful necessity of returning the presents on both sides. A frequent cause of conjugal bickering was a feud between the husband and the wife's relations; and when this

conflict of duty arose, she invariably sided with her own family. One lady, whose husband had been compassing the death of her brother, stabbed the accomplice who came exultingly to announce the success of the plot; and when her angry lord boxed her ears, she got a divorce, took away all the property she had brought into the family, and left her impoverished husband saddled with a liability to pay heavy damages for the wound she had given his guest. "If my nephew come to harm to-day, it is all over between you and me," said a lady to her husband, who was letting her relation get into mischief. We doubt if an instance of a wife taking the part of her husband against her family is to be found in Northern literature. The famous instance to the contrary, which will occur to every reader of "quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore," where the treacherous Krimild lures her brothers to destruction to avenge her husband's murder, is a German fable, which crept northwards at a later time, when the tie of blood had lost its force, and brothers could be named who had taken their brothers' lives.*

From the looseness of the tie between husband and wife, it followed, as was to be expected, that breaches of conjugal fidelity were common, and lightly regarded. There was a place of torment for such offenders hereafter; but the offence was common throughout the North, and was seldom very keenly resented. "What are you so sulky about?" said a guilty wife to her husband; "let bygones be bygones, or I shall go home to-morrow and take all my things with me:" upon which he pressed her to stay. The husband,

* There is a curious and true anecdote about the legend of Krimild, which incidentally shows the Northern feeling about oaths at a comparatively late period. When Knut Lavard was being enticed into the wood where his brother lay in wait to murder him, his guide, who had sworn to say nothing of the danger, was seized with remorse, and sang the lay of Krimild to warn the victim; but the German legend was little known, and the caution was in vain.

indeed, was rarely in a position to judge his wife's shortcomings severely, for it was quite in the usual course of things for him to have a number of interior favourites; and there is much curious learning in the laws and sagas of the period, concerning the offspring of these irregular unions, and their share in the family burdens and heritage.

Next in importance to the tie of blood was the obligation of an oath; and considering the way in which morality was then looked upon, this feeling was of the highest value. Our modern virtues of justice, charity, mercy, and temperance, were scarcely admitted to be such qualities as became a gentleman, and certainly they were not duties which any man could reasonably expect from his neighbour. If, however, a man could by any means be induced to promise orderly behaviour, the case was entirely altered: a new duty had arisen, and gods and men would see it was discharged. Murder, robbery, and revenge, if confined to outsiders, neither offended the gods nor shocked society; but perjury was a fearful crime, which brought bad luck in this life, and after death was punished by torments which should outlast earth and heaven. "If this man come to good, I can forecast no man's fortune," said Guest the Second-sighted, when a hardy villain who had sworn to amend his ways violated three oaths by striking his injured antagonist in open court. To take such an oath gratuitously was held very rash conduct: and one Hallstane, who swore to give judgment without respect of persons, was thought to have placed himself at singular disadvantage; for he had got into a moral trap, like that in which the Elfin Queen vainly sought to catch the wary Thomas of Ercildoune when she offered him the gift of the "tongue that would never lie." Accordingly, the fullest reliance was placed upon the oath once pledged, and even the duty of

avenging a murdered kinsman yielded to the necessity of redeeming it. An old Norseman, one of whose sons had been killed by a neighbour, drew his sword upon the rest of his children to protect the murderer, to whom he had long before made a vow of friendship.

But oaths were not used exclusively in the cause of virtue and order. Whatever a man swore to do, were it good or ill, he was bound to carry out; for it was not only criminal but unlucky to leave a vow unfulfilled. These vows were often made in haste, very commonly when the makers were exceedingly drunk, and were heartily repented of in the morning, when it was impossible to draw back. On solemn Yule evenings, it was the usual custom for each reveller to rise in order and to bind himself to some desperate achievement; each succeeding guest endeavouring to outdo his predecessors. It was on such an occasion that Hallstane made the desperate vow of justice to which we have above referred; the preposterous folly of which shocked even the intoxicated bystanders.

The man who swore an oath was bound to perform it to the very letter, but no further. He was no more bound to pay regard to its spirit than is any modern diplomatist: it was the business of the other side to take care that the words covered all cases that could possibly arise. To draw an oath which should seemingly meet the point, but which really did not include the disputed question, was no knavery, but commendable smartness. One man purged himself by oath of a charge of murder, and the words seemed satisfactory; but he had neatly inserted a negative particle which had two meanings. He was so proud of his ingenuity that he could not forbear boasting of it in his cups, and got into much trouble; but nobody thought of blaming the device.

The most solemn oath was that

which sanctioned the relationship of foster-brotherhood; a union so intimate as to be by many thought paramount to all other ties. Lok, who brought evil into the world, and murdered Bald, the favourite son of Odin, was not afraid to enter the hall where the gods were feasting, and to boast of his crimes; for he had been Odin's foster-brother of yore, and his life was sacred. But tremendous as was this oath, men who shrank from breaking it sometimes attempted to evade it. When the sons of Giuki became jealous of their great foster-brother Sigurd, they felt it was impossible to touch him themselves, but urged their younger brother, who had taken no vows, to do the deed.

The warmest friendships were usually riveted with an oath; but often, without any formal pledge, the mere interchange of good offices created a binding obligation which the genial Northern nature delighted to acknowledge. All the great heroes had their bosom friends, and are described as warm friends and bitter haters. Men were cautioned never to lose sight of those they loved, and to stick by them on all occasions. "No way is long which leads to the house of a friend," says Odin; and again—

"If thou have a friend,
Be a friend to him,
And to him whom he holdeth dear;
If a hater thou have,
Of his house beware,
Nor be friend to thy foeman's friend."

Every favour or kindness received called for a return, and the Northman was little apt to waste good offices upon such as seemed unable to requite them. The man who accepted a present became bound to repay it in such shape as would be agreeable to the giver; and when a man got into trouble he frequently endeavoured to extricate himself by prevailing upon an influential neighbour to accept some gift from him. Prudent men were on their guard against this device, and only the young and un-

wary took the gold-handled axes or costly horses which strangers of doubtful antecedents were always eager to force upon them. One of the chief duties a man owed to his relations and friends was ungrudging hospitality. They were all welcome to come with their slaves and horses and stay for weeks, and all expected to receive presents when they went away. If the host seemed to dislike the outlay he proved himself no gentleman, and gave deadly offence to his visitors, who cursed him and gave him filthy nicknames; but this, like all other duties, did not concern the outside world. The benighted traveller in Norway and Iceland who sighted a distant house, was fain to reconnoitre carefully before he begged for quarters. Odin himself says:—

"Go not in
Until every gate
Thou hast watched with a wary eye,
For fear thou mayst find
Thy foes within
Ranged on the benches around."

If it looked tolerably safe he knocked, and mutual challenges were exchanged as at the door of a fortress. If the master in person invited him to enter, this amounted to a pledge of safety and good treatment; but otherwise it was a rash thing to beard the Douglas in his hall. Here is an illustration of the unchivalrous reception an unfriend might look for: One stormy winter night some travellers lost their way on the hills, and at last found themselves close to an enemy's house; after some hesitation they knocked and asked for quarters. They were churlishly told to come in by a thrall, for the master of the house refused to ask them in personally. Nobody took any notice of them or offered them dry clothes, and there was no fire. Although there was plenty of good cheer in the house, nothing was set before them but cheese and curds. At last the host asked, "What do you call this sort of fare in your

country?" "Cheese and curds," answered they. "I call it foeman's welcome," said he. No beds were prepared for them, and by morning many were frostbitten. Next day they looked out at the weather. There was a furious storm, which made travelling impossible, but their host told them a bold fellow could easily find his way to the next hamlet. The result, however, was, that they paid a long visit, and parted sworn friends.

No man's education was thought to be complete until he had spent some years in foreign travel, and the young Icelanders soon became weary of the severe and monotonous toil which he had to undergo in common with all whom choice or necessity had brought under the shelter of his father's roof. His own country was to him a sort of Switzerland, where he was obliged to "force a barren soil for scanty bread." By vigorous and unremitting labour he could contrive to keep body and soul together; but he felt that to spend his youth at home in the company of old sailors whose day was over, and of slaves and broken-down gentlemen, was "propter vitam vivendi perdere causas;" all that made life worth having was to be got in the far away south and east, whence came the wandering traders whose tales enlivened the winter, and whose gifts of coloured tapestry clothed his bare walls. His father was never weary of telling how the gilded battle-axe which hung over his bed was the gift of Earl Hako; and the very timbers which bore up the roof, and far surpassed any tree his own poor soil could boast, came from the royal forests of Norway, and were the reward granted by Harold the Fair-haired to the lad's grandfather for signal services in the crowning fight of Hafur's Firth. While the untravelled youth wore grey homespun, and worked from morning to night as hard as any of his father's thralls—and sometimes,

when hands were short, had to do work scarce fit for a gentleman—his young neighbours wore jewels and scarlet shirts, such as the island could not produce, and had only to superintend the labour of the English slaves whom they had brought back. It was not mere love of gain and dislike to hard work which made him long to leave home; the tales of his travelled friends were more alluring than their riches. The Northmen have always been convinced that home-keeping youths have ever homely wits, and the man who had been long abroad was treated with marked and generally well-deserved deference. This feeling was partly the servility always shown to wealth; and we see sarcastic allusions to "those people who were nobodies when they went abroad, and who now ride about as fine as a lord:" but it was in part the genuine respect paid to superior knowledge and wider ideas.

Travel with Northmen meant exactly what it used to mean with the Swiss. A few of them found peaceful occupations as traders and explorers: the bulk of the emigrants took service in some of the numerous armies which were in perpetual need of adventurous recruits, or went freebooting on their own account. Their favourite services were the standing army with which the Danes kept down our own forefathers, and the miscellaneous host of wanderers which formed the body-guard of the emperors at Constantinople. The profession of freebooter, which had once been so honourable and gainful, had, towards the end of the tenth century, lost much of its dignity and emoluments, but was still looked upon as a legitimate though hardly respectable calling; but in the exercise of it the rover had to beware of meddling with any vessel on board of which the Northern tongue was spoken.

The hard life of the North had made the Scandinavians attach sin-

gular value to industry. No man was allowed to plead high birth, wealth, or incapacity, as an excuse for idleness. The lord of the manor, at whose summons the whole neighbourhood must mount and ride, and who was not only landlord but also priest and sheriff, had to work with his hands as hard as any of his thralls. He had not to do exactly the same work, for many kinds of employment were slavish, and it was even actionable to say of a gentleman he had been meddling with the pigs, the sheep, or the calves; but he had to know the points of every horse on the estate, to handle the oar, the axe, and the saw. Many a house stood for centuries to bear witness to the skill of its noble builder. And he might be blacksmith, shoemaker, or boat-builder. But everybody must do something, however small his ability. So runs Odin's precept:—

"Be the handless a herdman,
A horseman the lame,
Let the deaf do his duty in fight."

This very praiseworthy feeling had its unamiable side. A time came when the bold warrior, the skilful carpenter, and the cunning smith, could no longer be useful, and blindness, a frequent malady in Iceland, disabled the old man before his time. Then the struggling family felt he was a burden, and, although compelled by religion and custom to give him a home, they were at no pains to hide from him that he was in the way. His children paid no respect to his counsel, and engaged in feuds and formed alliances without consulting the head of the family. At home he was treated with small deference, and the very women-servants reviled him for taking up too much of the fire. Then the neglected old man would take a mean revenge on the family, and would hide the treasures he had won in his old roving days in some crevasse where his sons should never find them.

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When he grew weary of his dishonoured age he had but one creditable course open to him, and this was, to seek out some steep headland, and thence to leap at once into the presence of Odin, whose hall was always open to such as came by this honourable road. With him, perhaps, went some faithful thrall, whom he rewarded for his good service by allowing him to attend him into Odin's presence.

But not every old warrior had so glorious and peaceful an end. Many, when they found their strength failing them and their orders set at nought, gave way to gusts of impotent rage, and were found seated lifeless on their accustomed bench; and though the body had no marks of violence, it is darkly hinted that death had been occasioned by some mysterious interposition of the powers of evil. This was esteemed an awful end—none durst look upon the dead man's face; but the heir approached him warily from behind, veiled his head to thwart the evil eye, and bore the body through a hole purposely made in the wall, and then performed the funeral rites according to the Valkyrian injunction:—

"Counsel the ninth:
Give the corpse his due,
If thou find him upon the field.
Died he by sickne's,
Or died he by sea,
Or slain by the soldier's sword,
Heap up a mound
O'er the man that is gone,
And wash the hands and the head.
In his coffin lay him,
Well combed and dried,
And say, 'Be thy slumber sound.'"

But over such a corpse the kinsmen piled their stones and murmured their blessings in vain. They knew that the dead who had lived an evil life or died an unholy death could not rest in their graves; and as soon as the long winter nights set in, they listened for the return of the troubled spirit. Terrible were the stories that were afloat of houses made uninhabitable, and whole valleys disquieted, by these

supernatural visitors. The Northern ghost was not the impalpable phantom of modern days, who can barely be discerned by the bodily eye, and the only sign of whose presence is a creeping of the flesh and a dim consciousness that something wicked this way comes—but was akin to the Scottish goblin whom bold King Alexander encountered, nothing daunted by the wizard's warning—

"If thy heart fall thee in the strife,
I am no warrant for thy life."

Few could say they had seen him by day, but many had found on the hills the mangled bodies of shepherds whom he had strangled, and had heard in the stormy evenings his step approaching the house, and a knock such as no earthly hand could give. Then the trembling thrall who opened the door would behold the dead man standing outside, and rush back in a frenzy shrieking that the dead had seized him; the story always goes on, "and at morning he died." Some declared they had seen the ghost, covered with dust of the grave, and followed by a long train of men he had slain, enter the house which had been his, and sit by the fire, which no living man then dared approach. The only remedy was for some reckless hero to grapple with the goblin as with a mortal wrestler—to overpower him and burn his body to ashes. Few Icelandic glens were free from these stories, which were devoutly believed; and the spot by land or sea where the ashes were buried was for centuries unlucky to shepherd or fisher. Even the dead who did not come out of their graves to disturb the living could easily be roused; and few exploits gave a man a higher reputation for courage than a descent into an old hero's tomb for the purpose of carrying off the sword which lay beside him.

The ghosts of the departed were not the only preternatural beings with whom the Northmen were in frequent communion; for land and

water teemed with malicious goblins, of whose dangerous freaks the boldest warriors were in continual dread. The fisherman's boat was upset by the unseen hand of the demon of the sea, who occasionally became visible in the likeness of a whale, and sometimes took her own proper shape of a monstrous woman. The rope by which the gatherer of sea-birds' eggs was suspended over the cliff was constantly cut by the troll, who regarded the birds as his property: and many fertile glens were known to remain unoccupied in the wilder parts of the country, for they were jealously guarded by a jotun, from whose grasp no explorer returned alive. Against these dangers man was left by heaven to struggle unaided; but the strong man might hope to be able by the use of his mortal weapons to overcome these half-spiritual foes. These beings, however, were not always hostile: most great men had a familiar demon, whose aid it was not altogether right to invoke, but of whom they spoke quite openly, and who had usually been on friendly terms with the family for generations. Other spirits, again, there were whose aid was obtained by spells: they and the wizards whom they assisted were held in great terror. Long after this time, when the religion of Odin was accounted devil-worship, it became the fashion to speak of Odin himself sometimes as a wizard, who by his magical arts could work strange wonders; and at other times as a fiend, who gave magicians their power. But while the old religion was in force, there was a wide distinction between the wizard and the devout worshipper. The former invoked the aid of the enemies of heaven in order to injure mankind; and Odin's most earnest caution to his followers runs thus:—

"Listen, Loddf. fubr—
Listen to me:
Happy he who heedeth my words,
Lie not down
In the lap of a witch,

For thy body she can bind,
So mighty her magic.
No man thou'lt hear
The summons of Sovereign or Thing:
Thou'lt loathe the revel,
And leave the meal,
And dreary will be thy dreams."

Again the Valkyrie sings—

" Warning the fourth:
Of her house beware,
Who worketh with wicked spells;
'Tis better to travel
Than tarry there,
Be the darkness never so deep."

Odin fortifies his worshipper with holy counter-spells, with which he may meet the arts of the magician, but does not encourage him to look for much direct assistance from heaven. On the contrary, he is careful to warn him that he may easily offer too many prayers and sacrifices, and that this is a worse fault than the opposite extreme.

There was, however, one price which could always purchase the assistance of the gods, and this was a human sacrifice. The time had been when no great festival was duly celebrated without this rite, but it had now fallen into disfavour, and was practised for the most part by those only who were regardless of public opinion. Their houses were shunned by the respectable, yet men of the highest character occasionally revived the institution under the pressure of overwhelming disaster.

The character of the Northmen, as we find it described in the sagas, is full of noble and valuable qualities; but it must be carefully borne in mind that these histories refer merely to the gentlemen of the community, and only to the tolerably successful members of that limited class. Far away down below the level of the aristocratic sagaman's ken, the great bulk of the Northmen of the day were writhing in unregarded misery. The masses who were beneath the dignity of history were composed of many successive layers, only two of which we can now refer to. The first consisted of a number of ruined gentlemen of broken clans

and desperate fortunes, who had committed what the Northmen considered the unpardonable sin of being vanquished in the battle of life, and of ceasing to struggle against the stream. These social outlaws had formally renounced their clanship, with all its rights and duties, and had sold themselves for shelter and bread to some great man who stood in need of adventurous hangers-on to back him in his feuds and execute perilous schemes of violence. They were fit for little else, for their laziness was proverbial; and being without prospects in life, or families to be responsible for their actions, were justly regarded as a dangerous class. The men who had thus sold their birthright for a morsel of pottage were heartily despised, and held in little higher esteem than the thralls themselves. These wretched beings, mostly prisoners of war and their descendants mixed up with the remnants of the old inhabitants of the country, were in such a state of suffering and degradation that, compared with them, the negroes of the Southern States might have been considered a happy and independent yeomanry; for their lives and persons were absolutely at the mercy of a body of men accustomed to think lightly of suffering in themselves and others, and not responsible to any authority in heaven or earth for the use they made of their power. If ill used by a stranger, their master would probably insist upon compensation for himself, exactly as if his ox had been injured; but against his ever-present master neither law, custom, nor religion gave the thrall any protection. He was simply one of the cattle, bound to serve his owner blindfold; right and wrong did not exist for him, and after his life of toil was over, he could not enter Odin's paradise unless the rare favour were granted him of dying with his lord. His master was not ashamed to mutilate him

in the most outrageous manner, and to put him to death upon the slightest suspicion. His touch was pollution to a gentleman; it was disgraceful to be helped by him in battle; to fall by his hand added another pang to death; and, according to an old myth, it was more honourable to be ruled by a dog than a slave. His body might not be laid beside that of a gentleman, or the great man's ghost would return and complain of the insult. The treatment he received produced its natural fruits. No master ventured to lie down unarmed; his rest was often troubled by the guardian spirits of his house, who came to warn him against the vengeance of a thrall; and it is not without pleasure that we find the warnings were in vain. The coarse manners and filthy habits of the thralls are visible in many an untranslatable anecdote, and in the curious warrancies of soundness and cleanliness which their purchasers required from the vendor. They were densely stupid; and when sent on an errand of life and death, would go quietly to bed, and give their message in the morning. If employed to fight in their masters' quarrels, they would go raving mad with terror, and fling themselves over cliffs and ravines. When threatened with torture, they could not face it like a soldier, but screamed at the touch of the knife. Unaccustomed to kindness, they were thrown off their balance by it, and at the first opportunity betrayed their indulgent master. Thus runs Odin's summary of all that is most untrustworthy in creation:—

— First night's frost,
Folded serpent,
Woman's whisper,
Foxes' wispers,
Falcon's promise,
Fawn's lie,
Calf that sickens,
Slaves that's purposed,
Raven's cry,
Fawning which-eth,
Howling hound, and
Weeping harlot:—

and the most common proverb in the North was, "Make no friend of thy thrall."

They were sunk so far beneath the level of humanity that no gentleman who respected himself would harm his enemy's thralls any more than he would his oxen. A traveller, attended by his thralls, and encumbered with a train and baggage-horses, was riding over a bog hotly pursued by the deadly enemy of his house: "Ride you on, master," said a thrall, "we shall be all safe; he is too much of a gentleman to touch us if you are out of the way." It is but fair to add that we hear of some kind masters who were gratefully served by brave and intelligent thralls; but, on the whole, the relation between master and slave was one of bitter hostility, which was not softened but aggravated by the religious feeling of the time, and by the mythic legends of the Edda, where the genealogy of the thrall is traced through a long line of degraded ancestors.

We will now pass over the space of a century, from the time when Olaf imposed the Faith upon the reluctant Northmen by the terrors of fire, sword, and famine, and will examine the changes which took place in the interval. It is no part of our plan to describe doctrines or devotional feelings, except in so far as they affect the habits of daily life. In this comparison the Christian is placed at a great disadvantage; for it is impossible by any effort of the imagination to bring before the mind's eye a portrait of the Northmen of the twelfth century which shall not seem faint, sketchy, and colourless when contrasted with the picturesque old heathen who speaks and lives in the sagaman's tale. We no longer draw our information from a host of family records full of details of strange customs and traits of individual character; for most of the biographies which give such value and interest to Northern literature refer to an earlier time, and our

chief authorities now are the more ambitious writers who chronicle the intrigues of kings and nobles, the struggles for national independence, and the great fight between Church and State. We see larger bodies of men in motion, but can no longer so clearly distinguish the features of the actors. We see that a violent struggle is going on between the two religions, and that Christianity is gradually gaining the upper hand; but the precepts of the Gospel are strangely intermingled with the maxims of the old superstition; and when we read of some great success achieved by the Faith, we are sure that a number of smaller gains and losses have escaped our notice.

When, however, we have reckoned up all the changes we can see, and have made allowance for others which we dimly suspect, we shall find that the most striking features of the Northern character apparently remain unaltered. The missionaries, who were themselves for the most part Northmen, alive to the beauties of their old literature, and full of sympathy for the prejudices of their countrymen, shrank from tampering unnecessarily with any of the old principles and institutions of their race. They were, indeed, compelled to brand as impious some old usages which were once deemed venial or laudable; but more frequently they strove with very fair success to give a Christian meaning to sentiments and customs which it would have been useless to dream of eradicating. But although the early convert bore outwardly a close resemblance to his heathen forefathers, his character was now enriched with the seeds of virtues which were wholly unknown to them; and even at the early period which we are describing, we can trace the appearance of kindly and liberal feelings which never could have arisen under the stern superstition which had passed away. In the eyes of the Northman the earth was still

a battle-field where the soldierly virtues were superior to all others; and to turn his back on the enemy was still a disgrace which no gentleman ought to survive. When pious King Ingi was begged to retreat before overwhelming odds, he replied 'in the very words of Volsung, the old heathen who has given his name to the grandest saga of the North: "Many a battle have I fought; sometimes my people were many and sometimes they were few, but such has been my good fortune that I have never been put to flight." Then he adds the Christian sentiment, "God ordains whether my life is to be long or short, but never will I take to flight." The warrior still encouraged his son to fight bravely, by setting before him the same doctrine of fatalism which had given boldness to his heathen ancestors.

"What would you do, my son," said an old Christian warrior, "did you know you must die in this battle?"

"Lay about me with both hands, to be sure," replied the son.

"And suppose a man could tell you you would survive?"

"I would rush into the thick of the fight, for I should know I could take no harm."

"Go forward, then, and fear nothing, my boy, for it is already ordained which of these two things shall happen."

But they were sufficiently imbued with the spirit of Christianity to be aware that these manly qualities were not the only virtues which won the favour of heaven. They had now a glimmering of the new virtues of peacemaking and forgiveness; and to grant quarter to a prisoner or pardon to an enemy was an action of which no gentleman had any need to be ashamed; for the feeling on the subject of revenge was so greatly modified that a magnanimous forgiveness brought a man nearly as much credit as successful vengeance.

"I will tell you what happened

to me some time ago," said Ketil to his friend Hafid, who was refusing to compromise a lawsuit. "I married Gro, the daughter of Bishop Gissur, an excellent match; but there was a man who used to come to the house much too often, so I set upon him one day; and although I am much the better man, he got me down and cut my eye out. I indicted him, but he found a flaw in the proceedings; then his relations offered to pay damages. I thought it over, and was sure I should never be able to get so influential a clan to pay any damages worth considering; so for the love of God I forgave the man, and have been highly thought of by men since, and believe I have won the favour of God too. Now, if you think there is anything in my story, pray make use of it."

A conviction had now grown up that revenge was inconsistent with high Christian excellence; but this was grotesquely mixed up with the feeling, that successful vengeance was the choicest gift of heaven. "God punish you," said a pious bishop, "for I cannot." And of the same holy man we are told, that God of His goodness avenged him of his adversary without it being necessary for him to take any steps in the matter.

These duties, however, were not considered binding on every man, but counsels of perfection meant for a saint, and fitter for those who had done with the things of this life than for men engaged in the work of the world. Here is a story which shows more particularly a Northman's ideas on revenge and forgiveness. An Iclander named Gils whose father many years before had been murdered by a Norwegian of rank, met this man at the Court of Magnus the Barefooted, and instantly dealt him his deathblow. He was at once seized and sentenced to be hanged. His dying enemy then sent for the king, and begged for the life of Gils on the ground that he, the dying man,

could not otherwise hope for pardon in the next world. The king, however, had too much regard for the murdered man's family to consent; but when the bishop heard that Gils had done the deed to avenge his father, he remonstrated so earnestly that the king set him at liberty, acknowledging at the same time that he had done no more than his duty. A monkish legend adds that he actually was hanged, and remained three days on the gallows, but that the bishop saved his life by a miracle; and that an official who had been zealous in urging the execution was punished by a dangerous sickness.

Notwithstanding frequent shortcomings on the part of individual priests, some of whom are conspicuous actors in the bloody feuds of the time, the whole influence of the Church was on the side of peace and order. Bishops constantly interposed to check brawls, sometimes on general grounds, but more often to maintain the respect due to sacred times and places, for this latter feeling had much weight with some who were re-trained by no other scruples. Once it happened on St. Peter's day, when the church was filled with armed worshippers, Thorgils whispered to Bodwar, "There's Hafid; I can reach him with my axe from here—and I will too, let it cost what it may."

"You must be out of your mind," answered Bodwar. "We are in a holy place, and are come here to beg the mercy of God: it would be an abominable crime."

His remonstrances prevailed. As soon as they came out of church, Thorgils said, "I have always heard you were a peacemaker and a religious man, and now I know it."

We regret to add that Bodwar replied, "I am a religious man to be sure, but it was not my religion made me stop you. I saw they were two to one, and if we had begun it, we should have been cut down to a man. I should not have

minded the sanctity of the church otherwise."

Works of charity and public usefulness were now admitted to be meritorious; and when King Sigurd boasted of his eight victories over the heathen, his brother retorted by enumerating the hospitals, roads, and harbours he had built. Their wars were still carried on with great ferocity, and there are ghastly instances of cruel tortures inflicted upon prisoners; but they are now spoken of as something disgraceful, which the officers cannot see without disgust. They were, however, sufficiently frequent to make the power of passive endurance a valuable quality, and all great warriors went to their doom as calmly as their heathen fathers. Whatever dangers and difficulties were before him, the Christian soldier was forbidden to resort to the once honourable refuge of suicide: the self-murderer was deprived of Christian burial; and the practice is often referred to as a vile heathen usage unworthy of a man of courage.

The tie of blood had lost none of its force; and however saintly an act it might be to forgive one's own enemies, it was highly disgraceful to leave unredressed the wrongs of a kinsman. The vilest criminal could still reckon on the support of his clan; and even a man who committed an atrocity very rare even in heathen times—a foul outrage upon a woman, followed by the murder of her husband—was sheltered in the house of his cousin. It was not now thought either necessary or desirable that blood should be exacted for blood, and the family avenger was encouraged to be satisfied with a money payment: but the man who took no steps to obtain redress in some shape for an injury to a relation, was exactly in the position of the modern gentleman who shirked a duel; and the omission was constantly being cast up to him in the plainest language; while a readiness to compromise a

feud for a low price was little less shameful than absolute inactivity, and did not terminate the quarrel, for relations often refused to stand to a bad bargain made by the head of the family. But the fury of their blood-feuds, as well as their general tendency to ignore the rights of strangers, was much qualified by the Christian feeling that all men are akin, and owe duties to one another which have not been created by any compact of their own. The notion that men have duties imposed upon them by a higher power, was something hitherto quite unfamiliar to the Northman; and we will now see how some of the customs above referred to were modified by this altered way of looking at things.

We began at the Northman's cradle and said it was an open question with his family whether he should live or die. There a great change had taken place; a hard battle had been fought over this point, and the first Christian authorities had been obliged to wink at the practice of infanticide; but by this time it was a legal offence of the worst description, greatly surpassing in atrocity the deliberate slaughter of an unoffending man, and punished by a heavier penalty: it was one of the few offences which were technically called "murder." The law did not stop here, but went on to impose the penalty of exile on the father if the child died unbaptised, and severe fines upon all others who had not used their utmost diligence to procure the celebration of the rite.

The chief motive to infanticide was the difficulty of maintaining the child; and this difficulty the Icelandic converts met by a poor-law, totally unlike the unhappy system to which we give that name. As we of the present day are being eaten up by a pauperism for which no contemporary adviser seems able to prescribe, it may be worth our while to look back for hints to another age. Nowadays each indivi-

dual citizen stands by himself, and family ties are receding more and more into the background; but in those old times every man was felt to be inseparably united to those whose blood ran in his veins, and all legislation was based on this feeling, and aimed at giving it strength. Consequently, when the Christian reformers found society encumbered with a mass of paupers whom their religion forbade them to destroy, they left this heavy burden where nature seems to have placed it—i.e., upon the shoulders of those who had helped to bring it into being, and who might be expected to bear it with cheerfulness. The kinsmen in the midst of whom a man had grown up, whose example had formed his character and determined his profession, and who hoped to divide his inheritance after his death, were bound to provide for him in his distress, unless themselves disabled by poverty. The son of the pauper was not even allowed to plead poverty, but was obliged to support his parents whether he had the means or no. If he had no money he must borrow, and if he could not borrow, must, in the last resort, mortgage himself as a slave; and the bondage to which he then was reduced was, though not actual thralldom, yet little better. Thus it was expressly enacted that his master might cut bits off him if he would not work.

Towards the support of more distant relations a man was not bound to contribute anything unless he had property enough to maintain himself and children for two years. If a man assisted one whom he was not bound to support, he could recover his advance from the person legally liable. If the family was wholly unable to support the burden, the district contributed a small sum, and the destitute person was quartered on each solvent household in turn. No begging was allowed, under the severest penalties against giver and

taker, the only exception being the case of children whose father had lost his property by outlawry. The aid given by the family was supplemented on occasion from other sources; but we abstain from further details, which would be more interesting to the next Commission on the Poor Law than to the general reader. This law was backed up by severe regulations against improvident marriages, which were punished with exile; and this system is, we believe, substantially in force in Iceland at the present day.

The same feeling which led the early converts to compel wealthy families to support their destitute members, made them very ready to extend liberal assistance to all distressed persons, even although they had no claims of kindred or friendship to put forward. The wide benevolence which the Christian bishops in particular displayed, stands in striking contrast to the sentiments of the old heathen nobles, who, in times of famine, more than once seriously proposed to relieve the public distress by putting to death the old and feeble.

We now come to the relations between the sexes. The woman was still absolutely at the disposal of her male relations, who gave her to any one they pleased. "Why are you so sad?" said King Eystane to his friend Ivar. "Are you in love with some Icelandic girl? I will send you home with a letter to the man who has the disposal of her, be she who she may; and there is no man in the island will care to thwart me." Divorces no longer were allowed because of an angry word or blow, but were permissible only for certain definite reasons. These indeed were wide enough, and came under three heads, which may be called proverty, cruelty, and desertion. As soon as a man fell into the class of paupers, or incapable as they called them, he was separated from his wife as a matter of course. If the married pair

quarrelled so seriously as to inflict actual wounds upon each other; this also was a ground of divorce; and if either party deserted the other for six months, or committed any crime which was punishable by banishment for that period, the other party was entitled to a divorce.

This last reason made the bond very elastic, for the penalty was incurred by an enormous variety of transgressions, from deliberate murder to the putting on of an unseemly dress. But this state of things did not last long: the bishops, before whom these causes came, were continually tightening the chain, and before very long had succeeded in making marriage indissoluble. Breaches of the marriage-vow were thought of small consequence. Most of the zealous supporters of religion, among whom were saints, pilgrims, and founders of endowments, committed frequent irregularities, of which they made no secret, and with which the Church does not seem to have interfered so long as the ceremony of marriage was not tampered with. Some passages in the life of King Sigurd, the crusader, show the serious value attached to forms when morality itself was disregarded. The king had returned from Jerusalem with the reputation of a saint, but as he got on in life his conduct became so scandalous that the historian charitably hopes his head was affected. After recording without comment some gross instances of immorality, the sagaman tells with horror how on the great fast of Christmas Eve the king, whose malady was evidently sore upon him, suddenly cried out, "Bring me meat." One that stood by said, "Sir, it is not the custom of Christians to eat at this season." "Is it not a custom?" said the king; "it shall be my custom henceforth;" and he was actually helping himself when a courtier reminded him of his old days by the Jordan, and besought him to abstain. The remonstrance

was effectual, and for a time he behaved like a Christian; but

"after a while King Sigurd made up his mind to put away his queen and to take to himself a woman named Cecilia, a great man's daughter. He proposed to hold the wedding at Bergen, and made great preparations. But when Bishop Magni heard it he became very sad, and went one day to the king's hall and bade him come out; so he came out with a drawn sword in his hand, and asked the bishop to come in and drink with him; but he answered, 'That is not what I am come for. Is it true you are thinking of putting away your queen and marrying another wife?' 'It is true, bishop,' answered the king; and with that he turned black in the face with rage. Then answered the bishop, 'Why are you thinking of doing such a deed in my diocese, to the contempt of the law of God and Holy Church, and in defiance of my authority?' The king moved into another diocese, where he found a more pliable bishop, and married Cecilia. Soon afterwards he fell sick, but could not be induced to dismiss his second wife, although she herself begged him to send her away for the good of them both. Then he said he never thought she too would abandon him, and turned his face to the wall and died."

Oaths still commanded all their former reverence, and were now employed to give sanction to every transaction of life. The old institution of the duel, which had been the usual method of settling disputed points, had been abolished immediately after the introduction of Christianity, and the gentleman who was suspected of some crime had no longer the option of challenging his accuser, but purged himself by oath. We say gentleman advisedly, for the thrall or the vagabond pauper who fell into suspicion had to defend himself by impeaching the evidence against him, unless his master or protector would take an oath in his behalf.

Men still took vows to perform all sorts of mad and impossible exploits, but we can now detect some traces of a feeling that a wicked oath is more honoured in the breach than in the observance; and the old

doctrine that a sinful vow, if unperformed, will return upon the head of the swearer, is spoken of as a decaying superstition. But the obligation was still trifled with in the childish fashion so common among the heathen: if the words of an oath were observed, no perjury was committed by a violation of the meaning; and the story in *Sir Tristrem*, where Swete Ysonde swears herself clear by using words in a double sense, is reproduced in the Christian saga of *Grettir the outlaw*, and is told by the pious narrator with much complacency. In their case the guilty parties repent and go to Rome for pardon; but we are not told that perjury was one of the sins for which they did penance.*

The Northman still greatly delighted in travel and adventure; but most of the avenues through which he had sought for wealth and honour were now closed to him. The profession of freebooter was dying out, for the north of Europe was no longer split up into a number of little states, whose weakness invited attack, and the life of a rover had long been regarded as one of doubtful respectability. Olaf the Holy used to beg his friends to forsake it, "for," said he, "rovers are very apt to break God's laws;" and it was now fully admitted to be a heathen practice.

But there was still an opening for the man who felt the blood of the Vikings in his veins. He might turn crusader and make prize of the followers of Mahound; and then, like Queen Elizabeth's sailors, he had the fun of fighting and the pleasure of making a purse while he was striking a blow for his religion and country. The following incident in a cruise of the Earl of Orkney in the twelfth century, reads like a tale of the Spanish Main: "They harried heathen

Spain and took much spoil; and when they were off Sardinia they sighted a strange sail. Then said the earl to the bishop, 'Every man of us must make him ready to fight, and then we will attack them. If they be Christian traders we will make peace with them; but if they be heathen folk, as I take them to be, then, without doubt, God Almighty will give us grace to overcome them, and of the booty we make we will give every fiftieth penny to the poor.'

They made a rich capture and put the crew to the sword, for no quarter was ever given to the infidel: he was still outside the pale of Northern morality.

"The sword be red for ever
With the blood of false Mahound."

The Christianity of the twelfth century was incrustated with quaint and picturesque superstitions, of which some had accompanied the early missionaries from Germany, and others had been retained by the Northmen from their old belief. The dethroned revellers in Asgard had not vanished from the scene, but had come down as wrathful fiends to the earth, and were the mightiest and most dangerous of the many spirits who filled earth, air, and sea. But although the Northman was now beset by mightier supernatural foes than any with whom his fathers had struggled, still the change in his religious system robbed them of most of their terrors. He felt he had incurred the wrath of Odin and Thor, but also that he had earned the protection of a mightier power, and that, while his heathen fathers had been left alone in their conflict with goblins and wizards, his prayers would now be answered; and hosts of anecdotes show that the ministers of religion were ever ready to give him effectual help. When the

* We understand that an English version of this the most readable of sagas is about to appear, and that the translation will have unusual value as being the work of a learned Icelandic

frantic Baresarks—half men half devils, whose skin neither fire nor steel could harm, and who kept the whole country in terror—came to disturb the Christmas festival presided over by the bishop, and rushed into the fire as usual to show their power, the flames obeyed the holy man and scorched the madmen, and then all the people were emboldened to fall on and destroy them. When the ghost of the wicked dead haunted the farmer's home and drove his thralls mad with horror, he sent for the priest, whose prayers and holy water laid the troubled spirit to rest. The sagamen who describe the war between the Christian priests and the fiends and wizards that fought for the old superstition, are careful to express their contempt for Odin and his crew; but their style frequently makes us suspect that they were not without a lingering fondness for the dethroned demons. They tell us in quite a pathetic strain how Bishop Frederick, hearing that the lord of the manor was on friendly terms with a fiend who had lived for generations in a cave, insisted on exorcising him with prayers and holy water. Then the demon appeared to his old friend in a dream and warmly remonstrated. "These many years," quoth the fiend, "have I done thee good service, and thy father before thee, and now thou hast let loose upon me this foul wizard, who has poured boiling water over me, and scalded my little ones. Who will tell thee the weather, and guard thy flocks, when thou hast turned me out into the wilds?" Again, there was a rocky island, the resort of sea-fowl, where men were always losing their lives, because a fiend inhabited it who lived on the eggs, and cut the rope by which men let themselves down the rock. The bishop was sent for, and was carried all round the island in a basket which was hung from the top of the cliff. Ever as he went he sang psalms, and when he reach-

ed the most dangerous place, there came out of a hole in the rock a brown hairy hand grasping a knife, which attempted to cut the rope; two strands were severed, but fortunately the third had been steeped in holy water and resisted the blade; at the same time a voice said, "Be-gone, sir bishop, we wicked ones must live somewhere." The bishop admitted the plea, perhaps not wishing to compel the desperate fiend to try a second stroke, and the spot is dreaded by cragsmen to this day.

We have still to consider the condition of the mass of the people, that is to say, the thralls. They were still the mere chattels of their master, who might employ them as he pleased—let them out by the month, sell them, or put them to death. They were still a degraded class, whose oaths had no value in a court of law, whose filthy habits were corrected by floggings so severe that a savage beating was called "thralls'-thrashing," and whose bodies were still thought unworthy to lie beside those of their masters. But they were no longer brutes without souls, consciences, or rights, but were acknowledged to be members of the community, and bound to obey the laws of Church and State. They had some little property of their own, with which their master never interfered: when they were sold this went with them, and after their death it followed the ordinary laws of inheritance. The Church fasts and festivals were meant for them as well as for the freeman; and their master was bound to give them an opportunity of observing them. On holy days and during Lent their lives were sacred even from him, and although they might be put to death by him at any other time with impunity, still the law expressly warned him that he was responsible to God. He was even expected to take some charge of their spiritual weal, to see that their children were baptised; and if they worked on holy days, or were detected in the filthy sin of horse-

country?" "Cheese and curds," answered they. "I call it foeman's welcome," said he. No beds were prepared for them, and by morning many were frostbitten. Next day they looked out at the weather. There was a furious storm, which made travelling impossible, but their host told them a bold fellow could easily find his way to the next hamlet. The result, however, was, that they paid a long visit, and parted sworn friends.

No man's education was thought to be complete until he had spent some years in foreign travel, and the young Icelfander soon became weary of the severe and monotonous toil which he had to undergo in common with all whom choice or necessity had brought under the shelter of his father's roof. His own country was to him a sort of Switzerland, where he was obliged to "force a barren soil for scanty bread." By vigorous and unremitting labour he could contrive to keep body and soul together; but he felt that to spend his youth at home in the company of old sailors whose day was over, and of slaves and broken-down gentlemen, was "propter vitam vivendi perdere causas;" all that made life worth having was to be got in the far away south and east, whence came the wandering traders whose tales enlivened the winter, and whose gifts of coloured tapestry clothed his bare walls. His father was never weary of telling how the gilded battle-axe which hung over his bed was the gift of Earl Hako; and the very timbers which bore up the roof, and far surpassed any tree his own poor soil could boast, came from the royal forests of Norway, and were the reward granted by Harold the Fair-haired to the lad's grandfather for signal services in the crowning fight of Hafur's Firth. While the untravelled youth wore grey homespun, and worked from morning to night as hard as any of his father's thralls—and sometimes,

when hands were short, had to do work scarce fit for a gentleman—his young neighbours wore jewels and scarlet shirts, such as the island could not produce, and had only to superintend the labour of the English slaves whom they had brought back. It was not mere love of gain and dislike to hard work which made him long to leave home; the tales of his travelled friends were more alluring than their riches. The Northmen have always been convinced that home-keeping youths have ever homely wits, and the man who had been long abroad was treated with marked and generally well-deserved deference. This feeling was partly the servility always shown to wealth; and we see sarcastic allusions to "those people who were nobodies when they went abroad, and who now ride about as fine as a lord;" but it was in part the genuine respect paid to superior knowledge and wider ideas.

Travel with Northmen meant exactly what it used to mean with the Swiss. A few of them found peaceful occupations as traders and explorers: the bulk of the emigrants took service in some of the numerous armies which were in perpetual need of adventurous recruits, or went freebooting on their own account. Their favourite services were the standing army with which the Danes kept down our own forefathers, and the miscellaneous host of wanderers which formed the body-guard of the emperors at Constantinople. The profession of freebooter, which had once been so honourable and gainful, had, towards the end of the tenth century, lost much of its dignity and emoluments, but was still looked upon as a legitimate though hardly respectable calling; but in the exercise of it the rover had to beware of meddling with any vessel on board of which the Northern tongue was spoken.

The hard life of the North had made the Scandinavians attach sin-

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No man's education was thought to be complete until he had spent some years in foreign travel, and the young Icclander soon became weary of the severe and monotonous toil which he had to undergo in common with all whom choice or necessity had brought under the shelter of his father's roof. His own country was to him a sort of Switzerland, where he was obliged to "force a barren soil for scanty bread." By vigorous and unremitting labour he could contrive to keep body and soul together; but he felt that to spend his youth at home in the company of old sailors whose day was over, and of slaves and broken-down gentlemen, was "*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*;" all that made life worth having was to be got in the far away south and east, whence came the wandering traders whose tales enlivened the winter, and whose gifts of coloured tapestry clothed his bare walls. His father was never weary of telling how the gilded battle-axe which hung over his bed was the gift of Earl Hako; and the very timbers which bore up the roof, and far surpassed any tree his own poor soil could boast, came from the royal forests of Norway, and were the reward granted by Harold the Fair-haired to the lad's grandfather for signal services in the crowning fight of Hafur's Firth. While the untravelled youth wore grey homespun, and worked from morning to night as hard as any of his father's thralls—and sometimes,

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supernatural visitors. The Northern ghost was not the impalpable phantom of modern days, who can barely be discerned by the bodily eye, and the only sign of whose presence is a creeping of the flesh and a dim consciousness that something wicked this way comes—but was akin to the Scottish goblin whom bold King Alexander encountered, nothing daunted by the wizard's warning—

"If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
I am no warrant for thy life."

Few could say they had seen him by day, but many had found on the hills the mangled bodies of shepherds whom he had strangled, and had heard in the stormy evenings his step approaching the house, and a knock such as no earthly hand could give. Then the trembling thrall who opened the door would behold the dead man standing outside, and rush back in a frenzy shrieking that the dead had seized him; the story always goes on, "and at morning he died." Some declared they had seen the ghost, covered with dust of the grave, and followed by a long train of men he had slain, enter the house which had been his, and sit by the fire, which no living man then dared approach. The only remedy was for some reckless hero to grapple with the goblin as with a mortal wrestler—to overpower him and burn his body to ashes. Few Icelandic glens were free from these stories, which were devoutly believed; and the spot by land or sea where the ashes were buried was for centuries unlucky to shepherd or fisher. Even the dead who did not come out of their graves to disturb the living could easily be roused; and few exploits gave a man a higher reputation for courage than a descent into an old hero's tomb for the purpose of carrying off the sword which lay beside him.

The ghosts of the departed were not the only preternatural beings with whom the Northmen were in frequent communion; for land and

water teemed with malicious goblins, of whose dangerous freaks the boldest warriors were in continual dread. The fisherman's boat was upset by the unseen hand of the demon of the sea, who occasionally became visible in the likeness of a whale, and sometimes took her own proper shape of a monstrous woman. The rope by which the gatherer of sea-birds' eggs was suspended over the cliff was constantly cut by the troll, who regarded the birds as his property: and many fertile glens were known to remain unoccupied in the wilder parts of the country, for they were jealously guarded by a jotun, from whose grasp no explorer returned alive. Against these dangers man was left by heaven to struggle unaided; but the strong man might hope to be able by the use of his mortal weapons to overcome these half-spiritual foes. These beings, however, were not always hostile: most great men had a familiar demon, whose aid it was not altogether right to invoke, but of whom they spoke quite openly, and who had usually been on friendly terms with the family for generations. Other spirits, again, there were whose aid was obtained by spells: they and the wizards whom they assisted were held in great terror. Long after this time, when the religion of Odin was accounted devil-worship, it became the fashion to speak of Odin himself sometimes as a wizard, who by his magical arts could work strange wonders; and at other times as a fiend, who gave magicians their power. But while the old religion was in force, there was a wide distinction between the wizard and the devout worshipper. The former invoked the aid of the enemies of heaven in order to injure mankind; and Odin's most earnest caution to his followers runs thus:—

"Listen, Loddfafn—
Listen to me:
Happy he who heedeth my words,
Lie not down
In the lap of a witch,

For thy body she can bind,
So mighty her magic.
No more thou'lt hear
The summons of Sovereign or Thing:
Thou'lt loathe the revel,
And leave the meal,
And dreary will be thy dreams."

Again the Valkyrie sings—

"Warning the fourth:
Of her house beware,
Who worketh with wicked spells;
'Tis better to travel
Than tarry there,
Be the darkness never so deep."

Odin fortifies his worshipper with holy counter-spells, with which he may meet the arts of the magician, but does not encourage him to look for much direct assistance from heaven. On the contrary, he is careful to warn him that he may easily offer too many prayers and sacrifices, and that this is a worse fault than the opposite extreme.

There was, however, one price which could always purchase the assistance of the gods, and this was a human sacrifice. The time had been when no great festival was duly celebrated without this rite, but it had now fallen into disfavour, and was practised for the most part by those only who were regardless of public opinion. Their houses were shunned by the respectable, yet men of the highest character occasionally revived the institution under the pressure of overwhelming disaster.

The character of the Northmen, as we find it described in the sagas, is full of noble and valuable qualities; but it must be carefully borne in mind that these histories refer merely to the gentlemen of the community, and only to the tolerably successful members of that limited class. Far away down below the level of the aristocratic sagaman's ken, the great bulk of the Northmen of the day were writhing in unregarded misery. The masses who were beneath the dignity of history were composed of many successive layers, only two of which we can now refer to. The first consisted of a number of ruined gentlemen of broken clans

and desperate fortunes, who had committed what the Northmen considered the unpardonable sin of being vanquished in the battle of life, and of ceasing to struggle against the stream. These social outlaws had formally renounced their clanship, with all its rights and duties, and had sold themselves for shelter and bread to some great man who stood in need of adventurous hangers-on to back him in his feuds and execute perilous schemes of violence. They were fit for little else, for their laziness was proverbial; and being without prospects in life, or families to be responsible for their actions, were justly regarded as a dangerous class. The men who had thus sold their birthright for a mess of pottage were heartily despised, and held in little higher esteem than the thralls themselves. These wretched beings, mostly prisoners of war and their descendants mixed up with the remnants of the old inhabitants of the country, were in such a state of suffering and degradation that, compared with them, the negroes of the Southern States might have been considered a happy and independent yeomanry; for their lives and persons were absolutely at the mercy of a body of men accustomed to think lightly of suffering in themselves and others, and not responsible to any authority in heaven or earth for the use they made of their power. If ill used by a stranger, their master would probably insist upon compensation for himself, exactly as if his ox had been injured; but against his ever-present master neither law, custom, nor religion gave the thrall any protection. He was simply one of the cattle, bound to serve his owner blindfold; right and wrong did not exist for him, and after his life of toil was over, he could not enter Odin's paradise unless the rare favour were granted him of dying with his lord. His master was not ashamed to mutilate him

Madge's partner, Keppel, and I'll take dummy." If I didn't like the proposition at first, this turn to it delighted me; for, strangely enough, in all my course of instruction, I had never played with Margaret yet as my partner.

"What shall we have on the game?" cried the Major, flushed with wine and jollity together. "Let it be something splendid." I need scarcely say that up to this we had never played for a stake. "If you lose, Keppel, you shall give me—what shall you give me?"

"Name your stake," said I, "and I'll name mine."

"Well, you shall give me your salmon-rod, landing-net, and all," said he, with a tone of elation.

"I'll claim my stake when I have won it," said I, colouring deeply; for I saw that he glanced at Margaret, whose face was now crimson.

"You shall have that privilege, sir," said he, quietly; and I felt a tremor run through me as I fancied he read my meaning.

We now took our places at the table in perfect silence, for there was a sense of solemnity over us all. The Major dealt, and turned a ten of diamonds. My heart bounded within me as he turned the dummy's cards. It was a miserable hand. Three low trumps, a queen third in spades, two insignificant clubs, the ace, and five small hearts.

My own cards were almost enough to win the game, and I led out a heart through his ace, saying, "Win your one trick, Major, and let me score the rest." Nothing but the very intoxication of success could exceed this ill-judged bravado.

"Do me the favour, sir, to play your own game, and spare me your comments on mine," said the old man, whose hands trembled as he arranged his cards. I was well accustomed to the intense and eager attention he was wont to bestow on the game, but never had I seen

anything approaching to the eagerness he now displayed: he threw away the cigar he was smoking, and scrutinised each trick before it was turned, though a mere glance always sufficed with him to tell him what was played.

Margaret watched him with intense anxiety. She could not take her eyes from his face, and I saw that she was terrified lest the unusual strain should be hurtful to him. Once only did she glance at me, and then her look was painful in its expression of entreaty. Though all this troubled me, the triumphant joy at my heart rose above all—I already felt a victor, and what had I not won?

Margaret's agitation was now extreme. She had to be reminded when it was her turn to play, and then she threw her card down almost unconsciously. She trembled from head to foot, and at last her hand shook so violently that her cards escaped her grasp, and fell about the floor. She stooped to pick them up, and I, not less eager to help her than to have the opportunity of crouching down beside her, stooped down too, and we both met beneath the table. We must have been very awkward at gathering up the cards, for at last the Major cried out, "Is that operation not completed yet?" In my confusion at this rebuke, or perhaps in my agitation, I managed to let one of my own cards drop from my hand, and did not detect the loss as I took my place at the table.

"It is your turn to play, sir," said the Major to me, pointing to the card he had just led.

I looked hurriedly through my hand; he had played a heart, and I had none. To be quite certain, I looked again, and, now reassured, trumped his card. The old man seemed as if something had stung him. He won the trick that came next, and, to my astonishment, again returned to the suit I had trumped. And as he did so, I cried out, "Further struggle is need-

less. Two by honours and three tricks make five; the game is won."

Margaret grew pale as death, as she watched her father's face.

"You have—how many tricks do you say, sir?" said he, trembling at every word.

"Three tricks and two by honours—five in all."

"Three and two certainly make five, sir; there is no question of that. Will you do me the favour to let me see them?" and not awaiting my reply, he turned the cards out upon the table, and inspected them one by one. "Your score is all correct, sir; may I now see the cards in your hand?"

"There they are," said I, half-defiantly, for I was somewhat vexed at all the distrust and hesitation. "There they are!"

"No, sir; I should say there they are not. There are but four cards,—you should have five."

"How is that—how can that be?" said I, in amazement.

"Simply this way, sir," said he, as, taking a candle, he stooped down and picked up a card from the floor—"here is the explanation!" And now his voice swelled into a note of triumph. "This is the five of hearts—the suit you have trumped, sir, not once, but twice. A more audacious revoke I never witnessed."

I lay back on my chair, sick, and almost fainting.

"A revoke," continued he, "has its penalty, and costs three tricks.

Two revokes make six; the game is therefore mine. I have the honour to wish you a very good-night." I turned to look at Margaret, she was gone; when and how, I know not. I was stunned and stupefied to such a degree that I could not speak as he moved away.

Whether I sat there three minutes or three hours, I cannot tell; I have some vague recollection of having gone down to the river and taken a cold plunge, dressed as I was; after which I was collected enough to go to bed, and desire that I should not be disturbed till I rang my bell.

"What's the hour, waiter?" asked I, after a long dreamless sleep.

"A quarter past one, sir."

"Have they breakfasted? The Major, I mean, and Miss Crossley."

"They breakfasted at eight, sir; they were off by nine. The young lady told me to give you this."

I clutched the envelope; it felt hard and solid. I glowed with delight. I guessed it was her photograph. I turned round hurriedly to the wall and tore it open. It was a card with the words, "Count your hand before you score the game, M.," and on the reverse side was the fatal five of hearts.

I have lived to get over my passion, but have never touched a card since.

It often grieves me to think of all the indignities I submitted to for a wife, and how ignobly I lost her afterwards.

STAGE MORALITY, AND THE BALLET.

THE censorship of the press has long been abolished in Great Britain: and no one who knows anything of the literature that the censorship permitted, can conscientiously say that the cause of public morality has suffered in consequence. There has been a constant improvement for a century and a half: and even within the last thirty years the offences against decency and good manners in the periodical press and in general literature have been marvellously few. Indecency and immorality in print are not to the taste of the nineteenth century: so that the absence of a censorship has neither done good nor evil. Public opinion has become the great irresponsible and despotic censor—a censor against whose judgment there is no appeal—and that is powerful enough to place under the ban of society, and under the pecuniary penalty of unpopularity, any author who, in his writings, offends against the decencies of life. Thomas Moore, in maturity and old age, was ashamed of the youthful prurienices of *Thomas Little*: Lord Byron, had his life been spared, might have been anxious to cancel many a too glowing passage in "*Don Juan*:" and perhaps even the one living poet who sings the delights of lust will in after years submit to the great necessity of opinion, and learn, as others have learned before him, that "want of decency is want of sense."

But when, after a long and arduous struggle by the friends of the free dissemination of opinion, the British Parliament thought fit in the year 1694—the sixth of William and Mary—to abolish the licensing system of books, and consequently all censorship of literature, no similar step was taken to abolish the censorship exercised over the drama by the Lord Chamberlain. This

functionary was originally a kind of upper steward to the sovereigns, and appointed and superintended the conduct of all the servants of the King and Queen, with the exception of the ladies of the Queen's bedchamber. Stage-players, from the earliest periods of English dramatic history, were either the servants of some great lord, like the Earls of Essex, Leicester, and Southampton in the days of Queen Elizabeth, or of the sovereign: and the actors at the two *ci-devant* patent theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, though they never actually were the servants of, or in the pay of the sovereign, called themselves, and were called by others, "his Majesty's servants." This designation is still partially retained: and theoretically being servants in the royal household, the Lord Chamberlain has a theoretical jurisdiction over them. He is, by virtue of his chamberlainship, the licensor of all new plays: and his deputy, known as "the Examiner of Plays," may refuse his license, subject to the approval of his superior, to any new play that may appear to him to be profane, immoral, disloyal, or otherwise objectionable. There is nothing to show that this peculiar censorship has ever been exercised in an unjust or arbitrary manner: while, at the same time, there is nothing to prove that its influence has been beneficial, or that the stage without such supervision would have been other than it is. Censors and examiners of plays partake of the character of their accessories, just as grouse in the moors become ptarmigan on the mountains. Public opinion sways their judgments, though they may be totally unaware of the bias; and if the public be, at any time and for any cause, immoral, or look with indulgence upon any particular vice—such as lewdness in the days of Charles II., or drunkenness in the

days of George III.—the drama, that aspires "to hold the mirror up to nature, and show the very age and body of the time its form and feature," reflects these vices, and the Lord Chamberlain and his deputy make no objection. In spite of the supposed supervision and control of these functionaries, the stage in England has always appeared immoral to large classes of the people—not only to Puritans, and devout persons, who look upon all stage-plays either with abhorrence or disfavour, but to moralists like Addison and Steele in the earlier years of the last century, who were by no means prudish or Puritanical, but thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated good plays well acted. "It is one of the most unaccountable things in our age," says Addison, in No. 446 of the 'Spectator,' "that the lewdness of our theatres should be so much complained of, so well exposed, and so little redressed. It is to be hoped that, some time or other, we may be at leisure to restrain the licentiousness of the theatre, and make it contribute its assistance to the advancement of morality and the reformation of the age." Steele, in the 'Tatler,' and, indeed, all the essayists of that and the succeeding generation, complained of the indecency both of the dialogue and plot of the plays that were in favour, and of the behaviour of the "Anonymas" and "pretty horse-breakers"—then designated by stronger epithets of the vernacular tongue than are current in our mim-mouthe'd epoch—who prevented fathers, husbands, and lovers from taking virtuous, women within the precincts of such contamination. Since those days, the external behaviour, if not the inner heart of society, has become purer, and the stage has participated in the refinement of manners and of literature, until it may be questioned whether, if such persons as the Lord Chamberlain and the Examiner of Plays were non-existent,

the plays produced before modern audiences would not be as free from reproach on the score of gross indecacy, as they now are. Our age may not be really more virtuous than any age that has preceded it; but as far as regards literature and the drama, and the public observances of all the *bien-séances* of life and society in the printed book and on the open stage, it is undoubtedly purer. Even if in this respect it be hypocritical, the hidden vice pays its homage to public virtue, and keeps to decency in language; and not only the stage itself, but its accessories, have been purified. Within the last thirty years—thanks, mainly, to the courageous good example of Mr. Macready, and, after him, of Mr. Charles Kean, Mr. Phelps, and others—a scandal was removed, not exactly from the stage, but from the auditory, among whom professional harlots had not only been permitted but encouraged by previous managers to intrude themselves, without payment of entrance-money. Since that time the *hétairæ* as a class have been rigidly excluded, and if admitted as individuals on payment, have been compelled to conduct themselves with the same propriety as the rest of the audience, under the penalty of expulsion, and a night in the prison of the police court. This, too, has been a great gain, and removed one of the great objections to the theatre entertained by people who had no objection to the drama.

But if in our day the language of the drama has been decorous, the plot and action have not always been beyond reproach. Stage morality, except in high tragedy, which has been gradually going out of date, is but poor morality at the best; and the French, the English, the German, and the American stage teem with pieces which youths and virgins and virtuous married women are none the better for witnessing, unless their souls are so pure that the rains of vice run over without wetting

them, like moisture from the sea-bird's wings. Yet in this respect also, whatever may be the case on the European continent, there has been in England a decided improvement.

The most popular of the new pieces that have the longest run in London, and retain their hold most firmly on public favour, are virtuous *per excellence*, and trust for their success upon sensational incident, and the sorrows and agonies of innocent heroes and heroines in real life, and not upon double *entendre* and dialogue seasoned with eroticism and sensuality. But good new plays being remarkably scarce, and good old ones being unrepresentable, because there are no rising young actors to take the leading parts—no one fit to play Macbeth or Lady Macbeth, Othello or Desdemona, Romeo or Juliet, Hamlet or Lear—the public, that always hankers after novelty, has transferred the favour which our fathers and grandfathers bestowed upon Shakespeare's plays, and other masterpieces of dramatic genius, to music and dancing. The great majority of people live hard and fast in our day, and they do not like to have their feelings harrowed overmuch in the theatre, but want to laugh and to be amused, without much exercise of thought. They like the senses rather than the intellect to be gratified, and above all, desire not to be bored. There never arises a public want but there is somebody to cater to its gratification; and music-halls, where the ballet and the display of the feminine form constitute as great an attraction as the music, have sprung up not only in the metropolises, but in every part of the country. On the English stage, dancing is of comparatively recent introduction; and we know that in Shakespeare's days, and long afterwards, the women's parts were generally performed by young men—and that an English king, impatient for the commence-

ment of a piece that he had come purposely to see, and demanding the cause of the delay in the rising of the curtain, was informed that the Queen was being shaved, and could not appear until that operation had been performed. It was not until the time of Charles II., in 1650, that the first English lady who ever trod the stage appeared in the character of Desdemona. Once this great improvement took place, the introduction of the dance as a part of the entertainment was a matter of course. But the modern ballet, such as it is now exhibited, with its enregimented and battalioned young ladies, was, until a comparatively recent date, the exclusive spectacle of the aristocracy, and only flourished in all its glory at such places as the Italian Opera House. But with a taste for the music of the million there also arose a taste for the ballet of the million, preceded, within the last twenty or thirty years, by such grosser representations of the female form as were provided by *tablées vivants* and *poes plastiques*. As it required, however, a certain degree of æsthetic culture, and acquaintance with the ancient Greek and Roman mythology, to appreciate thoroughly the poetry that might lurk in these exhibitions—a degree of culture which the "million" never did and never will possess—the ballet, which the million as well as the few can enjoy, increased in favour. Not that the ballet, in itself, was anything new and strange. On the contrary, though new to England, it is as old as the Pyrrhic dance in Greece, and the religious festivals of Bacchus, Flora, and many others which are familiar to students. In these festivals there were dances, in which the female performers were not chary of the personal exposure of their charms, and which drew down occasionally the rebuke of severe moralists.

"It happened," says Addison in the *Spectator*, "that Cato once

dropped into a Roman theatre when the Floralia were to be represented; and as in that performance, which was a kind of religious ceremony, there were several indecent parts to be acted, the people refused to see them while Cato was present. Martial on this hint made the following epigram, which we must suppose was applied to some grave friend of his that had been accidentally present at some such entertainment:—

"Why dost thou come, great censor of the age,
To see the loose diversions of the stage?
With awful countenance and brow severe,
What in the name of goodness dost thou here?
See the mixed crowd, how giddy, lewd, and vain—
Didst thou come in but to go out again?"

It cannot be asserted by the severest moralist that the ballet, though it partakes of the character of a pagan festival, is of necessity indecent or immodest, and that it may not be made the source of much innocent and refined enjoyment. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that the ballet has exclusive attractions for men. Educated and accomplished women, both young and old, love to see a handsome girl, handsomely dressed or draped, displaying herself in the graceful figures and movements of the dance, upon the same principle that they admire a picture, a poem, a flower, a tree, a landscape, or anything in the works of God or man that appeals to the sense of beauty, proportion, and harmony. And if one such young woman is a beautiful sight, fifty or a hundred or more of such women dressed alike, or slightly differing for the contrast of colour, are, *pari passu*, a beautiful spectacle, when they perform their gyrations and evolutions upon the stage; and neither by gesture nor sign nor suggestion convey, or seek to convey, to the mind of the beholder any impression but that which springs from the legitimate exercise of their art. The scanty drapery of the ballet-girls, when

not carried to the extreme that suggests—not dancing, or the ease and grace of dancing, but something else—is no offence either against modesty or good manners. Yet ever since the days of Martial, and perhaps long before, the prudes, Puritans, and sterner moralists of society have seen in the public dance a means for the corruption of public manners through the eye, which they have never wearied in denouncing. Addison, in the article in the 'Spectator' from which extract has already been made, has a good-natured fling at the stage-dancers of his day, when the ballet was as yet unknown. "I," he says, "who know nothing of women but from seeing plays, can give great guesses at the whole structure of the fair sex by being innocently placed in the pit, and insulted by the petticoats of the dancers—the advantages of whose pretty persons are a great help to a dull play." The costume of the modern ballet of thirty years ago, when Taglioni's graceful skirts barely displayed the knee, was objected to by the prudes of both sexes. In spite, however, of objections, good-natured and otherwise, the ballet has continued to grow in popularity, and the skirts of the dancers to grow less; and such entertainments have spread from the Italian opera-houses to the great, and afterwards to the minor, theatres, and, finally, have invaded and taken possession of the music-halls. By degrees the real nudity of the shoulders, and the simulated nudity of the lower limbs of the *coryphées*, has reached a climax in our day, and has at last excited such a clamour, that for the first time in the history of his anomalous office, the Lord Chamberlain has considered it his duty to look after the petticoats of the ladies. Under date of the 28th of January, Lord Sydney addressed the following circular to the managers of all the theatres under his jurisdiction:—

"The Lord Chamberlain presents his

compliments to the manager of the ———. He has learned with regret, from observations in the press, and from other sources, that there is much reason to complain of the impropriety of costume of the ladies in the pantomimes, burlesques, &c., which are now being performed in some of the metropolitan theatres. He has noticed for some time past that this evil has been gradually on the increase, but he has been most unwilling to interfere in a matter which he considers ought more properly to be left to the discretion and good taste of the managers themselves. Now, however, that the question has been taken up by the press, and public opinion is being expressed upon it, he feels himself compelled to call the serious attention of the managers to the subject; for he cannot but remark the discredit that now justly falls on the stage, and the objections which are being raised against it by many who have hitherto frequented the theatres, but who now profess themselves unwilling to permit the ladies of their families to sanction by their presence such questionable exhibitions.

"The Lord Chamberlain, with every anxiety to promote the interests of the stage, trusts that he may confidently appeal to the managers to assist in abating the evil complained of, which threatens to become a public scandal.

"He has purposely addressed these observations in the form of a circular to the managers of all theatres under his jurisdiction, without imputing blame to any in particular, and will gladly receive from them any observations or suggestions which they may wish to offer on the subject.

"*LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE,
Jan. 23, 1869.*"

The dull ear of the public is not easily startled, but this document, to use a favourite expression of the day, "created a sensation." For a while the idle people at the clubs, at breakfast-tables, and at dinner-parties forgot their old topics of conversation—whether the Greek difficulty would be settled; whether it was likely that the vinegar of Mr. Lowe, the oil of Mr. Gladstone, the salt of Mr. Bright, the pepper of Mr. Layard, the sugar of Lord Hatherley, and the succulent greenery of Lord Granville and the junior

members of the Administration would combine efficiently in the Ministerial salad; whether Mr. Gladstone really had leanings to Ritualism and to Rome; whether the Duke de Montpensier had the ghost of a chance for the throne of Spain; and whether the Orleanists generally were not a little too cock-sure about a change in the public opinion of France in their favour—all these great and little topics were whiffed aside by the breath of the Lord Chamberlain's gentle and suggestive missive, and nudity and semi-nudity, under all their aspects—philosophical, moral, æsthetic, and dramatic—were everywhere discussed with edification—or without; but with evident gusto, especially on the part of strong-minded ladies. Most people seemed to think that Lord Sydney—if he imagined that the regulation of petticoats in the interests of decency were a part of his legitimate business—should have seen with his own eyes what he took it upon himself to condemn; and asked why he should rely upon the newspapers and "other sources" for the truth of a fact which he might so easily have investigated for himself. Another objection taken to his well-meant but weak display of an authority which it is by no means certain that he possesses, was found in the fact that, even if he had the jurisdiction which he seems to claim over the theatres, he has no authority over the music-halls; and in the other fact, that it is the music-halls which are the especial offenders. The circular elicited a great deal of discussion, but it is to be doubted whether it did or will produce the slightest good, unless it be a good that attention has been drawn to the fact that a censorship is still claimed and exercised.

After all, the question of the immorality of nudity—which is but a simulated nudity in the limbs, and a real nudity in the bust, which real nudity is as common to what is called full dress in the best private society as it is to the stage—

lies in the intent of the person who displays, and in the mind of the person who beholds it. Bailey's lovely statue of "Eve at the Fountain," in which there is not the slightest pretence of drapery or concealment of the divine form, fresh from the hands of the Creator, is purity itself; and any one who sees impurity in it has the impurity in his own heart. In the same manner, there is no indelicacy in the display of the pretty bare legs of little maidens of from four or five years' old, or in the bare feet and ankles of the bonnie Scotch lasses, innocent alike of shoes and stockings and of evil-intent, though there would be indecency in the display of naked leg and foot in the streets of London or Edinburgh by full-grown damsels, who made the display for a meretricious purpose. There are statues and statuettes to be seen all over Europe in which nudity is as complete as it is beautiful; but when such statues or statuettes are imitated by purveyors of obscenity, and crowned with a modern bonnet, wrapped in a modern shawl, and encased in modern stockings, and nothing else, their vile intention becomes apparent, and they fall properly under the cognisance of the police. The display is not indecent *per se*, as when an actress of high attainments and genius, in default of an actor of truthfulness and talent enough to undertake the part, appears as Romeo; any more than it is indelicate or improper for a man to hide the form by appearing in petticoats to play the part of one of the witches in Macbeth. The intention is everything, just as it is in killing. If you intend to kill, you are a murderer, and deserve the murderer's fate. If you kill in self-defence, and in a just and patriotic cause—like a soldier—you are not blamable, but virtuous. In like manner, the scanty drapery of the ballet, for the purposes of art, and art alone, is no offence against good taste or good manners; but if the ballet girl—not for the sake

of art, but for the sake of attracting lewd attention—overdoes the scantiness, and betrays the immodesty of her mind by her motions or gestures, she commits an offence, and ought to be hissed from the stage which she disgraces.

In fact, the greatest admirers of the ballet are those who most object to the present style of undress, which foolish caterers to the public imagine to be popular when it is the reverse. The ballet, as an ancient *roué* once said, ought to leave something to the imagination. A murder only interests the public very greatly when it is a mystery, or whether there be a considerable chance that the murderer may be found not guilty. When all is known the interest ceases; and if it were possible that the ballet-girls should denude themselves of petticoats and drapery altogether, and be as apparently nude as the late Adah Isaacs Menken in her favourite character of "Mazeppa," the *roués* of society would be among the loudest in the expression of their abhorrence, and in their determination to banish the abomination from the stage. Let us have graceful dancing, by all means, and let us, if possible, have virtuous women for dancers. Let managers of theatres and of music-halls imitate the example of Mr. Macready and Mr. Charles Kean, and regulate the affairs of their establishments on the principle that the profession of the dramatic art in all its branches and departments—histrionic, musical, choregraphic—is as respectable as any other profession by which men and women earn their honest bread; and there will be no need of any other censorship, or of a Lord Chamberlain or any other functionary to measure the length of a petticoat, and draw a line above the knee or below it, where it may suit his prudery, his ignorance, or his affectation to leave it. Better that public opinion should regulate such matters than that a King Bomba, whose collection of

ancient art at Naples was the most obscene in the world, should issue sumptuary edicts against dancing-women, and permit none to appear in the ballet without green or pink trousers, after the style worn by the traditional Fatimas of the stage. Public taste in this country is, in the main, pure and wholesome, as our literature may proudly testify. It is almost as healthy in the drama, without being indebted in any respect to the real or nominal censorship of the Lord Chamberlain. If at any place of public entertainment the undress of women is of a character to deter men from introducing their pure-minded mothers, wives, sisters, or daughters to witness the performance, such place of entertainment is doomed to bankruptcy. It may drag on a precarious existence for a while, by keeping within a hair's-breadth of the penalties of the law that prohibits the immodest exposure of the person; but the world and the world's opinion are against it, and it must go the way of all anachronisms and offences against the public conscience. But let us not, in the outcry against short petticoats, commit treason against an art that ministers, like other arts, to the gratification of the sense of beauty. All true art is like music—it cannot be indecent or improper in itself, and is only made so by the extraneous association of words and thoughts that come out of the mind of the observer, and not out of the things observed. "To the pure all things are pure." "In dancing," says Sir Richard Steele, "all the charms of an agreeable

person are in their highest exercise; every limb and feature appears with its reflective grace. As all art is an imitation of nature, so this is an imitation of nature in its highest excellence. The business of dancing is to display beauty; and for that reason all distortion and mimicries, as such, are what raise aversion instead of pleasure. . . . The dancers on our stage are very faulty in this kind; and what they mean by writhing themselves into such postures as it would be a pain for any of the spectators to stand in, and yet hope to please those spectators, is unintelligible." And it is in this respect that reform is in our day still more needful than it was in the days when Addison and Steele were the arbiters of taste and the high-priests of criticism. To see a semi-nude woman balance herself upon her toe, and keep one leg in a vertical and the other in a horizontal position for minutes, is neither graceful nor pleasant, nor can the painful exhibition be dignified with the name of dancing. It is these *tricks de force* that lead to the personal displays which offend good taste. If the managers would discourage these gymnastics, public opinion would support them; and if they would exercise a moral supervision over the young women in their employ, in the fatherly spirit displayed by Mr. Macready and Mr. Charles Kean in other and higher departments of the drama, the petticoats would soon descend again to the normal length that the art of dancing requires, and dancing itself become as moral as the music to which it is an accompaniment.

**THE ARTS IN THE HOUSEHOLD; OR, DECORATIVE ART APPLIED
TO DOMESTIC USES.**

In the present day there are few men and women who do not need and find occasion to exercise an educated taste. In a thousand ways is art brought to bear on the common concerns of daily life. There is scarcely a person, whatever be his station, who does not in some one of the many relations of society call the arts into exercise for useful or pleasure-giving ends. Most men at some period of their lives, either for themselves or on behalf of a friend, meddle and possibly muddle in bricks and mortar. And when the house is built and roofed in, a committee of taste may fitly be held to discuss and decide upon internal decorations and details of furnishing. The amount of wealth thus lavished, and not unfrequently misapplied, on villas, mansions, and even ordinary dwellings, is almost beyond parallel in the history of the world. The commerce-created fortunes which the Medici in Italy devoted to the patronage of art were as nothing to the millions that in England, at the present moment, are expended, if not on art, at least on ostentation. Thus the unwonted demand for art of some sort—good, bad, or indifferent—has made us think that this is not an inappropriate time to put forth one or more papers under the title, “The Arts in the Household;” or, in other words, “Decorative Art applied to Domestic Uses.”

We hope to throw our unpretending teachings into forms not so much technical as plain and popular. It was, we think, Reid, the father of Scottish philosophy, who designated “the common sense of mankind” “the natural furniture of the understanding.” Certainly, if people would but furnish their dwellings as well as their understandings according to the dictates

of this “common sense,” much of the nonsense, extravagance, and bad taste which have found place within the English household, would be turned out of doors. It is, we fear, more usual for houses to be gay than sober, gaudy than truly beautiful. It seems to be thought that extravagance of decoration means of necessity handsomeness; that ponderous heaps of materials, however incoherent and ill-placed, imply magnificence; that profusion of ornament and intoxication of colour symbolise a certain riot of imagination akin to genius; whereas such inordinate striving for effect best bespeaks a fancy falsely florid, an intellect out of balance, “and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.” People would do well to consider that the gaudy inflations of the upholsterer, the pretentious devices of the cabinetmaker, have an aspect shoppy and snobby, and carry the indication of much money and little taste. Against these excesses, long the vice of what is known as handsome furnishing, common sense makes itself heard. If a man in the adorning of his house would only be guided by the principles which go to make moral rectitude; if he would apply to inanimate form and colour the maxims which regulate action; if he could see in the furniture of a room something typical of gentlemanly conduct in life; if he could recognise in simple styles of decoration a correspondence with the unassuming bearing which is the sign of breeding and of birth; if by pervading harmony within his dwelling he could find response to the better instincts of human nature; even if, as we have said, he could bring to the ordering of his house a few grains of the common sense which serves him so well in

the counting-house — then, at all events, might we hope to see banished from the hall, the dining-room, and the drawing-room those vulgarities, absurdities, monstrosities, which so often outrage well-balanced judgment and sin against sober taste.

Few persons have the resolution to make their houses plain, if they possess the means of loading every wall, and crowding every floor with ponderous and pompous decoration. When purchasers abound in money, and manufacturers have no higher ends than trade, it is to be feared that the virtue of simplicity will in vain make her voice heard in our dwellings. Art in her early rise was almost of necessity simple; more lack of power and appliance, indeed, kept man, in the rude and elementary stages of society, within the bounds of sober moderation; but in our days, as in other periods of luxury and accumulated wealth, art becomes far too proud and grand to utter in plain speech true and simple thoughts. Chaste historic styles and temperate modes of decoration, which sufficed for guileless social conditions, are forsaken for the florid adornings of corrupt eras. There is in art, as in a more sacred walk, a strait and narrow way which it is hard to keep, and there is, too, a broad alluring road, easy and pleasant for the multitude to tread in. And, it would seem, judging by shop-fronts and the interiors of our dwellings, that for one man or woman who values what is strictly correct, there are a thousand who delight in forms and colours floridly false.

Examples without end might easily be adduced of corrupt art, false display, and foolish squandering of money. Nothing, for instance, is more common than meaningless jumbles of all styles, confused conglomerations of architectural details — thus, a house drawn from Egypt, a honeysuckle from Greece, an archway from Rome, a

fleur-de-lis from France, and a daisy or butter-cup from England, may be found all growing within one and the same drawing-room! Yet even such anachronisms might be allowed to pass, if only in the end the art-result were tolerable. It is indeed but too evident that to the majority of householders any solecism in the treatment of historic styles is a matter of utter indifference: when ignorance of art-principles is absolute, inconsistencies escape notice by reason of blindness. Indeed, the major part of people who set about furnishing scarcely pretend to knowledge; all they know is what they like. "I know what I like" is a common phrase—a stock argument deemed final and unanswerable. And the kind of thing liked is of course something which may allure the uncultured eye, which generally craves for stimulus. For example, gold lavishly laid on in thick gilding is always liked; a room thus tricked out looks handsome, lights up well, glitters in the burning of wax tapers. And experience teaches "the trade" that a heavy bill is paid all the more willingly when there is plenty of gilding to prove how the money has gone.

We cannot close this opening section, in which we wish to show the prevalence of bad taste and the need of better knowledge, without quoting one or two amusing examples of the style of thing expressly designed to suit the market. On all sides it is obvious that false constructions and the misuse of materials are fertile sources of error. As constructive shams which have rightly provoked hostile criticism, take for instance sideboards formed on the models of Grecian stone altars, cabinets constructed in the fashion of Roman temples, wine-coolers suggestive of sarcophagi, and jardinières treated as ruined obelisks with disavowed roots, out of which actual flowers disport themselves. In the way of carpets

and curtains, it may be admitted that of late a praiseworthy simplicity tends to become the order of the day. Yet too often common sense and right reason are sadly outraged. Carpets still there are exuberant as botanic gardens, marvellous for indwelling creatures as menageries; floor-garnishings, over which visitors are invited to walk regardless of the sky, the clouds, and the rivers beneath their feet, or of the lions and tigers which rear within the thicket! Fit resting-place for houris or winged peris escaped from paradise may be these carpets covered with palm-trees and poplars, peacocks, picturesque vases, Italian terraces, with lakes beyond, but scarcely safe footing for flesh-and-blood mortals encumbered with the belongings and appurtenances of ordinary humanity. There can be but little doubt that common sense suffers more pain than imagination can find pleasure in such absurd proceedings. We certainly should be prepared to hear any ridiculous nonsense concerning the family who could live with such a carpet daily beneath their feet.

These sins committed against good taste have their origin mainly in two causes; the one, the stupid routine, or, what is worse, the impudent presumption, of producers; the other, the ignorance of consumers. Both together in joint action bring about the woeiful results we have attempted to depict. Schools of art have striven, though in vain, to meet the twofold evil; they have endeavoured to raise up a body of skilled artizans and intelligent manufacturers; and, at the same time, they have tried to imbue the middle and higher classes with principles of taste which might control the vagaries of fashion, elevate the public standard of excellence, and incite the producer, on the ground of even self-interest, to manufacture goods excellent in design. It is extraordinary, however, what persistency there is evil: the original

depravity of human nature in matters of taste seems beyond the reach of redemption. Men, and, what is worse, even women, cling to the wrong and eschew the right—they prefer falsehood to truth, and, ever in the service of fashion, follow the multitude to do evil.

History, we regret to say, is compelled to confess that the styles of domestic decoration which have proved most popular have but too frequently been the panders of vice. The lavish ornamentations which cover the walls of many a palace in Europe betray the profligacy of Courts, and reveal the unlawful indulgence of kings and courtesans. There are household arts which wear the colouring of the seraglio; which are tainted with passion and self-indulgence; which are identified with the worst epochs in history—with the ill deeds of Catherine de Medici, Diana of Poitiers, and Madame de Pompadour. After this same complexion, too, were the household arts, which in our own land, within living memory, obtained the favour of the "First Gentleman in Europe." Happily the well-regulated Court of the last twenty years has wrought a change for the better not only in social habits, but in matters pertaining to taste. So true is it that the health or disease of the commonwealth becomes felt not only in great national monuments, but in the minor works which embellish even the humblest dwelling. And fortunately of late years there has been a reverting back to the earlier historic periods when simplicity of manners still kept the household in ways of truth and soberness. History, in fact, whether read in Rome, Venice, France, or England, teaches pretty much the same lesson. We find that the very earliest arts are usually rather too severe and crude for our modern uses; while, on the contrary, the latest developments are apt to degenerate into that lawless luxuriance which beguiles into the adoption of forms

that do outrage on decorum, and of colours that are vicious in violence. History, however, teaches no less clearly that there is yet a sound middle course between these two extremes—a line which lies at safe distance alike from the austerity of archaic times and the license of latest developments. Nevertheless the unfortunate propensity of fashion is to fly to extremes: thus, no sooner were our dwellings delivered from the libertinism of the Renaissance, than they became subjected to servitude to austere medievalism. And so it has of late come to pass that good easy-going people, meaning no harm, were told that it was absolutely wrong to recline in luxury on florid French couches, and that as right-minded Christians it became their duty to rack their weary limbs on the rude angularities of Gothic stretches!

Producer and consumer, as we have said, are alike to blame; manufacturer and purchaser in turn play into each other's hands, or rather give mutual countenance in ill-doing; there is, as it were, an evil conspiracy between them for defrauding art of her simplicity and truth. We are sorry to say that the Government Schools have not only done little positive good, but some actual harm. With a latitudinarianism which tells little for the conscience and conviction of directors or teachers, art—good, bad, and indifferent—is with impartial hand sown broadcast over the country. And now, before concluding the present section, let us offer a few words of advice which the foregoing considerations may tend to fortify. We would say to the consumer, Bring not only your wealth but your intelligence to bear on the producer. In short, let the higher and educated classes do all that they can to redeem the arts from the greed of the shop, and the ignorant caprice of fashion. And for this end, it were well that gentlemen and ladies should take a little

pains to inform themselves on the broad principles of art. Let them, for example, in moments of leisure, look into some grammar of ornament, some one of the many works which illustrate historic schools and national styles of decoration. Let them try in presence of the best-known examples to realise the axiom before laid down, that early styles tend to crudity, late styles to corruption, while middle periods are mostly, for our modern purposes, safe, pure, pleasant. The whole subject of decorative art, so far as it bears on the ornamentation and furnishing of private dwellings, is, as we have said, easily mastered; the task lies within the compass of the average intellect. And when each lady and gentleman shall have put herself and himself to this small pains, the arts in our households will be likely to take a change for the better; the common show of the shop, the routine of trade, the ostentation of ignorance and of wealth, the senseless extravagance of the latest and loudest fashion, will give place to individual intention, cultured thought, and even the recondite taste of the student. Thus dwellings, which too often are but as magazines to contain goods made to order, may gather within their walls forms, colours, and compositions which shall declare the personal character and individuality of the inmates, and bespeak not only a taste nicely balanced, but a mind well informed.

Before passing to the next division of our subject, we would fortify the position taken, by one or two quotations from a true student's work, written for the purpose of proving "the necessity for a general diffusion of taste among all classes." "There is no reason," writes Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "why the humblest household article should not be beautiful in proportion, form, and colour." "Many a simple and cheap object may be made in good taste, without any additional cost." The com-

meanest piece of pottery, worth only a few pence, may be really more commendable than a splendid Sèvres vase sold for some hundreds of pounds. "But beauty," continues Sir Gardner, "is not to be obtained by capricious ornament, such as overloads so many of our modern productions; for, unless the maker knows why the particular form, and all the ornamental accessories, are given to his work, any splendour of decoration which may merely delight the ignorant, will only be looked upon by men of good judgment with the greatest dissatisfaction." "It is," continues the same author, "really surprising that, among the variety of lamps, tea-urns, inkstands, coffee pots, cruet-stands, and so-called 'ornamental clocks,' we can scarcely meet with one which is tolerable in form." A designer "thinks he has produced a real 'Pompeian article,' because he has put together a certain number of details, totally unconscious that a mere repetition of ornament is not a design, and that the whole, when finished, having no motive, is utterly unmeaning. This putting together a number of parts to form a whole, the besetting sin of incapable minds, is too often witnessed in the productions of architects, as well as of those who make ornamental models." "In the furnishing of our houses, examples of similar additions, without intention either for ornament or use, are abundant. Of such kind are tables with geese or swans striving to thrust their necks against the central pillar, with no apparent reason unless to turn their graceful tails to the company!" We need scarcely point out that these ridiculous excesses serve as illustrations to our foregoing remarks. They are outrages upon common-sense; they do violence to instincts of propriety and fitness; they must be counted as the extravagant caprices of corrupt epochs; and accordingly they stand out as obnoxious deviations from the middle line of rectitude,

which historic experience shows to be a law of simplicity, sobriety, and truth.

These introductory words cannot be brought to a more appropriate close than by the enunciation of the memorable axioms by which Mr. Pugin sought to sweep away constructive and decorative shams, and to rear in their stead an art reasonable, true, and sound as nature herself. These celebrated canons of construction and ornament, which are of universal application, read as follows:—"1st, That there should be no features about a building which are not necessary for convenience, construction, or propriety; and, 2d, That all ornament should consist of enrichment of the essential construction of that building." It is one of the strange curiosities of literature that Mr. Ruskin, having stolen these axioms for rhetorical ends, next casts contempt and ridicule upon their author. But the time has happily gone by when such fundamental truths can be open to cavil. Though art may ever remain the domain of doubt, here, at any rate, is an approach to certainty and agreement. "The maxims," writes Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "laid down by Vitruvius for architecture, apply to ordinary objects, whether intended solely for ornament or for everyday use:—1st, That they should answer the purpose for which they are intended; 2d, That they should be durable or of solid workmanship 3d, That they should possess beauty." And "arts of production can only be beautiful in proportion as they depend upon arts of design." In fact, all accepted authorities here show, as we have said, absolute agreement. It is the practice, and not the theory, that is at fault. The primary principles, for example, which should regulate "the arts in the household," are indicated pretty clearly by Mr. Owen Jones, in the 'Grammar of Ornament,' as follows:—"Construction should be decorated; decoration should never

be purposely constructed." "The decorative arts arise from, and should properly be attendant upon, architecture." "Architecture is the material expression of the wants, the faculties, and the sentiments of the age in which it is created." "The decorative arts," in common with architecture, "should possess fitness, proportion, harmony—the effect of all which is repose." "True beauty results from that repose which the mind feels when the eye, the intellect, and the affections are satisfied." "Beauty of form is produced by lines growing out one from the other in gradual undulations; there are no excrescences; nothing could be removed and leave the design equally good or better." "That which is beautiful is true; that which is true must be beautiful." "Harmony of form consists in the proper balancing and contrast of the straight, the inclined, and the curved." "Throughout the decorative arts every assemblage of forms should be arranged on certain definite proportions." Mr. Owen Jones ends the category from which the foregoing extracts are culled, by the dictum on which we have already dwelt: "No improvement," he rightly says, "can take place in the art of the present generation until all classes—artists, manufacturers, and the public—are better educated in art, and the existence of general principles is more fully recognised."

A whole volume might be written in elucidation of these intelligent maxims, which form of themselves, indeed, a handbook or grammar to the decorative arts. The difficulty, however, is not in their acceptance, but in their practical application. Yet we are happy to say that these axioms form the basis of instruction given in the ninety Government art-schools of the country. Thus we may hope that at length the manufacturer will be reached, and the public enlightened. The misfortune still is, that the worst things sell the

best—that pure art does not pay—that the ignorant multitude deem a correct design tame, flat, and unpalatable—that the mass of purchasers seek stimulants, and require art to be so spiced as to bring in its use pleasure like that of dram-drinking. Yet appeal surely may be made to the cultured minds, not a few of whose intuitions lie in the right direction, who err, not from intent so much as from haste and want of thought. To these we would say, ponder the above propositions well, and when mastered put them into practice. Educate the taste up to these standards, and correct error by the measure of these rules. Furthermore, not only furnish the house in accordance with such right-minded dictates, but go into the world and wage iconoclast war against the false *penates* of your friends. Proclaim an ugly sham in the way of furniture an abomination. Go into shops and inoculate the trade with new ideas. Try to make obnoxious designs commercial failures; warn your acquaintance against the purchase, and so drive what is bad fairly out of the market. The ordinary run of furniture-makers can only be touched in the pocket: they would violate the whole Decalogue to win custom. Fashion is their law, trade their motive. As soon as they are taught that good art pays best, they will take the side of profit.

Thus much being premised by way of general introduction, let us next say a few words on the building and planning of a house. It is manifest that "the arts in the household" presuppose the existence of a house; and the first question to be settled is, What shall that house be? what its construction, plan, style? Too much heed cannot possibly be given to these preliminaries. Before the foundation-stone is laid, all questions of ground-plan, of elevation and facade—all points of strife between Palladian and Gothic architecture—should be

considered and determined. A false step on the threshold may in more senses than one bring confusion and discomfort on the house and its inmates. It is true that it may not be the good fortune of every man to build or create a house for himself; too often he has to make the best of what comes ready to hand. In that case he will probably have to submit to a certain compromise of his ideal as to what an Englishman's home ought to be. But if an English gentleman find himself in the envied position of creating afresh, he may, with some little expenditure of knowledge and time, make for his family a more congenial home than can be expected to result from a mere builder's speculation. To borrow the words of metaphor, he may so arrange that the foundations shall hold friendly relations with the cornice, the lintel and door-post with the ceilings, the chief corner-stone with the hearthstone, in the domestic economy.

By way of general preface, we may say that the house of an English gentleman should wear a gentlemanly character and appearance, the plans and appointments should conform to the habits of good society, and be agreeable to a man, if not of luxurious, at least of refined tastes. And this good style, be it observed, is not necessarily dependent on large scale. Size is an accident which may have as little to do with forms of art as mere money with birth and breeding. The signs are soon seen of the master who is accustomed to the right sort of thing; at a glance, a house gives visible proof that life is ruled in fitness, and made conformable to beauty. Art implies system, order, skill, the nice adaptation of means to an end; and certainly it is desirable that a house shall be so planned that civilized life may move within its walls smoothly and pleasantly, free from jar and dissonance. It may be instructive to trace, in few words, the historic

origin and gradual development of the Englishman's home. Civilization did not dawn upon our Western Isles in a day. Mr. Parker justly observes, that English domestic architecture has advanced step by step with the social condition of the people. "Side by side with the gradual development of the civilisation, wealth, and power of England, grew the domestic habits of the country, in each age reflecting not only the manners and customs of the people, but the position and prosperity of the English as a nation; each progressive step in the gradual development of the style and plan is but an illustration to a page of history." "The domestic arrangement at length matured," continues Mr. Parker, "was not the result of the working of any one powerful mind, it was not the design of some one great architect who gave the key-note which other builders followed, it was not even the work of one generation, but it was the growth of centuries."

The domestic arts, in fact, may be looked upon as the unfolding of a people's life. The villa of Italy, the château of France, and the country-seat of England, are severally manifestations of national manners and domestic customs. The villa of Italy has not yet cast aside the memory of suburban abodes which became the country retreats of Roman citizens; the château of France confesses to chivalry, and is kindred in relationship to feudal castles and military strongholds; while the country-house of the good old English gentleman is proved in pedigree the legitimate descendant of the hall of the Saxon thane. The archaeological argument, of which some writers have made good use, may be summed up in few words. The baronial hall, the ancestral type of the English dwelling-house, is known to have waned in importance just as its lord suffered relatively in social scale. In fact, the

growth of the middle and commercial classes, the increase of great cities, and the consolidation of municipal institutions, have been attended with no small revolution in the domestic arrangements of the British nation. Among early and salutary changes was the severance of the servants' apartments from the rooms kept sacred to inmates and honoured guests. So, likewise, the substitution of the private dining-room for the public hall testifies to the growing privacy of the family; retired bedrooms also tell of keener sense of modesty; while the ample and ornate drawing-room proclaims that dominion of women which is supposed to be the pledge of domestic felicity! There can scarcely, indeed, be a doubt but that these historic developments have taken the side of virtue, and have directly ministered to advanced phases of civilisation. To repeat the words of Mr. Parker, "The domestic arrangements, at length matured," have indeed been "the growth of centuries," and should be cherished accordingly.

The historic facts just recounted, touching the growth of the Englishman's home, will teach us to regard with conservative reverence the relics and associations of past times. Happy is the man who dwells in the house of his fathers! and younger sons who may have to seek out new abodes will do well not to sever themselves wholly from ancestral memories. Indeed, this antiquarian aspect of our subject would lead so far beyond our limits that we cannot venture to indulge further in its contemplation. To inherit a house of the olden time, and to maintain its furniture and belongings in corresponding historic style, may be the privilege of but comparatively few. Yet many persons, in emulation of examples set by antiquaries, the late Sir Walter Scott among the number, have formed the laudable ambition of building, decorating, and clothing their dwellings accord-

ing to the taste and custom of country gentlemen in the good historic times. Kindred attempts, it may be of enthusiasts riding a hobby, probably have fallen within the observation of many of our readers. The ardour of antiquarianism, in fact, especially under recent Gothic revivals, has led artists, bookworms, and archaeologists to affect time-worn woodwork, shadowy tapestries, dusky floor-coverings, and wall-decorations, rescued from dismantled tenements. These practices lie somewhat outside our present province. We will merely again impress upon our readers the never-to-be-forgotten fact, that our English homes have a history and a pedigree; that old England, as distinguished from a new colony or an upstart republic, is shadowed in honoured associations; and that this our nationality enters into domestic life and gives colour to the domestic arts. This line of argument would seem to indicate that for country districts the style of the English manor-house is in better keeping than that of the Italian villa; and for like reasons we might even prefer furniture made by a British village carpenter to a span-new cabinet from Paris shining in French polish. Cosmopolitan arts, like world-wide philanthropies, are woefully wanting in individual interest and character. Therefore we would say, before taking leave of the antiquarian part of our subject, knock into the walls of your houses some few pegs on which you may hang associations and memories—a nail here and there which may fasten to the freehold some shreds of tattered patriotism.

Let us now approach more nearly the practical question how best a gentleman's house may be arranged in the planning and building. Mr. Kerr, "Professor of Construction in King's College," has published a volume which seeks to solve this difficult problem. . . He makes

survey of the successive arrangements which obtained in Saxon halls, Baronial castles, Palladian villas, Gothic houses, and Elizabethan mansions, and so, by a process ingenious, if not always logical, he arrives at what may be called "the English national plan." Possible it may be that this conjectured "plan" is somewhat of a phantom rather than a literal fact; nevertheless, by this time it has been pretty well ascertained what sort of dwelling the average Englishman likes best. "The qualities," writes Mr. Kerr, "which an English gentleman of the present day values in his house are comprehensively these: quiet comfort for his family and guests, thorough convenience for his domestics, elegance and importance without ostentation." To render the house absolutely complete, it would seem, according to Professor Kerr, that there must be observed some dozen conditions, which may be summed up under the following heads:—1st, privacy; 2d, comfort; 3d, convenience; 4th, spaciousness; 5th, compactness; 6th, light and air; 7th, salubrity; 8th, aspect and prospect; 9th, cheerfulness; 10th, elegance; 11th, importance; 12th, and last, ornament. It should be noted that in this summary the express art-element, "Ornament," is thrown in last, as if it were but an after-thought. Yet, on the other hand, reason may be recognised in the sequence chosen. This series of twelve requisitions has evidently been arranged on the basis already laid down—that use comes before beauty, that structure precedes decoration. Yet there is a sense in which no one of these elements comes before or follows after the other, but each and all combine together for the one end of making the home a fit abode for a highly-cultured mind. "Privacy" means seclusion, tranquillity; "comfort" and "convenience" need no interpretation—they speak for themselves; "spaciousness" and "im-

portance" may depend on depth and plenitude of purse; "compactness" is a matter of ground plan, on which we shall add a word; "light," "air," "salubrity," "aspect," "prospect," "cheerfulness," also speak for themselves—they bring health to the body and sunshine to the mind, and secure outlook over nature's landscape of park, meadow, water, hill, cloud. The two remaining requisitions, "elegance" and "ornament," involve the whole question at issue: we refer the reader to the sequel.

"The ground-plan" of a house is of such practical import that we must afford a few lines for its further consideration. Much of the convenience, cleanliness, and even beauty and picturesque effect of a dwelling, will depend on "the ground-plan." It is no easy matter to place rooms just in the very best relative position; and architects who have a good eye for decoration often utterly fail in making a house pleasant for habitation. It were well for a man intent upon building to sit down, ere an architect is called in, simply to calculate what he wants; to consider his mode of life, his domestic habits and belongings; what rooms are absolutely essential, what in addition desirable, and what their relative sizes, positions, and means of intercommunication. Yet, in the building of a house, the maxim touching the man who acts as his own lawyer has special point. Therefore, let professional advice be taken before the scheme of the ground-plan be finally settled. It is evident that on these practical points the greater the amount of experience brought to bear the better. Professor Kerr seems to have hit upon an ingenious device for shaking a ground-plan into shape. Having first ascertained the needed accommodation, he has been accustomed to cut out pieces of cardboard corresponding to the sizes and proportions of the required rooms, so that one card may repre-

sent the dining-room, another the drawing-room, another the library, another the breakfast-parlour, and so on. The next step was to bring the separate pieces together so as to group the collective rooms into a convenient ground-plan. Halls and passages are with calculating forethought interposed to secure ready communication from room to room; doors opened for easy ingress and egress, and windows inserted where light and ventilation may be best gained. And thus, as we have said, a house gradually shakes itself into shape.

It is scarcely possible for a man at this stage of the proceedings to be too cautious. A single blunder may become an endless source of nuisance: a dark passage will prove destructive to china, or a couple of steps coming unawares may lame a lady for life. One or two examples will best illustrate the weighty matters which have to be weighed. We need not say that noises and smells are awful bores; therefore isolate the kitchen, and place the drawing-room and library as far as practicable from the traffic and business of the house. Yet make the line of march for the service of the dinner direct and short, otherwise dishes will cool on the way. Consult privacy, so that family rooms for refined uses may not come into rude contact with menial offices: permit no clash or abrupt encounter between servants, guests, and quiet inmates. Provide, if possible, an additional staircase for domestics and an extra entrance-door, yet guard against the access of thieves and other intruders. Look carefully to the levels, and get as much as possible on the ground-floor; the running up and down stairs is the plague of city life. The reader, if on the point of perpetrating building, will know but too well that the above is but a small percentage of the total anxiety by which he is beset. The inconveniences incident to an ill-considered ground-plan receive striking illustration in Marlborough

House. The architect, Sir Christopher Wren, a kind of Handel in the way of compositions and choruses in stone, was grandiloquent in sky outlines, but impracticable in the management of ground-plans. He extemporised, as it were, oratories in marble, but his art was not conformable to the harmonies of daily life. Take Professor Kerr's amusing recital of the difficulties the footmen in Marlborough House encounter in the simple operation of serving up dinner:—

"Now, the kitchen of Marlborough House is on the ground-level. The dining-room is on the ground-level also. But to carry the dinner across the entrance-court and in at the front door would never do. To carry it round by the garden and in at the saloon door would never do. We might contrive a third route, thus: along the colonnade, in at the library window (or sash-door rather), and so through the rooms and main thoroughfares; but this, although really the best that could be accomplished on the ground-level, is still a jest. The actual route was this: first, down stairs to the basement; secondly, through the basement corridors (probably dark as Palladian basement corridors generally were); thirdly, up stairs again by any one of three equally awkward means; and fourthly, so on to the dining-room in a manner (whichever of the three stairs might be preferred) still as awkward as the rest. And *why* all this inconvenience? Merely, it would seem, because the idea fixed itself in the architect's mind that the kitchen would make a good wing. . . . That the unhappy footmen, for a hundred years or more, must stumble down-stairs and up-stairs, and through infinite tortuosities besides, with their soup tureens and barons of beef, was not to be helped; let the kitchen be a wing, and it was a wing! Such was Palladian plan!"

We have dwelt with greater deliberation on the method of settling the ground-plan, because there is a universal opinion in the profession that if the inside of a house be wisely considered, the outside may be left to take care of itself. When the mansion be large, or the functions which a structure have

to perform manifold, the internal arrangements at which we have hastily glanced become successively complex. Take an extreme case, scarcely perhaps in point, "the New Law Courts" for London. Mr. Gilbert Scott, according to his own confession, was occupied for fully four months in conquering practical difficulties of distribution of rooms, before he gave thought to the artistic design of even the principal façade! Thus the usual, or at least the correct practice, in the building of a dwelling-house, would seem to be, first to determine the structure in the block and the mass, and then to look to the detail. This is the order of succession before laid down. Decoration should never be the primary thought: ornament should come as an after-growth—it should follow and lie close upon lines of construction—it should as a flower seek support in the main stem, and gain sustenance in the ground, its firm foundation. Thus will decoration be honest and true, and beauty not abrogate utility.

We will not now stop to designate the distinguishing characteristics of the chief rooms in a goodly house—the breakfast-room, the library, the dining and the drawing rooms—because in the sequel, under the heads of "Decoration" and "Furnishing" they will obtain consideration according to their several estates and conditions. Speaking generally, we would premise that the breakfast-room may be treated as a modest prelude to the day's proceedings, that the library should be so ordered as to invite to repose, meditation, and study; that the dining-room may fitly make quiet appeal to the senses, through its solidity and provision for substantial cheer, all giving indication of a respectable balance at the banker's; and lastly, that the drawing-room, the domain of the ladies, should properly partake of a light, elegant, and festive character. We need scarcely observe that each of

these apartments should receive in the first planning of the house, and in the subsequent treatment of form, colour, and subsidiary decoration, an art expression and effect accordant with their several characters and functions. It is probable that the man of reading, the man who has travelled with observant eye through his own or foreign lands, will have gathered many an idea which, for beauty or convenience, may be carried out in the construction and decoration of the several rooms of his future dwelling. We have seen, for example, with telling effect, oriel and dormer windows brought from Nuremberg, chimneys borrowed from Hampton Court, &c. Happy hints may also be taken even from volumes of antiquities, from poems or romances founded on ancient chronicles. In short, positive eccentricity were preferable to builders' commonplace. Among the many suggestions which even popular art literature may afford, take the following historic precedent for an open and comfortably cushioned window recess: "Perhaps," writes Mr. Parker, "the most striking feature in the parlour of the fourteenth century was the window, which was sometimes glazed. The recesses were of goodly size, and usually built as in the preceding century, with the masonry left so as to form stone benches on each side. These were the favourite nooks and corners of domestic life, and the votaries of chess haunted these pleasant, old-fashioned retreats. It was here too that my lady and her fair damsels brought their spinning and their broidery, and wrought those marvellous and beautiful fabrics for which in medieval times their needles acquired a European reputation."

A house planned for the enjoyment not only of its owner but also of his friends, should be so arranged that the "group of drawing-room apartments" may open *en suite*. Reception-rooms, when means

abound, can easily be multiplied, and it will readily be understood that, for the success of conversaciones, the intercommunication among the apartments on the ground-floor should be rendered as easy as possible by the juxtaposition of doors, corridors, or galleries. Thus the stream of thronging guests may flow freely without check of counter or cross currents. Detail upon detail may be added to the general arrangement when the end is to make private dwellings fit for public receptions. Thus a cabinet may be reserved for a quiet card-party; or a boudoir for tranquil talk and secluded sentiment; a music-room also, when it leads from the drawing-room, answers more than one good purpose; it saves songs from the distraction of noisy talk, while it sets the drawing-room free for intellectual converse. We need scarcely add how pleasant it becomes when the ground-plan can be further made to include a picture-gallery; companionship with Raphael and Guido—as witness the picture-gallery of Bridgewater House—brings to receptions and conversaciones an elevated tone. Duties more sacred than those of hospitality suggest that some provision may even in these secular and utilitarian days be made for religious rites. We confess that, were it our fortune to build for our own use a mansion complete in all its appointments, we should set apart some quiet and retired nook for a domestic chapel. Sojourners in Italy know how blessed a thing it is to find the wayside church, however small and humble, ever accessible to prayer and meditation. In our modern dwellings we make liberal provision for mundane enjoyments and sensuous luxuries, but our venerable ancestors were at once less epicurean and more godly. Throughout our land, when we come upon middle-age castles and forts, signs are not wanting in the architecture that provision was

made for religious worship. Such strongholds tell that, when the foe had been struck down and the sword was sheathed, warriors retired to the domestic chapel to render thanks! Even in hill-fortresses, where space was narrow, and comfort had to make hard terms with military exigencies, room was not denied for an oratory sacred to the God of battles. Moreover, it is interesting to observe that, while mundane chambers retained a rude simplicity, the chapel claimed loving decoration in window and roof: the best of man's substance, we well know, was in right-minded historic periods offered in service and sacrifice to religion. We are glad to believe that in our own days these godly practices have seen some revival, and we cannot but think that to other commendable acts it were well to add, whenever fitting occasion shall offer, the building of a domestic chapel. Such provision for the daily worship of the household and its dependants were a surety for right conduct, and a pledge of kindly relations between masters and servants. Let, then, a domestic chapel, when feasible, be included in the plan of our modern mansions; it will be a hopeful sign when our commerce-made magnates shall follow the example set by the ancient landed aristocracy of the country. To this chapel, attached to the chief house in a county, tenants, dependants, and labourers might flock at evening-tide.

It may be expected that we should decide, for the gentleman about to build for himself a mansion in town or country, the comparative advantages of classic and Gothic styles. This "battle of the styles"—this warfare between the two opposing schools of architecture—has been carried to such extremity that at one time it became doubtful whether the man who consented to dwell in a Palladian mansion had not thereby forfeited his

claim to be considered either a reasonable being or an English gentleman! While reading the other day the amiable "recreations" of a "country parson," we came, to our surprise, upon the following fiercely partisan passage: "I trust that all my readers (excepting, of course, the one impracticable man in each hundred who always thinks differently from everybody else, and always thinks wrong) will agree with me in holding it as an axiom needing no argument to support it, that every building which ranks under the class of villa or cottage, must, if intended to be tasteful or pleasing, be built in some variety of that grand school which is commonly styled the Gothic." We need scarcely observe that this dictum is far too dogmatic; that the very name "villa" is of Italian origin; and that the villas of Italy are wholly foreign to Gothic styles. Gothic was notoriously, in the first use of the word, a synonym for barbarism. Happily a more tolerant catholicity of taste has since obtained, and for our part we readily concede to Gothic architecture and its corresponding modes of domestic decoration the charm of an endless variety, and of an exquisite beauty. And surely no gentleman about to build or to furnish, can possibly do wrong in adopting a style which is identified with the noblest works of Christendom.

Still we are reluctant to believe that Gothic is the only style permissible to an English gentleman; on the contrary, some of our most practical and clear-sighted friends assure us that they have proved Italian villas pleasant to live in, and artistic in general aspect and detail of decoration. The "country parson" is, in fact, some few years behind his age; the Gothic furor has abated, and domestic architecture is now left free to do what, all things considered, may prove best for people of refined tastes,

with practical requirements. Gothic styles have not without reason been deemed angular, abrupt, hard; still we think all that is harsh or uncouth in Gothic structures admits of mitigation, and can be readily made to bend to the subtle demands of civilised society. Thus we seem to have reached that point in toleration when to every style in turn may be permitted fair-play. For ourselves, we only desire that our dwellings shall be made conformable to the recognised principles of art as art. Whensoever, then, an English gentleman has to build, let him by no means barter his independence to any one narrow or exclusive school. It were capable of historic proof that the Italian and the Gothic style of domestic architecture have answered required ends sufficiently well, and each, as we have said, is susceptible of æsthetic and practical adaptation to immediate uses. Let, then, all styles, when in purity and best estate, be tolerated. As to the danger of any exclusive mannerism, we may perhaps be permitted to say that in our experience architects and artists given to dogmatic extremes have proved themselves untrustworthy in their estimates, and unsound as financiers. Altogether, extremes should be eschewed: the architect who sports an exclusive creed is to be distrusted.

In short, the man about to build should above all things deny himself the *éclat* of becoming the apostle of a cause, the ultra-development of a school, the exponent of a prejudice. Let him simply consult the convenience of himself and his family. If he find Italian styles suit him well, then let him enjoy his Italian villa; or if, on the other hand, Gothic forms comport best with his needs, then let him erect his dwelling after those models which have been matured and consolidated side by side with British laws and liberties, and have grown sacred in historic associations.

Verily to all men may be permitted utmost liberty of choice. From our own observation we can assert that the Italian villa, whether it be planted in the precincts of Rome or Florence, or whether it be transplanted from the soil of Italy to England, stands as a type of symmetry, beauty, fitness. On the other hand, we no less readily concede that Gothic structures show themselves, in this clime of the north, picturesque; they make themselves, as it were, quite at home in an English landscape; they are naturalized to hills and woods; medieval memories mantle their gables and shadow their turrets. Therefore let the modern builder make his election, and consent for the sake of peace, if needs be, even to a compromise. Thus by a spirit of wise toleration may be secured to styles once antagonistic friendly meeting on the common basis of the true, the beautiful, and the good.

Each architectural style, even by its exceptional characteristics, possesses special fitness to meet specific demands. And it would seem a pity that any one of the many modes of construction and ornamentation, which have shown themselves useful and beautiful, should now, for the sake of some cherished theory, or from a mistaken striving after unity, be annihilated and swept from the land. We hold, indeed, that the prevailing eclecticism which sees good in everything is the system best suited to our immediate wants. The general public, notwithstanding the vain attempt to make Gothic dominant and tyrannous, are ready to accord to all styles of domestic architecture about equal favour. The architectural panorama which our large towns present, if seldom symmetric, is generally picturesque, and this medley of all styles has actually been applauded for its admired disorder. There is, on the other hand, danger in the present day that houses, like the men and

women who dwell therein, may lose all individuality of character; people live gregariously in rows or cells called streets, and the builder's speculation makes an end of all art. Still it were well to consider that a contractor's square box is often most snug and comfortable within—that windows and doors flat at the top, if of unpicturesque monotony, present at all events few difficulties in the furnishing—that, in short, even the ugliest of exteriors is not incompatible with an interior correct in taste and pleasing in art effect. In fact, the façade of a house, like a man's face, is often seen more by neighbours and friends than by the owner himself. It is the good ordering of the rooms within that makes home pleasant, just as it is the nice furnishing of the mind's quiet chambers that gives to the current of life placidity and joy. A well-balanced mind is eclectic, and certainly eclecticism, as the corrective of eccentricities, extravagances, the vagaries of genius, together with the absurdities of fashion, forms one of the safest of rules either for an architectural structure or its continent domestic arts. The following skilfully-cast paragraph, taken from Professor Kerr's 'Gentleman's House,' penned apparently to make things pleasant to all parties, sets forth the successive phases through which architecture and the domestic arts have gone: "The portion of the nineteenth century which has already passed seems to constitute a new era, and in some important respects one more remarkable than any period of preceding time, at least in England. As regards architectural fine art, it has been with us the age of revival. Opening with that Palladianism which had long been the vernacular of Europe, it introduced very soon the fastidious Greek; became involved more slowly, but even still more surely, in the romantic Gothic; spared a liberal portion of attention for the dainty Elizabethan, and gave a still

greater share to the eminently serviceable non-Palladian Italian; all the while openly avowing more or less the striking doctrine of eclecticism—that all things are equally good in their way."

As a useful summary, a few canons may be laid down as a conclusion to preceding arguments. In the first place, we would repeat that no one architectural style can claim right of usurpation over the domestic arts; that the exigencies of each separate case should be taken into account, and accordingly that construction and decoration may be fitly left to the exigencies of climate, the nature of materials, and the pressure of utilitarian demands. Furthermore, it may be asserted that in the very diversity of styles the arts in the household gain in variety and resource. Thus it were well that the enmity and antagonism too often fostered between opposing schools of art should be moderated and appeased. In short, the time has come when peace may be proclaimed between rival arts, whether of Gothic, Italian, or Classic origin. And from the preceding premises the inference inevitably follows, that so long as we continue to build in many and diverse architectural modes, we shall be justified in using corresponding methods of decoration. So long as we consent to live in houses after Classic, Italian, and Gothic types, our cabinet-makers and upholsterers will be held guiltless when they carve furniture and design coverings for walls and floors after corresponding fashions. In the middle ages, the architect, the master-mason, the carver, the worker in metal, and the decorative painter were all animated by one thought, and wrought for a common end. Great masters—such as Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo—were at the same time architects, sculptors, painters, and designers of ornament. In those days no schism divided the dwelling: the brick on the chimney was not at enmity

with the tile on the floor. We think signs are not wanting that the master-art may yet be found which shall unite architecture and all household arts in common oneness of intent and expression.

The arts in the household may crave consideration even on the score of philanthropy. A popular author, under the title, 'The Moral Influences of the Dwelling,' writes:—

"I think it is now coming to be acknowledged by most rational beings that houses ought to be pretty as well as healthy, and that houses even of the humblest class may be pretty as well as healthy. By the Creator's kind arrangement, beauty and use go together. The prettiest house will be the healthiest, the most convenient, and the most comfortable. And I am persuaded that great moral results follow from people's houses being pretty as well as healthy. Every one understands at once that a wretched hovel, dirty, ruinous, stifling, bug-infested, dunghill-surrounded, will destroy any latent love of neatness and orderliness in a poor man—will destroy the love of home, that preservative against temptation which ranks next after religion in the heart, and send the poor man to the public-house, with all its ruinous temptations. But probably it is less remembered than it ought to be, that the home of the poor man or well-to-do man ought to be pleasing and inviting as well as healthy."

This pleasantly chatty "country parson" proceeds to observe that

"Taste costs nothing. If you have a given quantity of building materials to arrange in order, it is just as easy, and just as cheap, to arrange them in a tasteful and graceful order and collocation, as in a tasteless, irritating, offensive, and disgusting one. Elaborate ornament, of course, costs dear; but it does not need elaborate ornament to make a pleasing house which every man of taste will feel enjoyment in looking at. Simple gracefulness is all that is essentially needful in cottage and villa architecture."

It scarcely lies within our province to pursue further this interesting part of our subject, or to point out how the arts may find

entrance into the poor man's house and cheer the cotter's home. We cannot, however, forego the pleasure of a passing glance at the provision which popular art and facile powers of production have made for the simple adornment of the poor man's dwelling. Art, in fact, like literature, finds its way among all classes, even the most humble. Cheap prints, which in their taste and moral teaching contrast favourably with dearer pictorial products of last century, now adorn the cot of honest poverty. The woodcuts in 'The British Workman' are scarcely unworthy of the hand of Bewick. And among the Scripture prints published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge are compositions taken directly from the great Italian masters. It were a descent to descant on the cheap yet pretty paperhangings which now take the place of cold, blank whitewash. Equally tasteful and easy of purchase is the common earthenware printed in colours which make cheerful and gay the white tablecloth. And what pleasure the peasant in all countries takes in bright colour is well known; and how innate is the love of beauty, the presence of flowers tenderly cultured in cottage windows testifies. The moral of the whole matter was forcibly clenched by the late Dr. Southwood Smith as follows:—

"A clean, fresh, and well-ordered house exercises over its inmates a moral, no less than a physical influence, and has a direct tendency to make the members of the family sober, peaceable, and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other; nor is it difficult to trace a connection between habitual feelings of this sort and the formation of habits of respect for property, for the laws in general, and even for those higher duties and obligations the observance of which no laws can enforce. Whereas a filthy, squalid, unwholesome dwelling, in which none of the decencies common to society—even in the lowest stage of civilisation—are or can be observed, tends to make every dweller in such a hovel regardless of the feelings and happiness of each

other, selfish and sensual. And the connection is obvious between the constant indulgence of appetites and passions of this class, and the formation of habits of idleness, dishonesty, debauchery, and violence."

Let us now suppose a gentleman to have built, purchased, or taken a house just to his mind. The masons and plasterers, thank goodness! are fairly out. On looking around the empty, bare rooms, probably the first question that arises is, What shall be done with the walls, the floors, and the ceilings? The house, in fact, is cold and naked, and the urgent inquiry is, How shall it be clothed? The bare, hard boards call for soft covering for the feet; the raw, rough walls demand colour and decorative detail for the delight of the eye and the sport of the fancy. Many are the means—good, bad, and indifferent—by which these desiderata may be supplied. Ancient practices and modern appliances offer to the newly-embarked housekeeper abundant choice of methods and materials. Ceilings may be painted, floors carpeted, walls covered with tapestries, panels, or paper-hangings. This, "the furnishing" of the house, we reserve for a future essay.

In the mean time, however, a few preliminary considerations may here find place. As a legitimate conclusion to preceding arguments, we would say, let the furnishing of a house be commenced and carried out on the safe basis of some defined principle. It is scarcely too much to assert that each room should be treated as if it were a picture. And if this idea could be taken as a guiding principle, the house might be saved from much ordinary confusion and error. A room, we repeat, may, without violence to common sense, be regarded and treated as a picture. The walls are the background, the ceiling is as the canopy of the sky stretched overhead, the furniture stands as groups of figures in the foreground. And the broad analogy

thus indicated may be carried even into details. Thus the walls should be managed actually as an artist would treat the background or distance of his landscape. They should be made to retire unobtrusively; they should—by tone, colour, light and shade—give force, relief, and value to objects which rest on the ground or floor. Specially is it the office of wall-decorations, as of pictorial-distances, to bring the entire composition into unity and repose, so that neither picture nor room be scattered, distracted, or discordant in its general effect. Thus, again, between the ceiling of a room and the sky of a picture there are obvious relations; each should be suggestive of space, altitude: seldom is it permitted for either to be opaque and heavy, or so solid that a head might be broken by contact or collision; rather make the canopy of sky or ceiling circumambient as air, through which a wing might soar.

Furthermore, the furniture of a room, as we have said, should be treated as figures or incidents in a general pictorial composition. It is truly terrible to think of the egregious errors which perpetually spring from the oversight of this one elementary idea. Thus the colour, form, scale, and position of furniture in a room become positively and comparatively wrong or right by conformity or otherwise to the laws of analogy here implied. A painter, for example, considers whether, having regard to background and general surroundings, he shall clothe his principal figure in blue, red, or yellow; and a house-furnisher will, on analogous principles, have to determine the drapery of sofas and chairs. Again, an artist looks anxiously to the forms and lines of his composition; and so, likewise, the designer of furniture should study harmony of composition, should secure to structure force and firmness without hardness or angularity, should give to ornament elegance without that ex-

treme of grace which too often degenerates into debility. A house-decorator, in fact, just as a painter of landscape or figures, ought not to be content until he has brought together the multitudinous lines of his design into concerted unity,—the entire composition must flow freely and pleasantly, without break or dissonance.

So, likewise, the scale of furniture in a room merits no less consideration than the size of figures in a picture. Scale is known to impart grandeur, state, nobility; yet, on the other hand, giants stalking through a house or across a landscape are apt to look uncouth and monstrous—they usurp an inconvenient amount of space, while they dwarf ordinary dwellers to pigmies. Let a room, then, be furnished with an eye to proportion, scale, and relative keeping among its component parts.

Once more, this argument of analogy between the putting together of a picture and the good ordering of a room may be made to determine the place or situation which articles of furniture, standing as figures in a general composition, shall be permitted to occupy. The right thing in the right place is the primary law of composition, as it is the condition of good order. Even the right thing, when in the wrong place, ceases to be right, and becomes a focus of error and confusion. And the mere multitude of goods and chattels perpetually manufactured and put on show were alone sufficient to bewilder and beguile the coolest and most discreet of intellects. In a single morning a lady and her husband may run through a round of shops crowded with articles more than sufficient for decorating and furnishing the entire parish. The eye will be dazzled and distracted by endless displays of Turkish carpets and rugs, tiles of Alhambra patterns, marquetry after middle-age manners, ancient and modern tapestries, French paper-hangings, Japanese

wares, figured damasks, painted panels, slips for friezes whereon dance the Hours, soffits for ceilings around which Amorini frisk among garlands or float upon clouds. And yet, after all, the purveyor of arts for the household will probably have but one house to provide for. Now it is manifest that what looks exquisite in the shop may prove little else than execrable when brought in juxtaposition with different surroundings at home. And it is this very want of forethought, or rather the need of such knowledge as a painter brings to the composition of his picture, that throws the majority of rooms into confusion. Now what would an artist do under the ordinary perplexity of having more materials on hand than can be turned to good account? Why, of course, he would simply choose the best for his immediate purpose. And so in the furnishing of a room, selection, or rather perhaps rejection, is obviously the one thing needful. A painter adapts his figures to the position to be filled; he studies how best to strengthen the weak points of his composition—liven what is dull, to people what is desolate. And, as a rule, a single well-studied picture becomes of more value than a dozen commonplace ones thrown in, as the

showy groups. And all this is equally true in the humblest as in the easiest art of how to make of a picture. In a house, as in a picture, above all things shun the medleys of mediocre or forms as you would the rabble of democracy. Strive for scattered, small, trivial, and only effects. Even a picture may, by its purposeful arrangement of baubles, bespeak a collected intellect. Space remains again impress upon each portion of a room as far as may be, recall to each component part its liberate pictorial fine, the whole being may be a word—for terms to comprise.

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DOUBLES AND QUILTS: A COMEDY OF ERRORS.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XII.

"Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?"—*Antony and Cleopatra*. 7

IN a little street near Covent Garden, and after ascending many dingy stairs, we arrived at the abode of Mr. Finney, and had the good luck to find that gentleman at home, and in the act of regaling himself solus with his evening meal. He was a short quite elderly man, of respectable appearance, sparing of his speech, and, when he did speak, monosyllabic. He had a ruminating eye occasionally flecked with a ray of fun. He was altogether devoid of the "stage business," which the dramatic outsider so often affects, and had a disinclination to commit himself about trifles that might almost have attracted notice north of the Tweed.

"Good evening, sir," said the lawyer, blandly, on entering.

"Evenin'," said Mr. Finney, without rising, but staring like the sphinx, and inserting a huge wedge of soap-like cheese in his mouth.

"And a lovely evening it is," continued the lawyer, cheerily.

"Aint been hout," replied the

carpenter, thickly, through his cheese.

"You're Mr. Finney, I think?" said my companion.

"Hivery man 'as 'is himpressions," said Mr. Finney, washing down the cheese with a mouthful of beer, but keeping his winkless eye upon us. "Sometimes they're kreck—sometimes *not* kreck."

"Quite true," smiled my friend, humoringly, "but I *know* you're Mr. Finney."

"Why do you ask, then?"

"Only for form's sake, my dear sir."

"Oh!" and he went on munching and staring, like a cow chewing the cud.

"Mr. Thomas Finney, I may say," continued the lawyer.

"Oh! you know that too, do you?"

"Oh yes! my dear sir, I know that too."

"Then you don't want to ask me the question, I expect?"

"No; but I know more about you than you think, Mr. Finney."

"P'raps you're a hextra clever man?"

"I hope so; it's my business to be clever."

"P'raps you know more nor there is to know?"

"Oh no, no!" laughed the lawyer, as though much tickled with Mr. Finney's humour; "but I assure you we know nothing that isn't to your credit."

"Don't you, now?"

"No; indeed, we don't. You've had your misfortunes, of course."

"Of coorse, of coorse."

"But you've got over them all."

"There's no more a-comin', then, I s'pose?"

"My dear sir, let us be serious; I am here as a lawyer."

"That's one misfortin I aint got over, then."

"Ah! Mr. Finney, I see you're an incorrigible joker, like all you dramatic gentlemen. Will you answer an honest man a plain question, joking apart, now?"

Finney took a pull at his beer, and replied, "'Oos a-jokin'? I aint, nor this 'ere gent, as I knows on, and I'm not aweer as you've said nuffink hextray comic. I aint larfed, as I knows on. 'Oos a-jokin'?"

"Will you answer a question, then?"

"I aint on my hoath, I s'pose?"

"Certainly not; it's a private question—all among friends. I only want to see if you can tell me something I know all about already," said the lawyer, rather out-diplomatising himself.

"Ah! I see—it's a k'nundrum; but I give it up—never could make nuffink of them."

The lawyer looked at me in despair.

"I think you had better ask the question straightforwardly," I said; "there is no reason why Mr. Finney should object to answer it."

Mr. Finney looked perfectly wooden and placid, and browsed away at his bread and cheese.

"Well, then, straightforwardly,

Mr. Finney, are you a married man?"

"Well, then, straykeforwiggly, I can't tell you."

"That's odd; were you ever married?"

"Yes, I was."

"A widower, perhaps?"

"Mayhap."

"You don't know?"

"I don't know, and I don't bruise my hoats, and I aint a-goin' to Rosherville, and I don't know who's Griffiths, and, wot's more, I don't care; and now, please to tell me wot all this 'ere lark is? Wot are you comin' a-nigglin' and a-nagglin' at me for, and disturbin' me at my wittles? 'Oo are you, you white-faced cuss?" The manner was as calm as ever, though the words were strong. "I aint a-goin' to sit hargle-barglin' with you all night; my time's hup—it is. 'Oo are you?"—and he rose.

"My good sir, in the cause of law and justice and humanity, answer me a question. I'm a lawyer—Mr. Wilkin, of Saville Row. I'm employed in a matrimonial cause. A person is suspected of having committed bigamy; I believe the proof lies with you. Were you married in 1853 to a woman known by the name of Carlotta Seymour?"

The man's face blazed into sudden animation. "Married to her? Yes, I was married to her, the thief! the villain!" and he went on to apply to his spouse a string of epithets of more force than refinement. "And she's committed biggermee, has she? 'Taint a 'angin' bus'ness, I believe—more's the pity. I'd go a 'undred mile on a donkey to see her 'ung."

"No, it's not a hanging business; but you were married to her, and could identify her, could you?"

"Couldn't I, and wouldn't I? But wot will you do to her?—something hextra salt, eh?"

"Oh yes! of course; but our main object, in the first place, is to free a gentleman from his marriage

with her; and, by the by, this will enable you to get a divorce, and marry again. You must marry an heiress this time, Mr. Finney, eh? Ha! ha!"

"Thankin' you graciously, Tom Finney's billycock covers T. F.'s family and k'neckshuns for the fewchure."

"Could you come and assist us to identify her to-morrow?"

"Come? Slippery. I'm your man, hanny time and haunyware."

"To-morrow at twelve. Will you come to the Grosvenor Hotel?"

"See if I don't. But why 'n thunder, Mr. Lawyer, coodn't you hout with this at fust, instead of hagitatin' a feller at his wittles? I thought you was a deputation from John Bright or the People's William to get me to make a speech in the Squeer. But I'll come; see if I don't."

"Eureka!" cried the lawyer, as we left Mr. Finney's door—"eureka! the case is virtually complete, and Captain Burridge is a free man. The identification is a certainty, of course, and I only go on with it to satisfy Captain Burridge's mind, and enable him to make his arrangements in advance of the legal formalities that may be necessary. I shall be at the hotel before noon to-morrow, and will bring the lady's address. Then we can go and visit her in a body, and give her an opportunity of comparing the merits of her two husbands—ha! ha!"

"Adolphus, my boy, you're free!" I said, on entering the room, where I found my friend, now fairly done up with anxiety and excitement, lying prostrate on a sofa. He stared at me in a confused way, as if he had been sleeping.

"What d'ye mean? You've not really found the husband?"

"Really found him."

"And he admits the marriage?"

"Of course he does, and will go with us to-morrow and identify the woman; you're free!"

Burridge rose slowly. "Donald,"

he gasped, "I—bless you—you're my good ang—. Holloa! what's this? It's dark—I'm choking;" and down he fell with a bang on the floor, senseless and motionless, in a dead faint.

Now, here was a fellow I had once looked upon as a mere "*natus-consumere-fruges*,"—incapable of emotion, good-natured from laziness, born *blazé*, "*né fatigué*"—here was this large physical man conducting himself in the most appropriately sensational way, disclosing nerves, feelings, affections, and a power of becoming unconscious at the fitting crisis, that would have delighted a dramatic artist. I had, indeed, fathomed Adolphus before, but this last, this fainting phase, brought painfully to my mind the sufferings the simple patient fellow had undergone, not unmingled with a thrill of admiration for the manly Anglo-Saxon nature disdaining to hoist a flag of distress to the world, and only betraying, when relief arrived, how stern had been the ordeal passed through.

He soon came to himself. "I say, Donald, what the deuce do you go knocking a fellow about for?" was his first question on opening his eyes. "A joke's a joke, but eh? Why? Oh yes! I remember now—ah!—" and with a long gasp of relief he closed his eyes and lay back again. I did not disturb him.

It was a happy evening for both of us, though little was said on either side.

Adolphus sat plunged in meditation, but every now and then a ray of joy like a sunbeam flashed across his face, and he would rise and grasp my hand, and "God-bless" me, "not so much for my own sake, old fellow," he would say—"not so much for myself as for her. A man is stronger—he goes about the world, and has distractions; but a woman—what has a woman got to do but brood over her troubles? Poor Mary! what lines she's had! God bless you, Donald, for her!"

It was in vain to disclaim personal merit, and point out that I was little more than an accidental instrument.

"Well, Adolphus," I said, "this likeness of ours has, I hope, been the means of bringing about your happiness, and you shall thank me as much as ever you like—that is, thank the likeness, provided it continues to be a good angel, and carries out in my case the good work it has begun; for if it hadn't been for you and it, you know, I should never have met Lady Rose, probably."

"Carry it out, old boy! Of course it will carry it out."

"Ah! I'm not sure of that;

I have nothing positive to go on. Lady Rose may have forgotten all about me by this time."

"Forgotten all about you! as if any one could forget the best fellow who ever walked on the earth! Never! I'll stake my life on your being accepted. If you weren't, I'd follow her about the world and give her no rest. I'd haunt her like a shadow—like somebody's ghost—always saying, 'Be mine! Be mine!'—only I'd say, 'be his, be his!' of course, you know;" and with a hearty laugh at this novel specific for securing the affections of a young lady, we separated for the night in high spirits.

CHAPTER XIII.

Such then," said Una, "as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of Falsehood; such the sight
Of fowle Decease, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfeitsance knowne."

—SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*.

The lawyer was with us next day at noon punctually.

"Wish you joy, Captain Burridge," he exclaimed, "with all my heart, I'm sure; the case is complete, and the identification merely formal, for your own satisfaction; and it will depend upon yourself whether criminal proceedings are to be instituted against the lady or not."

"Oh! hang the proceedings! I don't want a row; let me be quit of her, that's all."

"That you shall be, my dear sir—that you shall be. You must nerve yourself for the unpleasantness of confronting her now, however. It will be painful, but, like tooth-drawing, it will soon be over. You will be able to command your feelings, I do trust?"

Burridge, with the morning light, had arrayed himself anew in the profound stolidity of the heavy dragon, and he answered the attorney with ox-like wonder in his eye. "Painful? it's the jolliest

thing I've had to do for seven years, I can tell you."

"Delighted to hear you take that view of it, my dear sir; it will be well that I accompany you, I suppose?"

"Oh! certainly, certainly; and here comes Mr. Finney, I suppose," as a knock came to the door.

"A party for Captain Bruce," said the waiter, throwing open the door; and in walked Mr. Finney.

"Mornin', gents hall," said he, entering slowly, and bearing far in front of him, as if to protect them from collisions, a weather-beaten chimney-pot hat of colossal dimensions, and a green cotton umbrella in complete harmony with it. "A little arter time I am, but I'd to spiff myself hup a bit arter the shop, along o' goin' into lady's s'ciety you see."

"Plenty of time, Mr. Finney, plenty of time; won't you sit down?" said the lawyer. And after a good deal of manœuvring with his hat and umbrella, Mr. Fin-

ney brigaded them together in a strongly-intrenched position under his chair, and then coolly surveyed the company with a twinkling eye.

"Wich is 'im?" he said, at last. "One on 'em's 'im, in coorse, but wich is t'other? Wich on 'em kem to my shop last night? Blarmed if I iver see sich a pair o' Corksican Brothers. My guv'nor 'd give 'em an 'atfull; see if he didn't."

"This is Captain Bruce, who visited you last night," said the lawyer; "and this is Captain Burridge, whom you're going to make a free man of, Mr. Finney."

"My sarvice to you, sir," said Mr. Finney, nodding to Adolphus with a comical expression. "Ow's our old 'ooman?"

"What do you mean?" said Burridge.

"Ow's our wife? We're a joink-stock company, aint we? Finney & Co.? 'Ow's our missus, Co.? There aint another pardner in the consarn, is there?"

"No, I don't think so," said Burridge, stolidly; "but I haven't seen Mrs. Finney for six years."

"Oh! you split too, did you? Now, if I may ax the freedom, wot was it?"

"What?"

"Wot was the split on?"

"Oh! hundreds of causes, Mr. Finney."

"Ah! she wor a one, warn't she, now? She wor a one to worrit the 'ind leg hoff a jackass, and, 'scewsin' freedom, she found two on 'em; didn't she now, Co.?"

"That she did, Mr. Finney."

"She lived 'igh, she did," said the carpenter, surrendering himself to a train of conjugal reminiscences. "She worn't a cheap bargain, no 'ow; and livin' 'igh gave 'er a nigh temper; and the swearink of her!—horrfle! and the lyin' thief she wor! owdacious, surey-lie! She wos the Princess Poffepowski in her hown right; but in disguidge, warn't she? I 'unted up the Hempror, her father. He 'ad a fancy

for oobblin' and livin' in Shore-ditch, and puttin' a sign hover his palass door—Peter Mole, Boots and Shoes.' Ah! she wor a kweer one, and no mistake!" And Mr. Finney indulged in a saturnine laugh.

"Jest afore we wor married," he went on—"blowed if it don't bust me still—she says to me, 'Thomas,' says she in her 'igh way, 'You must 'old up your 'ead after we're married.' 'So I will,' says I; 'I allus did.' 'You must 'old it 'igher than iver now, then,' says she; 'do you know what you're a goin' to be, Thomas?' 'Third carpenter at the Surrey,' says I; 'and fust chop by-and-by, please the pigs,' says I. 'Gnoble thought!' says she, throwin' hout her arm: 'in my country, when a princess marries a pessink, the pessink becomes a prince. You're a-goin' to be a prince, my Thomas,' says she. 'In disguidge, though?' says I. 'In disguidge for the presint,' says she. 'Then they won't go a-prayin' for me with the rest of the royal family, belike?' says I. 'Not for the presint,' says she; 'but by-and-by you'll get that, and hall other emoly-mints.' Oh Lor! 'ow she did carry on—surey-lie?" And Mr. Finney punctuated his reflection with a little laugh.

"I wor an 'angin' horff and hon a bit, you sec," he explained; "and she thought she'd nail me up and screw me down by makin' me a prince! and arter hall, I was hass enough to marry her; but so were you, Co., my boy—so there's two on us, any'ow. Scews my freedom, gents hall."

"By Jove!" said Burridge, "that little game about the Princess is Carlotta all over—that identifies her; but if we are going to see her, hadn't we better start and get it over?"

It was agreed to, and we started in a couple of hansoms for Gerard Street, Soho, where the "joink-stock" wife was now living. Burridge and the lawyer went in one

cab, and Mr. Finney and I in the second.

"Oh Lor!" remarked that gentleman, as he settled in his seat, after breaking his nut-brown hat against the roof,—*"Oh Lor! to think of me a-ridin' in a nandsom with a tip-topper in a tagglioni and a higlass—oh Lor!"* We pulled up at the corner of the street. Now was the tug of war.

"We'd better all go into the house," said the lawyer; "but Mr. Finney can remain outside the room till he's wanted. Tell Mrs. Burridge," he said to the servant who opened the door, "that the solicitor would like to see her for a few minutes, if she's disengaged." Permission being given, we ascended, and Adolphus entered the room first. There was a cry of astonishment, and as I followed him in, a large, flabby, middle-aged woman, with a fishy eye, hanging white jowlers, and a towzy head of withered-looking hair, was crossing the room in stage-strides, with extended arms.

"Oh, my long lost one!" she exclaimed, stopping, however, in her march, when she saw me. "Oh, mee husband of mee youth! The quality of mercy is not strained, it drop-pop-pop" (she began to sob) "pop-eth as the gee-entle dee-ew! It blesseth him that gives! It shall bless me! I forgive you, mee erring one! mee perr-rodigal! To your place! to your home, in mee arms! mee Adol-ol-olphus, come!"

This scene was quite too overpowering. I bit my tongue and pinched my arm—hurt myself seriously, in fact, to suppress the bursting laughter. As for Dolly, his sense of humour was not quickly touched; besides, it was different for him, and he looked phlegmatically at the woman, and quietly remarked, "Certainly not; sit down, please. I have some business to talk about; this is my solicitor."

"You do not come, then, to sue

for mer-r-rey, for par-rdon for this long ke-ruel desertion?"

"Not at all, and, what's more, you know I haven't; so please to leave off stage-tricks till we're gone."

"Unmanly miscreant! I will not deign," (with an imperial sweep of the arm), "to hold commune with you; to the door, sir! and you, too, myrmidons!" (to the solicitor and me) "begone!"

"We'll go immediately, ma'am; we just want you quietly to acknowledge your marriage, to save trouble," said the lawyer.

"How can I deny it? His ker-ramping fetters are about mee hart; and now, begone!"

"I mean your previous marriage," said the lawyer, quietly.

The woman's eyes dilated; she clutched the table, gave a quick short gasp, and her suety complexion faded (if the word is admissible) into an ashen hue. She recovered her self-possession almost instantly, however, and cried out,—

"Ah! ha! a plot to rob me of my pittance; in sooth, 'tis worthy of him."

"My good madam," said the lawyer, "this is really quite useless. We know you were married in the year 1853. Better to acknowledge it to us privately than go to a court about it with—*with* certain painful results."

"If you will tear the gnawing secret from my breast—my outraged breast—so be it. A foul *mesalliance* I did contract, in pique, in very madness, womanlike, to spite a slighting noble—I *did* mate me with a clown."

"That was in '53?" said the lawyer, his cool dry voice contrasting strangely with the tragic rhythm of her sentences.

"In '53 it was, but '54 brought healing on its wings. The monster died, and left me free once more," and she buried her face in her hands.

"You're sure he died?"

"Ay, very sure," she gurgled between her hands.

"His name was Finney, I believe?"

"Spare me; suffice it that the monster's dead."

The lawyer quietly opened the door and admitted the carpenter, Carlotta's face continuing buried in her hands. Finney's mouth was distended into a wide grin.

"His name was Thomas Finney, carpenter at the Surrey Theatre, I think?" repeated the lawyer.

"Ask me no more," hissed the woman; "suffice it that the carpenter is dead!"

"The carpenter 'as hoverlooked the succ'mstance if he is," said Finney, in a hollow voice.

The woman dropped her hands, and a real shriek of anguish and fear rang through the house.

"An apparition!" she gasped, sitting down and holding her hands to her side—"a ghost! he must be dead! I swear I thought him dead!" and she rocked herself to and fro. "It's a cheat, a trick, a lie; it's not the man," she went on wildly. "Who says it's the man? who dares to say it's he? he died in '54."

"Well, he must 'ave dug 'isself up agin, old 'ooman—that's all. You recleck you kem to 'is shop in '55, and got a sippun note from him, which it aint costumary to get from any ghosts I've heerd tell on; and the nex time you kem—a year arter—you was tight, you recleck, and he turned you hout and called a peeler; so he wor above-ground then, and he's not been a-dym' much lately, as he's aweere on, and, wot's more, don't mean to."

"Is that your wife, Mr. Finney?" said the lawyer.

"That's the 'ooman I took for my wife in '53—worse luck. Lor! but she's haltered since then. More like a hox than a hangel now, surey-lie!"

"I think it's cruel to prolong this scene," said I; "we're all satisfied—let us go."

Carlotta looked up, with ghastly despair in her face, and said to Burridge,—

"You will go and rejoice over the downfall of a miserable woman, I suppose, and set the law on to her, and starve and imprison her. You suppose that she has no feelings, and that if she committed this breach of the law she wasn't driven to it by a foolish mad passion for you—weak dotard that she was. You will have no pity, I suppose; weak men, when they have an accidental triumph, are vindictive. It flatters them—it makes them feel strong to trample down somebody—and to trample down the fallen is their only chance."

"Hush!" replied Adolphus,—
"these fine words are entirely thrown away upon me. I won't trample on you, but I won't pity you. You never loved me; you had a mad passion for my money, that was all. I may be weak, but not weak enough not to know that. As for the law, as far as I am concerned, it shan't be let loose on you. You are free to go where you please, but I advise you to leave this country, as the law may find you out without my assistance. If you were starving, I *might* pity you; but as I don't wish to pity you, you shall have enough to keep you from starving—but only from starving. That's all."

"I say, guv'nor, aint you goin' to lag her for biggermee?" said Mr. Finney, in accents of deep disappointment.

"No, no, no," said the lawyer; "come away, come away."

"Oh Lor! oh Lor! to think of an 'ole blessed day lost for nuffink! It aint friendly of you, Gu.; 'aint, now, old man."

Disregarding Mr. Finney's pathetic remonstrances, we left his miserable woman to her self.

"I congratulate you again, Captain Burridge," cried the lawyer, "and all the more, now that I have seen the fate from which you have been rescued. You need not go."

yourself no further trouble about the matter; I will take an opinion as to the most proper legal steps to be adopted, and will arrange everything, if possible, without troubling you again. I understand—pardon me—ahem!—I understand that certain ulterior arrangements were depending on this most fortunate discovery; well, *the event* should be delayed till you hear from me, but, in the mean time, all arrangements can be proceeded with. It will be a matter of a few weeks at the utmost, and perhaps no delay may be necessary. Of that I will inform you by letter, however, without loss of time. And I suppose I had better arrange to have Whytock released from the police-office?"

"Certainly, if you can manage it."

"No difficulty about that; and as to the sum of money promised him by Captain Bruce?"

"Whatever was promised he must get, of course; for, no matter how, he has been of the utmost service, and has earned the money according to the contract. Good-bye."

"Adoo, Cap'n," said Mr Finney; "the pardnership's broke hup. Finney & Co.'s took down the sign, and if there's to be no laggin', my name's Walker. 'Taint the right thing, though, no 'ow; she'll be at it agin. I'll 'ave 'arf-a-dozen new pardners. Better say 'lag' Cap'n!"

"I don't think she's likely to find any new victims now, Mr. Finney," said Adolphus; "I think we may safely let her alone. But you've lost a day's work for me, and you've done me a great service, and I should like to make you an acknowledgment: what can I do for you?"

"Nothink at all, sir; nothink at all. But if ever your watchword 'appens to be 'lag,' T. F. is the carpenter to nail the bisness for you. Mornin', gents hall," and Mr. Finney stalked gravely down the street.

"Now, my dear Donald," said

Adolphus when we were alone,— "now that the curtain's dropped on villany and misery and all the rest of it, now for happiness. 'Strike while the iron is hot,' as the lawyer said. You've still got four days' leave; come along to Aldershot, and steer me and yourself to victory."

"Ah! to victory! but is it to be victory for me? Happy events are rare enough in the world, but happy coincidences, how often do they happen?"

"What an old croaker you are! —the moment I begin to be jolly, you damp it by tumbling into the blues. You talk like an ass, Donald; you talk as if the whole affair was a matter of chance, like each of us winning a fortune at roulette on the same day. From what you told me, Lady Rose as good as promised; and, between you and me, you ought to have settled it on the spot. If she meant to take you, she would have done it then as much as now; why didn't you speak out like a man?"

"Mrs. Badger came just as I was going to say—to say what I really think I *was* going to say."

"Why didn't you say it before Mrs. Badger came, then? I've often heard it said that you clever fellows don't get on half so well with women as we thickheads do. Upon my word, I believe it's true; and I suspect it's because you crane at your fences, and want to take them artistically, turning back and back for a new take-off, instead of cramming in the spurs and going slap at them, no matter where, never mind how, so long as you get over. You treat them—women, I mean—like muses, or goddesses, or sylphs, or something, and won't speak to them like human beings. Hang it all! they *are* human beings, you know. But courage! Lady Rose—I'll answer for her."

"*Varium et mutabile semper* —"

"Oh! bother the dead languages! keep your spirits up, and don't let us spend the night talking metaphysics in Soho. Come on."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Ah! one rose,
One rose, but one by those fair fingers culled,
Were worth a hundred kisses pressed on lips
Less exquisite than thine."

—TENNISON.

We spent that evening together in the room in the Barracks at Aldershot, where Burridge and I had, some three months before, first formed our momentous acquaintance. "What an age it seemed!" was the idea that occurred to both of us; "And to think," said Dolly, "that we should have only known each other three months! Wonderful, isn't it? considering that, I'll be bound, there are no two fellows such pals in camp, or anywhere."

"Human life is properly to be measured by a reference to the number and intensity of our emotions, rather than by any arithmetical computation of days and years," said I, sententiously.

"Now that's the kind of thing—I'll be bound that's exactly the kind of aggravating thing—you go saying to Lady Rose. Why, my dear fellow, it's enough to frighten the Pope. Please stow away all that sort of nonsense in your portmanteau till after to-morrow, or woe betide you. And, talking of to-morrow, Donald, what is our scheme—our plan o' attack?"

"Well, there are two or three things to be taken into consideration. The ladies are both at the Hermitage, you're certain?"

"Quite."

"It won't do to take Miss Richmond too much by surprise, you see. She must be prepared for it gently."

"Ah! who's to do it?"

"I was thinking of a little plan; if you approve of it, I think it would suit all parties concerned very well. It is, that we should both go over to F—in the morning, but that you should wait at the hotel, while I go to the house, see Lady Rose, tell her all about it, and consult with her as to the best

means of breaking the news to her cousin; and then, when the fitting moment arrives, we shall send for you, and introduce the hero on to the stage."

"Ah! I see, master Donald; you're a sly hand. You're going to take our little affairs as a text, and preach your own sermon on it, with a practical application; but, with all my heart, provided the sermon isn't too long, and you don't keep me waiting an age outside paradise. Success to the sermon, old boy, and I'm sure it will be successful."

When we separated for the night, I perceived that my feelings closely resembled those of another night when I believed myself to be approaching the crisis of my fate. I perceived that I was going to be troublesome, so I shook myself together, and said, "No good tormenting yourself—hopes or fears will be certainties to-morrow, for to-morrow the die shall be cast;" and, so saying, I tumbled into bed, grateful for an overpowering fatigue which I felt sure would bring immediate sleep and escape from thought. And sleep did come, but it came wild and feverish, as on the memorable night after my introduction to Lady Rose.

Vivid images and visions, suggested by a medley of hopes and fears, and coloured by the strange events of the last three days, chased each other about my brain, interchanging and blending with a marvellous rapidity.

Now there was a vision of a fair face smiling gently upon me—a vision of a fair hand offering me a promised guerdon—a vision of a fair form clasped—and I felt a beating heart that required no other voice to give its happy verdict.

Anon the same fair face, bright with mischievous mirth, and a musical voice that rang out elfin laughter, and cried "Too late; the chance was thine, but now 'tis mine—the roses all are dead." Through the livelong night this infernal jingle held possession of my fevered brain. Now and then I woke up, and, as if to exorcise the demon suggesting the evil refrain, roared out, "To-morrow the die shall be cast." In vain—back it came, spoken now by Burrige, now by Badger, now by Lady Rose. It was set to music at last, and Tom Finney and Bill Whytock sung it over a pot-house table, to the air of the "Guards' Waltz," clinking their glasses and waving long white clay pipes to the time, while the irresistible Kartoffel of Bagdad danced strenuously in the midst,—

"With a hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
With a hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
They're dead, they're dead,
They're dey—dey—dead,
The Roses all are dead!"

At last I woke up to find my friend standing by my bedside.

"What are you holloaing at?" he inquired. "Who's dead?"

"They are—the Roses—all of them!" I replied, dimly, "Oh! hang it! I forgot. I must have been dreaming—such abominable dreams, too. Is it time to get up?"

"Up you get. It's eight o'clock. You look as if you'd been dissipating; jump into your bath—sharp. Remember what's before us. It's a glorious morning."

It was indeed a glorious morning, and if bright skies are happy omens, better omen I could not wish. Thinking on this wise, I could not help murmuring, as we rode along on our way to F—

"Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields;
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.

When the happy yea
Falters from her lips,
Pass, and blush the news
O'er the blowing ships,

Till the Red man dance —"

Adolphus, up to this point, had regarded me with mute disapprobation, but here he broke in,—

"Oh Donald! for heaven's sake stop! if that's the key you're in, it's all up; lay all that sort of thing aside, and put the spurs in, or I know one Red man who won't dance to-night."

"Don't be afraid, old boy; I'll be prudent, and, as you say, 'put the spurs in.' I suppose you've never been along this road before, Adolphus?"

"To tell you the truth, then, I have. I didn't go as long as you were here; I didn't think it right. But after you were away, I could not stand the kind of feeling of being cut off from her altogether—you were a kind of link, you know—so I rode over one evening and put up my horse, and cruised about till I found the Hermitage, and since that I've been over there every evening. I've been leading an owl's life; my life hasn't begun till twilight for the last month. I know all the windows, and all the family moves. Sometimes I was in luck, and saw Mary before the drawing-room blinds were down; sometimes it was only her shadow I saw, but that was always something. Sometimes a thing that looked like a big cauliflower, from its shadow, used to be in the window all the evening, nodding and wagging itself up and down. I found out at last that it was Mrs. Badger's head, asleep; and how I used to grind my teeth when I saw it was going to be a cauliflower night! Once, and only once, the two girls came out in the moonlight, and walked on the grass in front. I was screwed in between a tree and the wall, and could see them safely. She was looking glorious."

"Which of them?" I cried, eagerly.

"Which of them? ha! ha! ha! —I like that. Well, both of them, of course, but I had only eyes for one, and I saw she had on the

locket—saw it with my own eyes. That was a great night for me. One night they left the drawing-room window open. There was music first, and then talking, and I thought I would like to hear her voice, so I got on the wall and crept close up to the house, and was hearing her splendidly, when somehow I slipped and fell off into a bush with an awful crash. Luckily I was hurt, and lay still, for, in a moment after, an old fellow put his head out and holloed, 'Who was there?' and 'That he was going to fire,' and 'That he saw me perfectly well, and I had better give myself up before he drilled a hole in me.' I deuced near *did* give myself up, but I didn't; and the old fellow, who hadn't seen me a bit, got tired by degrees, and went away. I got a fright, but I had heard her voice; and that was my best night, I think."

"This is the first view we get of the place," said I, drawing rein, as we reached the top of the long hill. "There it is!" and I recognised with a thrill of blissful recollections the dark wood that encompassed the town.

The roses of the early summer had faded from the hedgerow—the roses that, for me, had lifted up their voices and spoken; but fresher than ever was their revelation now. And 'there is a Rose,' thought I, 'that blooms all the year round; courage, she shall be mine!' "Come on, Adolphus, quicker, and let us get rid of suspense."

We galloped along the turf till we reached the outskirts of the town, and I then said, "Ride on now, Adolphus, and go quickly past the house; I'll come or send for you when you're wanted."

"Good luck! good speed! and don't keep me long waiting, for I'm an impatient beggar," he replied, and clattered away up the street.

I gave him a short start, and then, literally following his often-repeated advice, I "put the spurs

in," and in a couple of minutes stood, with a ringing in my ears and a thumping of the heart, in front of the door—the door—waiting with a wild inconsistent sort of hope that, when the servant opened it, he would say, "Not at home."

Not so, however; the man welcomed me with a broad grin, widened, doubtless, by the memory of frequent largesses, and a "lively sense of benefits to come."

He informed me that his master was gone to town as usual, that Mrs. Badger was "hout in the pony-carriage," but that the young ladies were, he believed, within—would I walk up? I would and did—and marched into the drawing-room in a state of numb desperation.

It was empty. "I'll go and see for the ladies," said the man.

In a couple of minutes, which seemed as many hours—and during which I had mastered, with intense avidity, a fact from 'The Times' that Foster's "Mountain Port" was the only possible stimulant a sane man should think of imbibing—the man returned.

"Miss Mary has gone for a walk, sir," he said; "but her ladyship" (I thought the villain's eyes twinkled) "is in the garden; will you please to go there, or shall I let her ladyship know you're here, sir?"

"Oh! I'll go to the garden, certainly," said I; and I rather flattered myself my tone was careless and jaunty. Here was the very opportunity required. It was beautiful. It was something like luck. There was a symmetry in it, a —. And yet I found myself taking the most circuitous route to the garden, slinking behind trees, and, in fact, conducting myself more like a footpad than an ardent lover hastening to pay his *devoirs*. Confound it! why hadn't I Burridge's facility, who proposed when he didn't want to propose—when he had no right to propose?

The garden, however, was inexorably but two acres in extent, so unless I went away altogether, or got up a tree, I must clearly fall in with Lady Rose before long. "Forward, craven!" I muttered to myself, and started off slowly and warily down a path which, leading to the hotbeds and the depot of garden debris, was least of all likely to lead me to the fair object of my mission.

The stern reader will perhaps say, "What an ass!" Well, it is easy to say, "ass;" but wait till you've tried it yourself, and if you have, and still say "ass," all I can say is, you must either be a heavy dragoon, or admit that the same epithet was once applicable to yourself.

Be all this as it may, I had only gone a few yards down the path, when—

"Captain Bruce! it is Captain Bruce!" cried a musical voice, which, however, seemed to set a thousand wild bells jangling in my head. I started and turned, and there, a little off the path, beside a plot of standard roses, in the act of tending them, stood their patron saint—beautiful as some poet's dream of the Golden Age—the Lady Rose herself.

"This is indeed a surprise!" she said, advancing, and shaking hands with me; "and where *have* you dropped from?"

"From Aldershot," I replied, feeling stunned and stupid; "for a few days."

"Oh! my uncle never told us you were coming for a visit; he has been keeping it for a surprise, I suppose."

"I beg your pardon, I have not come for a visit, I'm sorry to say."

"I thought you said you had come for a few days."

"To Aldershot, I meant."

"Oh! well, it is very kind of you to come over to see us; I'm afraid my aunt is out, but if you can stay for luncheon, I think you will see her; she will be back, I think. My

uncle is in London, of course; he will be very sorry to have missed you."

A sort of chill fell upon me at these words—at this suggestion of its being possible for *me* to be at Aldershot *without* coming over to see *her*—of its being possible for *me* *not* to stay for luncheon—of its being possible for *me* *not* to see her uncle; there was a matter-of-factness about it that damped me—almost piqued me—I who had pictured myself as being there without intermission, from morn to dewy eve, for the next three days.

"I hope your uncle and aunt are very well?" I said, in a damped voice.

"Very well, thanks."

"And your cousin?"

"Extremely so; better than she has been all this summer, I'm happy to say, and in great spirits at the prospect of her trip to Ireland. Papa arrives to-night, you must know, to take us both back with him the day after to-morrow."

"Oh!" thought I, it's all up, then. *She* is perfectly happy, that is clear, and her cousin has got over the Burridge-disappointment. I might as well have stayed away. Burridge and I are both done for—both of us."

"And you are glad to go back to Ireland, Lady Rose?" I said, in a hollow voice.

"Glad? of course I am; I am *very* fond of my uncle and aunt very; but I confess I was getting just a little tired of this place. Then, you know, I have domestic affections, and a great many brothers and sisters to exercise them on, and all my friends are on the other side of the channel; and I'm patriotic, and fond of the Green Isle, particularly at this time of year, when the gay season is going to begin; and—and I don't like stagnation, and one does begin to feel a little like a vegetable, after three or four months of an English village; so, altogether, I am quite pleased, as you may imagine."

Her airy volubility and gay manner completely crushed me.

"How is dear Captain Crosstree?" she went on.

"D—n dear Captain Crosstree," I thought,—commanding myself, however, to reply that the pony's health was good.

"Have you many nice rides near—near—where you are now?"

She didn't even know where I was quartered, then! Oh miserable fool that I had been!

"No," I replied, almost savagely, "there is nothing nice there. I loathe it—it's worse even than Aldershot!"

She started, and looked at me quickly, changing colour; she saw something was wrong, I suppose, and said gently, "I didn't know you disliked Aldershot so much."

Now was my chance—now, now, now: but no, I was dashed—I had no spring left in me—no rally (call me an ass, now, if you like)—and only answered coldly, "Aldershot is not generally liked in the army, you know."

"So I believe."

Then we were both silent, and walked on round the garden; on—on.

The dismal silence continued. Lady Rose began to look offended—did look offended. As for me, I was as savage as a bear. Our pace quickened as our tempers rose, I suppose, and at last we simultaneously awoke to the fact that we had walked twice round the garden, at the rate of four and a half miles an hour, without speaking a word. The situation was sufficiently ludicrous, but I, at least, was in no laughing humour; and Lady Rose only said, "As we are not walking for a wager, Captain Bruce, suppose we go a little slower, unless, perhaps, you're tired, and would like to go into the house."

"Thanks, no," I said, "not at all; but I'm afraid I am not a very amusing companion. Perhaps I had better relieve you of my stupidity and go back to camp."

"I don't know what has happened, I'm sure," cried Lady Rose, in a tone of real distress. "You seem to be offended with me; what have I done? We used to be friends; tell me what I have done."

Her voice was kind and gentle again, and her manner was an olive-branch in itself; and I replied, mollified but hopeless,—

"Nothing at all, I assure you: I'm stupid, I know. I'm agitated, in fact, because I have come to tell you something that—that agitates me, and will agitate you."

Again the bright colour flushed into her face, and her eyes became larger and more lustrous as she looked fixedly at me for one moment, and then drooped them, speaking not a word.

"Do you remember our last conversation, Lady Rose?" I said, after a pause.

"Yes, I remember it," she said, still looking down, and speaking very low.

"Then—then I have come to tell you what I suppose will now be indifferent to your cousin, however."

"Oh! what is that?" she cried eagerly.

"I suppose," I continued, in a voice of the deepest gloom—"I suppose the delicate matter of which we spoke is now quite uninteresting to her?"

"Uninteresting to her? Why so?"

It might have puzzled the Seven Sages, certainly, to tell how I had arrived at that conclusion, and I replied, somewhat abashed,—

"No matter; I had fancied so, I cannot tell why."

"Uninteresting to her! No, it is everything to her. She has been bearing her troubles beautifully, indeed—with a wonderful patience; and latterly she has seemed far more hopeful and cheerful; but I am convinced—I know—that all the happiness of her life is bound up in this sad mysterious affair. Have you any ray of hope to give her?—to give us?"

"Not a mere ray of hope, Lady Rose—I have come to announce the full sunrise of their happiness. The clouds are dispelled; the difficulties have faded away. They are free!"

"Free! and you have done this for you? Oh, Captain Bruce! what shall I do? what shall I say to you? This is too much happiness—but how? Tell me, and tell me again, that it is so!"

"It is so indeed, Lady Rose; and a great happiness it is to me to know it is so, and to bring you the news. I have been an instrument, certainly, and I need not say, a zealous one; but we have more reason to thank the extraordinary likeness between Captain Burridge and myself than anything else. I have even to thank that likeness, for, but for you sitting down here in the shade, and I will tell you?"

And I told her the whole story, and I made it as clear as possible; and I would have liked to tell her in over and over again, that I might have sat unlooked on the heaven of her face, seen her bright eyes beaming with happiness and excitement, and heard her sweet voice breathing praise and gratitude to me.

In vain were all my meditations. I was the deliverer—the y of angel—and none but I. I had saved her cousin—I had saved my friend. It was none of me. She would never forget it all her life; and so I found myself the hero of the hour.

"But," she said, suddenly, "we ought to go in and tell Mary, ought we not?"

Then I told her that Burridge was in the town, and waiting to be sent for.

"Shall we?" I said, "let him be

his own herald, and tell her himself that their troubles are over?"

"It would be delightful—it would be more than delightful; but no; I fear it might be too much for her. You shall go and bring him, and I will prepare her. I am in a fever of curiosity to see him; is he really as like you?"

"Yes, Lady Rose, he is really so like. We shall be obliged to the notions of different colours in our arms, as you will be mistaking us."

"I don't believe I shall."

"What colour shall Captain Burridge have?"

"Oh, he must wear Mary's colour of course—blue."

"And I, Lady Rose? what shall I have?"

"Oh, you must study your own taste," she said, blushing.

"Then it shall be rose!" I cried.

"I don't admire your taste; come, let us go and make Mary happy."

"Not yet, Lady Rose—not yet. I implore you! Look at this—this withered flower. You gave it to me—you gave it to me. It is dead and withered now; but with it you gave me a hope that is full of life. My hope has lived on these dead leaves, and I on it. Do you remember your promise?"

"I—I promised you—a dower," she faltered, looking down; "and you shall have it. You shall choose one for yourself."

"And when I choose it—and my choice is easily made—I shall read its language as your own; I said I would—I warned you that I would. Give me that rosebud in your hand, dear Rose, and say I may." Rose turned away her beautiful head; the hand that clasped the rosebud fell by her side, but gently yielded up its treasure.

CHAPTER XV.

"There's a double sweetness in double rhymes,
 And a double at whist and a double 'Times'
 In profit are certainly double.
 By doubling, the hare contrives to escape;
 And all seamen delight in a doubled Cape
 And a double-reefed topsail in trouble.
 But double wisdom and pleasure and sense,
 Beauty, respect, strength, comfort, and thence
 Through whatever the list discovers,
 They are all in the double blessedness summed
 Of what was formerly double-drummed,
 The marriage of two true lovers."

—HOOD.

The sun passed away from over the great elm-tree under which we sat—pas-ed away and far down on his westward journey—and still we did not move, or mark the flight of time. These moments that come but once a life—moments in hours, and hours in moments—are isolated by emotion from the rest of existence. In them, and in them alone, are the two consenting souls cut off from all else besides. For them time stands still, the past and the future are annihilated, memories and hopes and fears are dead, so intense, so exquisite this concentration on the present.

Poor Mary! Poor Adolphus! What were their waitings, their anxieties, their joys to us? All forgotten. That engrossing solicitude for them, what had become of it, then? Was it only a veil that *had* taken the shape of the covered statue—cast aside, forgotten, and neglected when the hour had come and the revelation had been made? It looked too like it. Hours had passed, and I am sure the pair of whom we had made such a tragedy had never crossed the thoughts of either.

"Upon my life, now, it's true, my little darling—never slept a wink—couldn't, you know—hated everything—hated everybody—hated myself—like poison—looked at my pistols now and then—thought I'd shoot myself, you know—didn't though—because I thought, while there's life there's hope—something's safe to turn up, and I'll marry my little angel after all."

These were the first sounds from the outer world that broke upon our reverie. We started up.

"What is that?" cried Rose.

"Hush! look," I said, "we are forestalled;" for there, on the other side of a tall row of shrubs behind our resting-place, slowly passing down the walk, were Burridge and Mary. His arm was round her waist, and her bright sunny face was looking up into his with an expression of ineffable content.

"We must have been here for hours," I said, "although it seems but a moment. We had forgotten all about our poor friends. What a shame! but all's well that ends well, and I daresay they will easily forgive us."

"He is not a bit like you," said Rose; "and I shall quarrel with any one who says he is. His voice is so slow and drawling, too. I don't think I am going to be very fond of him, do you know. I wonder how he found his way in."

"He has been giving you a silent serenade every night for the last month—a song without words—without an air either, by the by; so he knew his way as well as I do."

"Oh, the horrid prying creature!"

"Yet I would have done the same in his place; and when you found it out, you would have forgiven me, would you not?"

"Perhaps."

At this moment (both her hands were in mine, and—well, never mind) I was aware of a female figure that looked for a moment

through the bushes, gave a slight scream, and vanished.

"My aunt!" cried Rose. "Dreadful! what *will* she think?"

"She won't have long for reflection, at any rate; in half an hour we will unfold the dreadful tale. And now I wish you would take me to the greenhouse where I was with you the *first* day, when you gave me the geranium, you remember. I want to compare my present feelings with my past, to look at the rosebud and think of the geranium. By the by, that flower made me very unhappy. Why did you give it to me? and why did you laugh so?"

"Never mind, I am never going to smile again; and I think what you have done to-day justifies the gift. Do you know, you have lost all my respect now, and actually forfeited your national character."

"How?"

"Why, you have committed yourself."

"And you have become a Scotchwoman to-day, *d'avance*."

"I don't see it."

"Yes, you have—you gave me an indirect answer."

"Shall I retract it?"

And, thus talking and laughing, we passed into the greenhouse, where we had not long been when we heard voices outside.

"Bless me, Badger! is that you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Badger, me it is."

"Oh Lord! I've got such a turn."

"So have I; what's turned *you* up?"

"Oh heavens! such a surprise—such a— Oh Lor! *that* Captain Bruce, what do you think? under the elm-tree, there—over there—go and look at them. He and Rose—such goings on! Kissing, Badger!—kissing, I declare!"

"Bruce and who?" roared Badger."

"Rose."

"Rose! nonsense—you're dreaming. Why, down there, beside the waterfall, I'll be hanged if he isn't

there, this blessed minute, with Mary! and as for kissing and hugging, isn't he just?"

"But it wasn't Mary."

"But it was, and it wasn't Rose."

"But it was."

"Then all I've got to say, old lady, is, that you'd better make yourself scarce, or he'll be at *you* next; nothing will stop a fellow of that sort if he once begins."

I thought this a good moment for a *coup de théâtre*; so, taking Rose by the hand, I led her out, and confronted the old couple.

"Here he is," shouted Badger.

"Here I am, Mr. Badger; how are you? here's 'the impostor; how are you, Mrs. Badger?"

"Wh-wh-wh-what does it mean, sir? What are you up to? what's your game, eh, sir?" stammered the stockbroker.

"Matrimonial, Mr. Badger; we're engaged to be married,—wish us joy."

"The devil! to how many of them are you engaged?"

"Only to one. Lady Rose has made me very happy; I'm quite satisfied with one, I assure you."

"Very moderate, I'm sure. And the other, sir? what the devil do you mean to do with her? I saw you—with my own eyes—at the waterfall—ten minutes ago—what is she to be? A spiritual wife is it, or what? Mind you this aint Mormon country. Explain yourself, sir."

"So I will, in three words: the happy man at the waterfall is *my* double."

"Whew!" whistled Badger, incredulously; "and you carry out your resemblance by both getting engaged to be married on the same day—in the same garden—to first cousins—he to a girl he never saw before. It won't wash, sir! it won't wash!"

"Nonsense, uncle," said Rose; "listen to Captain Bruce; he'll tell you the story. Do, Donald, quickly."

"The story is rather a long and rather an intricate one, but I will give it you as shortly as I can, so that you may at least understand that I'm not a Mormon."

And so I did, the worthy couple all agape the while, and Mr. Badger shaking, 'rom time to time, the framework of the greenhouse, with portentous cataracts of laughter. When my little *résumé* was concluded, there was quite a *tableau*; Mrs. Badger embracing her niece, and weeping great round East-end tears of happiness and excitement. Again and again were her brawny arms tossed into the air, and again and again was poor Rose enveloped in their consistorial circle. As for Badger the exuberant—my arms, wrists, and hands still feel stiff and sore when I think of the worthy fellow's congratulations. He literally put me on the rack, only pausing now and then to cheer away like a whole election mob.

"There's no other fellow," he cried, "no other fellow I should have liked half so well. I wish you could marry 'em both; you deserve them both—don't he, Mrs. Badger—don't he?"

"Oh! Mr. Badger," I cried, "you are far too flattering; you have been so kind to me all along, that I never can sufficiently thank you; and now, if anything *can* add to my great happiness, it is this crowning kindness of yours—this hearty welcome."

"You deserve it, my boy—you deserve it. John Badger is not the man to give it if you didn't. But, I say, what kind of a fellow is Number Two? Candidly, now, aint he a bit of a flat?"

"He's the best fellow in the world, and you'll like him far better than me,—but hullo! hush! here they come;" for at this moment Burridge and Mary hove in sight. They did not observe us at first, but when they did, Mary started and stopped; Burridge, on the contrary, merely withdrew his arm with great deliberation from

her waist, and employing the hand so disengaged in fixing his eyeglass in his eye, advanced with perfect *sang froid*, stolidly regarding our group.

"He's a cool hand, anyhow," muttered Badger.

I went forward and shook hands with Mary, whispering "a thousand congratulations;" then turning, I said, "Mr. Badger, let me present to you my double, Captain Burridge."

"Glad to see you *again*, sir," said Badger, "although" (with a twinkle in his eye) "I saw you only half an hour ago down by the waterfall. I saw you, though you didn't see me, I'll be bound, eh? ha! ha!"

"Can't say I did," replied the unabashed plunger. "Saw you the other night, though—rather too much of you, in fact; you were anxious to see me, too—drill a hole in me, you know—haw! haw! Didn't see me, though, I'll be bound; banger of your's that—couldn't, you know, cause of the bushes—haw! haw!"

"How? what? are you the fellow who smashed my white rhododendron? Oh Mary! you sly little cat! and I'll be bound you were out on the tiles after him."

"Come now, Mr. Badger, 'pon my honour, now, too bad that. She knew nothing about it; I was cruising on my own hook."

"Really, uncle, I'm quite innocent, I assure you."

"I'll forgive you, I'll forgive everybody, I'll forgive everything! Come and kiss your old uncle, you cat—and Burridge, your hand. I've heard your story; it's a queer one. I think you're a good fellow, a little soft, though, eh?—aint you a *leelle* bit soft, now? But you're a cool hand—I like a cool hand—nothing pays so well in the city. Did you ever think of going into the city, Captain?"

"Yes, once I did," said the literal Dolly; "and I got a map and things, and took best advice, you know;"

but I was obliged to hire a *com-missionnaire* at St. Paul's to take me back to the club."

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared Badger, in high glee. "You are a — hang it! I like you; give me your hand again. I suppose I may congratulate you?"

"Oul of course, of course; it's all settled—week after next, aint it, Mary?"

"Now, Adolphus!" remonstrated Mary, with a blush.

"Well, well, it'll all be in good time, no doubt," said Badger. "Ah! you two Captains are amazingly like, certainly; I'm not surprised I didn't know the difference, though I met you once, Captain Burridge—don't you remember?—at old Timbrel's, at Manchester."

"I remember the old buffer, and meeting a lot of other —"

"Old buffers there, you mean. Well, I was one of them; but you're fatter than our Captain, and not so good-looking—are you, now?"

"Candidly, I think I am, now; and so does Mary, I know."

"But Rose doesn't, and Bruce doesn't, and I don't."

"Ah! I must get Mrs. Badger to go in for me, then."

"But we should want a casting vote, so let us give it up, and come along to dinner, and let's be jolly; ten dozen of champagne, and twenty dozen of 'twenty port'—that's the programme! Hip, hip, hurrah!" And so *eximus omnes*, Dolly remarking to me, "Couldn't wait all night, you know, in that fasty old inn—thought I'd better just come and settle it myself; so I did."

"And you're not savage at me?"

"Savage! a little child might play with me."

Badger was one of those typical Englishmen to whom a happy event instantly suggests the necessity of abnormal acts of deglutition.

Just as the Romans marked a happy day "with a white stone," the Briton is apt to celebrate it with an extra good dinner; and I am bound to say that, notwithstanding

our host's regrets and apologies (and they were long and loud) no amount of warning could have produced, in my eyes, a better one than that beneath which the hospitable hermit's table groaned that night.

What a jolly festival it was! Nectar seemed the wines, ambrosia the viands, and piquant even the somewhat broad humour of the host. The roof rang with his pealing mirth; and again, and again, and again did he replenish an ample goblet, and drain it in our honour—to our health, to our wealth, to our happiness, to our long life, and to other prospective advantages which he might have overlooked. I really began to be afraid that the threat of the twenty dozen of port was to be carried out.

"There is one thing," he cried, at last, "that I must and will insist on your all pledging yourselves to before the ladies go, and before the Earl arrives—for he'll be here immediately—and that is, that you will faithfully promise and vow to use your best endeavours to bring it about and make it so that both the weddings come off on the same day and in the same church—to wit, the church of F—, to this Hermitage adjacent—and that the banquet (and a banquet it shall be) takes place in this the house of John Badger, London citizen of credit and renown."

"Agreed! agreed!" cried Burridge and I.

"Oh! I don't know what papa will say," said Mary; "he knows nothing about anything yet. I'm afraid he may be dreadfully angry and troublesome—I'm afraid he may —"

"Don't you fret about it, little Mary; set your 'cool hand' there at him. He'll arrange the General, never fear; and so that's fixed. And now, ladies (since you *will* go), when the Earl comes, don't say a word to him about all this; let the poor man have his dinner in peace, and leave the business to us afterwards." It was the first

time this rather formidable reflection had presented itself to me—this grim apropos-ness of his lordship's arrival—and my countenance fell.

"Don't be afraid of the Earl, Bruce," said Badger, perceiving it; "he's an easy man, and a silent man, and a devilish stupid man; but he's a gentleman and a good-hearted fellow, too, is Belturbet. By the by—ahem—eh? excuse me—I suppose the settlement will be all right, my boy?"

"Oh yes! I think so. I have next to nothing myself, but I have an aunt who is rich and kind, and she has promised me something very like *carte-blanche*."

"And if you hadn't a rich aunt, (and here's to her jolly good health), my boy, Rose has a rich uncle, as, perhaps, you'll find out some day, if you're civil to him, and come to see him often enough. We'll, we'll, that's all right. As for you, Burridge, I here you're as rich as a Jew, so you and your old cockatoo of a father-in-law—that-is-to-be may fight it out as you like. Bruce, would it be any relief to you if I was to speak to the Earl? I could give you a good character, you know, and that sort of thing—as you like, though?"

"I think I had better speak to the Earl myself," I said; "it would be more *comme il faut*; thanks all the same."

"Very well. But make your story short and simple, and don't use long words; his Lordship aint up to more than '*two-syllablers*.' He's mortal stupid, poor old Belturbet."

At last there was the sound of whee's, ringing of bells, hurdling of luggage, light female laughter, and then the Earl was among us.

"Ah! Belturiet," cried his brother-in-law, "glad to see you—that I am; how is your noble self? Dinner's laid for you in the library, but, if you're not ceremonious, you might dine here, and we would be company for you—eh?"

"Oh! here, by all means," said

the Earl, who was a tall, gentleman-like, elderly man, with a good but rather heavy countenance.

"So be it, then. Let me introduce to you my two very particular friends, Captain Bruce and Captain Burridge—better known as the Corsican Brothers."

"Ah!" said his lordship, affably, "saw them t'other night in Dublin—very good—ah! Great fellow, Fechter—ah!" and down sat my lord and attacked his dinner, and never word spake he except when asked a question, when he answered in monosyllables. Once, indeed, but once only, did he volunteer a remark, and that was when I happened to say I had been in Jamaica. The Earl, thereupon, laid down his knife and fork, looked at me solemnly for a minute, and then said, "By Jove! were you in Jamaica?" and on my reiterating the assertion, replied, as if in intense astonishment at the coincidence, "By Jove! so was I—ah!"

Clearly the Earl was not likely to put many questions to me, or unnecessarily prolong the impending interview.

Intensely puzzled and mystified he did look, though, when Badger requested him to give me a few minutes' private conversation.

"By all means," he said, however, with great politeness. "Now? or when?"

"Now, if you will be so very kind," I said.

"Certainly—ah!"

In another minute I was in full career, telling my tale of love. The Earl never moved a muscle of his face, but listened to my story as if his mind had been inadvertently left on the other side of St. George's Channel.

You don't often meet a really stupid Irishman; but if you do, does it not seem as if nature was trying to make one individual blockhead contribute the share of a score towards the aggregate mass of human stupidity, or towards levelling down his nation to the

general average in that respect? I am bound to say, however, that the Earl listened with much gravity to my statement. When I had finished, he said "Ah!" affably—paused, looked at me as if for an idea, and at last, in despair, remarked,—

"I'm not used to this kind of thing, you see, Captain Bruce. I'm a little—a little at sea—ah! there are questions to be asked, I know, but I hate asking questions—ah!" and he glared at me as if for a prompt.

"My solicitors, perhaps, and your lordship's solicitors," said I, "could arrange all business matters, and we need not talk of them. Suffice it to say that my means will be ample; and as to my birth and social position and general character, my colonel, my brother-officers, and hundreds of (I have no doubt mutual) friends will satisfy you on these points; and I hope—I hope you will not dislike me very much, if you give your consent."

"Ah!" said his lordship; "and Rose? what does she say?"

"She is flattering enough to join me in my request to your lordship."

"Ah!—she's a good girl—let us go and see her, ah!" and he held out his hand very cordially; and thus the interview closed.

"All right?" whispered Badger, when we got into the drawing-room.

"I hope so, but his lordship is not very communicative."

"Never is, you know—hasn't got it in him—not an idea," and Badger tapped his forehead. "Singular," thought I, "that one so gifted should be the off-spring of such a very ordinary old gentleman." I lived to like him, though, and to respect him; and when he died—for (*requiescat in pace*) he is gone—my regret was not mere sympathy for his daughter's sorrow. I think it would be wearisome to go into all details, as to how this lawyer wrote to that lawyer, and this aunt to

that papa, how counsel gave one opinion and then another; how Spink was spoken to, and Wyld communed with; how Badger quarrelled furiously with Sir Rowland Richmond, and made it up; how trousseaus were completed, and presents presented, till at last (Badger's kindly whim being honoured), on a bright November morning, Burridge and I, with our respective brides, stood before the altar, in the pretty little old church of F—. And there the two knots were tied in all safety at last, although not without some risk of a mistake, owing to the indomitable woolliness of the noble lord as to the identity of his son-in-law, and the double of that gallant officer.

It does not do (to my mind at least it so appears) to pry into the after domestic life of young couples, whose careers we have only undertaken to supervise until they leave the altar. Surely it is better that the hero and the heroine should here vanish abruptly from the public gaze, glittering with the gems and gawds of the festal occasion, rather than fade from the scene in a drab-coloured atmosphere, extinguished by the appallingly vivid colours of a foreground springing up in front of them—a foreground studded thick with horrors, in pre-Raphaelite style—the obese nurse, the blood-red pass-book, the pea-green perambulator, the infamous feeding-bottle, the ever-recurring infant; and, thinking thus, here I would finish, but that gratitude to my friend (now uncle) Badger compels me to state that the *déjeuner* (at which both the couples were present) given by him at the Hermitage was a banquet indeed. It was set forth in a marquee pitched upon the lawn, and laid down with a floor for a ball in the evening.

The table blazed with plate and bloomed with exotics, and (to quote from the local newspaper) "everything was there that could gorge the eye and appease the appetite."

— Around it were ranged many and many a trusty friend, here and there in combinations rather startling to a connoisseur in social chemistry. Mrs. Badger out-doing all her previous achievements in the marshalling of her guests. Aunt Blogg and S.r Rowland Richmond—a ferocious-looking old martinet—were told off to each other, as were John Blackstock and Burridge's grandmamma. The latter, awfully deaf and slightly doting, enlivened the proceedings by every now and then inquiring, in a far-carrying falsetto, "if in his" (John Blackstock's) "candid opinion Mr. Badger wasn't a little like the butcher at Wellingborough—just a little, now, about the mouth and eyes?" Then there were friends from the City, and friends from the court, and friends from the camp—friends from England, Scotland, and Ireland; an omnium-gatherum of people of all kinds of grades and professions, but happily combined by the bond of a common goodwill to the young couples, and by the blithesome *bonhomie* of the exuberant host. A jollier marriage-breakfast I never saw, and as it was my own, that is saying a good deal.

At last it was time for us to go; but ere we went, up sprung the London citizen of credit and renown to propose our healths, and he handled the topic with such Homeric fire, and surrounded our marvellous adventures with such a champagne combination of mist and sparkle, as not a little to delight and puzzle his audience. Amid the cheers and laughter and "good healths" which succeeded we made our escape.

"Don't follow them," cried Badger, "there's a clothes'-basketful of old shoes already here, and we can fire at them as they drive past the tent." So the company remained in ambush in the marquee,

aunt Blogg alone disobeying the host's order, and pursuing us into the house.

"Just to say 'God bless you' once more, my dears," she explained.

I was right glad to get the opportunity of thanking her. By letter I had done so, of course, and fervently, but what can a letter express compared with living words? "Dear aunt," I said, "it is for me to say 'God bless you!'" It is for me to wish that wish every day and hour of my life; you have made me the happiest man in all the world. I wish I had words to thank you, but my heart is too full—I can only say 'God bless you!'—from my heart I say it; and, after all, what better wish can the heart of man devise?"

"And oh! dear aunt," cried Rose, "believe me that I join him in that wish; I hope—I know I shall try to be a good niece, and to repay with my warmest love, at least, what you have done for us. God bless you, dear aunt!" She threw her arms round the good old lady's neck and kissed her, and the good old lady retired precipitately into the interior, sobbing that she must go away, or she would make a fool of herself.

We were soon ready for a start, and nothing remained to be accomplished but the private adieu of the two couples.

"We are both 'Doubles' now, Dolly," I cried, as we grasped each other's hands in the hall.

"Yes; and as you got me my wife and I got you yours, we're 'Quits' too. Ha! ha! ha!"

"'DOUBLES AND QUILTS!'"

And we both laughed loudly, for a small joke goes a long way with a light heart—which I hope you have, dear reader, for your own sake as well as mine.

JOHN KEBLE.

A LIFE of Keble by Sir John Coleridge is sure to commend itself to the notice, probably of a large, certainly of a cultivated, circle of readers. These may not all be of one mind in regard either to the importance of some of the points discussed in it, or to the manner of dealing with them. But for the volume itself, whether approved or censured, we anticipate more than an average measure of success, for the following among other reasons.

In the first place, the subject of this memoir is no common subject. John Keble, though emphatically not a man of action, in the sense usually applied to that term by men of the world, was just as emphatically one of the moving spirits of the age, at a time when the whole mind of England appeared to have given itself over suddenly and entirely to the discussion of the subtlest and most intricate questions both in religion and politics. Constitutionally retiring, gentle, and modest, he was yet a man of strong convictions, at which he did not arrive, perhaps, always by the process of careful induction, but to which he adhered with the tenacity which belongs only to those who live for a principle, and, if need require, are ready to die for it. His mind, moreover, was so constituted that all the objects presented to it, however multifarious and apparently incongruous, came for consideration through one focus only. Politics, science, literature, the incidents of daily life, the relations of man with man, and the obligations thence arising, all fused and lost themselves, for him, in the requirements of religion. And for him there was no religion except that which the Anglican Church

teaches—she being, in his estimation, the sole authorised expositor of God's Word, and the sole depository of primitive tradition within these realms. Hence, though far from indifferent to what was done in Parliament and elsewhere, and entertaining his own opinions of rival statesmen and rival systems of policy, he took a favourable or unfavourable view of everything, according as its tendency was, or seemed to be, either to enlarge or to curtail the Church's influence as the moral instructor of the people. Again, his views as a Churchman were more in harmony with those which eminent divines of the Stuart era entertained and promulgated, than with either the indifference which came in with the House of Hanover, or the re-awakening caused by the preaching mainly of Whitefield and Wesley. Mr. Keble, looking to the scholarship of his day, stood on high ground as a man of learning. With the writings of most of the Fathers he was familiarly acquainted; and the doctrines and usages of the Church, as these prevailed anterior to the great schism of the East from the West, were all at his fingers' ends. Self training such as this led him naturally to adopt and assert opinions which, when first propounded to an age ignorant that they had ever been broached before, were regarded as dangerous novelties. But Keble, as he believed them to be in strict agreement with the teaching of the Canons and Articles of the Church of England, and with the Book of Common Prayer, so he put them forth with a quiet pertinacity from which nothing could divert him. A man so entirely given up to one

'A Memoir of the Rev. John Keble.'
D.C.L.

By the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge,



great idea—who, from youth to old age, rendered both his poetic genius and his scholarly erudition subservient to its diffusion—whom neither success could render giddy nor disappointment cast down—well deserved that of his life and labours a special record should be preserved; and the more that, so far as he was personally concerned, neither honours nor preferments resulted from them. This, then, is one reason why we anticipate for Sir John Coleridge's work no common measure of public attention. Another, equally cogent, comes to us from the consideration, that the task of compiling a biography of Keble could have fallen into no hands better qualified to do it justice.

Sir John Coleridge was Keble's friend in boyhood, and lived with him on terms of the closest intimacy till he died. His own modesty leads him, in his introductory chapter, to speak as if this were rather an impediment than an advantage towards the successful accomplishment of his purpose; but to this we cannot agree. Youth and age, so far as man's intellectual faculties are concerned, may be treated as mere relative terms; and in the present instance, no trace appears to us to be discernible of the mental weakness induced by the latter. On the contrary, the style is easy, flowing, and simple, agreeing well with the subject-matter which it sets forth; and through every page there breathes a generous and kindly spirit, of which it is impossible to speak too highly. Nor is this all. Loving and admiring his friend, and usually agreeing in opinion with him, the accomplished lawyer has had too much practice in sifting evidence, always to assent to the judgment which the scholarly divine puts forth. He reads the man while writing about him, and reads him truly. He is capable of analysing a very peculiar mind, and he does so fairly; and for this reason, that between the two

there is just so close a resemblance as to qualify the one for speaking at once affectionately and candidly of the other. Bear in mind that Keble was far more deeply interested through life in abstractions than in realities. Bear in mind that Coleridge dealt with realities, not, however, ceasing to take deep interest in abstraction. Thus the bond of sympathy between them while living was precisely such as gave to the survivor the right to speak of his deceased friend as Cicero spoke of Brutus: "*Illius vero mortis opportunitatem benevolentia potius quam misericordia prosequamur, ut, quotiescunque de clarissimo et beatissimo viro cogitemus, illum potius quam nosmet ipsos diligere videamur.*"

John Keble, the second child and eldest son of the Rev. John Keble, was born on the 25th of April, or, as his biographer prefers to say, on St. Mark's Day, 1792. The event took place at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, where his father owned a private house, and from which he served the parish of Coln St. Aldwyn, of which he was the vicar. Fairford, a post and market town, seems never to have been, as a place of residence, a favourite with the subject of this sketch. Not only were the Church views of the incumbent antagonistic to those in which he was brought up—a circumstance sufficient of itself to produce in him a strong desire to go elsewhere—but his own taste led him, from the first dawn of intellect, to seek his highest enjoyment in the quietude of the country. No member of the family, therefore, more intensely relished than he the annual removals which took place for a week or two at a time to the cottage vicarage of Coln St. Aldwyn, or grudged so much the return to Fairford when the trees were beginning to shed their leaves, and the harvest had just been gathered in. And this is exactly what we might expect in one so deeply imbued as he with the poetic temperament.

The running stream, the waving wood, the shady lane, the breezy down, were all alike instinct for him with a living spirit. He became imbued, as he moved among or sat brooding near them, with thought too deep for words, which found vent by-and-by in those exquisite pictures of natural scenery that give both to 'The Christian Year' and the 'Lyra Innocentium' their highest charm.

Keble's early education was strictly private. He never went to school at all, but with his younger brother fitted himself for the University under the tender care of his father. The old man, himself an ex-Fellow of Corpus Christi College, set his heart on the acquisition by his son of a scholarship in that house. The wish was gratified; for John, being as yet nine months short of completing his fifteenth year, went in for a competitive examination, and won the prize. The society into which he thus made his way was in many respects different from the Corpus Christi College of the present day. It was a very small establishment—twenty fellows and twenty scholars, with four exhibitors, constituting the foundation. No independent members were admitted except gentlemen commoners, and they were limited to six. The scholarships, of which some might be retained by bachelors, though not entirely open, were yet so fenced about by strict and impartial examinations, as to insure for each vacancy as it occurred a goodly number of candidates; and of these, by-and-by, when the opportunities presented themselves, more than a proportionate number achieved university honours. "It had been generally understood," says Sir John Colville, "I know not whether the statutes prescribe the practice, that in the examinations a large allowance was made for youths; certain it was that we had many very young candidates, and that of these, many remarkable for early proficiency succeeded."

The mode of tuition in this small

college was then—what it has since become everywhere—admirably suited to the age and condition of the students. These repaired to the tutor, not singly, but in classes just large enough to excite emulation, yet not so much overgrown as to justify, far less encourage, reticence even among the most backward of the batch. This naturally created among the youths sympathy in their studies, which found itself reflected in the manner of their daily lives. They associated one with another on the most intimate and familiar terms.

"We might be, indeed we were, somewhat boyish in manner, and in the liberties which we took with one another; but our interest in literature, ancient and modern, and in all the stirring matters of that stirring time, was not boyish. We debated the classic and romantic question; we discussed poetry and history, logic and philosophy; or we fought over the Peninsular battles and the Continental campaigns with the energy of persons interested in them. Our habits were inexpensive and temperate. One break-up party was held in the junior common-room at the end of each term, in which we indulged our genius more freely; and our merriment, to say the truth, was somewhat exuberant and noisy. But the authorities wisely forbore to inquire too strictly into this."

Such was the body into which Keble was introduced in December, 1806; a mere hot, hot-blooded, with all his home affections singularly warm, and with as little knowledge of men and cities as any youth of his age could well possess. But he took his first step in life fixed in the principles of Christian truth and honour, and with a settled purpose to make the most of the advantages—moral and religious, as well as intellectual—which it brought within his reach. Of that purpose he never lost sight; from the straight and sometimes narrow path of duty he never turned aside. His progress in scholarship, too, was rapid and steady. In 1808, though he could scarcely play of Eu-

ripiles in the lecture-room, his communications to those whom he had left at home were childlike. In 1807 he was able to write to his brother in Latin, and in the spring of 1808 he was already proposing to compete for the English verse prize. The prize he failed to win, it having been awarded to a gentleman who had competed successfully for the same prize the year before. But the effect of this failure was to bring about the judicious regulation that none who had once succeeded should try again; and to elicit in Keble's favour the announcement, that had this rule been earlier in force, the prize would have been awarded to him.

In describing this interesting period in his academic career, his biographer says of Keble: "He wrote for other prizes during his undergraduate-ship, but was never successful. It is evident from his letters to his father—who was in his entire confidence in these as in all other matters, and to whom he seems to have submitted all he wrote for his criticism—that he was too much exhausted by the labour necessary for preparing to try for the first class in classics and mathematics; but in nothing was the difference of age so likely to stand in his way as in these competitions." "I had the good fortune," continues Sir John, "once to be successful against him; but I was two years his senior, and had the advantage of six years' training at Eton." Six years' training at Eton give, beyond all doubt, an immense advantage to the undergraduate who aims at combining success in the schools with the achievement of university prizes; but, in the case of Keble, it may be doubted whether more was not gained than lost by the deprivation of this advantage. At all events, it is certain that, had the advantage been assigned to him, he never would have become the man that he was. At Fairford he imbibed, from the first dawn of his intellect, the somewhat romantic

principles—political as well as religious—of the Non-jurors. These his father held; and from him, to whom he looked up as to a superior being, Keble accepted and made them his own. His less reverential friends used to allege, in after life, that it was this early bias which unfitted him from discriminating in very many matters between what is really vital, and what contingent only, in questions of dogma. But however this may be, the views which had been entertained by Keble, and were professed by his father, fell in exactly with the bent of his own genius. Had he, like his friend Coleridge, spent six years at Eton, these views, in all probability, would have been obscured, if not extinguished, in him; but in this case, he himself would not have been the Keble about whom we are writing, nor would the world have ever been in possession of 'The Christian Year,' as it now is.

In 1810 Keble took his Bachelor's degree. He went out first both in classics and mathematics, and was soon afterwards elected to be a Fellow of Oriel. Higher honours than these the University could not bestow upon him; and they were won as fairly as they were meekly worn. Indeed, so sensitively delicate had he been of appearing to go beyond himself, that not till he took his place in the mathematical school was it known to any, except the most intimate of his friends, that he intended to try for the highest honours there. Often, when a casual acquaintance dropped in upon him at his rooms, he was observed to hide away abruptly the book that lay before him. The book was Newton's 'Principia,' the study of which he pursued at that time by stealth, or, as his biographer expresses it, "on the sly."

It is not quite clear that in passing out of Corpus into Oriel, Keble added greatly to his own happiness. In Corpus he lived among young men whose tastes, in the main, agreed with his own—poets,

and readers of poetry; Tories in their political principles—strong Anglicans in their religious opinions. One exception to this rule there doubtless was, but it in no degree disturbed the harmony of the place. Arnold won a scholarship from Winchester soon after Keble had taken his degree; and Arnold showed himself in 1810–11 very much what he continued to be through life. In Oriel the case was different. Never, perhaps, in modern times has there been collected under one roof so many keen reasoners, so many eager sophists, as made up, then and subsequently, the society of that celebrated College. At the head of the body was Copleston—afterwards Bishop of Llandaff and Dean of St. Paul's—a scholar of a high order. Whately and Davison were among the Fellows, to whom not long afterwards were added in succession Pusey, Arnold, and Newman. The conversation in the common-room, where these and others like them assembled, was learned and subtle—putting a constant strain, not on the knowledge only, but on the ingenuity and readiness of reply, of the interlocutors. Now Keble, with all his learning and moral excellence, took little pleasure in what may be called trials of wit. The constant straining after clever paradox, the ingenious application, or misapplication, of language to thought, wearied more than it exercised him; so that from time to time he well might regretted his own success, and longed to enjoy again the repose of Corpus. Still, in a way peculiar to himself, he held his own—refreshing himself, after each skirmish, with the composition of much poetry, and with reading more. He had learned from Coleridge to appreciate Wordsworth, at that time only beginning to exercise over the public taste the mastery which, alas! he exercises no more. And Keble, without abating one title of his allegiance to Scott, was become one of Wordsworth's most earnest admirers. He learned

by degrees, though to himself imperceptibly, to become likewise one of his most successful imitators.

Between 1810 and 1815 there was no opening for Keble in the management of his College. He gave himself up, therefore, for a time to private tuition, and competed successfully for the University prizes in English and Latin verse. It was his habit, also, to read with young men during the long vacation in some pleasant retreat, inland or by the sea-side, as circumstances might determine. Among other places, he thus visited Sidmouth in 1813. It was then, like Torquay, little better than a fishing village, or, at the most, a very small town, to which families desirous of combining the pursuit of health with amusement were accustomed to resort; and into the simple yet refined society which it offered, he, with his pupils, threw himself heartily. "The scenery and the society both," says his biographer, "found him impressionable;" and they had their effect, as was to be expected, on his poetical powers. He wrote a good many fugitive pieces here, and, among others, the following, concerning which we agree in thinking that it promised all which he afterwards accomplished. It appears to have been composed within a few days of his quitting the place, and is entitled 'Nunquam Audiatum.'

"How can I leave thee all unsung,
While my heart owns thy dear control,
And heaven and I've have over thee hung
The softest music of the soul?
Oh! I have longed for thee to cast
Soft Echo from the West Wind's hall,
Some notes as light as thy wild to seek
As the wild music of thy voice,
As the wild notes that tell thee
In thine eye's sunshine, on thy glowing cheek.

"Far not the breath of mortal praise
Thine artless beauty darest to raise;
For thee wild nature wakes her lays,
And thy soul feels the blessed strain.
Thou art that breeze the gnat's repose,
The shower-drops resting in the rose,
The brook's murmuring melody—
To these, with soft and solemn tone,
Thy spirit sings in union,
Crowning the music of its native sky.

"And when, in some fair golden hour,
Thy heart-strings shall give back the
 sigh
Of love's wild harp, no earthly bower
Shall lend such hues as bloom to die;
But, earnest of the eternal spring,
Their amaranth wreaths shall angels bring;
And, prelude to the choir of heaven,
Soft Eden gales shall sweep the lyre,
And star-like points of guiltless fire,
From God's own altar-flame, to gem thy
brow be given.

"It is my pride that I can deem,
Though faintly, of that being's worth,
Who to the All-gracious mind shall seem
Meet help for thee in heaven and earth.
Long as before Life's gale I drive
Shall holiest hope within me live,
Thee fair, thee blessed, while I view;
And when the port of endless rest
Receives me, may my soul be blest
With everlasting upward gaze on you."

To these occupations he was persuaded, in 1814, to add the duties of examining master in the schools. Though twice nominated to that important office, and well and faithfully fulfilling its requirements, it was never the sort of life which engaged his sympathies. Keble delighted to win the confidence, and so form the minds, of the young. He took no pleasure, but the reverse, in testing the stuff of which they were made; nevertheless he did his duty for a year, preparing himself at the same time for his own ordination. This took place on Trinity Sunday, 1815, when he was admitted by Jackson, Bishop of Oxford, into deacon's orders, the same prelate ordaining him priest on Trinity Sunday in the year following. Almost immediately afterwards he gave up his rooms in College, resigned the office of examining master, and, returning to Fairford, became his father's curate.

Keble's convictions in regard to the proper sphere of a clergyman's duty were deep seated. He considered that no man, having once taken holy orders, could employ himself otherwise than in the cure of souls without sin. Hence his immediate retreat to Fairford, where, besides rendering such assistance to his father as might from time to time be required, he undertook the charge of two small par-

ishes lying contiguous one to the other, and both of them distant only by a few miles from his place of residence. His fellowship, however, he still retained; and when, in 1818, the tutorship of Oriel was pressed upon him, he consented, though not without considerable reluctance and misgiving, to undertake the charge. It is curious to see how a spirit singularly conscientious contrives to reconcile two duties, which, when first presented to it, appeared antagonistic. Writing on the subject of his return to Oxford, he says:—

"I would not ask your advice whether I should turn tutor or no, because I knew beforehand what it would be, and I was afraid, like Noel, of being convinced by your sophistry. However, I might just as well have done it, and then made a merit of yielding, as I have done to my friends here and at Oxford. I thought at first it would be a very uncomfortable thing to me to give up my cure, and become an academic again; but I get more and more reconciled to it every day. You consider tuition as a species of pastoral care, do you not? otherwise it might seem questionable whether a clergyman ought to leave a cure of souls for it. And yet there are some people at Oxford who seem to imagine that college tutors have nothing to do with the *moral*. If I thought so, I would never undertake the office."

No reasonable man will doubt that in thus arguing, and thus coming to a conclusion, Keble was right. And if proof were wanting, we should find it in the influence for good which he exercised over his pupils, and, through them, over the youth of the University. He could not help becoming warmly attached to the young men who came to him for instruction. They could not do otherwise than love and revere the man who treated them on all occasions as he did. His manner with them at lecture was simple and unpretending. If he happened to be ignorant, or unable to answer a question or explain a difficulty, there was no attempt at conceal-

ment. His pupils saw—they could not avoid seeing—that their well-doing was at least as great a cause of happiness to their tutor as to themselves. They saw equally—and profited by seeing—that misbehaviour or idleness on their part gave him sincere pain. It could not be that, with the whole of them, intimacies should spring up close enough to stand the wear and tear of time and separation; but of lifelong friendships, more than one was formed in his lecture-room. Such was that which subsisted to the last between him and Sir William Heathcote, and between him and Hurrell Froude; and such too—though perhaps, for many reasons, less intimate—his kindly regard through life for the late Lord Ashburton and the present Sir Thomas Fremantle. These latter were of the order of that “remarkably good gentlemanly set” about whom he wrote, soon after settling down to his work; “none of them, perhaps, great readers, but nearly all learning their lectures, and most of them being well behaved.”

Keble had been rather more than a year in his second residence at Oxford, when a fellowship of Oriel was won by one whose fate it has been to work more of good and more of evil to the Church of England than, perhaps, any other individual of his age and country. Reared in a school of ultra-Calvinism—the disciple, afterwards, of Thomas Scott and of Daniel Wilson—Newman came up to Oxford a Christian of most undecided views; hating Papists, believing the Pope to be Antichrist, and professing himself a member of that Protestant Church of which the English and Foreign Bible Society is at once the type and the chief instrument. Keble was not aware, when their acquaintance began, that the new Fellow had long been shaken in these opinions; still less did he know that admiration for his own character and the influence at second-hand of his own teach-

ing, had contributed, in no slight degree, to effect this change. He therefore held aloof from the man whom, in after years, he linked to himself with hooks of steel; and continued so to do till, in 1822, Hurrell Froude brought them together. And this is the more surprising that, long before the ice thawed between them, Newman was on terms of the closest intimacy with Whately, Hawkins, James, and others—all of them Keble's friends, and, in a certain sense, all entertaining opinions kindred on Church questions to his own. The only process of reasoning, indeed, by which it seems possible to account for the circumstance is this—Newman was then singularly shy. The principle of reverence was very strong in him; and, waiting to be noticed by Keble, to whom he looked up as a superior being, he made no advances towards intimacy with him. Keble, on the other hand, besides being equally shy, cherished more tenaciously than Newman, principles or prejudices early imbibed. Hence, though members of the same society for four years, and meeting often in the same common-room, these two men walked apart. One of them, however, was all this while passing over, almost insensibly, to the views of the other, and eagerly desired that the other should know it. The following are the terms in which he (Newman) speaks of this stage in the relationship between them:—

“I have lately had a letter in my hands, which I sent at the time to my great friend John Bowden, with whom I passed almost exclusively my undergraduate years. ‘I had to hasten to the Tower,’ I say to him, ‘to receive the congratulations of the Fellows. I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed, and unworthy of the honour done me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground.’ This had been the first name which I had heard spoken of with reverence rather than admiration, when I came up to Oxford. When one day I was walking

in High Street, with my dear earliest friend just mentioned, with what eagerness did he cry out, 'There's Keble!' and with what awe did I look at him! Then, at another time, I heard a Master of Arts of my College give an account how he had just then had occasion to introduce himself on some business to Keble, and how gentle, courteous, and unaffected Keble had been, so as almost to put him out of countenance. Then, too, it was reported how a rising man of brilliant reputation, the present (alas! no longer so) Dean of St Paul's, Dr Milman, admired and loved him, adding that somehow he was unlike any one else. However, at the time I was elected Fellow of Oriel, he was not in residence, and he was shy of me for years, in consequence of the marks which I bore upon me of the Evangelical and Liberal schools. Hurrell Froude brought us together in 1828. It is one of the sayings preserved in his 'Remains': 'Do you know the story of the murderer who had done one good thing in his life? Well, if I was ever asked what good deed I had ever done, I should say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other.'

At what period the idea of composing 'The Christian Year' first matured itself in Keble's mind, it would be hard to say. Poem after poem seems to have been written, as the inspiration came, till in time the fragments were built up into a perfect whole. They were shown in manuscript to his familiar friends, and over and over again they urged him to publish, but he long refused to do so. He refused also, not so much because he was fastidious, as because he did not know what ambition was, either as a man of letters or a clergyman. The idea of seeking advancement in his profession appears never to have occurred to him; and about fame, especially fame as a poet, he was altogether indifferent. His desire was to keep the poems by him; to go on polishing and improving them so long as he should live; and at his death to leave them to be dealt with as his executors might see expedient. This project he consented

at last to abandon, and in 1827 'The Christian Year' made its appearance. The success which attended the publication was without precedent. Neither Scott nor Byron, the two most popular writers of the day, commanded for the most successful of their works anything like the circulation which Keble's first essay achieved. It seemed, indeed, as if the chord struck by him had roused an echo in all hearts, for 'The Christian Year' went off, edition after edition, in the most astonishing manner. As was to be expected, it ran the gauntlet, too, of much severe criticism. Besides that it is by no means free from faults, either of thought or expression, the general tone is one which could not but grate upon the ears of persons accustomed heretofore to find more of the Bible and less of the Church in sacred poetry. Still, in spite of the objections raised to it by such, it extended its popularity from day to day, till the editions put forth were counted, not by twos and twenties, but by decades. It is not a little noteworthy that, though satisfied of the justice of very many of the objections taken to his phrasology, Keble steadily refused to change it. This was not the result of undue self-approval, but of a sense of right so high as to amount, we may say, to transcendentalism. He argued thus: "So long as the work remained in manuscript it was mine. I had a right to change it as often, and to as great an extent, as I chose. Now it has become the property of the public, and I may not proffer my own reputation, such as it is, to their rights." Only on one occasion, and that, we must be permitted to say, not a happy one, he broke the rule. The alteration in the beautiful hymn on the holy sacrament, for changing which his executors incurred no small amount of obloquy, seems to have been made by his direction. It is fair, however, to add, that of the length to which he carried his belief of the real presence in the elements of bread and

wine subsequently to consecration, he made no secret at any time.

Keble's second residence in Oxford as a Fellow extended from 1818 to 1823. He lost in that interval his mother, to whom he was deeply attached; and his brother passed, not without much suffering, through a severe illness. These two circumstances, as well as the increasing age of his father, turned his thoughts naturally towards home, and he yielded to the pressure. After having served five years as a college tutor, and discharging again the duties of public examiner and master of the schools, he conceived that he had earned the repose for which he hungered, and he sought and found it in the bosom of his family at Fairford. The duties of the little parishes he resumed, as a matter of course; and being urged in 1824 to go out as Archdeacon of Barbadoes with Dr. Coleridge—one of the newly-appointed West Indian bishops—he wavered a little before deciding. But an attack of paralysis falling upon his father, he at once put the flattering proposal aside. In 1825 he finally made up his mind to publish. And here it is well to observe that 'The Christian Year,' though indicating very plainly what Keble's views on Church subjects were, was by no means the root whence sprang, by-and-by, the 'Tracts for the Times.' 'The Christian Year,' like Whately's admirable 'Letters of a Scottish Episcopalian,' and other brochures which came out about this time as pamphlets and sermons, were the efforts of individual minds to awaken in others clearer and better views than had formerly been entertained on grave subjects; but they were nothing more. It needed some strong impulse from without to bring some of these separate workers into closer union, and to eliminate others. Such impulse arose first in the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill; next, in the contest for the University representation which followed on

that event; and lastly, with tenfold force, on the accession of the Whigs to office, and the great struggle for Parliamentary Reform which immediately began. A few words will suffice to explain how each of these operated.

Non-juror as he was, Keble never exhibited the slightest leaning towards Romanism, either in the abstract or the concrete. He was opposed to the repeal of the laws which shut Roman Catholics out of Parliament, and closed against them the door of high office in the State. He therefore resented, with the majority of the masters of Oxford, what he held to be Peel's apostasy from the principles which he had been chosen to defend. In taking this line, he found himself in antagonism, not only with Whately and Arnold, and others of their school, but with Coleridge, his earliest and dearest friend, and now his biographer. This gave him great pain; yet he did what he believed to be his duty—exerting himself to insure Peel's rejection, and voting against him. Meanwhile, on the death of Archdeacon Heathcote, his friend and pupil Sir William Heathcote made an offer to him of the vicarage of Hursley. He greatly admired the place, and felt that the society of his patron would much enhance to him the value of the preferment. But his father still lived and, growing feebler from day to day, seemed more and more to claim his support. He therefore declined, with many thanks, the living; which Sir William then transferred on a son of his deceased brother. This was towards the close of 1829. But before six years were out, the living was again vacant; and then, his father being dead, he accepted it. Other events had however occurred, of which it is necessary to take some notice.

In 1828 the headship of Oriel became void, and Keble was thought of as the fittest on the list of Fellows to fill it. Had there been perfect unanimity among the electors, such

a proposal would have met with ready acceptance. But Keble, though assured that a majority would carry him through, declined to stand a contest. He could not bear the thought of permanently connecting himself with a society to any one member of which his presence threatened not to be agreeable. By-and-by we find him acting in the capacity of India House Examiner—an office to which the University elected him, in pursuance of an Act of Parliament passed in 1826, with a view of providing for the service of the East India Company a greater number of qualified civil servants than Haileybury could supply. Next he undertook, mainly at the suggestion of Dr. Cardwell, to edit the great work of Hooker, and to write his life. The former office he held for two years, deriving from it his chief pleasure, in that it enabled him from time to time to be the guest of Coleridge, now rising into eminence at the bar. The latter work found him in partial occupation for a longer interval, and resulted in giving to the world the only trustworthy edition of the *Ecclesiastical Polity* which had as yet appeared. Meanwhile the professorship of Poetry fell vacant, and Keble—who had once before been thought of for the office, but who declined to stand in opposition to Milman—was unanimously elected. It was the custom then—a practice which Arnold subsequently broke through—for university professors to lecture in Latin. To that custom Keble adhered; and the consequence was, that his "Prælectiones," though freely and correctly composed, are more remarkable for the originality and suggestiveness of the thoughts that pervade them, than for the elegance of their Latinity. They present, in these respects, a remarkable contrast to Copleston's lectures, of which the style is almost more Ciceronian than that of Cicero himself, the thoughts, for the most part, being commonplace enough. All

this, however, while it gave him occupation, scarcely filled up the measure of his wishes. He saw or believed that Church and State were alike threatened with revolution. He cared less for the latter than for the former; and though far from desiring that the union between them should cease, he was more intent on securing, if possible, the allegiance of the people of England to their Church, than to any form of civil government whatever. For by this time Earl Grey's ill-judged warning had gone forth, and thoughtful men were considering how best it might be attended to; and among them, none took the matter so much to heart as Keble, a circumstance to which many different causes contributed.

In the first place, Keble's mind was, as we took occasion some time back to point out, singularly and at all times under the influence of religious conviction. But for him there was no true religion outside the pale of the Anglican Church, nor any hope of stability to a Government which failed to govern by the Church, and in some measure for the Church. This was the natural result of a temperament sanguine, imaginative, devotional—more influenced a great deal by authority than by reasoning, or even by intuition. The Bible, the Church, antiquity, Christian tradition—whatever these said, or appeared to say, that was law to him. Any change, or proposed change, which threatened to interrupt the established order of affairs, he regarded with distrust. The Revolution in France, and the Reform movement in England, were both odious to him. He saw no cause which justified either; he anticipated from the triumph of both the most disastrous consequences. In the next place, Keble found himself, at a great crisis in the fate of the Church and the nation, separated by diversity in their opinions from some of those on whose judgment he had been accustomed in many instances to

rely. Whately and Arnold were both among his familiar friends—the latter especially; and both fell off from him when their support was most needed. Keble was mortified and grieved at this, but the incident was inevitable. He lived, so to speak, by faith; they were worshippers of intellect. Whately was, as he had always been, staunch in his views concerning the apostolical succession and the constitution of the Church. Arnold on these points held the loosest possible opinions. But both were enchanted with the prospect of a general elevation of the masses, of which the Whig Reform Act appeared to them to hold out the sure promise. They therefore cheered on the movement as eagerly as Keble and Newman and Pusey shrank with dismay from the contemplation of it. Again, Keble was very tolerant of what he regarded as the lukewarmness and timidity of Churchmen in high places. The advice of the Prime Minister to the bishops, “to set their house in order,” seemed to him to have smitten their lordships with dismay,—not with fear for the Church as the Church—that he would have commended—but with anxiety on account of the Church as an establishment connected with the State, dependent upon it, and deriving from it the social and political status of her clergy. For these things he had no regard, further than as he believed them largely to conduce to the State’s honour and the wellbeing of the people. He had, therefore, no patience for the half-hearted trimming, as he called it, of the English episcopate. And when, by-and-by, schemes of Church reform were broached, and the suppression of sees in Ireland came to be advocated by both Irish and English prelates, he stood aghast with indignation. At last the fire kindled, and he spake with his tongue. Being invited on the 14th of July, 1833, to preach the Assize sermon at Oxford, he delivered himself of a remonstrance against

what was passing around him, in language measured and sober, indeed, but expressive of deep though suppressed emotion. That sermon he afterwards published, giving to it the title of ‘National Apostasy;’ and we say no more of it than justice requires when we add that it marked an era in the Church history of this country.

For some time back there had stirred in the bosoms of a small knot of remarkable men a great desire to do something in order to avert the danger which seemed to them to threaten the religion of the nation and its Church. We use the term “religion,” on the present occasion, as something not so much apart from the Church *qua* the Church, as distinct and entirely separate from the Church in its intimate relations with the State. To the latter, some members of this knot were less than indifferent—others put a very high value upon it; but all agreed in this, that the tendency of modern Liberalism was to strike at the root of dogmatic teaching of every kind, and to reduce religion to the level of a mere sentiment. The leaders in this noble band—for a noble band, with all their defects of judgment, we hold them to have been—were Keble, Hurrell Froude, Palmer of Dublin and of Oxford, Arthur Percival, and Hugh Rose. Keble appears to have been the first among them to make known their object to others without the circle, and to ask for their co-operation. On the 26th of August, shortly after the Assize sermon was printed, he wrote to his friend Dyson in these terms:—

“What think you of a kind of association (as quiet and unpretending as may be—if possible, even without a name), for the promotion of these two objects: first, the circulation of primitive notions regarding the apostolical succession, &c., &c.; and secondly, the protection of the Prayer-book against profane innovation! We have as yet written round to a very few intimate

friends—Davison, Ogilvie, Tom, &c.; and as far as they have answered me yet, they seem to think it may do good."

In the same spirit he wrote to others, and among the rest to Coleridge, who has very properly published the letter in the interesting volume now before us. We shall quote only two sentences from it:—

"Considering the helpless state of the Church in England, and the very inadequate ideas entertained by most of her children, lay and clerical, of her claims on their allegiance, certain intimate friends of mine at Oxford have drawn up a paper or two, of which I hope you will in a day or two receive certain copies, through the parson of Plymtree, who has promised to convey them so far. Now, if you approve, and would like to assist us, give me one line to say so within this fortnight; and put down and send me at your leisure any memoranda that may occur to you of the best and most effectual way of proceeding—e. g., on what subjects tracts may be usefully provided, either for the clergy or the laity; what you hear said against us that you think deserves notice, in the way either of amendment or justification; whom you think we might serviceably apply to," &c.

When we remember what the object of this movement was, and the characters of the men with whom it originated, it is impossible to impute to it even the shadow of disloyalty, or to suspect its authors of concealing under the design which they avowed, a mischievous purpose. Long before circumstances brought them thus to the front, the authors of the movement had, by their lives and conversations, effected the greatest moral revolution in Oxford itself which modern times have witnessed. The tone of society, especially among the younger Fellows, and, through them, among a very large section of the undergraduates, became elevated to a pitch never before attained. Chapel ceased to be regarded as a bore; the University church was crowded at every service; men were

not ashamed to present themselves in large numbers at the Lord's table; and their lives in general corresponded well with their profession. They studied the requirements also of the Church, and endeavoured to act up to them—even to the keeping of saints' days and the observance of Lent. They were little encouraged in such asceticism by the old heads of houses and senior Fellows, who, on the contrary, did what they could to check it. But the example of Keble, James, Newman, Froude, and others, was too strong to be resisted. Its influence was felt, and felt for good, even among such as pretended to hold it in derision.

Such was the atmosphere which pervaded Oxford while Mr. Gladstone was winning his early honours there. He breathed it freely throughout his undergraduate course, and carried with him, when he entered into public life, principles which in due time were embodied in his celebrated book. Woe, woe, woe! how have the mighty fallen! It would be an outrage on common decency to charge the men who were, in the main, the causes of this moral revolution, with obeying other than the promptings of the loftiest principle, when they devised the plan and began the execution of the 'Tracts for the Times.' Nor will any person, even moderately conversant with the history and traditions of the Church of England, offer one word of objection to the teaching of these Tracts as they first appeared. The doctrine of the apostolical succession is as clearly the Church's doctrine as any other which she has interwoven into her services and Articles. It was laid down and enforced in Tract 1, and afterwards by Keble himself in Tract 14 and others, in order that Englishmen of every degree of capacity might understand that, even in her outward constitution, their Church is not the creature of the State; and that, whether established or disestablished, she has equally the claim which this great principle

wherever it is admitted, gives upon the allegiance of her children. In like manner, the Church's form of baptism, not less than her catechism and liturgy, show that she accepts all baptised persons, whether they be infants or adults, as "members of Christ," and therefore "regenerate." So, likewise, the terms made use of in the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper prove that, in a mystical sense, the bread and wine become "to the faithful," in her estimation, "the body and blood of Christ." And had the authors of the Tracts been wise enough to teach both truths with becoming reserve, they might have held their course triumphantly, till all England became converts to their views. Unfortunately, however, they were not all of one mind, even at the beginning; and the impetuosity of some, and the subtle reasoning of others, soon carried them farther than the more sober judgment of the residue approved. Hugh Rose, for example, soon fell off from them. He fought for them in the 'British Magazine' as long as he could; but Froude and Newman gradually threw him out—as much because of the unmeasured language in which they clothed their opinions, as because of the errors involved in the opinions themselves. Keble, on the other hand, stood by them, after he had ceased entirely to approve. The fact is that, in the sort of warfare which they had undertaken to wage together, Keble was incapable of keeping abreast of Newman; and Newman became almost immediately the master-spirit of the campaign. His was then, as it still is, an intellect which could not be satisfied with what appeared to him only half a truth. He could not, like Keble, rest upon probability, or nothing. Keble clung to the Church in which he was reared, amid all the tender affections of home life. He was satisfied with believing as she believed. Tradition

taught him nothing which she did not confirm. Newman, on the contrary, could look back on one great change of opinion already, and was not restrained from another by any reverence for the past. The more he examined the theory which satisfied his friend, the less it filled up the measure of his yearnings. They equally held in scorn the high-and-dry school, of which Norris of Hackney, and archdeacons and London rectors, were the type. But while Keble stood fast on the ground which Laud and Stillingfleet, and the great divines of the seventeenth century, had occupied, Newman found it slip from beneath his feet. Newman first wrecked the Tracts, then damaged the 'British Critic,' and finally took refuge—we are convinced, against total infidelity—in the Church of Rome.

This is not the occasion on which to write a history of one of the most remarkable movements that ever occurred in the Church of England; neither would the limits at our disposal permit us to notice, except very briefly, the abuses to which it has unhappily led. With that silly devotion to obsolete customs—whether in dress or church decoration—with which a small section among our clergy seem of late to have become smitten, Keble and his friends had nothing in common. They disliked the slovenly mode in which the Low Church party then performed their public duties, but they would have laughed to scorn those who proposed to them to play at Popery in their celebrations. It is therefore an outrage on their memory, and a direct falsification of facts, when men like Messrs. Mackintosh and Nugee pretend to put themselves upon a level with the Hawkinses, the Lines, and the Kebles of the last generation. These were lights that shone in dark places; teachers of great truths to an age which had forgotten what truth was. They aimed at far higher objects than the restoration of altar and the ac-

cumulation of lighted candles on the altar at the celebration of Holy Communion. Their success, though brilliant for a season, was not permanent. Never was anything less judicious done than the publication of Froude's 'Remains'—a journal loosely kept, continually contradicting itself, and evidently unfit to meet, in the shape which it now wears, any eye except that of the writer, and possibly of a few of the most confidential of his friends. That act, for which Keble, we are afraid, was mainly responsible, wrought incalculable evil, which the falling away of Newman and others enormously aggravated. The tide, which seemed for a brief space to have been stemmed, burst through. A great reaction followed upon the proceedings of the Hebdomadal Council; and Tract 90, with the 'Letter of the Four Tutors' which it called forth, may therefore be said to divide between them the blame of having let loose upon us, with aggravated violence, that very Liberalism, to oppose which the 'Tracts for the Times' came into existence.

In 1835 Keble married, and soon afterwards took up his abode in Hursley Vicarage. His life became thenceforth one of quiet pastoral duty, relieved by periodical outings—by short tours in England, Scotland, and Wales, and occasional residences at the sea-side. Twenty years thus passed over him in great happiness, so far as his personal affections were concerned—in exceeding doubt and perplexity respecting the affairs of the Church. Not that his own views ever varied, or his own opinions changed. But the views and opinions of all about him seemed to be shaken, and he found ample occupation in trying to keep them right. Of the effect produced upon him by the defection of Newman and others we have already spoken. It bowed him to the dust. Then came the Gorham case, with all its evil results; by-and-by the publica-

tion of 'Essays and Reviews,' with the legal proceedings consequent upon them; and the wretched Colenso controversy. These things greatly troubled him. They more and more stirred in him feelings of discontent with the constitution in Church and State as it exists, without, however, leading him to desire, far less to advocate, the absolute independence of the one or the other. Even in the case of Ireland, his opinions were by no means pronounced, though he felt and admitted that there the Church, as by law established, was in a false position. Another subject of distress to him at this time was the apprehension that the law forbidding the marriage of a widower with his deceased wife's sister might be repealed. This is one among many proofs that Keble put as much store by ecclesiastical tradition as the requirements of either natural or revealed religion. But it was in perfect consistency with his character.

We must hurry over what remains to be told of this remarkable man. His wife—delicate when he wedded her—seems to have been more or less of an invalid throughout their married life. She never bore him children; but their tastes and tempers were in strictest harmony. They were truly a support and comfort one to the other. His neighbour and friend, Sir William Heathcote, entered with him into all the kindly relations of their college days. Many others of his old intimacies he kept up with an unwavering affection to the end; and to the outer world he became, wherever he went, an object of exceeding respect and admiration. Strangers came from afar, especially from America, to see him. He met their advances readily, greeted them kindly, and was relieved when they took their departure; for popularity, in the well-understood sense of the expression, had no charm in his eyes. Perhaps the event which, more than all others, brought a feeling of comfort to his declining years, was the

meeting which took place at Hursley Vicarage between Dr. Pusey, Dr. Newman, and himself. He had read, with the deepest emotion, the 'Apologia' of his friend; and on account of the tender tone in which Dr. Newman there speaks of the Church from which he had withdrawn, Keble could not find words in which sufficiently to express his gladness. When, therefore, in the year following (the 'Apologia' appeared in 1864), Newman came to him, and dined at his table, with Dr. Pusey as the only other guest, it seemed as if the gulf which had so long divided them was bridged over. They parted, each believing that in that better land, where faith loses itself in vision, all that had been sweet in their intercourse in early life would be renewed—all that had embittered, and for a time broken it off, would be forgotten.

It is always distressing to tell how the spirits of the gifted among us pass away. Of Keble it may suffice to say, that while anxiously watching what he believed to be the declining weeks, and even days of his wife's mortal life, he was himself stricken with paralysis; and that a second stroke, after an interval of a few months, carried him off. He died at Bourne Mouth, whether the two invalids had gone for change of air; but he was brought back and buried in Keble's tomb, besides the church which he had rebuilt and refitted—except the ancient tower. Mrs. Keble survived him little more than a fortnight, and lies beside him in the same grave. Many mourners came from far and near to be present at his funeral. Many friends afterwards consulted how best and most efficiently a memorial of his excellences might be raised; and the result of their consultations was the founding of Keble College at Oxford, which is advancing fast, we believe, towards its completion.

And now a few words about the man and his accomplishments, and

also the part which he played among his fellow-men for threescore years and eleven. His place as an English poet is sufficiently marked. He stands not in the first rank, nor, possibly, in the second—except as a writer of sacred poetry; and there, with all his defects, and he has many, he is without a rival. His style in prose composition is not good, but he never wrote a line that was otherwise than suggestive, even where his exact meaning might at the first glance seem obscure. As a preacher, he possessed no eloquence: his reading was monotonous, and his voice feeble; but there was a quiet earnestness about his manner of performing the public offices of the Church which commanded attention; and in catechising and instructing the young he had few equals. His influence, and that of his party, on the religious mind of England was very great. They proved themselves to be by far the ablest and most uncompromising opponents that have as yet withstood the progress of Rationalism; and in spite of the collapse which ensued on the unguarded expressions which escaped them, much of their power remains. To them and their teaching we owe it that in the Church, and especially among her ministers, a new character has developed itself. Self-sacrifice—earnest devotion to duty—the Church's wellbeing rather than their own advancement—has taken the place of that miserable self-seeking which was almost universal among the clergy sixty years ago. Nor is it to one section of the ministers of the Church alone that the benefits accruing from the example which these earnest men set have extended. There may still linger among our evangelical pastors some remnant of the temper which seemed once upon a time to be universal among them—the love of display upon platforms, the eager seeking after untimely applause, and far benefices; but that, not less than the secular

habits of their rivals, has yielded very generally to a pressure, of the nature of which the very men who have been moved by it are probably not aware. On the other hand, Keble and his friends did the Church, and the cause of the Church, great damage too. They carried further than truth will allow dogmatic teaching, which is not the teaching of the primitive Church, but the results of one superstition after another, accumulated in ages subsequent to the first. Again, they injured the cause which they had undertaken to advocate by the unbecoming manner in which they accustomed themselves to speak and to write of the great Reformers. Cranmer was, according to them, the meanest of men; Ridley was a blind fanatic; Luther, a rebel against constituted authority; and Melancthon a lukewarm sophist. This was, we will not say illiberal—because to be upbraided with illiberalism on such subjects was to them a

glory and a pride—but most unwise on their part; just as unwise as their refusal to recognise, under any circumstances, the right of other Reformed communions than that of England to call themselves Churches. In spite, however, of these grievous mistakes—in spite also of the extravagances of nominal followers, who are not their followers, and never would have been by them recognised as such—we should do great injustice to the best of the Tractarians—to Keble in particular—if we were to deny that they have left their mark for good upon the Church and upon the age. They brought many a man to think who never thought before. They induced a far greater solemnity into the conduct of public worship; and if their views of the sacrament were extreme, at all events their teaching has succeeded only so far as to make thoughtful men and women regard these things as not mere idle ceremonies.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.—PART I.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE was born at Richmond, in Yorkshire, on the 4th March 1811. His father, who was a man of great natural ability and considerable force of character, had proceeded in early life to Bombay in the suite of one of the commanders-in-chief; had joined on his arrival one of H. M.'s regiments as a gentleman volunteer; and had, not long after, obtained a commission. He bore a part in most of the struggles in which the British were engaged on that side of India; behaved with conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Sedaseer, and at the capture of Seringapatam, where, being then only a lieutenant, he commanded one of the storming-parties formed of volunteers. Of this party all the officers but himself were killed, and he was severely wounded in two places. For this service, but after the delay of a year, Mr. Lawrence was promoted to a company in H. M.'s 10th Foot, and was for some years quartered in Ceylon. In 1815, at the time of the Waterloo campaign, he was a lieutenant-colonel in command of the Veteran Battalion, and governor of Ostend. Had he obtained promotion early in life, he would probably have gained considerable distinction, but some of his service was performed as a subaltern; and the mortification arising from long-delayed promotion, the effects of climate and wounds, all contributed to break down his health, and compelled him to retire from active service some time about 1821. He died in 1835 at the age of seventy-two years.

Lieutenant-colonel Lawrence had twelve children, eleven of whom grew up, and eight are still living, John was the sixth son. The eldest son died when he was but a child, and the four elder brothers being out in the world, John was, when very young, a kind of companion

to his father, accompanying him in his walks, and listening to the stories of his Indian career. In 1823, being then twelve years old, he was sent to a school at Londonderry. He remained there, however, but two years; then, returning to England, completed the first portion of his education at a school at Bath. He had just attained the age of sixteen when an East India Director, an old friend of his father, offered him an appointment in the Indian Civil Service. But the boy was bent on following his father's career. Three of the elder brothers had already gone to India as soldiers, and he had made up his mind that, if he went at all, he would go out in that profession. The opportune return of his brother Henry on sick leave from India induced him to change his decision. Henry pointed out to him the immensely superior advantages of a civilian's career—the vast field for the exercise of energy and ability offered to that branch of the Indian service. He illustrated his argument by reference to himself, his slow promotion, his inferior pay, the absence of all prospect as an artillery officer. His arguments, supported by those of his father, and responded to by the strong common-sense of the lad, were successful, and John Lawrence went to Haileybury.

The decision was undoubtedly wise. Yet, judging from after events—from some of those, more especially, in 1857, the result of which depended upon the decision of the moment, and to which we shall allude in their proper place—we have no hesitation in affirming that an excellent soldier was thereby lost to his country, and that the honour which the career of Sir John Lawrence has brought to the Indian Civil Service, would have been reflected with not less lustre,

had opportunity offered, by his achievements at the head of a British army.

Mr. Lawrence remained two years at Haileybury. He passed, indeed, the necessary examinations within the first twelve months of his entrance into that college, but he was compelled to remain there longer, under the operation of the rule which laid down eighteen years as the *minimum* age at which a student could pass out. Although far from being an idle boy, Mr. Lawrence did not avail himself to the full of the opportunities afforded him for securing a good education. He worked by fits and starts, was fond of athletic sports, and especially delighted in walking across country with a friend. He had, however, read a good deal in a desultory way, particularly of history and biography, and was considered well-informed for his age. In his second Haileybury term he obtained the prize in history, and a prize in the Bengallee language; in his third term he was second in political economy, and again in the front rank in Bengallee; in his fourth he gained the gold medal for law, a third Bengallee prize, and was returned as "highly distinguished" in other departments.

Mr. Lawrence left Haileybury in May 1829, being the third of his term for the Bengal Presidency; but he delayed his departure from England till the following September, in order to enjoy on his way out the society of his brother Henry, who was returning to his post of lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery. Mr. Lawrence has often been heard to speak in after years of the great advantage he derived from the presence of his elder brother in England at this critical period of his life—of the encouragement to exertion, the sound and rational advice, strongly enforced by good example, with which Henry was always ready, though careful never to press it either with needless or tedious persistency.

Mr. Lawrence landed in India on the 9th February 1830, and remained ten months in Calcutta. During this period he was frequently ill, and imbibed consequently so great a distaste for the country that an offer of £100 per annum would probably have taken him home again. At last, however, he passed his examinations, and was reported qualified for the public service. He had selected the upper provinces in preference to Bengal as the scene of his future action, and was, at his own request, appointed to the Delhi territory, then a part of the border districts of the North-West Provinces. The time allowed for joining was six months; but Mr. Lawrence, travelling by palanquin, performed the distance, upwards of 900 miles, in eighteen days. This was then considered an extraordinary performance; although, in the present day, the space between Calcutta and Delhi, by a more circuitous route, may be traversed in sixty hours!

At the time of Mr. Lawrence's arrival at Delhi, that division of the country was considered to offer, in many respects, the best school for a young civilian. It was under the direct control of a resident and chief-commissioner and a commissioner. The political jurisdiction extended all over Rajpootana, the extensive but somewhat wild and barren territories of many Rajpoot chiefs, besides all the country lying between the rivers Jumna and Sutlej. In this latter area were five British districts, forming a tolerably compact division of the country; but all the rest of the country was parcelled out amongst different chiefs, mostly, especially to the northward and eastward, Hindoos or Sikhs, prominent amongst whom were the Rajahs of Pattialla, Jheend, Khytul, and Nabha.

The young civilians were, in those days, employed in various duties, sometimes in listening to the complaints of the tillers of the soil and

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SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.—PART I.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE was born at Richmond, in Yorkshire, on the 4th March 1811. His father, who was a man of great natural ability and considerable force of character, had proceeded in early life to Bombay in the suite of one of the commanders-in-chief; had joined on his arrival one of H. M.'s regiments as a gentleman volunteer; and had, not long after, obtained a commission. He bore a part in most of the struggles in which the British were engaged on that side of India; behaved with conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Sedaseer, and at the capture of Seringapatam, where, being then only a lieutenant, he commanded one of the storming-parties formed of volunteers. Of this party all the officers but himself were killed, and he was severely wounded in two places. For this service, but after the delay of a year, Mr. Lawrence was promoted to a company in H. M.'s 10th Foot, and was for some years quartered in Ceylon. In 1815, at the time of the Waterloo campaign, he was a lieutenant-colonel in command of the Veteran Battalion, and governor of Ostend. Had he obtained promotion early in life, he would probably have gained considerable distinction, but some of his service was performed as a subaltern; and the mortification arising from long-delayed promotion, the effects of climate and wounds, all contributed to break down his health, and compelled him to retire from active service some time about 1821. He died in 1835 at the age of seventy-two years.

Lieutenant-colonel Lawrence had twelve children, eleven of whom grew up, and eight are still living, John was the sixth son. The eldest son died when he was but a child, and the four elder brothers being out in the world, John was, when very young, a kind of companion

to his father, accompanying him in his walks, and listening to the stories of his Indian career. In 1823, being then twelve years old, he was sent to a school at Londonderry. He remained there, however, but two years; then, returning to England, completed the first portion of his education at a school at Bath. He had just attained the age of sixteen when an East India Director, an old friend of his father, offered him an appointment in the Indian Civil Service. But the boy was bent on following his father's career. Three of the elder brothers had already gone to India as soldiers, and he had made up his mind that, if he went at all, he would go out in that profession. The opportune return of his brother Henry on sick leave from India induced him to change his decision. Henry pointed out to him the immensely superior advantages of a civilian's career—the vast field for the exercise of energy and ability offered to that branch of the Indian service. He illustrated his argument by reference to himself, his slow promotion, his inferior pay, the absence of all prospect as an artillery officer. His arguments, supported by those of his father, and responded to by the strong common-sense of the lad, were successful, and John Lawrence went to Haileybury.

The decision was undoubtedly wise. Yet, judging from after events—from some of those, more especially, in 1857, the result of which depended upon the decision of the moment, and to which we shall allude in their proper place—we have no hesitation in affirming that an excellent soldier was thereby lost to his country, and that the honour which the career of Sir, John Lawrence has brought to the Indian Civil Service, would have been reflected with not less lustre,

that opportunity offered, by his achievements at the head of a British army.

Mr. Lawrence remained two years at Haileybury. He passed, indeed, the necessary examinations within the first twelve months of his entrance into that college, but he was compelled to remain there longer, under the operation of the rule which laid down eighteen years as the minimum age at which a student could pass out. Although far from being an idle boy, Mr. Lawrence did not avail himself to the full of the opportunities afforded him for securing a good education. He worked by fits and starts, was fond of athletic sports, and especially delighted in walking across country with a friend. He had, however, read a good deal in a desultory way, particularly of history and biography, and was considered well-informed for his age. In his second Haileybury term he obtained the prize in history, and a prize in the Bengallee language; in his third term he was second in political economy, and again in the front rank in Bengallee; in his fourth he gained the gold medal for law, a third Bengallee prize, and was returned as "highly distinguished" in other departments.

Mr. Lawrence left Haileybury in May 1829, being the third of his term for the Bengal Presidency; but he delayed his departure from England till the following September, in order to enjoy on his way out the society of his brother Henry, who was returning to his post of lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery. Mr. Lawrence has often been heard to speak in after years of the great advantage he derived from the presence of his elder brother in England at this critical period of his life—of the encouragement to exertion, the sound and rational advice, strongly enforced by good example, with which Henry was always ready, though careful never to press it either with needless or tedious persistency.

Mr. Lawrence landed in India on the 9th February 1830, and remained ten months in Calcutta. During this period he was frequently ill, and imbibed consequently so great a distaste for the country that an offer of £100 per annum would probably have taken him home again. At last, however, he passed his examinations, and was reported qualified for the public service. He had selected the upper provinces in preference to Bengal as the scene of his future action, and was, at his own request, appointed to the Delhi territory, then a part of the border districts of the North-West Provinces. The time allowed for joining was six months; but Mr. Lawrence, travelling by palanquin, performed the distance, upwards of 900 miles, in eighteen days. This was then considered an extraordinary performance; although, in the present day, the space between Calcutta and Delhi, by a more circuitous route, may be traversed in sixty hours!

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The troops had, indeed, returned from Affghinistan, but the country was overburdened by the plethora of officials whom the late calamity had summoned out from Europe. At length, however, after a series of acting appointments, one of which was in his old station of Paniput, Mr. Lawrence, more fortunate than most of his contemporaries, settled down as magistrate and collector of Delhi. This was at the end of 1844, just two years after his return from England. In both of these charges Mr. Lawrence found that considerable improvements had been effected since he had left them; more particularly in the condition of the agricultural classes. He always attribute! this improvement to the settlement of the land-revenue for a long term of years on favourable conditions to the proprietors and cultivators of the soil, and to the impetus which had thus been given to agriculture.

But whilst Mr. Lawrence was actively engaged on the scene of his earliest labours on Indian soil, events were hatching, destined in their future to effect alike his fortunes and the fortunes of his adopted country. On the 11th December 1845 the long-threatened invasion of the Sikh army took place. Under the command of Raja Sall Singh and Tej Singh, the army 50,000 strong, on that day poured across the Sutlej, not far from our frontier station of Ferozepore. With the exception of orders having been issued to hold the troops at Meerut, Delhi, Umballa, and at other stations on the frontier, in readiness for immediate movement, not a single preparation had been made to receive them, and India seemed at their mercy. But the same Providence which filled the hearts of their leaders with timidity and distrust, had given boldness and daring, such as in the face of a European enemy would have amounted to rashness, to the generals of the English army. The first and chiefest credit for the victorious issue of

the campaign is due to the officer commanding at Ferozepore, General John Littler. This officer had under his orders but one European regiment, four or five native corps, and a few guns. The Sikh army, crossing the Sutlej 50,000 strong, threatened his station. Littler at once consulted commanding officers of regiments. They gave him, in the sense of risking nothing, the most prudent advice. They recommended him to throw up all sorts of *impromptu* defences, to keep his troops behind these, and to hold Ferozepore till he should be relieved by a British army. Littler listened to them, thanked them, and determined to adopt a course exactly opposite. Early next morning he marched out at the head of his 4000 men, took up a position opposite the Sikh army, and offered them battle. The result proved his thorough knowledge of Asiatics. The Sikhs, astounded at his boldness, and suspecting that he must possess resources of which they knew nothing, declined the combat, and moved on to Ferozeshuhr. A few days later, the advance-guard of the Sikh army was repulsed at Moodkee by Lord Hardinge; and on the 21st and 22d, a junction having been effected on the morning of the 21st with Littler, a desperate and hotly-contested battle ensued, which terminated in the repulse of the Sikhs at all points. Our army, however, was in no condition to pursue them; and they took up a fresh position on the river Sutlej within our own territory, in front of the little village of Sohraon, and commenced to fortify it strongly.

Whilst these events had been occurring, Mr. Lawrence had remained at Delhi. His labours, however, had been more than doubled by the warlike operations to which we have alluded. It had happened that the Governor-General, Sir H. Hardinge, on his way up country, had passed through Delhi in the November of that year, and had

proclaimed. Cashmere was, indeed, sold to Rajah Goolab Singh for a million of money, but Jullundhur and the hill-tracts adjacent were destined to remain permanently annexed to British India. Those adjacent tracts comprehended Kangra, Noorpore, Nadown, Kulloo, Spiti, and Lehoul, right up to the confines of Thibet. To administer this country, inhabited by various races—the warlike Sikhs of the plain and the hardy sons of the mountain, many of them Rajpoots, never before subjected to the sway of a European, but governed by their own people, and taught from infancy to regard the Sikh as the coming race of Asia—Sir H. Hardinge selected the officer whose energy had stood him in such stead in the terrible days of December and January. On the 1st March 1846, Mr. John Lawrence received a summons to repair to Umritsur to see the Governor-General, preparatory to taking charge of the newly-acquired trans-Sutlej territory.

In the present day, when a class of self-styled philanthropists lose no opportunity of exalting the advantages of native rule, and of dwelling upon the preference evinced for it by the natives themselves, the spectacle offered by the cession of the Jullundhur Doab to the British, by its transfer from native to foreign rule, may perhaps be looked back to with some sort of curiosity. Certainly in no part of India could the experiment have been made with less likelihood of its resulting favourably to the foreigner. Of all races in India the Sikhs were the most martial, the most independent, and, never before having met with reverses, the least likely to renounce all at once the hopes of empire, which had become with them a faith. Yet to gather what their social condition had been and what it became—how they fared under their own people and how under the British, to which, after some experience, they showed the

utmost attachment under trying circumstances—we have but to point to the leading features of the public policy by which their connection with the British was signalised.

For three years, from 1846 to 1849, Mr. Lawrence was Commissioner of the Jullundhur Doab and the adjacent hill-territories. The principal reforms which he introduced during that period we will refer to in the order in which they took place. The first was the substitution of the payment of the land-tax in cash for its payment in kind, as had been the practice, in many instances, under the Sikh rule. It is true that, before this change had been tried, the agricultural classes dreaded its introduction, and some of them did not hesitate to express their dislike of it to the Commissioner. But Mr. Lawrence, after listening patiently to their remonstrances, pointed out to them that the new system would work to their advantage; that their assessments would be fixed and certain, calculated on the area of land in cultivation, instead of being dependent on the caprice of collectors or overseers. Still, clinging to their ancient customs, they pleaded against the experiment being tried; but Mr. Lawrence was too confident in the soundness of his views to give way to solicitations founded only upon prejudice. He caused a rough settlement of the province to be made, and then assessed each landowner according to his possessions at an equitable rate, considerably lighter in the main than that which had obtained under Sikh rule. The agriculturists, assured by this system of the entire possession of their crops, found that they were able to realise by the public sale of them in the markets of the country a sum sufficient to leave them, after paying all the demands of the State, a far greater surplus than they had enjoyed under the old system. The relief to the people by this one transaction was calculated at from

15 to 30 per cent on each man's payment, whilst the treasury received nearly if not quite as much as formerly. The difference had found its way, under the old system, into the pockets of the farmers of revenue, who sold off the products of the land, and accounted for their receipts months and sometimes years afterwards. The agriculturists were not slow in admitting the great advantage thus accruing to them.

Another and a most important reform was in the administration of justice. Under the Sikh rule there had been no written law. The unwritten penal code contained but two penalties, fine and mutilation—imprisonment was unknown; and there was scarcely any crime which might not be atoned for by a fine. Disputes regarding property were generally adjudicated upon by private tribunals; but the people generally were the slaves of the farmers of the revenue. So long as the remittances to Lahore were regular and satisfactory, these farmers were but rarely called upon to account for the authority they exercised over life and property.

We have already pointed out the mode in which this system of arbitrary and all but irresponsible rule—this *imperium in imperio*—was put a stop to by Mr. Lawrence. He supplemented this great work by bringing justice to the door of the people. By means of his assistants, selected from the civil and military services alike, he gave the artisans of the towns, the agriculturists, and the small landowners, a prompt and efficient remedy for any injustice perpetrated against them. He introduced a system of penal law, taken, indeed, from the English system, but simplified so as to suit the uncultivated comprehensions of the people over whom he ruled. These plain and simple rules, modified and added to according to the results of experience, were afterwards formed into a code, which, translated into the Pun-

jaabee language, enabled every man to understand the nature of the rules to which he was bound to conform, and the penalty that would be enforced for any infraction of the law.

We are thus able to see how the two great blessings of a fixed and moderate assessment of the soil, and a prompt and sure system of justice, succeeding an assessment neither fixed nor moderate, and a system of justice neither prompt nor sure, should naturally incline the hearts of the people towards British rule. Still more was this likely to result when the Sikhs found these reforms accompanied by others—by the introduction of material improvements, of which their old rulers had never dreamed. Thus Government monopolies, hitherto weighing with crushing power upon trade, were abolished; the excise system was readjusted on a sensible plan; roads were made, bridges were built, and a police system introduced, having for its object the maximum of efficiency combined with the minimum of interference.

We have said that Mr. Lawrence held the office of Commissioner of the Jullundur district for three years. But during that period several additional duties were likewise thrust upon him. Twice was he summoned to Lahore to act for and to assist his brother in the very difficult task of effecting, through the Sikh Durbar, a thorough reform of the fiscal system of the Sikh territories—a system based upon isolation, high preventive duties, and an excise levied on all articles, fatal to the development of the resources of the country, and ruinous to the finances of the State. It is no disparagement to the memory of the illustrious Sir Henry Lawrence to state that he depended in a great degree for the moulding of the measures necessary to carry out these reforms on the experience and ability of his brother John.

The means by which they were effected partake of the marvellous. Lahore was the only place in the Punjaub occupied by British troops; the people were still jealous of their independence. And yet the wonderful spectacle was presented of a few British officers riding over the country, resurveying and reassessing the lands, attended only by a few native horsemen raised in the Punjaub itself! All this time, too, the Sikh Durbar, under whose orders they were nominally acting, was secretly engaged in plotting for the restoration of the Maharajah, and the complete expulsion of the British from the country.

For his services when acting for and assisting his brother at Lahore, Mr. Lawrence twice received the thanks of the Government of India; and when, at the end of 1847, his brother was forced to leave for Europe on a longer period of absence on account of his health, it was generally believed that the acting appointment would be given to him. But Mr. Lawrence had previously expressed in more than one letter to Lord Hardinge his indifference for the acting appointment of Resident of Lahore. That nobleman, therefore, nominated Sir Frederick Currie, a member of his Council, and who had previously been Foreign Secretary, to the post.

Almost one of the first acts of the acting Commissioner was the deputation to Mooltan of the two officers whose murder by the troops of Moolraj led to the second Sikh war. It is probable that the outbreak at Mooltan would never have occurred, or that it would have been promptly suppressed, had Messrs. Agnew and Anderson marched thither with the Durbar troops, and familiarised themselves with the officers and men. No people are more impressionable than the Asiatics, over none is a moral supremacy sooner attainable by the display of qualities which they admire

the more in others from not possessing them themselves. It is almost certain that had Messrs. Agnew and Anderson accompanied the Sikh soldiers, most of whom, by the by, were hill men, to Mooltan, they would have acquired over them such a mastery that the conspirators would not have dared to attack them, or, attacking, would have been repulsed. This, at least, was the opinion expressed at the time by Mr. Lawrence, who considered, moreover, one of the envoys as not well fitted for the part he had to play. As it was, the two officers proceeded by water, the men by land. They met a few miles only from Mooltan. The men had had no time to become acquainted even with the persons of the foreign envoys when the attack upon the latter took place. Under the trying circumstances that followed they were easily suborned from their duty towards those of whom they knew nothing. The result is well known. Our officers were murdered; and Moolraj, with the secret encouragement of the Sikh Durbar, raised the standard of revolt, and thus precipitated the insurrection, which, ever since the occupation of Lahore by the British, had been fomented and encouraged by many of the nobility of the Punjaub who had been apparently most friendly to our rule.

Mr. Lawrence was of opinion that the immediate march of a few British troops on Mooltan would have nipped the plans of the conspirators in the bud; and there can be no doubt as to the soundness of this view. The success of Lieutenant Herbert Edwards's raw levies against the troops of Moolraj in the field shows how much might, at an early period, have been effected by a handful of Europeans and a few guns. But the question was left to be decided, not by common-sense, but by military red-tape.* Red-tape, being comfortably housed in

* The Governor-General in Council to the Secret Committee, dated 11th May

the Himalayas, decided that it was too hot to move troops under canvas at that season of the year. The insurrection, therefore, was allowed to gather head, and before our troops could be massed, had assumed a most formidable strength.

We pass over the military events which followed—the checkered fortunes of the troops who besieged Mooltan, the doubtful victory of Chillianwalla, the crowning mercy of Goojerat—and proceed to dwell upon the ordeal to which was subjected that province, which had been detached, less than three years before, from the kingdom of the Sikhs, and which during that period had been subjected to British rule, as understood and administered by Mr. Lawrence.

That officer had not returned many days to his district before he received intelligence of the murder of the two British officers at Mooltan. The force at Jullundhur itself then consisted of one European and four native regiments, a battery of artillery, and some irregular horse. There were, besides, other native corps or detachments at various points of the province, but no more Europeans. There were also two local corps of military police, the 1st and 4th Sikhs—one composed of pure Sikhs, the other of hill-Rajpoots. These last were the only troops under the control of the Commissioner. The others were under the sole orders of Brigadier H. M. Wheeler, an officer of the Company's army, highly considered for his energy and strength of will, and who in a later year obtained a melancholy celebrity as the commander of the ill-fated garrison of Cawnpore at the time of the mutiny. But Mr. Lawrence had never been accustomed to trust implicitly to the number of the troops in his

province, however capable their commander.

When the intelligence of the events at Mooltan reached him, and he noticed that those events were not followed up by prompt action, or indeed, except on the part of Lieutenant Edwardes, by any action at all, he felt convinced that work of the most serious character would be cut out for him. Jullundhur, though annexed for three years to the British territories, was still, in the blood and feeling of its population, a Sikh province. Although the great mass of the people had recognised the advantage of the reforms introduced by Mr. Lawrence, there were still in the villages many disbanded soldiers, who looked back regretfully to the times when they were virtually masters of the country, and could lord it over the people. The successful revolt of Moolraj could not long be without effect upon these mischief-making elements of Sikh society, especially if religious fanaticism were to bring its strong influence to bear upon their minds, by urging them to strike a blow for that reformed faith, the adherence to which had made the Sikhs a nation. The crisis came fully as soon as Mr. Lawrence had anticipated. In the month of May, Bhaee Maharaj Singh, a gooroo or priest, a well-known man in the country, began to collect several hundred followers on the north of the Beas, close to the British frontier. Mr. Lawrence, in concert with the Brigadier, at once caused all the forces by which he could cross into Jullundhur to be carefully guarded. At the same time troops were sent after him from Lahore. The Bhaee, alarmed for his safety, retreated towards Jungt; but before the Lahore troops could arrive, he

1848:—"The reply of the Commander-in-Chief has just been received by us. His Excellency is strongly opposed to the movement of British troops at this season upon Multan; and intimates his opinion that as a military operation it is highly inexpedient, if not impracticable."

was attacked and defeated by the *Kardar* of the place, *Meeh Sahib Dyal*, a staunch supporter of the British, and totally defeated. His followers who escaped slaughter at once dispersed.

The abortive result of this premature movement enabled Mr. Lawrence to complete his measures for securing the province in the event of a further outbreak. The delay in the operations against *Mooltan* favoured the machinations of the conspirators and disaffected all over the country, and rendered the position of Mr. Lawrence one of peculiar difficulty. In the month of August, one *Ram Singh*, son of a *Rajpoot* chieftain named *Vizier Shama*, the hereditary *Vizier* of *Noorpore*, a small hill-state which *Runjeet Singh* had absorbed many years before, assembled a body of men at a spot commanding the entrance into the *Kangra* hills, and attacked and killed several subordinates in the customs department at *Hajepore*. On this outrage becoming known, Mr. C. H. Saunders, one of Mr. Lawrence's assistants, in pursuance of instructions previously given him by his chief, made a requisition on the military authorities for some troops, and went in pursuit of the insurgents. Major Fisher, who commanded these troops, took the strong fort of *Shahpore*, occupied by the enemy, and drove them out of the country. Reinforced, however, by some *Pathan* levies, they returned, and, taking up a position on a narrow hill about a mile and a half south of the town of *Noorpore*, began to collect supplies from the surrounding country. But by this time Mr. Lawrence had arrived at *Noorpore*. He at once urged Brigadier *Wheeler* to attack the enemy's position. "It will be a great object," he wrote, "to attack the insurgents as soon as possible." At the same time, to prevent their escape, he wrote to Major Fisher, recommending him to watch the outlets by which they could retire. Had the troops been

entirely at his disposal, he would have acted according to the dictates of his own convictions, and have attacked the enemy on the moment. But he had with him only a few *Sikhs* of the local corps, and unfortunately the Brigadier had expressly forbidden the officer commanding at *Noorpore* to detach any troops from that place.

Six days elapsed before the regular troops could be assembled at *Noorpore*. Meanwhile Mr. Lawrence and the officers who gradually joined him, enjoyed many opportunities of reconnoitring the enemy's position, though at the risk, often encountered, of being fired upon. At last he could wait no longer. On the morning of the 19th the position was attacked by the *Sikh* local corps, which had come up from *Hooshiarpore* under Major *Hodgson*, four hundred *Rajpoots* sent to our aid by the *Rajahs* of *Mundee* and *Chumba*, and the troops of the regular army under Major Fisher. The result was never doubtful. *Ram Singh* and his followers were driven with some loss from the heights; much captured property was recovered, and some British subjects, whom he had held in confinement, were released. Some few of the insurgents, owing to the density of the jungle, effected their escape, and amongst these, unfortunately, was the rebel leader himself. Mr. Lawrence and his assistant, Mr. Barnes, were present at the attack with the *Rajpoots* referred to. Indeed the operations were carried out under the advice of the former.

But other parties from outside still continued to threaten the tranquillity of the country. The people of *Jullundhur* were quiet and loyal, content with the English rule. Some of the nobles of the province had, as we have seen, sent their retainers to assist us. But the defection of *Shere Singh* on the 13th of September, followed as it was by the raising of the siege of *Mooltan*; the rebellion of

Chutter Singh, his alliance with the Amir of Cabul, and the generally believed idea of his alliance with the Maharajah of Cashmere; the pressing letters sent by these men and by Moolraj to the Sikh army and the Sikh population, urging them to rise and fight for their faith,—all these circumstances created some excitement among the people generally, and gave to every discarded placeman, every discontented official, and every fanatic, an excuse for conspiring against the British. Notwithstanding the ill success of the attempts of Maharaj Singh and of Ram Singh, risings continued to take place in the Baree Doab, the tract of country between Jullundhur and Lahore. These were promptly put down by Brigadier Wheeler and the Jullundhur troops. But in the following month Mr. Lawrence received information that the fort of Pathankote, not far from Noorpore, in British territory, had been attacked by about a thousand insurgents, collected in the Baree Doab and in the territories of Maharajah Goolah Singh, and having with them six guns. Pathankote was garrisoned by but fifty Sikhs and a few police. Mr. Lawrence at once hastened, with all the men he could raise, by forced marches in the direction of Noorpore. But he had only arrived at Mackerian on his way thither, when he learned that the enemy, alarmed at demonstrations made against him, had retired from Pathankote and retreated to Deenanuggur, within the territories of the Sikh Durbar. But Mr. Lawrence was determined to make them repent their audacity. Requesting Major Simpson with six companies of the regular army, and Major Ferriis with the Kangra hill local corps, to take up such a posi-

tion as would effectually cut off their retreat, he marched from Mackerian on the night of the 25th November with 300 Sikhs,* 100 horse, and two guns, the whole commanded by Major Waller. Marching all night, he crossed the Beas and entered the Punjab territories, whither the insurgents had retired. He came upon them between six and seven o'clock in the morning, just one hour too late to find them all asleep; but, noticing the smallness of Mr. Lawrence's party, they turned out to fight. A few rounds of grape, however, dispersed them. Their escape would have been impossible had the Kangra hill-corps taken up the position that had been assigned it. This, however, it failed to do, and the bulk of the enemy escaped by the ford it should have guarded. The district was, nevertheless, cleared of them for the time.

Mr. Lawrence hoped that by staying for a few days at Deenanuggur he might at once arrest some of the leaders of the insurrection, and pacify the district. But his difficulties seemed to increase every day. By this time, in fact, several of the hill chiefs, seduced from their allegiance, had thrown off the mask and pronounced in favour of the rebellion; whilst from every village, from every corner of the Punjab, Jullundhur alone excepted, the old soldiers of the Khalsa were flocking to the standard of Chutter Singh. Encouraged probably by the attempt made against Pathankote, and believing that their success would rouse the Sikhs of the Jullundhur Doab in their favour, the Rajah of Muhlmore, the representative of the Katoch Rajahs, and the Rajah of Jeswun, lower down in the hills, rose in revolt, raised levies, and seized some Indian officials in the

* Mr. Lawrence, in his account of these events, thus reports:—"The Sikh corps, though knowing they were going against Sikhs, evinced the greatest spirit and alacrity." These men were raised from the villages of the Jullundhur Doab, and expressed the sentiments of their fellow-villagers.

British service. In this crisis the action of Mr. Lawrence was prompt and vigorous as usual. He at once despatched Mr. Barnes, with half the Kangra hill-corps, to attack the Rajah of Muhlmere, ordering the other half to follow the next day. Whilst Mr. Barnes should be thus employed, he proposed to march himself, with four horse-artillery guns, 500 of a Sikh local corps, two companies of the 71st N.I., and 70 horse, by Hajeepore, on Umb. This he did; but on reaching Umb he heard that the insurrection was gathering head, that the Jeswun Rajah had been joined by the Bedee of Oonah, and that the roads leading through the passes beyond Umb had been entirely destroyed. Notwithstanding this disheartening intelligence, Mr. Lawrence never for a moment forgot that, in fighting against Asiatics, the one way to victory is to move forward. He pushed, therefore, all the more resolutely on. Well it was that he did so. On reaching Dungoh, one march beyond Umb, he learned that the Rajah of Duttarpore, another hill-rajah, whom he had hitherto believed faithful, had also joined the revolt, and had driven our policemen from the fort of Dungoh. Instantly Mr. Lawrence moved against that fort. This boldness had the desired effect. The enemy evacuated the fort and fled. Pursued by our men, many were taken, amongst them the son of the Rajah of Duttarpore. Mr. Lawrence, always averse to harsh measures, and anxious only to stifle the rebellion in the bud, made use of the capture of the son to procure the surrender of the father. One of the heads of the rebellion was thus lopped off. It soon became clear to him, moreover, that the hill-people had taken no willing part in the insurrection. "The heads of the villages," he reported, "joined us on the line of march, the majority declaring that they had neither joined in the insurrection, nor allowed their people to do

so; others saying that those who had joined had been forced into the act." This conviction of the friendly feeling of the people only strengthened him in his determination to attack the real rebel, the Rajah of Jeswun, on the morrow.

On the 2d December the fight took place—our men, composed entirely of Punjab soldiers, advancing in two lines, one against the fort of Khurote, the other against the main force of the enemy, who occupied a hill above Umb. Both attacks succeeded: the fort of Khurote surrendered without much resistance; whilst the enemy on the hill, after a desperate resistance, gave way and fled. This defeat so intimidated the third head of the rebellion, the Bedee of Oonah, the Sikh high priest, that he fled, accompanied by only sixty followers. Mr. Lawrence was urgent to follow him, but could not overcome the caution of the military authorities. On the same day Oonah was occupied, and the Rajah of Jeswun surrendered himself a prisoner. Whilst Mr. Lawrence was thus successful in the lower part of the Kangra hills, his assistant, Mr. Barnes, had not been less so in the northern tracts. With a wing of the Sikh corps, commanded by Lieutenant Gordon, he had completely defeated the Rajah of Muhlmere, and had occupied his palace the following day. On the 4th December tranquillity reigned in every corner of the Kangra hills, and in the Jullundhur Doab.

It is never very difficult in India, with strong battalions at one's command, to put down a rebellion in a native province. But the question assumes an aspect altogether different when the chief civil authority in the province, with only a handful of native troops at his disposal, has to improvise all the measures necessary for meeting risings at distant and even opposite points; when, in addition to his civil duties, he is called upon to exercise also the functions of

general, of organiser, of chief commissary; when, in addition to this, he has to soothe the population, to feel the pulses of the chieftains, to insure by his own confident bearing the loyalty of all those of the subject race with whom he may be brought in contact; when, too, unable to act over the entire province with the handful of regulars at his disposal, he has to depend, to combat Sikhs, upon Sikhs raised in his own territory and under his own auspices. This is no easy task; this is a work that tests the stuff of which a man is made; that is a programme to which neither the mere bookworm nor the epauletté booby would ever be equal; it is a labour requiring not only nerve but brains, not only courage but prescience, not only confidence in one's self, but the ability to inspire confidence in all around one. It needs energy of mind, quickness and readiness of thought, activity of body, power to endure fatigue, capacity to grasp in a moment the main points of the matter in hand, to press on steadily to the end to be achieved without being led away by subordinate details, however urgent they may be deemed by others. It was a task requiring the exercise of all these qualities that devolved upon Mr. Lawrence in the second half of that month of November 1848. His position, then, was of the most critical importance. Mooltan was holding out against the British; the veterans of the Sikh army rallied to the standard of the two Rajahs, Chutter Singh and Shere Singh, had advanced to the banks of the Chenab, and were threatening Lahore; the Afghan cavalry, making common cause with the Sikhs, had occupied Peshawur, and was advancing upon Attock; nearly every Sikh chieftain of note or ability in the service of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh had given in his adhesion to the leader of the insurgents; from his eyrie in Jum-moo, Maharajah Goolab Singh, the most astute amongst the followers

of Goomd, was eagerly watching the course of events, ready, there can be no doubt, to take part against us, should fortune frown on our arms. This was the position of events. The scale was evenly balanced. All the troops we could bring into the field were fully occupied in other portions of the Punjab. Even the bulk of the brigade intended to guard Jullundhur had been moved under its general from that province into the Baree Doab. What if, under such circumstances, Jullundhur itself had risen? It is not easy to calculate the consequences of a successful insurrection in that province. The necessity to reconquer it would have been the least of the evils to which such an event would have given birth. The rise of Jullundhur would have crippled the movements of the army operating against Chutter Singh, and, in all probability, would have decided Goolab Singh to take part with our enemies. Our communications with the cis-Sutlej territories would have been risked, our native allies in those parts would have been sorely tempted, Lahore itself would have been in danger. From such consequences the British Government was saved, not by its resources in men and material, not by the number of its troops, nor by the successful strategy of its commanders in the field, but by the energy, courage, forethought, and activity of the Commissioner of the province, Mr. John Lawrence.

"The Sikhs," wrote that gentleman, in his own simple and modest style, when reporting to the Resident the suppression of the revolt, "attacked Pathankote on the 19th. On the 24th the Jeawun Rajah and the Bedee rose in the lower range of the hills. About the same time the Muhlmoorees Rajah, in the upper range, also rebelled. The General was absent from the territory, and I and my assistant were necessarily obliged to act on our own responsibility to a considerable extent. By the 3d of the ensuing month, or within thirteen days, peace and order have been re-

stored throughout the territory by the capture or dispersion of the insurgents. This result has been effected with little loss of life, and hardly any expense to Government. Had we not thus promptly acted, I am convinced that the rebellion would have assumed a formidable aspect, and have cost blood and treasure to suppress. Many who had every intention of joining against us were paralysed by our movements, and the good intentions of the well-disposed were confirmed."

Yes, indeed! Had he not thus promptly acted, the history of the second Punjaub war might have told a different tale. Yet such is the peculiarity of our national temperament, so little do we regard an issue not recommended to our notice by blood-shedding and slaughter, that whilst the unskilful movements of one military commander in this war have been chronicled with a minuteness that leaves nothing to desire, the skilful and successful campaign of Mr. Lawrence in Jullundhur, conceived and carried out in strict accordance with the truest military principles, because accomplished "with little loss of life, and hardly any expense to Government," has been scarcely noticed. Not the less remarkable, however, was the skill that caused the loss of life to be so small—not less worthy of being recorded the results of that exercise of splendid energy, aided by the soundest judgment!

Thenceforth, throughout the campaign, tranquillity reigned in the trans-Sutlej territories of the British. The presence of the one man who had struck down rebellion on its first appearance, sufficed to preserve order and loyalty in the most recent acquisition of the East India Company. Assured by this tranquillity on their flank, and by it of freedom from hostile intervention on the part of the Maharajah of Cashmere, our military leaders were enabled, after a desperate contest, to pursue their plans to a triumphant conclusion.

The Punjaub, placed by the victory of Goojrat at the feet of Lord Dalhousie, was by him annexed—rightly and wisely annexed. He had really no alternative. It was impossible to restore the country to the minor Maharajah. The plan of ruling through the Sirdars had resulted in a rebellion which tested all the resources of the Anglo-Indian empire. It was clear that, so long as the shadow of power should be left to the Khalsa, its members would intrigue to recover the substance. Upon us would have devolved the necessity of maintaining bloated armaments, more expensive than the military occupation of the country, far more likely to lead to bloodshed. On the other hand, there was the example of the Jullundhur Doab to show that it was possible to reconcile the people to our sway, and that the possession of an administration founded upon the purest principles of justice, free from the tyranny of the sword and the exactions of native middlemen, would come soon to be esteemed by the people as more than a compensation for the government of their feudal lords. Those lords had appealed to the arbitrament of the sword. It had condemned them; justice and humanity made it imperative that thenceforth the conquered country should be administered no longer in the interest of the few, but for the benefit of the great mass of the people.

The fiat then went forth, and with it the announcement of the system on which the new province should be governed. There was to be a Board of Administration composed of three members.

A Board no doubt is, as a rule, a cumbrous and awkward machine. The unity and decisive action which emanates from the mind of a single individual of great ability will certainly produce greater results in an equal time. But the difficulty in Lord Dalhousie's mind was to find such a man, due regard being had also to the claims and interests of those who had hitherto borne the

most prominent part in our relations with the province. By administering the country by means of a Board, Lord Dalhousie conceived that he would unite the political and military ability of Sir Henry Lawrence with the administrative knowledge of detail and experience which two able civilians would supply. It was with this view he appointed Sir H. Lawrence President of the Board, and Mr. C. Mansel and Mr. J. Lawrence members. The President had special charge of the political duties, Mr. Mansel of the police and judicial, and Mr. John Lawrence of the revenue and finance. On all important matters, however, the President and members were wont to meet and consult—the majority, in the case of a difference of opinion, carrying the day. Mr. Lawrence had not asked for a seat at this Board—indeed he had expressed a desire to be allowed to retain his old post as Commissioner of the trans-Sutlej territory; but he was informed that his services were required for the Punjab, and, with the devotion to duty that characterised him, he submitted.

The account of Mr. Lawrence's connection with the Board of Administration, and of his subsequent career as Chief Commissioner, to be at all satisfactory, would require an article to itself. We must content ourselves here, unwillingly, with touching only on the details of leading interest. As member of the Board constituted in 1849, he repeated on a larger scale the administrative reforms which he had previously accomplished in Jullundhur. Prior to the rebellion, the Council of Regency, established after the first Sutlej campaign, had been content to patch up the system, never very good, and then greatly deteriorated from its original plan of Runjeet Singh, to effect improvements in the details of that system, without violently disturbing its general framework. But the oppressive system which had,

perforce, been tolerated by Sir H. Lawrence, when he was no more than adviser to the old Council of Regency, however it might be patched and amended, could not possibly be adopted as their own by the British authorities, burdened with all the responsibility of a ruling power. The work of the Board, then, was to destroy at once all that was iniquitous in the old system, replacing it simultaneously by a scheme of legislation which our experience at Jullundhur had proved to be well adapted to the genius and the interests of the people.

The Board commenced their proceedings by dividing the newly-acquired territories into circles, at first four in number, but afterwards increased to five, each under a commissioner and the usual staff of subordinate officers. They then set about the various measures demanding immediate attention. These were, the protection of eight hundred miles of frontier within a few miles of hardy and fanatical tribes, who, in one sense of the expression, "neither feared God nor regarded man;" the maintenance of internal peace; the reorganisation of the administrative system; the reform of the system of taxation and of excise; the raising of a police force; the establishment of civil discipline; the repression of violent crime; the freedom of commerce, the fostering of agriculture, the development of the national resources; and last, but perhaps the most important of all, and entirely dependent on the nature of the new system, and the spirit in which it might be accepted by the people,—the foundation of a national life, different to the life of the past, all over the country.

Such was the programme of the Board. Nobly and energetically did they carry it out. The details we have no space to describe; but inasmuch as they interest alike the statesmen of Europe and the statesmen of India, we trust they may

yet, before long, find their way into print. It must suffice here to state, that out of the Sikhs themselves a frontier force was formed, which is justly considered the *élite* of the native army of India; which has distinguished itself in a hundred fights on the frontier; which was faithful amongst the faithless, and the soldiers of which emulated their European comrade, in the terrible days of 1857; which has borne the British flag triumphantly in China and in Abyssinia; which as an auxiliary force it is impossible to surpass. Internal peace was maintained by enforcing a general disarmament, by raising an effective police from among the people themselves, but mainly by bringing justice to the doors of the people, by giving them, in exchange for their old feudal system, terribly oppressive to the poor, a system which made all men equal before the law. The incidence of taxation was made lighter, whilst it was scarcely less productive. The lands of the various districts were surveyed, and assessed on an equitable system. Trade was made free, and the incidence of the excise greatly lessened. Jails were built. A simple code of justice was introduced. Roads were made, and great works begun upon canals. So great, so various, and so sensible to the people were the reforms effected, that when, on the 4th February 1853, the Board was dissolved, its members made over to their successor a people, the great mass of whom had in very deed changed their "swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks;" who, from having been the most martial, the most independent, and the most turbulent of all the nations south of the great ranges to the north, dictating the law even to their own sovereigns, had become the most peaceable, the most pliable, the most contented!

Why was the Board dissolved? Why, in the arrangements that followed, was Mr. Lawrence pre-

ferred to his brother? Both these questions have given rise to much misrepresentation. It has been asserted, that whilst Sir Henry wished to maintain the influence of the aristocracy, Mr. Lawrence laboured to raise the yeomen and peasantry at the expense of the nobles. But this by no means represents the exact state of the case. The great difference between the two brothers was caused by the opposite views held by each as to the mode of dealing with the great fief-holders, and generally with the lands which paid no revenue to the State under the Sikh government. In his sketch of the career of Sir Henry Lawrence, Mr. Kaye has produced a letter, written by Sir Henry, in which he affirmed that there existed between himself and his brother a difference on the question of the annexation of the Punjab, and on the mode of dealing with native princes. But whatever might have been his views, Mr. Lawrence was never consulted regarding that annexation by Lord Dalhousie, nor did he ever express an opinion regarding it, partly out of deference to his brother's views, partly because he really did doubt the justice of the act; but when questioned as to its feasibility, Mr. Lawrence said that with resolution and prompt action it was feasible,—and on this Lord Dalhousie decided to annex.

But the main question between the two brothers was the other. Sir Henry regarded the balancing of the income and expenditure of the province as altogether a secondary consideration; the support of the great fief-holders, in their untaxed condition, and even the increase of their possessions by lands free from taxation, being the first—both being in accordance with the custom of Sikh rule. But Mr. Lawrence argued that the resources available from taxation would not allow us to maintain a native system of government, together with the expensive English system which we had

introduced. Whilst Sir Henry Lawrence desired to maintain the chiefs and native gentry to a much greater degree in the possession of all the fiefs and grants which they held for service of every kind, some of it real, some nominal, some religious, and some charitable, Mr. Lawrence argued that, as it had devolved upon us to reduce the land-revenue, to abolish transit, import, and export duties, as well as cesses and the like, we were forced, to meet the loss of revenue thus caused, to curtail the claims and privileges of the upper classes. The services upon which those claims and privileges were founded, and which, under the Sikh rule, the chiefs were bound to render, were, under the English administration, no longer required, and establishments for that purpose were no longer necessary. Those chiefs could afford, therefore, to pay their share of the revenue; or, should they object to that, to relinquish lands granted for service no longer necessary or called for. Under Runjeet Singh, as in most native states, he argued, grants of this nature were not hereditary, nor even held during life, but were subject to the sovereign's pleasure, and were constantly undergoing change. Many instances might be adduced in which grants were resumed by Runjeet Singh himself as suddenly as they were bestowed. The practical difficulty of continuing them subject to no taxation, decided the question in Mr. Lawrence's mind. How is it possible, he asked, for us to maintain the large staff of civil and military officers considered necessary for the service of the Punjab, in addition to the charges on account of public works, and to pay for them from the revenues of the province, if those best able to contribute their quota are exempted on sentimental grounds unknown to their native rulers?

It was this difference of opinion which split up the Board of Administration. Disagreeing on a point so vital, it was impossible that the two brothers should continue, with

advantage to the country, members of the same administration. The time, too, had arrived when, in the opinion of the Governor-General, the machinery of a Board should make way for the rule of a single mind. At this crisis both the brothers, feeling the incompatibility of their working together, almost simultaneously tendered their resignations. The actual facts detailed were as follows:—Sir Henry suggested to his brother that he should ask for the Residency of Hyderabad, then vacant, as their remaining together in the Board would be attended with unpleasantness to both. Mr. Lawrence expressed his willingness to go there if he were sent, and wrote in this sense to the private secretary of the Governor-General. Sir Henry wrote also to Lord Dalhousie expressing his opinion that it would be for the interests of the State if the Board were dissolved, and a single Chief Commissioner appointed in its place. Lord Dalhousie, accepted the principle by nominating Mr. Lawrence as Chief Commissioner. Sir Henry was appointed agent to the Governor-General in Rajpootana. Lord Dalhousie whose sympathies in this conflict of opinion had always been with the younger brother, accepted the resignation of Sir Henry; and in February 1853 Mr. John Lawrence was gazetted Chief Commissioner of the Punjab.

A writer, one of those earnest men who made their own way in India, and whose career since 1846 was passed in the Punjab, and who throughout was one of the most trusted officers of the two brothers—we allude to Sir Herbert Edwards—has thus tersely and vividly described the results of the five years' tenure of the office of Chief Commissioner of the Punjab by Mr. Lawrence:—

"This post of Chief Commissioner," he wrote, "lasted more than five years. Four of them were spent in perfecting the organisation of the civil government, and in improving the military and political relations of the frontier.

They were years of Herculean labour, not only to the Chief Commissioner, but to every man under him, high or low. Alone in responsibility, alone in power, John Lawrence bent the full force of his character and energies to the elaboration of a complete machine. Sure never coachman sat firmer on the box, or held reins tighter, drove straighter, or lashed his team more unflinchingly to speed, in this weary world of man-driving and evil roads! Alas for the toil and the sweat! Alas for the kicking, and jibbing, and panting, and mud-flying everywhere! Alas for the ceaseless cracking of whips! Alas for the friction of hearts! But we need only pity the rulers—the whites. Well was it for 'the darkies'—the people. We doubt if India has ever seen a province with a civil government so strong, so simple, so wise, so moderate, so pure, so good to live under, as that of the Punjab. Honour, all honour to coachman John; and honour, too, to the team who pulled the coach."

What he did in those first four years may thus be briefly summarised. Having at his disposal the frontier force already alluded to, he succeeded, after many struggles on their part, in conciliating those frontier tribes who had always been regarded as untamed and untamable. Since the annexation of the Punjab they had continued the raids which under the Sikh rule had been habitual to them. But they met with such a reception at the hands of the frontier force, that many of them renounced their vocation of plundering, and took to the cultivation of land. It was impossible to secure to those eight hundred miles of frontier perfect immunity from attack, nor did the conviction of our superiority dawn all at once upon races whose ancestors from time immemorial had lived by the plunder of the dwellers in the plains. But by degrees they became convinced. Some took to agriculture; others entered our military service, in which they showed themselves unsurpassed as soldiers; others, again, entered into agreements with our political officers. The work took time, but even in 1857, when we were beset

by troubles, we found those border-warriors a source of strength rather than of weakness; for from the fastnesses of their hills came many of those gallant soldiers by whose aid the sepoy rebellion was put down.

Nor was he less fortunate in his external policy. By the weight of his influence he prevented a fratricidal contest, just then about to break out, for the government of Bahawalpore, a Mohammedan state bordering upon Mooltan, and situate between the Great Desert and the Indus. A disturbance in Cashmere, caused by an attack made by Goolab Singh upon his nephew, was not allowed to make itself felt beyond the territory governed by the former. His alliance as the representative of the British nation was solicited by envoys from more distant countries. In the autumn of 1854, an envoy from the Khan of Khokan arrived to beg his aid against the Russians, who had then lately occupied a tract of country on the river Jaxartes or Seer. Mr. Lawrence, whilst treating the envoy with great consideration, gave him, with the consent of Lord Dalhousie, an answer similar to that which, many years later, he gave, as Viceroy, to the envoy from Bokhara. This answer was to the effect that it was not the intention of the British Government to interfere actively in the affairs of other states. But he received a more important embassy from the great Amir of Cabul, Dost Mahomed. The rupture of relations between our Government and that potentate, which had been a natural result of the part taken by him against us in the second Sikh war, had been healed, mainly by the able measures taken to that end by Colonel Herbert Edwardes, then Commissioner of Peshawur. In consequence of this restoration of amicable intercourse, the favourite son and intended successor of the Amir, Sirdar Hyder Khan, came, in the beginning of 1855, to Peshawur, to meet the Chief Commissioner. A treaty was the result of

the interview that followed. Its actual contents were unimportant, inasmuch as they merely bound the contracting parties to respect one another's possessions, and not to interfere in them—the Amir also engaging to be the friend of our friends and the enemy of our enemies. They assume, however, another character, if we regard them as expressing the one strong ineradicable determination of the Affghan mind to contract no engagement which might bring our troops, under any pretext, into their country. The Amir was ready enough to profess himself the friend of our friends and the enemy of our enemies, so long as we did not insist upon assuming a similar position with regard to himself—so long, in fact, as we did not insert any clause which might give us the shadow of a right to interfere in his country. Those who argue so flippantly in the present day as to the expediency of our sending officers to train the Affghan troops for their imaginary contest with Russia, would do well to recollect that the Affghans themselves would by no means consent to such a measure; that the very proposition would create suspicions so great as to throw them into the hands of the Russians; that the one condition of friendship and alliance with them is absolute abstention from all interference in their affairs. Of this Mr. Lawrence had afterwards the fullest proof in the beginning of 1857, when he met the Amir himself at Peshawur, and, under instructions from the Governor-General, proposed to send a British officer to Cabul as resident. Dost Mahomed then informed the Chief Commissioner that he would never agree to such a proposal; that his consent to it would cost him the support of all his nobility, and very likely his position in Affghanistan!

By intruding to the native officials in the interior of the districts a considerable extent of authority in police and judicial matters,

by rendering generally justice as prompt and effective as was practicable, and by a vigorous and careful system of supervision, contentment and satisfaction with the administration of the country were created. The people flocked to the courts, and exhibited a deep respect for the officers who were placed over them. The decrease in heinous crime was very remarkable, and the country became generally peaceful and secure. In 1856 the foundations were laid of an educational system, which has since borne good fruit. The police, too, was placed on a more efficient footing. In the Public Works department, presided over, under the Chief Commissioner, by the illustrious Engineer whose triumphant expedition to Magdala has excited the admiration of Europe, the great lines of communication, commenced under the Board, were brought to completion; branch lines were likewise opened out in several directions. A railway scheme, connecting Lahore with Mooltan and Delhi, was devised, and has since been carried out. The new Baree Doab Canal was nearly completed, whilst others were improved, enlarged, and regulated as a source of income. The electric telegraph was laid down over all the great lines of the country; rural posts, for the conveyance of letters, were everywhere established; hospitals and dispensaries were built, the conservancy and drainage of great towns undertaken, arrangements for forest conservancy entered into; all this in addition to the public buildings required for civil and military purposes. Of all these, the public buildings alone did not come under the supervision of Mr. Lawrence. As regards the others, though the plans may have been drawn up by subordinates, his was the deciding *fat*—his the keen glance that scrutinized the bearings of every proposal—his the resolute will which, when a plan had once been decided upon, insisted on its being carried out promptly and efficiently

without deviation from the course laid down—his, above all, the inspiring presence, dreaded by those only who felt that time and opportunity had been neglected, and that the consequences of that neglect they would have to bear.

To the financial system, conducted, under Mr. Lawrence, first by Mr. Edmonstone, and afterwards by Mr. Macleod, it is necessary to devote a few words. Since the annexation, £234,000 had been taken off direct taxation; custom duties, except those on certain drugs passing the Kangra frontier, had been entirely abolished; excise duties had been restricted to three articles, spirits, salt, and drugs; effective measures had been taken to restore the salt-revenue, fallen into the hands of middlemen, whilst rendering its incidence on the people lighter and equable.* The other sources of revenue were stamps, post-office, canal-water rent, tribute, and miscellaneous. In 1857 the revenue, the incidence of which on the people had been greatly lightened, had so increased in elasticity in consequence of the greater wealth and security of the population, that its returns were but little less than at the period of annexation; whilst, without counting the regular troops and the cost of military buildings, the surplus of income over expenditure was £37,974—a result the more satisfactory, when it is recollected that, in the course of that year, £539,995 was spent on military works, and in extraordinary expenditure.

With the notice of this satisfactory result we must conclude the account of the peaceful period of Mr. Lawrence's administration of the Punjab; its success had been most marked. With the most difficult frontier in Asia to protect and manage, he had maintained peace, had suppressed every hostile movement of the border-tribes, and had gradually brought home to the minds of the wild marauders that

their own interests required them to live at peace with the British. Within the borders tranquillity had been maintained to an extent before unknown. Mr. Lawrence had, at the same time, extirpated highway robbery, suppressed Thuggee, and rooted out infanticide; he had built jails, to reform as well as to punish; he had freed trade, made roads, improved and dug out canals; he had brought justice to the door of the poor man, and happiness to his hearth; he had founded institutions, making free provision in case of sickness for all who required it. In a word, strong in his force of will, in his determination to succeed, he had thrown all his energies into his duty, inspired others by his example, and thus so governed the new province that, when the crisis did come, the latest opponents of our power proved the supports upon which we could most firmly lean for safety.

These great merits were not unrecognised at the time. In February, 1856, the Governor-General under whom he had so long served bade a final farewell to India. Before his departure, Lord Dalhousie had offered to ask for Mr. Lawrence either a baronetcy or a K. C. B.-ship. Mr. Lawrence, however, was not an ambitious man. His means were but moderate, and he had no desire to leave a barren title to his son. He therefore expressed his preference for a civil Knight-Companionship of the Bath. With this he was invested in the beginning of 1856.

Here we must for the moment leave him, to refer, at no distant period, to the causes of that great movement which, bursting suddenly upon India, submerged our northern provinces, that portion only excepted of which Sir John Lawrence was the ruler. Then, too, shall we set ourselves to demonstrate how it was that the Punjab weathered the storm.

* The monthly cost to the poor man did not exceed three farthings.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

"DELIRIUM TONANS."

TERTIAN and low fever are not more endemic in the Pontine Marshes than is what is called "tall talk"—the specific disease of Ireland. Whether we derive the habit of it from our Phœnician origin, whether it came to us with our round towers, or whether we cultivate the practice as one that harmonises well with a brogue, I cannot say; but that we love it, that we daily indulge in its use, that it forms one of the delights of our domestic life, and one of the chief attractions of our public meetings, is not to be denied. Irishmen are the victims of that terrible malady that is characterised by a sort of sub-acute raving, and may, for want of a better name, be called "Delirium Tonans."

Until English people come to know this—until they are brought to see that we are not so violent, so impulsive, so reckless, or, indeed, so generally dangerous as our ordinary language would bespeak us, there will be no end to the blunders they will make in legislating for us. Everything with us of good or evil partakes of this tone of exaggeration, which is not misleading to ourselves, for it is a coinage we are used to; but is sorely perplexing to a people who do not habitually resort to superlatives, and pass the greater part of their lives in the cold and cheerless atmosphere of unadorned fact.

We have all of us felt the sense of half shame that attends being addressed in Italy as "illustrissimo" and "ornatissimo," fully conscious the while that we were neither of the one or the other; but habit rendered us dulled to being deemed worthy of these epithets, and we ended by thinking that, like people who enjoy an exceptional rank in certain latitudes, and are brigadiers in the tropics but subalterns at

home, we could be illustrious and ornate on the Arno, and yet very humble creatures on the Thames. A similar lesson has to be learned by those who would sojourn in Ireland. They are to know that, though an Act of Parliament could assimilate the coinage, it could not equalise the conversation, and that language in Ireland remains pretty much what it was before the Union.

Now, if it would be the height of ignorance to mistake the Spaniard's courtesy that declares his house, his cellar, his picture-gallery, and his gardens are at your service; that his greatest happiness consists in knowing that you deem them worthy of acceptance, and that the honour of being your servant is a pride which he finds it even difficult to realise to his imagination—I say, if it would be gross ignorance to believe that all this meant more than the polite form of a very polished people, and actually stood for a legal tender,—so in like manner, but less in degree, is it a capital blunder to suppose that Irishmen are half as reckless, half as unthrifty, half as cordial, or half as terrible, as their language would imply; and it would be as downright cruelty to make an honest Hibernian responsible for his words, when under an attack of Delirium Tonans, as to go down to Hanwell and prosecute the patients for their expressions under Lord Campbell's Act.

I have heard a very ugly man in Ireland, when asked how he was, reply, he was "charming," not at all aware that his epithet was an absurdity,—and so it is, we go about firing grape-shot where a pellet would do, and actually delighted by the noise and racket of our own high-sounding expletives.

It was but the other day the English Press was full of the lan-

guage used at a Rotondo meeting, held to deliberate on the propriety of petitioning for the pardon of certain imprisoned Fenians. We pray, I hope honestly, for all "prisoners and captives," and I sincerely wish that no man whom it would be safe to set at large should be held in bondage; but I strenuously object to the tone in which this act of grace was recommended, and to the expressions by which the speakers enforced their opinions. My old friend Isaac Brett, a man who can wield words with the skill of an accomplished orator, and who might be supposed free from any taint of the national disease, was so far carried away by the atmosphere around him as to say, "Release them, or——." Now he is an excellent fellow, full of varied talents, and with powers to achieve the very highest order of success; but he was no more thinking of fight than he was dreaming of lying crosswise on the rail before an express train. He had no bloodshed in his mind nor carnage in his thoughts. There was nothing further from his intention than cruelty of any sort, and he was very far indeed from speculating on replacing his wig by a helmet, and going forth to battle with ball-cartridge in his bag, *vice* briefs. He was simply employing the conventional language of the occasion—a patient in a mild seizure of *Delirium Tonans*, that frightened no one who had seen the disease before.

It was long believed in the world that the sea-service could not go on without a certain amount of oaths and expletives, and that no captain could wield a proper influence over his crew whose exhortations were not strengthened by anathemas. Whether we in Ireland are under some similar delusion, and fancy that the business of life requires a certain quantity of stimulating talk, or whether the contiguity of the "melancholy ocean" exacts this much of high-seasoned expression, I am unable to say; but,

whatever the cause, we certainly give ourselves a wide licence on the score of superlatives, and are more prone to exaggeration than any people of the age.

That a damp climate and leaden skies might dispose men to dram-drinking is not unlikely, and that the same depressing influences might lead to stimulating expressions, corrective as they might be deemed of the lowering effects of the atmosphere, is not unreasonable; and I have no doubt we run into *Delirium Tonans* just as Frenchmen do into "*Absinthe*;" and that when we have delivered a stormy philippic against England, English cruelty, ignorance, and oppression, or a high-sounding panegyric on Ireland, her soil, her people, and her productions, we really do feel ourselves better, and are, morally speaking, in a far healthier and more robust condition than before.

The food of a people is no bad indication of their natural disposition. The eater of beef is not at all like him who lives on roots; and when we come to see the aliment supplied by the Irish national newspapers, and eagerly devoured by their readers, we can form a guess, and not a bad guess, as to the tempers and tendencies of the public so nourished. *Delirium Tonans* is spread broadcast through the land by the organs of patriotic Ireland. No question discussed calmly can be believed to be discussed honestly. Nothing can be condemned heartily that is not condemned with a curse; and this mischief, when addressed to the peasant, goes farther than the mere employment of strong language; for the people thus instructed grow as impulsive in act as in words, and that wild justice, as one of the orators called Murder, came in a great measure out of the fervid nature of a people stimulated by the most exciting appeals to passion, and actually urged on to crime by the headlong denunciations of *Delirium Tonans*.

That Irish priests and demagogues should be the victims of this dangerous disease—that an atmosphere fed by a bastard patriotism and potteen should favour its development, is easily conceived; but why, in the name of common-sense, cannot Englishmen, who come amongst us sound and healthy, guard themselves against its influence? and why must Delirium Tonans invade the precincts of “the Castle,” and show itself in viceregal speeches and addresses? It was Lord Welleley who once remarked on the florid eloquence of a predecessor, by saying that he had “culled the flowers of his oratory in the groves of Blarney;” but surely the present Viceroy has not been long enough in the land to have licked the seductive stone; and yet we see him at a Lord Mayor’s feast showing symptoms of this insidious affection, which not only makes geese into swans, but makes arrant geese out of Irishmen.

When a celebrated agriculturist was consulted by the late Grand Duke of Tuscany about the improvement of the Maremma, his first requirement was to get rid of the ague. “Till the people are free of the tertian we shall do nothing. Their palsied action goes through everything,” So say I. Let us attack this fell complaint of Ireland; let us try and cure Delirium Tonans! let us tell the people that their orators are humbugs, who don’t believe their own high-sounding orations;

and Ireland, if not either first flower of the earth or first gem of the sea, is at the same time neither oppressed nor bullied, nor at all in the condition of slavery or misery. Statistical speech-makers have declared or partisan orators proclaimed her. If Irish speakers in the House have very seldom that weight and influence which their power as orators would naturally seem to secure to them, it is entirely owing to the fact that some trait of this distressing malady is sure to show itself in debate. An Irishman has a dread of being commonplace, but he has no fear of being exaggerated. The very facility of Irish eloquence invalidates its persuasiveness, just as the dexterity with which a man deals the cards suggests a sudden suspicion of the practised gambler; but when this ready flow of language is accompanied by overwrought and exalted epithets—when small things are denounced like national calamities—when remonstrance is couched in violent invective—and even entreaty is conveyed in the accents of menace—we see at once that the speaker is not fully responsible for his utterances, and is simply a man in a strong paroxysm of Delirium Tonans.

If the Government should undertake to investigate the origin and progress of this disease, I beg that Cornelius O’Dowd may be employed as a member of the Commission.

THE NEW SERIES.

There is a practice not uncommon with the editors of periodicals which has often puzzled me. It is, when enjoying a very fair share of public favour and a reasonable amount of popularity, to announce a *NEW SERIES*, and inform the readers that on such a day the old periodical will cease and a new one commence, subscribers being silly informed that a favourable oppor-

tunity will thus present itself for taking the work from its commencement. It is not exactly easy to explain to a tolerably satisfied public why the new series should be started. There was not complaint expressed against the old one; in short most of us are not prone to change our journals. It is, to many men, little short of a change of religion. Repetition has its especial charm,

and we like being told we are very virtuous, very charitable, very domestic, and very brave; as some of our friends assure us; or even as others, not so kindly, will say—a people singularly slow to acquire civilisation, and totally incapable of a true feeling for the fine arts.

Notwithstanding all these tendencies of ours they will insist on issuing the New Series. These men know better what is good for us than we ourselves. The human form renews itself by absorption and secretion in about seven years, and is the magazine to be more unchangeable than the man?

The first step in promulgating the New Series is to disparage the old; and a tone of mild raillery runs through the programme that announces a new staff of contributors and an artist of very different pretensions from those of him who lately adorned their pages. In fact it is more than insinuated that the readers of the old series have been shamefully imposed upon—that even the price of the periodical was quite disproportioned to the habits of the age; and the writers—very good men five-and-thirty years ago—were perfectly incapable of maintaining themselves at the level of the present day's requirements.

"You shall see how unlike we are to our predecessor," is the peculiar boast of the New Series. It was very good and very gracious of you to be amused by those gentlemen who have preceded us; we are absolutely lost in our admiration of the generosity of a public which not only tolerated dulness so long but actually subdued their own tastes to a level with the capacities that ministered to them.

We like you for all this; we feel how estimable you are, and how worthy you have shown yourselves of very different agents and very different servants from those who waited on you heretofore. It may not be an agreeable task for us to perform, but we still shall not shrink from showing you that the

late editor and his staff were, so to say, humbugs. Their scientific articles were stolen from obsolete reviews and long-forgotten periodicals; their foreign correspondence was written in Piccadilly. They made no honest effort to instruct or even amuse you; and, worse than all, now that rags are admitted duty free, and literary men, in consequence, cheaply clothed, they made you pay for your journal fully one-fourth more than its proper cost.

I'm not sure we listen to all this with perfect good-humour. No man is flattered at being told that what had satisfied him was a sham. For my own part I can say I feel little gratitude to the critic who assures me that the book or the play that delighted me was rabid balderdash and nonsense, and while destroying my illusion, disparages my judgment and my taste.

The New Series is not always, therefore, an announcement that brings unmixed pleasure.

Some of us naturally regret it. We grew to like the old form from habit, and the very novelty of a strange title disconcerts us. The son may be wonderfully like his father, but not being his father makes all the difference. All of us, happily, however, are not old; and the generation about to start in life will not be displeased to find that their review is their contemporary. Here, at least, they will say, we shall not be overborne by the arguments that sufficed for our grandfathers. These writers are of the day, and what they tell us will come redolent of the knowledge and the taste of the time we live in. Whatever opinions have been expressed twenty years ago by their predecessors, these men are not called on to sustain.

Scores of things we believe, or our fathers believed in, then, have been shown to be very doubtful, if not actually untrue. Dynasties we thought safe are in banishment, and a vast store of "Facts," as they were then called, have retired into honour-

able exile. The New Series has no responsibilities on this score. It has nothing to explain nor apologise for; nothing to unessay, recant, or regret. All this, and more of the same sort, may be said for the New Series, and editors not impossibly understand their interest when they address themselves to such reasonings. It is, besides, an immense advantage for the writer to be untrammelled by the lucubrations of his predecessors; and, when he revels in Colensoism in the year '69, not to dread being confronted with the orthodoxy of the article in the year '40; and while launching out into a panegyric on Huxley, to have no remorse for the fine things he had once said about Paley.

It was Sir Boyle Roche who indignantly asked, What had Posterity ever done for *him*? So these gentlemen are equally defiant about ancestry. They want neither to speak nor hear of those who went before them. They propose to "cut" with the past, and make it what diplomatists call *non avenue*.

Now, I would ask, why do we not adopt into our daily life some imitation of this system; I mean, adopt it formally, and by some public signal of recognition—so that a statesman, for instance, might inform the world:—On such a day I open my New Series of opinions, which I hope an indulgent public will continue to regard with the gracious favour they have ever bestowed upon the old ones. I shall not impossibly be charged with seeming inconsistency and apparent contradiction; but I entreat the candid reader to remember that I am no more responsible for former pledges than is a new firm for the debts of the late establishment which has just liquidated. It may be that I once upheld English supremacy in many things, and contended stoutly for her place amongst the great nations of the world; and I am not to be taunted now if I say that we are a mere commercial trading people, very eager about

new markets, and keenly alive to low tariffs, but not pretending in the least to influence great events, or mix ourselves in any way in the destinies of Europe. In former times I thought much of the honour of England, what I believed to be essential to her dignity and consistent with her greatness; now, my attention is entirely directed to Economy. I want to see the minimum on which a clerk can support his wife and four children and yet not come on the Union. I would like to ascertain how, by starving several departments, I might be able to make such an outcry in the papers that the world would at once see not only what savings I was effecting, but what obloquy I confronted in my efforts to serve them.

In olden days I professed to believe that the State had a conviction and a conscience; that the Truth was dear to it as Truth; and that the established religion was the embodiment of the nation's belief. Now I find this to be a mistake; that all religions, like all tastes, are respectable; that Christianity is wide enough to include even the people who deny it; and that it is morally wrong to give any ascendancy or any privilege to what we conscientiously believe to be a truth, over what we have no scruple in denouncing as gross error and superstition.

Our first series contended for what we honestly regarded as right—a great mistake since nothing is so difficult of proof; nothing exists on which so many contradictory opinions prevail as this same "right." We have now grown wiser, and see that the real thing to assert is what is popular. Be not astonished then, if, in our New Series, we advocate the giving away of a great deal that does not belong to us, to content those who will never trust us. Benevolence becomes irresistibly attractive when it costs nothing; and a man must be an innate curmudgeon who would not be generous where it makes no demand on

his resources. This policy, largely illustrated, shall form an attractive feature of our New Series.

Formerly it was the habit to talk of the United Kingdom, and regard Ireland as a part of it. That delusion we have determined to expose and abandon. Ireland for the future shall be deemed peculiar, and made the subject of "special legislation." Protestantism and property, which have hitherto been as the officers of the ship, shall be both abolished, and the crew left to the full enjoyment of mutiny, in the fervent hope that they will hit on some way of governing themselves, and not commit more breaches of the law than are absolutely essential to their happiness.

It will be thus seen that our Second Series will present many new features of interest and novelty. We shall be ourselves, but ourselves under a new light. We appeal to a much larger public than our predecessors have addressed; and as it is a public who like new things, it shall be our studious desire to gratify them. They shall have an Admiralty without a Navy, and a Religion without a Church, and an involuntary Volunteer force that will cost nobody anything. If our Constitution has long been the envy of foreign nations, it will now, in addition, become a puzzle to them; no foreigner, however far-seeing or intelligent, being possibly able to say at what we are driving.

It will impart a great variety to our New Series that we have enlisted a number of contributors who have never before given the public the benefit of their labours, and who have now become *Cabinet-makers* by a Darwinian process, having hitherto been only *Joiners* and *Turners*.

It is our hope, and a well-grounded VOL. CV.—NO. DCXLII.

ed hope, that we may be able to supply our Second and New Series to the world at a reduced cost: for, while we have no intention of diminishing the payment to our chief contributors—rather, indeed, if occasion serve, of increasing their gains—we firmly believe that, by cutting down the salary of printers' devils, and reducing the staff of the newsmen—some of whom are old and infirm—we may ultimately be in a position to offer our publication to the world at fully one half-penny less than at present,—a benefit which will, we trust, sufficiently reflect on the wasteful profligacy of our predecessors.

Finally, capacity and fullness being of the last necessity in the public service, we intend to open all the lowest offices under the crown to competitive excellence—well aware, that though men are born ambassadors and secretaries of state, nature is less generous in the matter of gaugers and letter-carriers. The careful scrutiny we shall exercise in testing the humble applicants for office—seeing that our tide-waiters know botany, and that queen's messengers are masters of fractions—will satisfy the world as to the watchful solicitude which we exercise over those higher appointments where no tests are exacted.

There being no greater mistake in a nation than the tendency of men to throw themselves on the offices of Government for a livelihood, we hope, by the system we have just indicated—as well as by the exercise of sudden and unexpected reductions—to disgust them with the public service, and compel them to address themselves to other careers in life. If these be not claims in favour of the New Series, we shall be at a loss how to win the public favour.

THE HYMENEAL CUP.

I read in my newspaper of this morning, that amongst the prizes distributed to the London Rifle Brigade at the Crystal Palace was one described as the "Hymeneal Challenge Cup," which, "with a wedding-ring, was to be the property of the winner, on the condition that he should be married within six months from the competition."

Now the question at once arises, Is the prize awarded to encourage rifle-shooting or to reward marriage? Or is it supposed that the two objects have that much in common that they can be appropriately recompensed by the same recognition? Or is it a crucial test of a shooter's steadiness that, when aiming at a bull's-eye, he is actually about to bring down a wife?—a consideration which might reasonably test the nerves of some men. Whatever was the precise intention of the founder of the prize, I desire to protest loudly against the system, now considerably in vogue, of rewarding by *ricochet*—against that fashionable habit of encouraging one thing, that something totally different from it may be promoted. Selling trumpery at a bazaar to convert negroes or convert Jews—giving private theatricals to send a missionary to Madagascar—all these, and the like, I resolutely oppose.

Rifle-shooting is an admirable exercise of skill and steadiness, and marriage is honourable in all men, but why club them together? Are rifle-shots remarkable as good husbands? Is there anything of the quality that makes a man hit a target which will distinguish him in the conjugal relation? Or is the device a sure means of shelving a dangerous competitor? for seeing that a man cannot for ever go on getting married within six months, there must surely come an end to his contesting the prize.

It has often been recommended that ladies should, if possible, be

got to interest themselves in these contests—that their presence and their influence would go far to popularise the pursuit, and make men more eager to engage in it. Well, we have succeeded, and what is the result? They have given the matter a directly personal tendency. Their old bazaar instincts have stood to them here; and as they formerly were wont to attach the conversion of a heathen to the sale of a cigar-case, so here they connect shooting with courtship; and while affecting to promote marksmanship, have really their eyes upon matrimony.

Now, if instead of ladies giving this cup, it had been subscribed for by a professional class—surgeons, for instance—what should we have said to the condition that the winner should retain the prize, if, within six months from the competition, he had been couched for the cataract? It might be objected that he had no occasion for the operation, that he was sufficiently satisfied with his vision, that he remedied occasional deficiency by a glass, and so forth—still the cup was only to be held on this stipulation; and however little target-practice seemed to link itself to ophthalmic surgery, the surgeons knew what they were at, even if they did not tell the public.

So will it ever be when professional instincts are suffered to mingle with great public objects. Had the lawyers got in here, they would have made a condition that a man should win a suit in equity. Of course it will be said, let the winner, if he be in love with celibacy, surrender his prize. There is no need of his complying with a condition distasteful to him. But this I call hard; he shot for a cup, not for a wife.

Marriage, too, is placed by the very nature of this contract in a position the reverse of flattering. It is imposed as a penalty—not

held out as a reward. Give up your cup or marry. What is this but saying to a man, Here is an object you are proud of: it has formed the ornament of your side-board and the envy of your friends for months back; it is the daily reminder to you of a nuptial event; and yet there is only one way to retain it—there is but one means, I will not say sacrifice, by which its possession can be assured to you—you must be couched—I mean married—within six months. And now there begins in your mind a species of conflict which cannot but tend to represent matrimony as a penal condition, and make you regard a wife as the heavy price of a much-coveted object.

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render him, say by the middle of the fifth month, when he saw how little he had done, and how much must be crammed into six weeks!

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CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

"DELIRIUM TONANS."

TERTIAN and low fever are not more endemic in the Pontine Marshes than is what is called "tall talk"—the specific disease of Ireland. Whether we derive the habit of it from our Phœnician origin, whether it came to us with our round towers, or whether we cultivate the practice as one that harmonises well with a brogue, I cannot say; but that we love it, that we daily indulge in its use, that it forms one of the delights of our domestic life, and one of the chief attractions of our public meetings, is not to be denied. Irishmen are the victims of that terrible malady that is characterised by a sort of sub-acute raving, and may, for want of a better name, be called "Delirium Tonans."

Until English people come to know this—until they are brought to see that we are not so violent, so impulsive, so reckless, or, indeed, so generally dangerous as our ordinary language would bespeak us, there will be no end to the blunders they will make in legislating for us. Everything with us of good or evil partakes of this tone of exaggeration, which is not misleading to ourselves, for it is a coinage we are used to; but is sorely perplexing to a people who do not habitually resort to superlatives, and pass the greater part of their lives in the cold and cheerless atmosphere of unadorned fact.

We have all of us felt the sense of half shame that attends being addressed in Italy as "illustrissimo" and "ornatissimo," fully conscious the while that we were neither of the one or the other; but habit rendered us dulled to being deemed worthy of these epithets, and we ended by thinking that, like people who enjoy an exceptional rank in certain latitudes, and are brigadiers in the tropics but subalterns at

home, we could be illustrious and orate on the Arno, and yet very humble creatures on the Thames. A similar lesson has to be learned by those who would sojourn in Ireland. They are to know that, though an Act of Parliament could assimilate the coinage, it could not equalise the conversation, and that language in Ireland remains pretty much what it was before the Union.

Now, if it would be the height of ignorance to mistake the Spaniard's courtesy that declares his house, his cellar, his picture-gallery, and his gardens are at your service; that his greatest happiness consists in knowing that you deem them worthy of acceptance, and that the honour of being your servant is a pride which he finds it even difficult to realise to his imagination—I say, if it would be gross ignorance to believe that all this meant more than the polite form of a very polished people, and actually stood for a legal tender,—so in like manner, but less in degree, is it a capital blunder to suppose that Irishmen are half as reckless, half as unthrifty, half as cordial, or half as terrible, as their language would imply; and it would be as downright cruelty to make an honest Hibernian responsible for his words, when under an attack of Delirium Tonans, as to go down to Hanwell and persecute the patients for their expressions under Lord Campbell's Act.

I have heard a very ugly man in Ireland, when asked how he was, reply, he was "charming," not at all aware that his epithet was an absurdity,—and so it is, we go about firing grape-shot where a pellet would do, and actually delighted by the noise and racket of our own high-sounding expletives.

It was but the other day the English Press was full of the lan-

guage used at a Rotondo meeting, held to deliberate on the propriety of petitioning for the pardon of certain imprisoned Fenians. We pray, I hope honestly, for all "prisoners and captives," and I sincerely wish that no man whom it would be safe to set at large should be held in bondage; but I strenuously object to the tone in which this act of grace was recommended, and to the expressions by which the speakers enforced their opinions. My old friend Isaac Brett, a man who can wield words with the skill of an accomplished orator, and who might be supposed free from any taint of the national disease, was so far carried away by the atmosphere around him as to say, "Release them, or——." Now he is an excellent fellow, full of varied talents, and with powers to achieve the very highest order of success; but he was no more thinking of fight than he was dreaming of lying crosswise on the rail before an express train. He had no blood-lash in his mind nor carnage in his thoughts. There was nothing further from his intention than cruelty of any sort, and he was very far indeed from speculating on replacing his wig by a helmet, and going forth to battle with ball-cartridge in his bag, *vice* briefs. He was simply employing the conventional language of the occasion—a patient in a mild seizure of *Delirium Tonans*, that frightened no one who had seen the disease before.

It was long believed in the world that the sea-service could not go on without a certain amount of oaths and expletives, and that no captain could wield a proper influence over his crew whose exhortations were not strengthened by anathemas. Whether we in Ireland are under some similar delusion, and fancy that the business of life requires a certain quantity of stimulating talk, or whether the contiguity of the "melancholy ocean" exacts this much of high-seasoned expression, I am unable to say; but,

whatever the cause, we certainly give ourselves a wide licence on the score of superlatives, and are more prone to exaggeration than any people of the age.

That a damp climate and leaden skies might dispose men to dram-drinking is not unlikely, and that the same depressing influences might lead to stimulating expressions, corrective as they might be deemed of the lowering effects of the atmosphere, is not unreasonable; and I have no doubt we run into *Delirium Tonans* just as Frenchmen do into "Absinthe;" and that when we have delivered a stormy philippic against England, English cruelty, ignorance, and oppression, or a high-sounding panegyric on Ireland, her soil, her people, and her productions, we really do feel ourselves better, and are, morally speaking, in a far healthier and more robust condition than before.

The food of a people is no bad indication of their natural disposition. The eater of beef is not at all like him who lives on roots; and when we come to see the aliment supplied by the Irish national newspapers, and eagerly devoured by their readers, we can form a guess, and not a bad guess, as to the tempers and tendencies of the public so nourished. *Delirium Tonans* is spread broadcast through the land by the organs of patriotic Ireland. No question discussed calmly can be believed to be discussed honestly. Nothing can be condemned heartily that is not condemned with a curse; and this mischief, when addressed to the peasant, goes farther than the mere employment of strong language; for the people thus instructed grow as impulsive in act as in words, and that wild justice, as one of the orators called Murder, came in a great measure out of the fervid nature of a people stimulated by the most exciting appeals to passion, and actually urged on to crime by the headlong denunciations of *Delirium Tonans*.

That Irish priests and demagogues should be the victims of this dangerous disease—that an atmosphere fed by a bastard patriotism and potteen should favour its development, is easily conceived; but why, in the name of common-sense, cannot Englishmen, who come amongst us sound and healthy, guard themselves against its influence? and why must Delirium Tonans invade the precincts of “the Castle,” and show itself in viceregal speeches and addresses? It was Lord Welle-ley who once remarked on the florid eloquence of a predecessor, by saying that he had “culled the flowers of his oratory in the groves of Blarney;” but surely the present Viceroy has not been long enough in the land to have licked the seductive stone; and yet we see him at a Lord Mayor’s feast showing symptoms of this insidious affection, which not only makes geese into swans, but makes arrant geese out of Irishmen.

When a celebrated agriculturist was consulted by the late Grand Duke of Tuscany about the improvement of the Maremma, his first requirement was to get rid of the ague. “Till the people are free of the tertian we shall do nothing. Their palsied action goes through everything,” So say I. Let us attack this fell complaint of Ireland; let us try and cure Delirium Tonans! let us tell the people that their orators are humbugs, who don’t believe their own high-sounding orations;

and Ireland, if not either first flower of the earth or first gem of the sea, is at the same time neither oppressed nor bullied, nor at all in the condition of slavery or misery. Statistical speech-makers have declared or partisan orators proclaimed her. If Irish speakers in the House have very seldom that weight and influence which their power as orators would naturally seem to secure to them, it is entirely owing to the fact that some trait of this distressing malady is sure to show itself in debate. An Irishman has a dread of being commonplace, but he has no fear of being exaggerated. The very facility of Irish eloquence invalidates its persuasiveness, just as the dexterity with which a man deals the cards suggests a sudden suspicion of the practised gambler; but when this ready flow of language is accompanied by overwrought and exalted epithets—when small things are denounced like national calamities—when remonstrance is couched in violent invective—and even entreaty is conveyed in the accents of menace—we see at once that the speaker is not fully responsible for his utterances, and is simply a man in a strong paroxysm of Delirium Tonans.

If the Government should undertake to investigate the origin and progress of this disease, I beg that Cornelius O'Dowd may be employed as a member of the Commission.

THE NEW SERIES.

There is a practice not uncommon with the editors of periodicals which has often puzzled me. It is, when enjoying a very fair share of public favour and a reasonable amount of popularity, to announce a *NEW SERIES*, and inform the readers that on such a day the old periodical will cease and a new one commence, subscribers being silly informed that a favourable oppor-

tunity will thus present itself for taking the work from its commencement. It is not exactly easy to explain to a tolerably satisfied public why the new series should be started. There was not complaint expressed against the old one; in fact most of us are not prone to change our journals. It is, to many men, little short of a change of religion. Reiteration has its especial charm,

and we like being told we are very virtuous, very charitable, very domestic, and very brave; as some of our friends assure us; or even as others, not so kindly, will say—a people singularly slow to acquire civilisation, and totally incapable of a true feeling for the fine arts.

Notwithstanding all these tendencies of ours they will insist on issuing the New Series. These men know better what is good for us than we ourselves. The human form renews itself by absorption and secretion in about seven years, and is the magazine to be more unchangeable than the man?

The first step in promulgating the New Series is to disparage the old; and a tone of mild raillery runs through the programme that announces a new staff of contributors and an artist of very different pretensions from those of him who lately adorned their pages. In fact it is more than insinuated that the readers of the old series have been shamefully imposed upon—that even the price of the periodical was quite disproportioned to the habits of the age; and the writers—very good men five-and-thirty years ago—were perfectly incapable of maintaining themselves at the level of the present day's requirements.

"You shall see how unlike we are to our predecessor," is the peculiar boast of the New Series. It was very good and very gracious of you to be amused by those gentlemen who have preceded us; we are absolutely lost in our admiration of the generosity of a public which not only tolerated dulness so long but actually subdued their own tastes to a level with the capacities that ministered to them.

We like you for all this; we feel how estimable you are, and how worthy you have shown yourselves of very different agents and very different servants from those who waited on you heretofore. It may not be an agreeable task for us to perform, but we still shall not shrink from showing you that the

late editor and his staff were, so to say, humbugs. Their scientific articles were stolen from obsolete reviews and long-forgotten periodicals; their foreign correspondence was written in Piccadilly. They made no honest effort to instruct or even amuse you; and, worse than all, now that rags are admitted duty free, and literary men, in consequence, cheaply clothed, they made you pay for your journal fully one-fourth more than its proper cost.

I'm not sure we listen to all this with perfect good-humour. No man is flattered at being told that what had satisfied him was a sham. For my own part I can say I feel little gratitude to the critic who assures me that the book or the play that delighted me was rabid balderdash and nonsense, and while destroying my illusion, disparages my judgment and my taste.

The New Series is not always, therefore, an announcement that brings unmixed pleasure.

Some of us naturally regret it. We grew to like the old form from habit, and the very novelty of a strange title disconcerts us. The son may be wonderfully like his father, but not being his father makes all the difference. All of us, happily, however, are not old; and the generation about to start in life will not be displeased to find that their review is their contemporary. Here, at least, they will say, we shall not be overborne by the arguments that sufficed for our grandfathers. These writers are of the day, and what they tell us will come redolent of the knowledge and the taste of the time we live in. Whatever opinions have been expressed twenty years ago by their predecessors, these men are not called on to sustain.

Scores of things we believe, or our fathers believed in, then, have been shown to be very doubtful, if not actually untrue. Dynasties we thought safe are in banishment, and a vast store of "Facts," as they were then called, have retired into honour-

able exile. The New Series has no responsibilities on this score. It has nothing to explain nor apologise for; nothing to unsay, recant, or regret. All this, and more of the same sort, may be said for the New Series, and editors not impossibly understand their interest when they address themselves to such reasonings. It is, besides, an immense advantage for the writer to be untrammelled by the lucubrations of his predecessors; and, when he revels in Colensoism in the year '69, not to dread being confronted with the orthodoxy of the article in the year '40; and while launching out into a panegyric on Huxley, to have no remorse for the fine things he had once said about Paley.

It was Sir Boyle Roche who indignantly asked, What had Posterity ever done for *him*? So these gentlemen are equally defiant about ancestry. They want neither to speak nor hear of those who went before them. They propose to "cut" with the past, and make it what diplomatists call *non avenue*.

Now, I would ask, why do we not adopt into our daily life some imitation of this system; I mean, adopt it formally, and by some public signal of recognition—so that a statesman, for instance, might inform the world:—On such a day I open my New Series of opinions, which I hope an indulgent public will continue to regard with the gracious favour they have ever bestowed upon the old ones. I shall not impossibly be charged with seeming inconsistency and apparent contradiction; but I entreat the candid reader to remember that I am no more responsible for former pledges than is a new firm for the debts of the late establishment which has just liquidated. It may be that I once upheld English supremacy in many things, and contended stoutly for her place amongst the great nations of the world; and I am not to be taunted now if I say that we are a mere commercial trading people, very eager about

new markets, and keenly alive to low tariffs, but not pretending in the least to influence great events, or mix ourselves in any way in the destinies of Europe. In former times I thought much of the honour of England, what I believed to be essential to her dignity and consistent with her greatness; now, my attention is entirely directed to Economy. I want to see the minimum on which a clerk can support his wife and four children and yet not come on the Union. I would like to ascertain how, by starving several departments, I might be able to make such an outcry in the papers that the world would at once see not only what savings I was effecting, but what obloquy I confronted in my efforts to serve them.

In olden days I professed to believe that the State had a conviction and a conscience; that the Truth was dear to it as Truth; and that the established religion was the embodiment of the nation's belief. Now I find this to be a mistake; that all religions, like all tastes, are respectable; that Christianity is wide enough to include even the people who deny it; and that it is morally wrong to give any ascendancy or any privilege to what we conscientiously believe to be a truth, over what we have no scruple in denouncing as gross error and superstition.

Our first series contended for what we honestly regarded as right—a great mistake since nothing is so difficult of proof; nothing exists on which so many contradictory opinions prevail as this same "right." We have now grown wiser, and see that the real thing to assert is what is popular. Be not astonished then, if, in our New Series, we advocate the giving away of a great deal that does not belong to us, to content those who will never trust us. Benevolence becomes irresistibly attractive when it costs nothing; and a man must be an innate curmudgeon who would not be generous where it makes no demand on

his resources. This policy, largely illustrated, shall form an attractive feature of our New Series.

Formerly it was the habit to talk of the United Kingdom, and regard Ireland as a part of it. That delusion we have determined to expose and abandon. Ireland for the future shall be deemed peculiar, and made the subject of "special legislation." Protestantism and property, which have hitherto been as the officers of the ship, shall be both abolished, and the crew left to the full enjoyment of mutiny, in the fervent hope that they will hit on some way of governing themselves, and not commit more breaches of the law than are absolutely essential to their happiness.

It will be thus seen that our Second Series will present many new features of interest and novelty. We shall be ourselves, but ourselves under a new light. We appeal to a much larger public than our predecessors have addressed; and as it is a public who like new things, it shall be our studious desire to gratify them. They shall have an Admiralty without a Navy, and a Religion without a Church, and an involuntary Volunteer force that will cost nobody anything. If our Constitution has long been the envy of foreign nations, it will now, in addition, become a puzzle to them; no foreigner, however far-seeing or intelligent, being possibly able to say at what we are driving.

It will impart a great variety to our New Series that we have enlisted a number of contributors who have never before given the public the benefit of their labours, and who have now become *Cabinet-makers* by a Darwinian process, having hitherto been only *Joiners* and *Turners*.

It is our hope, and a well-grounded VOL. CV.—NO. DCXLII.

ed hope, that we may be able to supply our Second and New Series to the world at a reduced cost: for, while we have no intention of diminishing the payment to our chief contributors—rather, indeed, if occasion serve, of increasing their gains—we firmly believe that, by cutting down the salary of printers' devils, and reducing the staff of the newsmen—some of whom are old and infirm—we may ultimately be in a position to offer our publication to the world at fully one half-penny less than at present,—a benefit which will, we trust, sufficiently reflect on the wasteful profligacy of our predecessors.

Finally, capacity and fullness being of the last necessity in the public service, we intend to open all the lowset offices under the crown to competitive excellence—well aware, that though men are born ambassadors and secretaries of state, nature is less generous in the matter of gaugers and letter-carriers. The careful scrutiny we shall exercise in testing the humble applicants for office—seeing that our tide-waiters know botany, and that queen's messengers are masters of fractions—will satisfy the world as to the watchful solicitude which we exercise over those higher appointments where no tests are exacted.

There being no greater mistake in a nation than the tendency of men to throw themselves on the offices of Government for a livelihood, we hope, by the system we have just indicated—as well as by the exercise of sudden and unexpected reductions—to disgust them with the public service, and compel them to address themselves to other careers in life. If these be not claims in favour of the New Series, we shall be at a loss how to win the public favour.

THE HYMENEAL CUP.

I read in my newspaper of this morning, that amongst the prizes distributed to the London Rifle Brigade at the Crystal Palace was one described as the "Hymeneal Challenge Cup," which, "with a wedding-ring, was to be the property of the winner, on the condition that he should be married within six months from the competition."

Now the question at once arises, Is the prize awarded to encourage rifle-shooting or to reward marriage? Or is it supposed that the two objects have that much in common that they can be appropriately recompensed by the same recognition? Or is it a crucial test of a shooter's steadiness that, when aiming at a bull's-eye, he is actually about to bring down a wife?—a consideration which might reasonably test the nerves of some men. Whatever was the precise intention of the founder of the prize, I desire to protest loudly against the system, now considerably in vogue, of rewarding by *ricochet*—against that fashionable habit of encouraging one thing, that something totally different from it may be promoted. Selling trumpery at a bazaar to convert negroes or convert Jews—giving private theatricals to send a missionary to Madagascar—all these, and the like, I resolutely oppose.

Rifle-shooting is an admirable exercise of skill and steadiness, and marriage is honourable in all men, but why club them together? Are rifle-shots remarkable as good husbands? Is there anything of the quality that makes a man hit a target which will distinguish him in the conjugal relation? Or is the device a sure means of shelving a dangerous competitor? for seeing that a man cannot for ever go on getting married within six months, there must surely come an end to his contesting the prize.

It has often been recommended that ladies should, if possible, be

got to interest themselves in these contests—that their presence and their influence would go far to popularise the pursuit, and make men more eager to engage in it. Well, we have succeeded, and what is the result? They have given the matter a directly personal tendency. Their old bazaar instincts have stood to them here; and as they formerly were wont to attach the conversion of a heathen to the sale of a cigar-case, so here they connect shooting with courtship; and while affecting to promote marksmanship, have really their eyes upon matrimony.

Now, if instead of ladies giving this cup, it had been subscribed for by a professional class—surgeons, for instance—what should we have said to the condition that the winner should retain the prize, if, within six months from the competition, he had been couched for the cataract? It might be objected that he had no occasion for the operation, that he was sufficiently satisfied with his vision, that he remedied occasional deficiency by a glass, and so forth—still the cup was only to be held on this stipulation; and however little target-practice seemed to link itself to ophthalmic surgery, the surgeons knew what they were at, even if they did not tell the public.

So will it ever be when professional instincts are suffered to mingle with great public objects. Had the lawyers got in here, they would have made a condition that a man should win a suit in equity. Of course it will be said, let the winner, if he be in love with celibacy, surrender his prize. There is no need of his complying with a condition distasteful to him. But this I call hard; he shot for a cup, not for a wife.

Marriage, too, is placed by the very nature of this contract in a position the reverse of flattering. It is imposed as a penalty—not

held out as a reward. Give up your cup or marry. What is this but saying to a man, Here is an object you are proud of: it has formed the ornament of your side-board and the envy of your friends for months back; it is the daily reminder to you of a nuptial event; and yet there is only one way to retain it—there is but one means, I will not say sacrifice, by which its possession can be assured to you—you must be couched—I mean married—within six months. And now there begins in your mind a species of conflict which cannot but tend to represent matrimony as a penal condition, and make you regard a wife as the heavy price of a much-coveted object.

Imagine, too, the flurry and perturbation of a man who, though an admirable rifle-shot, has little experience of ladies, and less thought of matrimony, on being awarded this prize! Fancy him reviewing in his mind his female acquaintance, and balancing the claims of the one, and her chances of success. Six months is a short time even to prepare for a Civil Service examination, and get up your Magnall's questions and your Colenso; but what is it to address yourself to the task of courtship and win a heart? Conceive how it would add to the torments of love to know it was a match against time, and that if the fortress did not surrender by a given day, that you must raise the siege and retire! Imagine the exigencies of him who has to calculate not only the details of devotion, but the law's delays, and to combine the ardour of love with the obstacles of the lady's solicitor!—with, last of all, three entire weeks consumed in the publication of banns, for the family of the bride objects to a special license.

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the Republican party, Mr. Fessenden of Maine, he was neither elated nor much gratified at the result. It was a sort of drawn battle between him and his foes; and such infinitesimal victory as there was, inclined rather to Mr. Johnson's side than to that of his opponents. His fate, after all, was no uncommon one. When a man is brave enough in a violent political conflict to tell both sides that they are wrong; when he is powerful enough to make his opinion heard and his action felt, and when he is independent and impartial enough to incline sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another, according to his own judgment at the moment, he is just as likely to be assailed, distrusted, and hated by both of them, as the man who interferes in a quarrel between man and wife. Honesty, unfortunately, is of little or no account in the days of revolutionary rancour; and the honest man in such a time, like the unhappy wight in 'Hudibras,' learns to his cost, metaphorically, if not literally, that—

"They who in quarrels interpose
Will often wipe a bloody nose."

Even in milder cases of party-quarrels, when there is no bloodshed, but merely the inveterate war of words and recriminations, the moderate man is not generally popular.

"In moderation placing all his glory—
The Tories called him Whig; and Whigs, a Tory."

said the sarcastic poet in the days of Queen Anne, and such, with a violence unknown, at least in the present age, to our tamer party-strife, was the fate and reward of Andrew Johnson. He did not show himself a very wise man; but he certainly showed himself to be a brave and a conscientious one—an excellent fighting soldier, but a very indifferent general—the very man to volunteer for and lead a forlorn-hope at the request of superior authority—a born

combatant, but one who, with all his pugnacity, would never fight in a cause that he thought to be a wrongful one, whatever might be the success and the reward of his heroism.

Notwithstanding his faults and mistakes, and the cloud under which he is for the present obscured, it is not likely that he will retire for any long period from the field of American politics. Unlike Mr. Buchanan, who subsided into the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and the quiet of his study, Mr. Johnson is not an old man, but still in the prime of his mental and bodily vigour. With a rough tongue that he knows how to use, with a well-trained intellect, with a love of political life for the excitement which it brings, with a keen interest in all the great events of his age and country, and with a fiery blood, like that of the war-horse in the Book of Job, "that goeth on to meet the armed men; that saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting,"—he is all but certain, if he lives, to turn up again in the great arena of debate, either as a senator or a member of the House of Representatives, or governor of his native Tennessee, which, mainly by his fearlessness and patriotism, was retained in the Union, while all its slaveholding sisters were seceding, and thus preserved from the fate of unhappy Virginia. Tennessee felt but little of the horrors of the war, to which her geographical position would have exposed her had she cast in her lot with the South, which she was at one time well inclined to do, and which it was most likely she would have done had it not been for the firm hand and the firm faith of Andrew Johnson. And for this result the people of Tennessee, whose farms and plantations were saved from the torch of the war-demon and the hoofs of trampling armies, owe their great countryman a debt of

gratitude, which it is very likely they will endeavour to repay by sending him again to the Senate.

The indomitable, or, as his enemies might call it, the pugnacious, spirit of the ex-President was as apparent in his farewell address to the American people as in any other act of his official life. "*De l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*," might be his motto, though, as we have seen, he does not so time his audacity as to gain anything by it. In this remarkable document—which Mr. Reuter's agents and the other purveyors of news did not think it worth while to telegraph to Europe under the waves of the Atlantic—Mr. Johnson reiterated all his old opinions, discharged a perfect flight of Parthian arrows at the advancing hosts of the new Presidency, declared the Civil War to be a mistake, and reaffirmed in all its roundness the sturdy doctrine of State rights, and proved himself to be a Democrat of the old Jackson type—one who is all for the old Constitution—all for the Union; and who will not allow that even such a war as ravaged the fairer portion of the United States for nearly four years can have obliterated the ancient landmarks. He is all for conserving the *status quo ante bellum*—or for restoration of the status—if the revolutionists have overthrown it. Upon this platform he takes his stand, looking apparently to the time when that doctrine will need a champion, and offering himself for the post of honour and danger.

Turning to the new President, we find a man of very different character, with antecedents so little favourable that he would indeed have been considered a fool who ten years ago should have predicted that he had the remotest chance of a seat in the chair of Washington. Twenty years ago, when a very young man, just emancipated from the great military academy of West Point, Lieutenant Ulysses Sydney Grant (some say his real name is

Hiram Ulysses Grant) was stationed at San Francisco, in California, then newly ceded to the United States—the great prize which the Republic acquired as the result of the Mexican war. The new State, or rather territory, was overrun with a very lawless and rowdy population from all parts of the Union. Adventurous Yankees, full of courage and high spirits, finding no room for their energies in the old overcrowded States of New England, sought their fortune in the golden land. New Yorkers, Pennsylvanians, Southerners—all the young, the enterprising, the strong, the hopeful, and the disappointed—rushed to the diggings, determined to grow rich *per saltum*, or perish in the attempt. They were not the choicest specimens of humanity, either for manners, for morals, or for acquirements; and Lieutenant Grant, with his little company of United States soldiers, had little to do in this remote station but to associate with such people, and make himself popular among them. There was no female society in San Francisco to civilise and soften the character of the population, and no amusements to be had but those of the roughest kind, or such as were supplied by the drinking-saloon and the billiard-room. It is well known that Lieutenant Grant became somewhat too convivial in his habits—somewhat too much addicted to the billiard-room and the whisky-store; and that the "drinks" he had to share with his rowdy friends (and to refuse a drink from a friend without being able to plead positive ill-health, and the doctor's orders, is not always safe, even in older-settled districts of the United States than California was at that early day) operated a change in his manners which was by no means satisfactory to his superiors. It is now an old story, and need not be revived in its details, and would not even be mentioned in these pages were it not of historical interest, and as throwing light on a

remarkable, and, as it ultimately proved to be, a very brilliant career. It may suffice to say, that Lieutenant Grant, acting under sage advice, judged it prudent to resign his commission in the army rather than be deprived of it in a manner that might have been highly prejudicial to his interests at a future time. His father, a Scotsman—it is said that his mother is Scottish also—was and is a tanner; and young Grant, after this inglorious, though only temporary, termination of his military career, betook himself to the paternal business, and at the outbreak of the Civil War was both a tanner and a woodcutter. It is the great characteristic of an American, born in America and nurtured under the influence of its surroundings, whatever be his European extraction, never to be cast down, and never to think any kind of honest industry to be degrading. The best Americans play many parts in their time, and do the best they can under the most inauspicious as well as under the most favourable of circumstances. They take what they can get, and make the most of it. "I worked hard for Abraham Lincoln," said the keeper of a lighthouse to the writer of these remarks, "and helped him as much to the Presidency as any man did. I wanted the mission to Paris, but could not get it. I wanted the collectorship of customs at New York; there were too many hungry people after it, and I had no chance. I next tried for a judgeship; done again. Nothing discouraged, and resolved to have something, I got what I could; and here I am for four years the keeper of a lighthouse."

Lieutenant Grant, in the evil turn of his fortunes, did not apply for a place. Though he did not split rails, like Abraham Lincoln in his youth, his brawny arm felled the trees of the forest for firewood; and he was not ashamed to drive a cart to the market of St. Louis and sell his firewood whenever the

affairs of the tannery did not call for his whole attention. When the war broke out, the majority of the well-trained officers who had been educated at West Point were Southerners, and volunteered their swords to the Southern cause; and the North was hard put to it to find men with sufficient military knowledge to handle a battalion. Mr. Grant at this juncture thought himself that he too was a West-Pointer, and that in the emergency of the country his little *fiasco* at San Francisco would not stand in the way of his re-admission to the army—if not as a member of the regular force, at all events as a volunteer. Before this time he had made the acquaintance, which had ripened into friendship, of Mr. Elihu B. Washburne of Illinois, a well-known member of the House of Representatives and of the Republican and Anti-Slavery party. Mr. Washburne was a student of character. Mr. Washburne had faith in Mr. Grant. He saw his energy, his determination, his pluck, his trustworthiness, his modesty, and recognised in him many of the elements that go towards the making of a great man. Mr. Grant's influence over the adventurous young spirits of his locality was great; and having volunteered as a private soldier, he induced so many others to imitate his example that his friends, and notably Mr. Washburne, thought him entitled to the captaincy of the men he had brought around him. Mr. Washburne exercised his influence in the proper quarter in his friend's behalf; and Captain Grant, the West-Pointer, who had all the material of a great soldier within him, found himself in a position to retrieve the errors of the past, to strive for a high place among the heroes of the Union, and to present an illustrious example in his own person of the truth of the Scriptural dictum, that "The stone which the builders disallowed might be

made the head of the corner." His first opportunities for distinction occurred on the Mississippi towards the close of the year 1862, when all the fortune of the war seemed to be on the side of the South, and all the discomfiture and disappointment on the side of the North. During that and two subsequent years Generals M'Dowell, McClellan, Burnside, Pope, Hooker, and Meade, were bravely fighting, acquiring great reputations to-day, that were to be tarnished, though by no fault of their own, on the morrow: hailed by their countrymen for a brief space as the destined saviours of the nation, and giants of war, to whom the Alexanders and Napoleons of history were but pigmies; and in another space as brief to be consigned to the cold shade of disfavour, to which military failure always dooms the unsuccessful warrior who survives his defeat. The North waited for its hero, always thinking it had got him when it hadn't, always sanguine that he would appear sooner or later, and always ready to shiver any old idol to pieces to place a new one on its pedestal. And when at last, after the elimination of every other prominent general from the catalogue of probabilities, General Grant's capture of Vicksburg, that led to the clearance and the freedom of the great Mississippi from its sources to New Orleans, marked him out as the foremost among the men of sufficient eminence and mark to be commanders-in-chief who had not enjoyed their chance of success or failure, Grant, always aided in the Legislature and in private intercourse with the dispensers of power by his faithful friend Mr. Washburne, was nominated to the command of the Army of the Potomac, he had still a long and weary task before him. He was not received with undoubting faith by the often-disappointed people. There was a sort of mis-

giving that he too might be like the rest, and that this silent soldier, reckless of human blood and suffering—a harsh mathematician, in whose calculations the lives of thousands and of tens of thousands of men were mere arithmetical powers, to be used or effaced as the problem required—would be but one of the stepping-stones for the really coming man, who, for all that any one knew to the contrary at that time, might be still in the cradle, if not unborn. This estimate of General Grant as a calculator was not erroneous. He calculated that, for every soldier the South could afford to lose, he could afford to lose ten, twenty, or even fifty; and in his assaults upon the lines of Richmond, after he had chosen the line on which to fight it out, "if it took him a whole summer," he acted so rigidly and inexorably upon this leading principle of his strategy as to receive the name of "Butcher Grant" from one-half of the newspapers in the Union. While he was thus hammering and pounding away, sacrificing life without any great apparent advantage, the Southern people and their President began to lose patience with the slow and cautious strategy of one of the ablest generals of the war—General Joseph E. Johnson—who was endeavouring to foil another great soldier—General Sherman—for the possession of Atlanta. Unfortunately for the South, Mr. Jefferson Davis removed General Johnson from his command, and replaced him by General Hood, a young man, very gallant and brave, but not an able strategist. No one admired General J. E. Johnson's masterly strategy more than General Sherman. As soon as Johnson was removed, Sherman, with the inspiration of genius, saw his opportunity, and telegraphed to General Grant before Richmond for permission to march with 50,000 men from Atlanta right through the heart of Georgia. It was a march of three hundred and fifty miles to

the city of Savannah, and the road was full of possible and but too probable dangers. Savannah had long resisted the naval and military force of the Federal Government to capture it by sea, and its assault and capture by land would be a great achievement. This was about the middle of November 1864. Grant was sitting in his tent before Richmond, thinking and smoking, as is his wont, when the telegram in cipher was received. He read and re-read it several times, and smoked and smoked with a vigour apportioned to the importance of his silent cogitations. When he had thought it over sufficiently he called a council of war, and submitted the curt and emphatic document to the opinion of his officers. Nobody knew what to make of it, or what to advise. Grant smoked and passed no opinion for some time. At last, after having heard what everybody had to say, he put the telegram in his pocket, drew the cigar from between his lips, and said, while he knocked away the ash preparatory to another whiff, "Gentlemen, the General must do as he thinks best. In the art of war we are all of us babies compared with Sherman." And Sherman did as he thought best—turned eastwards to the coast from Atlanta, passed, Macon and Augusta, and carried terror into the heart and the councils of the Confederacy. Vehement appeals were made in the Southern papers, calling upon the Georgians to rise *en masse* and repel the invader—to roll logs of trees across the roads to harass his march—to fire the forests in front and rear—to make a wilderness of his passage, so that his hosts might starve, or eat up their horses for want of other food—to do anything desperate, heroic, and unprecedented in the annals of war, rather than suffer him to penetrate into the interior of the State. But these appeals were made in vain. Georgia was exhausted rather than paralysed, and her

efforts to hurl back Sherman to the place whence he came were as feeble as man's efforts to grapple with a tornado. While the result was unknown, and everybody in the North was predicting Sherman's success, whatever might be the object of his expedition, Mr. Lincoln, addressing an excited crowd from the balcony of the White House at Washington on the night of the 6th of December, said, in his peculiar manner, "Fellow-citizens, I know where Sherman went in, but I don't know where he will come out." Nor did anybody else, except General Grant. That march through Georgia was the beginning of the end; it proved the truth of a metaphorical assertion long current in the North, that the Confederacy was an empty egg-shell, and that if the shell were once pierced, there would be free progress through the centre. On the 10th of December, Sherman and his army, that had scarcely seen an enemy, or incurred a loss on his march, except that of six thousand negroes—men, women, and children—who had followed in his wake, and whom he left behind in a swamp to live or die, as fate and fortune, or their own exertions, might determine,—was within ten miles of Savannah, and the fate of that long-resisting city was sealed. General Hardee, the Confederate officer in command, evacuated the city on the 20th; and all the Union, from New York to San Francisco, and from Washington to Portland, rang with the praises of Sherman. Meanwhile Grant was busy before Richmond, endeavouring to strike a blow upon General Lee while the Confederate forces were disheartened, if not demoralised, by Sherman's success. He was largely reinforced, and made the best of the opportunity which Sherman's raid had given him. The result is matter of such recent history as not to need recapitulation. The capture of Richmond made Grant the first

and Sherman the second, hero of the war; elevated Grant, in due course of time and circumstances, to the Presidency; and rendered it certain that in 1869 there would be no office in the power of the new President to bestow that would not be open for the acceptance of two such friends and allies as Heaven had sent him in the persons of General Sherman and Mr. Washburne.

Ever since it became a matter of moral certainty that General Grant would be the popular candidate for the Presidency, the General, whose taciturnity—partly the result of modesty—was proverbial, became still more taciturn upon principle. He had possibly heard in its English form the great French saying, attributed to the first and afterwards to the third Napoleon, but far older than the Buonapartes, that "*le monde vient à celui qui sait se taire*"—not that "the world comes to the silent man," but that "the world comes to him *who knows how to hold his tongue*." If this maxim were not in his mind, he acted as if it were, and managed to impress both of the great parties in the State, that if not already one of them, he might be won over to their side. He had never been a politician in private life, and he took especial care that he would not become a politician after he had developed himself into a conqueror. His great strength lay with the Republican party, with the anti-Southerners, with the Negrophilists, with all the immense multitude whose love for the Union was as great as, if not greater than, their love of liberty, or aught else that the world could offer.* Yet he was by no means

distasteful to the Union wing of the Democratic party that did not share the views of their opponents on the question of the negro, or on the proper mode for the reconstruction of the United States. And as he took especial care not to declare himself on any point of policy even to his most intimate associates, and set at defiance the insatiable Paul Pryism of the gulling and greatly gullible correspondents of the New York press, both sides speculated on the possibility of making him entirely their own; and both saw, or fancied they saw, reasons for believing that they had succeeded. Nevertheless, the opposition of the "straight-line Democrats" and advocates of the old doctrine of State rights, which was the very corner-stone of the original Confederation of the Colonies, after the declaration of independence, was of a formidable kind; all the more formidable by the proof afforded in the local elections that are continually occurring in one State or the other, that, though still in a large minority, it was continually increasing in strength, and diminishing its disparity of numbers, as compared with those of the Republicans. But there was never reason to doubt, at any time after the surrender of Richmond, that the conqueror of the South could be President of the United States, in succession to Mr. Johnson, if he chose to accept a nomination. Neither was there any reason to doubt that such a nomination would be made.

No President of the United States, with the sole exception of General Washington, ever entered upon power under such favourable

* While the Convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for the second term was sitting at Baltimore in July 1864, a Western orator of Irish extraction related a story of a patriotic old lady at Cincinnati who had seven sons killed in the bloody battles of the North. The mayor and corporation of the city sent a deputation to condole with the good woman on her great loss. "Never mind me, gentlemen," said the old lady; "I only wish I had known when I was a younger woman that this war was coming, and I would have had seventeen sons instead of seven to fight the battles of the Union!"

auspices and with such fair prospects as General Grant. He is alike the youngest, the most trusted, the most popular President that ever occupied that high office. His great mission is to heal the wounds of war—to restore outraged confidence between the once hostile and still jealous or unfriendly sections of North and South—to encourage trade and industry, especially in the South—to take care that a plague of black pauperism do not overspread any portion of the country—to reduce or remove the grievous burden of an immense and unwisely-contracted public debt—to keep the strictest faith with the national creditor, whether native or foreign—to check the tide of official corruption, that is alike the scandal of America and the wonder of the world—and to prevent, by just and dignified behaviour to all the nations of the earth, a foreign war from following on the heels of that unhappy civil conflict, from the ravages of which the country is still suffering. These are great objects—all within the reach of a high-minded and honest ruler, if he be seconded by a high-minded and honest legislature and people. There is great virtue in an "if," as Shakespeare tells us; but in this specific "if" lies the whole history and mystery of the next four years in America—a history and a mystery which those who live in 1873 may be able to record and understand. It must be said of President Grant, that his inaugural address—one of the shortest, as well as one of the best, if not the very best, ever delivered by the American Executive—augurs well for his statesmanship, as well as that of his advisers; and that, if he works up to the programme, he will secure for himself a more honourable place in the annals of his country than any victory in civil strife, however brilliant such victory may have been, could ever have won for him. In that wise and well-considered document there is but one passage to which objec-

tion might be fairly taken, and which seems to us, *tant soit peu*, unworthy either of a great soldier or a wise civilian. "I would respect," he says, "the rights of all nations, and demand equal respect for our own." Here he should have stopped; but he goes on to say, "If other nations depart from this rule in dealing with us, we may be compelled to follow the precedent." This, to say the least of it, is an unworthy threat, and means, that if other countries do wrong, the United States will do wrong also—a declaration which a sense of national dignity, no less than of Christian feeling, should not have permitted the President to make.

As was to have been expected, the President, in the formation of his new Cabinet, took especial care of General Sherman and Mr. Washburne. The one was nominated, doubtless after consultation with himself, to the office of Lieutenant-General Commanding-in-Chief the Armies of the United States, which Grant had vacated on assuming the Presidency; and the other, who could have had any place or office at home or abroad that he considered worthy of his acceptance, was made Secretary of State. It speedily appeared, however, that this appointment was premature. Mr. Washburne either mistrusted his health or his abilities for this onerous post, or for other reasons had no fancy for it, and resigned it before entering upon its duties. On the same or next day he was nominated as Ambassador to the Court of the Tulleries, which, even more than the Embassy to Great Britain, is an object of ambition to Americans who are rich enough to uphold the dignity of that splendid but underpaid post. Mr. Alexander T. Stewart of New York—in early youth a British subject, born at Lismore, in the north of Ireland, and well known all over America, as well as in Great Britain, as the richest and most successful dry-goods merchant in

the world—a princely trader, who pays many millions of dollars per annum for import duties upon his linens, his silks, his laces, his velvets, his woollens, and other merceries—was appointed the Secretary of the Treasury, in replacement of Mr. MacCulloch, who was perhaps as sound a financier as himself. But an unexpected difficulty arose, which would not have arisen had General Grant been as conversant with the Constitution of the United States as he is with the management of armies in the field. It is forbidden in America, as it is in Great Britain, that any person actually engaged in trade and commerce should fill such an office as the Secretaryship of the Treasury or the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. When this fact was brought under the President's notice, he appears to have so far forgotten what was due to the law and the Senate as to request that dignified body to repeal the disqualification, and allow Mr. Stewart to regulate the finance of the United States, without ceasing to regulate the finance of his prosperous establishments in Broadway. The Senate was naturally surprised at such a request; and Mr. Charles Sumner—though aspiring, it is said, to receive the appointment to the Court of St. James, to replace Mr. Reverdy Johnson—was independent enough to protest against the dictation, and powerful enough to carry the Senate along with him. To avoid the unpleasantness that might have arisen had General Grant persisted in retaining his Secretary in defiance of a law that the Senate refused to repeal, Mr. Stewart very properly cut the knot of the difficulty and resigned his appointment. Whether upon second thoughts he will relinquish his business, and retire from trade with a fortune almost too large for an aged and childless man, and devote the remainder of his time and energies to the service of the State, is not known at the time that these pages are passing through

the press. Nor were these the only difficulties with which President Grant found himself confronted in the composition of his Cabinet. General Schofield—a soldier after his own model—who succeeded the obnoxious Stanton in the Secretaryship of War under Mr. Johnson, was retained in his post—the only member of the late Administration in whom similar confidence was placed. That gentleman also thought proper to resign his office, for reasons unexplained in Europe at the time at which we write. The other appointments—distributed as is the custom with all Presidents who have to reward their political supporters—were fairly divided among the territorial sections of the Union—New England, New York, the Middle, the Western, and the Southern States being all represented in the Cabinet—but none of them by men of other than local fame. The Cabinet, as it originally stood, contained only one sexagenarian, Mr. Stewart—the next in point of seniority being Mr. Washburne, who is no more than fifty-two. The little personal difficulties—for they seem to be no more—that have thwarted the formation of the Cabinet—such as the President intended it to be—scarcely augur well for his art of managing men who are not soldiers, or bespeak that knowledge of human nature which is necessary to every ruler and administrator of civil and political affairs who would achieve even a moderate success.

The fortieth Congress that expired on the day of General Grant's inauguration to make room for the forty-first Congress, that immediately afterwards assembled, endeavoured to fetter the action of the new Executive in the matter of the insurrection in Cuba, and the recognition of the independence of that island. "*That* in the captain's but a choleric word which in the soldier is rank blasphemy." Great Britain did not recognise the independence of the Southern Confed-

eracy—though it might have done so, if the opinion of its Government and Parliament with regard to rebellion in a foreign country had been akin to that of the fortieth, and possibly of the forty-first Congress; and yet the sympathy of many of the leading minds in England for the Southern cause, stopping far short of recognition, has by the Americans been tortured into an offence, which some of their most eminent politicians seem to think that nothing but war can wipe out. This seems to be perverse, jealous, and inconsequential, though possibly the explanation may lie in the fact that people of the Anglo-Saxon race, both in Great Britain and America, always sympathise with rebellion everywhere except in their own country. However that may be, the independence of Cuba, as a preliminary to its admission into the Union, is a popular idea with all parties in the States, and has been presented to General Grant as a bait to nibble at. Whether he will bite remains to be seen.

But the great touchstone of General Grant's Presidency, as it is of all the civilised governments at present existing in the world, will be the question of finance. "The irrepressible nigger"—irrepressible as he may be—begins to be a bore; the political equality of white men and black, recognised in theory without being recognised in fact, will take its chance as a prominent question, and lose it out of the sheer weariness of the white people of hearing any more about it; but the great question of the debt and its pressure upon the energies of the nation will not only remain, but grow in strength and importunity. Great Britain, France, Prussia, Austria, Russia, Spain, Turkey—all the governments, great and small, of Europe—groan under loads of debt, and find it a hard matter without overtaxing the strength of the labouring classes—without whose aid the wealth of the world would be little indeed—"to make both ends

meet," and maintain alike their credit for the war expenditures of the past, and the efficient military or naval strength of the present, which, in the unsettled state of the world, they all consider necessary for the maintenance of their rank in the great commonwealth of nations, and, in some instances, of their independent existence. The United States might have escaped the infliction, if the Northern people, as a mass, had been as wise and politic as Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, Mr. Horace Greeley, and others, who, before the actual outbreak of the Civil War, and while that calamity was only threatened, were willing to let their Southern sisters depart in peace, taking along with them the guilt and the burden of slavery, and trusting to time and the influences of commerce to bring again together the two sections, after slavery should have been abolished by the consent of the slave-owners. But the people were passionate and unwise, and exemplified in our newer civilisation what had often before been exemplified in the older civilisations of Greece and Rome, that nations do not always need kings to indulge in the game of war.

"War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

says Cowper; but it was left to the United States in our day to show that a popular majority could be as warlike and truculent as any monarch that ever wore a crown; and that King Mob, or King People, could enrol legions, cut throats, incur debts and indulge in the intoxication of military glory, with as much success and gratification as an emperor. And as in the case of king or emperor, so in the case of that sovereign-lord the people, the war demon, when appeased, always comes to the front and presents his little bill, and clamours to have it paid either in principal or interest. The United or Northern States

thought very little of the debt while they were engaged in the too exciting business of contracting it. They called it a "flea-bite;" spoke of paying it off in six months by the voluntary contributions of the rich and patriotic—by the sale of the unoccupied public lands, so rich in gold, silver, and copper, or overflowing with milk and honey, to the crowding perishing immigrants flying from poverty and oppression in the Old World to wealth and liberty in the New. Like the joyous convivialists at a dinner-party, they ate the goods the gods provided them, and drank the intoxicating drink of victory, without any very painful thoughts about the bill. But the fight was fought, the glory was digested, the excitement passed away, and lo! there stood at the door, and entered, as he always does—whether king or people be his paymaster—that gaunt, irrepressible, disagreeable, inportunate, and terrible creditor, THE PIPER. The piper must be paid. We pay him in Europe, grumbling lustily, perhaps, but still we pay. He must be paid in America. That is the main business of General Grant. To that end he will have to devote the whole energies of his mind and of his government. All other questions are small and of poor account compared with this. And one of the difficulties in his path—and a very considerable difficulty he is likely to find it—is, that a very urgent and powerful section of the people does not want to pay the piper at all. His little bill weighs them down. It enhances the price of all the necessaries of life, and makes America, overflowing as it does with natural wealth—with corn, and beef and pork, and fruit and game—with everything that ministers to the comfort and the luxury of men—the most expensive place of residence within the confines of civilisation. Paper money, so easy to create, so difficult to redeem, has sent up the price of every imaginable commodity, and

has not sent up, in anything like the same ratio, the price of that first and most essential of all commodities, if it can be so called, the labour of the hands and the brains of the multitude. Pauperism, so long the curse of the Old World, has penetrated into the New, where it might not have penetrated for ages yet to come, had it not been for the demoralising results of war and debt; and at its intrusion American statesmen begin to doubt, almost for the first time, whether universal suffrage, inclusive of paupers and beggars, is a good thing; while mere politicians begin to calculate how easy and how cheap it may be to marshal the paupers into voting battalions to turn the scales of victory in many a close-fought fight. No one can doubt, whether he be American or European, the power of the Americans, with the immense and but scantily developed resources of their abounding continent, to pay off the debt, were it twice as huge. But the way is one thing and the will is another; and in a country of universal suffrage it is not so easy as it might appear to bring the will and the way into harmonious combination and joint action. Repudiation is an odious word to the merchants and bankers of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston, and to all the leading commercial people throughout the Union; but not odious to the farmers and mechanics of the Far West, or to the bulk of the Southern people, forced by the superior authority of the invincible North to repudiate their own war-debt, and not at all indisposed to be freed from the weight of taxation imposed upon them to help to pay the expenses of their own subjugation. The great duty of the Government of General Grant will be to oppose this desire for the employment of the "sponge," as the Americans call it, which is more prevalent in the purely agricultural regions of the Union than American financiers approve, or than Euro-

peans know, and to keep the country straight up to the line of duty and honesty. General Grant, not only in his inaugural address, but in his speech to Senator Morton, the spokesman of the deputation which officially announced to him his election to the Presidency, made it manifest to the most indifferent readers and students of events, that his "platform" is the maintenance of the public credit, and, as a preliminary step towards the attainment of that paramount object, the purification of the public departments from the systematic jobbery, speculation, and plunder which taps the fountains of the revenue, and abstracts a very large and scandalous percentage into the private pockets of the officials. In reply to Senator Morton, the President elect, said, emphatically, in words that are of good augury to the creditors of the United States at home and abroad:—

"I can promise the committee that it will be my endeavour to call around me as assistants such men only as I think will carry out the principles which you have said the country desires to see successful—economy, retrenchment, faithful collection of the revenue, and payment of the public debt. If I should fail in my first choice, I shall not at any time hesitate to make a second, or even a third trial, with the concurrence of the Senate, who have the confirming power, and should just as soon remove one of my own appointees, as the appointee of my predecessor. It would make no difference."

That is the true spirit—adherence to which will make the President's name as illustrious in peace as it was in war, and enrol him among the great statesmen, as well as among the great captains, of his country. The finances of the Union are not in a satisfactory state as was shown in "Maga" several months ago, when Mr. David E. Wells, the

United States Commissioner in Europe, took it upon himself, *ex cathedra*, to deny our statements, and to proclaim immense reductions of the debt which had never been made, and immense gains to the revenue which have never been realised.* General Grant seems as if he would look the whole truth fairly in the face, and will doubtless find financiers as able and experienced as Mr. A. T. Stewart, if he be ultimately deprived of that gentleman's services, to aid him in the great work of maintaining the public credit, which is much more seriously assailed in America than our politicians and mercantile classes are aware of.

As regards the Alabama question, notwithstanding the unlucky, and we may add, unworthy threat, which seems to refer to it, in the President's inaugural address, we have no fear of any but a peaceful settlement. As a New York paper says, there are three ways of settling the difference that recommend themselves to different classes of minds among the Americans: first, That the United States can accede to the basis of the Reverdy Johnson treaty, and accept payment of the losses inflicted on their commerce, the amount of such payment to be agreed on by a joint commission; second, That the United States can redress, or attempt to redress, their grievances by a declaration of war against Great Britain; third, That they can let the matter rest in abeyance, and seek and accept no settlement at all, but wait until Great Britain may be involved in war with some European or Asiatic power, great or small, and then resort to reprisals for the depredations of the Alabama by fitting out similar vessels in the ports of New York, Baltimore, Boston, or Portland, to drive, or attempt to drive, the commerce of Great Bri-

* This doughty personage appears by recent accounts to have fallen into disfavour, and the Government of the United States has refused to pay him his expenses to Europe.

tain from all the oceans of the world. Notwithstanding a considerable amount of actual bluster, especially in the newspapers conducted by Irish Fenians, and the existence of a considerable amount of anti-English feeling, that is hurt and annoyed by the unnecessary "soft-sawder" which Mr. Beverdy Johnson has seen fit to employ, the trading classes and sensible people of America, who are the majority, incline to the first mode of settlement. Few but fanatics, of whom President Grant is not one, dream of the second. And as for the third, it is a game that two can play at; and it is not quite so certain as the anti-English in America would like to think, that the naval power of Great Britain would not be more than a match for any legitimate opponent, great or small, and for any number of illegitimate Alabamas that might be launched from all the ports of the Union to try conclusions either with our mercantile or our national fleets. We believe the question to be safe in the hands of President Grant, and sincerely hope, in other respects, that to him Providence has confided a greater

task even than that of George Washington. The one built up an incongruous nation in spite of the opposition of the alien Government of Great Britain, to whom it owed fealty and allegiance; the other has to mend a broken Union, and make it stronger than before, by wise memories, wise forgetfulness, wise condonation, wise lenity, wise reticence, and, above all, by wise administration of the national debt and the national revenues. The task is noble, and more than enough for any administrator or any government. And before rushing into a foreign war which is wholly unnecessary, General Grant is soldier and statesman enough to know, with the great Duke of Wellington, "that nothing is more dreadful than a victory except a defeat;" and that the United States, with all their undoubted power and energy, cannot command victory in a wrongful cause, and have bound themselves over to keep the peace, not alone by the weight of their debt, but by the conquest of one-half of their country—a conquest much more certain than its conciliation.

that 10,000 will re-engage in each year, and that nearly that number of posts will be annually available to give away.

When war breaks out, and the army has to be increased, the regiments are raised to the war establishment by calling in the number required from the 1st Reserve—that is, from those men who have been drawn for the conscription, but who have not actually been called out. They will come into the ranks almost as raw recruits, having only received a few months' previous drill. Should their numbers not suffice for the required augmentation, then the 2d Reserve is drawn upon—that is, the deficient number is made up by recalling those men to their regiments who have already served five years and been passed into this reserve. These are the two theoretical reserves of the French army; practically, however, there is another reserve, which will be the first called up. It is usual in their service, when a man has been for four years actually in the ranks, to give him a furlough for the last year, subject, of course, to instant recall in case of war.*

3. *Organisation of the Austrian Army.*—The population of Austria amounts to about 36,000,000. The number of recruits proposed to be raised annually by conscription is 97,000. They are drawn at twenty years of age. They serve first for three years in the regular army, then pass for seven into the reserve, and finally for two into the landwehr. After thus serving for twelve years, they are discharged. Of the young men of the military age in each year who are not drawn for the conscrip-

tion the great bulk are assigned to the landwehr, in which they are retained for twelve years; the remainder are practically released from further obligation to military service.

This system, like the North German, rests on the principle of the localisation of the army. Each regiment has its own district from which it draws its recruits, to which it returns them as reserve soldiers, to be recalled to its ranks in case of need for seven years, and into the landwehr battalion of which it finally passes them for two.

So far the Prussian model is followed; but in the composition of the landwehr the French principle is introduced, for it is composed of two distinct elements: (1) of those men who have passed through the standing army and reserve; (2) of those who, like the Garde Nationale Mobile, have escaped the conscription, and never served before in either. These last when first enrolled are drilled for eight weeks, and afterwards for a fortnight during each year.

Re-engagements are more encouraged than in the Prussian, and less than in the French, service. They are made from year to year, and up to twelve years' service. Men re-engaging receive extra pay and a bounty.

When war breaks out, the regular army is at once raised to the war establishment by each regiment recalling to its ranks, from its own district regimental reserve, the required number of men, beginning with the youngest. The landwehr perform the reserve duties of furnishing the garrisons and guarding the communications. In the new

* The strength of the French army will be nearly as follows:—

Regular army embodied,	400,000
1st Reserve to regular army,	100,000
2d " " "	228,000
Garde Nationale Mobile,	330,000

Total, 1,058,000

It is expected that ultimately the Garde Nationale will extend to 550,000.

organisation the frontier troops, 53,000 strong, remain undisturbed.*

The above brief sketch will enable our readers to form an idea of the principle followed by each of the three great Powers in reorganising their armies.† We shall say a few words in regard to the comparative pressure of the system followed in each case: I. On the Population in Time of Peace; II. On the Population in Time of War; and III. On the Armies themselves considered as Engines of War.

I. *In regard to the Pressure on the Population in Time of Peace.*—This is heaviest on France, next greatest in North Germany, and least in Austria, in so far as the total force permanently embodied is concerned—those in the standing army being to the population as 1 in 116

in Austria, 1 in 100 in North Germany, and 1 in 93 in France. In France, however, a *much smaller* proportion of the population is *annually abstracted* from the labour-power of the country, and passed through the army, than in North Germany; but, in return, they are kept for two years longer in the ranks. In Austria a far greater number in proportion are annually embodied than in France; but they remain in the ranks for only the same period (three years) as in North Germany. In North Germany the greatest number of all are annually taken.‡ Out of the young men who annually attain the military age, in North Germany nearly one-third, in France not quite one-fifth, are drawn for the regular army. In regard to mar-

* The strength of the Austrian army will be nearly as follows:—

Regular army embodied,	255,000
Frontier troops,	53,000
Reserve to regular army,	545,000
Landwehr,	200,000

Total, 1,053,000

The landwehr are here only given as those who will pass into it from the regular army, no data existing to calculate the number who will come to it from the large class not drawn for the conscription. These will probably soon come to be 200,000 more.

† We have not alluded to the army of the fourth great Power—Russia—because it has not been reorganised upon the Prussian system; but perhaps a few words upon it may interest some of our readers. The population of Russia amounts to about 67,000,000. From this about 100,000 recruits are annually raised by conscription. They are enlisted for fifteen years, but after eight years' service with the colours they are sent to their homes on unlimited furlough. The reserve is composed entirely of these furlough-men. When wanted for service, they are recalled, not to their old regiment, but to any corps where they may be required. Including the irregular troops, the standing army during peace amounts to about 700,000, which can be raised during war to 1,200,000 by recalling the men on furlough. Russia thus keeps during peace *more than half* of her total force permanently embodied; and her standing force amounts to nearly double that of even France, the next greatest of any of the European Powers. She draws her conscripts between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, and, large as her army is, her population is so immense that the percentage of recruits annually taken to the population is only 1 in 660. Her army expenditure is about £21,000,000 a-year, or £7,000,000 more than that of either England or France.

‡ The percentage of recruits abstracted annually from the productive labour of the country is in round numbers nearly as follows:—

In France, one recruit from every 600 of the total population.	
In Austria, "	370
In North Germany, "	300

The difference of the results obtained, according as the proportion of the standing army to the population, or that of the annual conscription to the population, is regarded, is owing to the term of service being for two years longer in France than either in North Germany or Austria, and to the standing army in it being much larger in proportion to the reserves.

riage, the check is most severe in France, where, on an average, the regular conscript is not allowed to marry until twenty-seven; whereas in Austria and Prussia he can do so at twenty-three and a half.

Upon the whole, we regard the economical effect of the military system adopted to be much less detrimental to industry in France than in either North Germany or Austria. For although a larger standing army is kept up in the former country, yet the much smaller annual abstraction of young men in the vigour and prime of life from the pursuits of industry that takes place in it than in the two latter, leads to much more satisfactory results industrially considered. It is true, indeed, that nearly the whole French population of the military age is enrolled in the Garde Nationale, yet great care is taken not to let this interfere with their ordinary industrial pursuits and occupations.

II. *In regard to Pressure on the Population in Time of War.*—Here a very important difference arises between the French and the North German systems. Of the young men who attain each year the conscriptive age of twenty in North Germany, nearly one-third are drawn for the army, where they serve for three years, then pass into the reserve for four years, and finally into the landwehr for five. They are therefore subject to be called out during war for twelve years after enrolment. But the remaining young men who have the good fortune not to be drawn, amounting to two-thirds of the whole, are finally released from all liability for military service, except as a levy en masse in the last agony of the State.

In France, on the other hand, of those who attain the conscriptive age of twenty-one in any one year, the whole are enrolled in either the

regular army, the reserve, or the Garde Nationale Mobile. Those in the regular army serve for five years in it and four in the 2d Reserve. Those at once enrolled in the 1st Reserve, though only drilled for a few months, remain in it for nine years. These two classes, therefore, are liable for service during war for nine years after enrolment. Those posted to the Garde Nationale, embracing the whole remaining youth of the country, remain in it, liable to home-service during war, for five years.

Hence during war the pressure on the population will be longitudinal in North Germany and lateral in France. In North Germany during peace many more men are, in proportion to the population, abstracted from labour and annually called into the regular army than in France; and the pressure upon these in war will be longer and more severe. But the more numerous class who altogether escape the conscription during peace will also be altogether exempt from the war-pressure. In France, on the other hand, many fewer will be actually taken from the pursuits of industry and passed through the ranks of the regular army in time of peace; and during war their liability to be called out will be extended over a shorter period; but the whole youth of the country will be called to arms in one capacity or another when hostilities actually break out. The system will press hardest on middle life in North Germany and on youth in France.*

Austria occupies in this respect an intermediate position between North Germany and France:—the conscripts drawn from her regular army being, as in North Germany, passed successively into the reserve and the landwehr until their twelve years' liability is exhausted; while the great majority of the youth of

* War in France will tell most heavily on the whole population between twenty-one and twenty-five years of age; in Prussia it will be more widely extended over a part of the population between twenty and thirty-one years of age.

the military age not drawn in any one year for the army are, instead of being discharged from military liability, as in Prussia, enrolled in the ranks of the landwehr for home-service during war, as in France. The war-pressure in her will therefore be most severe, being both longitudinal from the regular army, and lateral through the landwehr.

III. Comparative Effect of these Systems on the Armies themselves considered as Engines of War.—This subject will be most exhaustively treated by considering these armies in respect to the three great divisions of—the standing army, the reserve of the standing army, and the landwehr or militia.

1. *In regard to the Standing Army.*—The regular army of France will, we believe, be the most powerful of the three, both in regard to numbers and composition. It is 100,000 stronger than those either of North Germany or Austria; consequently, to place itself on an equal footing with them in war, it would require to draw much fewer men from the reserve. And in composition it is also stronger, both from the soldiers who compose it being enrolled for a longer period, and from the much greater number of re-engaged men in the ranks. The French conscript is enrolled for five, the Prussian or Austrian for three years only; the former will therefore be more a disciplined soldier than either of the latter. It is to be remarked, however, that in practice this difference will not be quite so great as it looks on paper; for the Prussian recruit is kept in the ranks for his whole period, whilst in France the custom prevails of letting him go, in ordinary times, to his home on furlough for the last year of his service. The French soldier will therefore be practically trained for only one year longer than either the Prussian or Austrian. But in France every encouragement is given to good soldiers to re-engage for a second term of five years, and it is

calculated that about 10,000 will do so annually. The French army will thus come to have, on an average, 50,000 old, re-engaged, good soldiers always in its ranks—a tower of strength in the hour of need. In Prussia hardly any privates are re-engaged—only the non-commissioned officers; and in Austria it is probable that, for financial reasons, no great number of re-engagements amongst the rank and file will be made. In so far, therefore, as the regular army is concerned, we consider that of France to be the most powerful war-engine, alike from its superior numbers and its higher organisation.

2. *In regard to the Reserve of the Standing Army.*—We believe this to be the best in Prussia, most numerous in Austria, and least powerful in France. In Prussia the reserve consist of 350,000 men, all of whom have served for three years in the regular army, and few of whom have been for more than three years absent from its ranks. In Austria it consists of 545,000 men, all of whom have served for three years in the regular army; but as they remain in the reserve for seven years (not four only, as in Prussia), a great number of them will have been so long absent from the colours that the habit of discipline will have nearly faded from their minds. The strength of the reserve of both these armies consists in no man being in it who has not actually served as a soldier for three years; and of each men returning, when called out, to that battalion in which he had been trained; and the value of the reserve men so returning will be exactly in proportion to the *shortness of the time they have been absent from its ranks*. In France the reserve consists of 320,000 men, divided into two portions,—the first consisting of 100,000 who have never served in the army at all; the second, of 228,000 who have been enrolled in the army for five years, and remain in the reserve for

four. On war breaking out, it is the first portion who are at once poured into the ranks of the army, and these go to the regiments to which they are posted—not trained men rejoining their former comrades in their old corps, but comparatively new recruits joining a regular regiment for the first time. It is only when this first reserve is utterly exhausted that the French army falls back upon its second reserve of drilled soldiers; and they, when called out, return to serve in their own corps. To place the regular army at once on the war establishment, North Germany requires to draw 240,000 from the reserve, Austria 200,000, France only 130,000. From it it follows that nearly the whole of the reserve soldiers who at first join the French army will be undisciplined (not undrilled) men from the 1st Reserve, but that afterwards, if the war goes on, the trained soldiers will be recalled to the colours. In the Prussian and Austrian armies, on the other hand, it is the last dismissed of those men who have just passed through the army who will be first brought back to its ranks. Thus the Prussian and Austrian armies depend much more on their reserves than the French on the outbreak of war, and their reserves are in consequence much more strongly constituted. The French, from the greater size of their standing army, are much less dependent on the reserve, and the reserve men first called out will be of much inferior quality; but as the war goes on, this defect will diminish. On the whole, taking into consideration, on the one hand, the longer service and greater number of re-engaged soldiers in the French army, and on the other, the inferior quality, though much smaller number, of reserve men required to raise it to the war establishment, we are inclined to believe that the French Imperial army will take the field with a war strength superior to that of either of the great German Powers, although un-

doubtedly its 1st Reserve is constituted in a manner much inferior to theirs.

3. *In regard to the Landwehr or Militia.*—In regard to the comparative merit of this force in the three armies there can be no doubt. That of North Germany is *by far the best*, that of Austria next in excellence, that of France much the worst. In these countries this description of force is never intended actually to join the active armies in the field; it is designed to furnish all the garrisons and guard all the communications, and thus to liberate every man of the regular army, and its reserve, for service in the front. Nor can the importance of these duties be too highly estimated; for it is not too much to say, that they always require as many men as the actual field-army, and that if not furnished in this way, a proportionate deduction would require to be made from its strength. In North Germany there is not a man in the landwehr who has not served his full time—first in the army, and afterwards in its reserve. In Austria it will be composed, in about equal proportions, of men who have passed through the army and reserve, and of those who have never been embodied before. In France the Garde Nationale Mobile is formed *entirely* of men who have never served in the army; and it will consist of nothing more than a local militia, receiving only drill for fifteen days a-year, none of which days are to be consecutive. As a force it will be inferior to our own old local militia.

In regard to the important matter of financial cost, the French army requires about £14,000,000 annually, that of North Germany £9,600,000, that of Austria £8,200,000. The French army thus draws very much what our own does in its charge on the Imperial exchequer. A table is given below, where the principal statistics regarding these armies are placed together for the sake of comparison.

between themselves and with those of our own service.*

It will strike the most inattentive observer, that in the reorganization of the armies of the three great Powers above described, a new principle has been introduced, differing alike from the feudal militia of the olden time and the regular armies of modern Europe, and combining to a considerable extent the essence of both. The great mass of the population are enrolled for war purposes as in the middle ages, and a standing army is kept up as in modern times; but the regular army no longer represents the sole fighting power of the State. To use the graphic words of Colonel Hamley, it is "the mould through which all the able-bodied youth of the country are passed, entering at one end as recruits, and coming out at the other as trained soldiers, to resume their career as citizens."

The origin of this system, which dates from the necessities of Prussia when groaning under the iron yoke fixed round her neck by Napoleon after the campaign of Jena, we have before alluded to; but as its introduction into the great European armies is now *en fait accompli*, and as a large party are clamouring for its adoption in this country, it becomes a matter of in-

terest and importance to consider this new and singular change, in regard alike to its relation to the general progress of civilisation in other pursuits, and to the industrial prosperity of the age.

The division of labour is the great law of progress. To it we owe all the changes and the discoveries of modern times: its greater or less extension in any country marks in the surest way that country's advance in the path of civilisation. As was long ago remarked by Adam Smith, in the infancy of society, or in the youth of a colony, the Jack-of-all-trades is the most useful citizen; but in the maturity of a State the master of *one* is infinitely the most valuable. So true is this principle, so universal its application, that we can trace it in every country, and mark it in all society around us. The ready intelligent lad who can turn his hand to anything is the type of the rising colonist; the able and highly-educated citizen who has devoted his whole abilities to one branch of his profession is the man of promise in an old State. Everywhere around we see the continually-increasing division and subdivision of labour. Every profession is daily becoming split up into a number of separate branches, and success is reserved for those only who devote the la-

* In the following table the recruits annually embodied for the British army are taken at an average of 14,000. Under the head of "reserve to regular army" are included the two small forces known as the first and second army reserves, the enrolled pensioners, and the regular militia. Under the head of "landwehr," are placed the yeomanry and volunteers. The "regular army" does not include the regular troops in India who are kept up for the garrison of that country and at its charge. The "recruits annually embodied" in France are stated at 63,000, because although 70,000 are drawn yet 7000 of these are intended for the navy.

Country.	Population.	Recruits annually embodied.	Percentage of Recruits to Population.	Regular Army.	Reserve to Regular Army.	Landwehr.	Total armed Forces.	Annual Army Expenditure.	Period of Service in Army.
France.	37,500,000	63,000	1 to 590	400,000	328,000	380,000	1,098,000	14,000,000	5
N. Germany.	30,000,000	100,000	1 to 300	300,000	350,000	370,000	1,020,000	9,600,000	3
Austria.	36,000,000	92,000	1 to 370	308,000	545,000	200,000	1,053,000	8,300,000	3
Britain.	30,000,000	14,000	1 to 2000	120,000	107,000	184,000	417,000	14,800,000	25

hours of a lifetime to the cultivation of one of them; and this equally from the most intellectual calling down to the lowest trade.

Is the army, then, a standing contradiction to the great law of progress? Is the last efflorescence of the art of war to be the discharge of the long-trained soldier, and the enrolment of the half-drilled citizen? We cannot, and we do not, believe in this. The military art does not differ from the other trades and professions around it. In it, as in all else, *division of labour and the devotion of a life is the only real road to either individual or national success.*

Every change—and they have been many—in the arms and equipments of war during the last twenty years, points clearly in this direction. Take, for example, the old flint musket and the modern breech-loading-rifle. The musket, with its short range and rude bore, required for the perfect development of its imperfect power but a tolerably cool man who would hold it nearly parallel with the ground and pull the trigger. The rifle, to derive any advantage from its beautiful mechanism and long range, requires a highly-trained soldier in constant practice, an admirable judge of distance under the most adverse circumstances, a good calculator of the force of wind, with a hand of iron and nerves of steel; for he has to adjust a delicate sight to suit a shifting object at a long range, to calculate the impact of the fitful breeze, to seize for his aim a fleeting glimpse betwixt rolling wreaths of smoke, and to steady his hand amidst the shriek of whistling shot, the groans of dying men, and all the sullen roar of the ebb and flow of raging battle. And if this is

the case with the simple musketeer, how much more so is it in that of the cavalry soldier, who requires, in addition, to be a perfect rider mounted on a thoroughly trained and broken steed! or in that of the artilleryman, employed in working one of the finest and most complicated engines elaborated from the fruitful brain of modern science!

Yet the curious and remarkable fact is, that just as the weapons of war have been made more and more complicated and perfect by the scientific application to them of the principle of the division of labour, has the practice been introduced on the Continent of intrusting these weapons into the hands, not of a class exclusively trained to their especial use, but of the mass of ordinary citizens passed for a short time through the drill-school of the army. And the effect of this is clearly to be seen in the comparatively small result which the red returns of the battle-field show as flowing from the introduction of weapons of precision. When the breech-loader could do its work at *close quarters*—that is, where no skill or high training was required for its use—then its effect was deadly as in the mountain passes of the Riesen Gebirge or the streets of the Bohemian villages during the campaign of Sadowa, or against the impact of the Abyssinian rush beneath the rocky summits of Magdala. But where the fine-wrought rifle was to develop its destructive power at lengthened ranges, the result has been *nil*, as a glance at the comparative numbers of the killed and wounded in recent actions and in those of former days will show.* And this, we are sure, will continue more and more to be the case, in proportion as battles come

* Thus the killed and wounded were, in proportion to the total forces engaged, at the battle of Prague a sixth, at Zornsdorf a third, at Marengo a fourth, at Eylau a third, at Salamanca a third, at Borodino a third, at Talavera an eighth, with the old musket; while it was only at Magenta an eleventh, at Solferino an eleventh, and at Sadowa a thirteenth, with the new rifle.—See Hoxier's *Seven Weeks' War*, p. 342, note.

to be fought with large masses of reserve soldiers freshly recalled to the ranks—that is, of imperfectly-disciplined men.

It may naturally be asked, How has this strange result come about? How, when the services of very highly trained and disciplined soldiers were every day becoming of more value, from the delicate and powerful nature of the weapons put into their hands, did they come to be discarded, and their place supplied by large masses of drilled citizens? The answer is clear. The jealousies and the ambitions of the great States of modern Europe, released from the long peace imposed by the exhaustion of former wars and the restraints of the treaty of Vienna, led to the maintenance of standing armies so enormous that no finances could endure the strain; and thus, seeking after some mode of keeping immense bodies of armed men within their grasp at an expense not altogether unbearable, the Prussian system came to be adopted—particularly after the result of the Sadowa campaign showed that it could develop, at very short notice, a vast numerical force. But we are very much mistaken if this system will permanently endure. We believe that the practical experience of its defects in war, and of its results upon manufacturing industry in peace, will ultimately cause a great modification in its use.

There can be no doubt that this system enables a State in which the conscription is in force, at a comparatively small cost to the Treasury, to keep in different states of embodiment a very large armed force, capable of being, under a good organisation, at once brought out in time of war. Thus Prussia, at a cost of a little less than £10,000,000 a-year, keeps up a standing army of 300,000 men, capable of being raised in a fortnight to 540,000, and with re-

serves and landwehr in addition, to the amount of 481,000, to fall back upon. While Great Britain, on the old system, pays £14,000,000 a-year for a standing army of 127,000 men, and has only, at present, an imperfectly-organised militia and volunteer force of 290,000 to fall back upon, and hardly any reserve at all ready to be poured at need into the ranks.* We grant also that the Prussians, by their admirable arrangements, have succeeded in giving a degree of discipline and steadiness to their army which is perfectly wonderful, considering the short training accorded to the regular troops. What these arrangements are we have already explained fully.

But there is still a good deal to be said on the other side of the question. For reasons which we have already developed, we hold that the fighting power of an army such as ours is infinitely *greater* than that of an *equal number* of one such as the Prussian on its war-footing, and that from no inferiority at all on the part of the stout and brave German men, but solely because it is a less highly trained and disciplined fighting-machine; but we willingly admit that no amount of fighting power will make up for an excessive numerical inferiority, provided the greatly superior numbers are handled with skill and determination. Grant's last campaign against Lee is a decisive instance of this. But a nation cannot now be regarded simply as a mass of men to be utilised for war purposes; and what we do maintain is that (1), even where the conscription is in force, no army is so dear to the nation (though cheap to the Treasury) as one raised on the Prussian principle; and that (2), where the conscription does not exist, the expense of such an organisation would be unbearable.

Let it be clearly understood that

* The army reserve suitable for *general service* does not number 2000 men.
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the system to which we refer is that, to use Colonel Hamley's words, in which the army is used as "the mould through which the able-bodied youth of the country are passed, entering at one end as recruits, and coming out at the other as trained soldiers, to resume their career as citizens."

1. With regard to our first proposition, we hold that no army is so cheap to the nation as a standing one of volunteer professional soldiers, and that both because it is kept up by such a comparatively small annual draft upon the labour-fund of the State, and because the young men who join its ranks are little loss to the industry of the community. One example will prove this. Our army requires little more to keep it up annually than one man out of every two thousand of the population; that of Prussia takes each year one man from every three hundred. True, when our army has got them in its ranks it keeps them there for twelve years at least, and does not return them to civil life in three, as the North German system does; but then it does not take the flower of the people at their most valuable age. It is recruited entirely from that class who, having a natural disinclination to steady sustained labour, prefer a comparatively idle, though regular life, to one of continuous hard and remunerative industry. The State does not thus lose good citizens, and the army gains good and willing soldiers, whom it trains to the highest perfection for fighting purposes, and arms with the finest weapons of destruction, the full power of which can only be developed by such a course.

But very different is the effect of the Prussian conscription. The social and industrial results of this

system have been well explained by Mr. Laing in his travels in that country. Nearly a third of the total number of young men who annually come to the age of twenty are taken away from their trades and kept for three years in the ranks, and for nine years more are held embodied and ready to be called out on the outbreak of war. Now the three years—twenty to twenty-two—for which they are taken are just the most valuable of a young man's life—they are those in which his character is formed, in which almost alone the habits of industry must be acquired, during which the stamp of his whole future will be impressed; and no one can say that the army is a school in which the customs of stern self-relying industry are likely to be formed. Moreover, this third of the industrial population annually abstracted for the army is not composed, as in this country, of those naturally inclined to a soldier's life, but represents the very pith and marrow of the national vigour. There could probably be devised by the wit of man no scheme more repulsive to the development of industrial activity and progress. In any but a country mainly agricultural, like Prussia, the system could not be enforced. To great manufacturing industry it would be almost fatal; and we are convinced, the more manufactures increase in North Germany, the more unpopular will the system become. How would our great centres of trade and manufactures be affected if a third of the young men who now annually resort to them were taken into the army, and returned three years afterwards with all the acquired habits of a soldier's life and a thorough distaste to hard grimy toil? *

* The discipline of a military life trains men well for those occupations which require regularity, obedience, and trust. Thus discharged soldiers are singularly fitted for situations on railways, in the police, as light porters in warehouses, and, where they are well educated, for the minor posts in public offices. At present there is employment to be found in these pursuits for nearly all the men of good

All this is well understood on the Continent, though little in this country, and is there only submitted to because national independence is preferred to industrial progress. Louis Napoleon endeavoured at first to introduce the full Prussian system into the reorganised French army, by which the mass of the young men who each year attained the military age were to be embodied and passed successively through the ranks of the army, the regular reserve, and the Garde Nationale. But the fatal effects this would have (in spite of its military advantages) upon manufacturing industry, raised such a universal clamour and opposition, that even his authority could not force it through the Chambers, and he was forced to adopt the very modified system of reserves which we have already described. As it is, the diminution of the period of service from seven to five years, and consequent increase of the number of conscripts annually required from 23,000 men to 63,000 a-year (exclusive of 7000 for the navy), has caused the deepest discontent.

Could the moneyed effect upon the national wealth of the decrease of industry, resulting from the annual abstraction of so large a portion of the best young men of the country, for the most valuable years of their lives, from the ranks of toil, be correctly calculated, we are certain it would be found that there is no mode of keeping up an army at once so costly to the nation and so oppressive to individuals.

But while thus dear to the nation, there can be no doubt that the Prussian system is cheap to the

Treasury; for, armed with the power of the conscription, the Government takes the number of men it requires at the wages it itself fixes, and keeps them for the time it itself has determined as necessary for the full development of the war power of the State. In a modified degree this system resembles, in one respect, slavery—it is economical in wages, but costly in industry.

2. Very different, however, would even its financial cost be if applied to a State where the conscription could not be used, and the requisite supply of soldiers could only be obtained by open competition, in the labour-market, with the ordinary employers of labour, and that, too, in a country where wages are high and workmen scarce.

Short Terms of Service mean large Annual Enlistments.—At present our army is kept up by about 14,000 recruits annually. Were the term of service reduced from twelve to three years, we should need over 40,000 recruits a-year at the least; and this great supply could only be obtained by making it worth a young man's while both to enlist for this short period, and become bound for a much longer time to perform service when required in the regular forces at home or abroad. Now, consider what the market value of such an engagement upon a man just entering on the prime of life must be. He would not be allowed to remain in the regular service for longer than his short term of three or five years—for this is the very pith of the "mould" system—consequently he could in no case look to the army

character who annually pass out of the service, and they therefore supply a social want. But the case would be very different if, instead of the small number now discharged, the immense masses whom a short term of enlistment would liberate were annually poured forth upon society. For such numbers the limited supply of situations of this kind would afford no adequate vent, while the habits of an army life would have given them an utter distaste to *hard manual labour*. You rarely if ever see a soldier take to any working trade, or become a skilled artisan, either as a cotton-spinner or an iron-founder. The only exception we know to this rule is in the case of colliers. The majority of deserters—for very obvious reasons—take to this calling.

as a profession to be followed and lived by, but must regard it simply as *three of the best years of his life abstracted from his own proper trade, and for which loss he must be paid proportionally high*. So far his actual service. But the great strength of the proposed system consists in the power of recalling him to the ranks if required for war. Now no man will give up his freedom during the prime days of his youth, when the means of saving enough for marriage and old age are alone in his hands, unless he can be made to see that it will not involve himself and his family in ruin. We doubt if any number could be found to undertake this obligation for a less pension than 6d. a-day for the period that they remained so liable.*

But this system is good for nothing if it does not afford large numbers of reserve men ready to be recalled to the ranks at any moment, and the value of these reserve men decreases with each year which they have been absent from the training school of the army.† The financial results of such a system would therefore be, that if you kept the regular army at its present establishment, you would have it, *in proportion to its numbers*, an infinitely inferior fighting-

machine than it now is, which you would require to pay for at a much higher rate; while it would be supplemented by a number of reserve soldiers, many of them of doubtful use, owing to the time they had been absent from the ranks, who would cost nearly half as much in pay as the army itself.

Moreover—and this is a most important point—the economical effects of such a plan, requiring the annual abstraction for a certain term of years of a large body of young men in the opening vigour of their life, would be exactly the same upon industry as that caused by the conscription in Prussia, with only this difference, that it would be obtained at a ruinously greater financial cost.

When to this is added the fatal difficulty of the number of our regiments always serving in India and the colonies, it would seem to be the height of rashness to surrender our present system for the Prussian, seeing that we have not the power of the conscription, which alone renders it economical—are more dependent than any other State upon the development to its utmost extent of the whole industrial force of the people—and, from our seagirt position, have less need of a powerful reserve than any, since

* This statement will to many appear exaggerated, but the *total failure* of the army reserve force, founded some years ago for this very purpose, is a decisive proof of the truth of the opinion here advanced. A man thinks twice before he undertakes the obligation of being at any moment recalled to a regiment, *to serve abroad, in the colonies or the field*, during the whole course of a war which may last for years, after he has once established himself comfortably in life, and got a wife and family to support. The trifling volunteer obligation to serve at home during the few weeks that an invasion might last, and from which he can *withdraw at any time*, is a very different matter. Nor does the militia prove the reverse, because the men who compose it all belong to trades requiring manual labour and little manufacturing skill (as a glance at the trade return of any militia regiment will show) and in which a few weeks' annual absence causes no inconvenience—that is, exactly to those trades which a discharged soldier would be most certain to avoid. They undertake, besides, only a liability for home service for a limited period, and they do not require to begin by giving up their own proper occupations for several years—and those, too, the most valuable ones of their lives.

† Both the Prussians and the French have united to the conclusion, that four years is the utmost time that a soldier can be absent from the ranks and recalled with use to the regular army. After that term he is in Prussia handed over to the landwehr for garrison duty, and in France is dismissed altogether.

the navy is our first line of defence, the army and reserve forces only our second.

Our regular army is sufficient for our need in peace, and could be quickly increased to a considerable amount for offensive purposes in war by recruiting and volunteering from the militia. Our home-defence is provided for by a large force of regular militia and pensioners, who could at any moment be placed on permanent duty; and the dire crisis of an invasion would be met by calling forth the latent patriotism of the State in the dense battalions of the volunteers, and the useful squadrons of the yeomanry.*

It is a profound remark of Montesquieu, that no nation ever yet rose to greatness except with institutions suited to, and resulting from, its natural character. The army of England is no mushroom

growth of the day; it has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. It and its reserves are suited to the national character, for they are the national development of that character in matters warlike; they leave untrammelled the industrial force of the State, and they provide an adequate amount of war-power, when our sea-girt position and naval might are duly considered. They do so at a high cost, yet the price is cheap when compared with the economical and social effects of the Continental system. Let us improve, by careful organisation and forethought, to its fullest extent, *our own national system*, but let us not hastily cast it aside to follow a foreign model, the emanation of a different state of society, different dangers, and different wants from our own.

* According to the Army Estimates for this year, and Mr. Cardwell's explanation, our force, paid by the Imperial Exchequer, will be about as follows:—

Regular army,	{ At home,	92,000	{	126,000
	{ In the colonies,	34,000		
Regular reserve,	{ 1st army reserve (for general service),	2,000	{	107,000
	{ 2d do (pensioners, &c. for home service),	22,000		
	{ Militia (Great Britain),	83,000		
Last reserve,	{ Yeomanry,	14,000	{	184,000
	{ Volunteers,	170,000		
Total,				417,000

If we add to the army the regular troops serving in India, and paid by the Indian Exchequer, consisting of about 62,000 men, and to the regular reserve the enrolled, but untrained, Irish militia—say 23,000—the grand total will stand as follows:—

Regular army,	188,000
Regular reserve,	130,000
Last reserve,	184,000
In all,	502,000

THE TRIUMVIRATE.

THE British Commonwealth at the present moment, like the Roman Commonwealth before the liberties of the Republic were finally extinguished, is governed by a triumvirate. The Roman experiment did not end successfully; nor can any experiment of the kind be expected to thrive unless there be at least a substantial identity of opinion and sentiment among the rulers. It is needless to say that Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Lowe are the three remarkable men in whom, by common consent, the brains of the Cabinet are lodged. No Liberal Government, indeed, would be complete which was not largely recruited from the ranks of the oligarchy; but though there is the usual "padding" of Whig dukes and Whig right honourables, the three commoners we have named undoubtedly wield the real governing power.

It seems to be assumed that, as each of these men is individually a considerable power in the State, their union must render them irresistible. The parable of the Archbishop of St. Andrews has received a converse application. "My liege," said Kennedy, when the King confessed that to break the bunch of arrows was beyond his strength, "that may be the case, bound together as they are; but take the arrows one by one, and you may easily break them all in succession." There is, however, another side of the proposition which ought not to be overlooked. Union is strength in those cases where men are animated by the same convictions and the same desires; but a hollow truce between enemies, or the combination of allies who distrust each other, is full of peril. England has never loved coalitions, because she has instinctively recognised that no coalition can be formed except at the sacrifice of most of the qualities

which constitute the true strength of the parties of which it is composed. Nominally the present Government is not a coalition; Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Lowe are all professedly members of "the great Liberal party." The Liberal creed, like charity, is of very elastic material; it covers a multitude of sins, and it contains almost every variety of political opinion. We venture, however, to believe that there are no other three members of that party so entirely antipathetic in tone, feeling, and constitution, in aim, ambition, and conviction, as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Lowe. Their discrepancies are not superficial merely; the antagonism is vital—an antagonism reaching far down below the sphere of political thought and action to the very bases of belief. Had Archbishop Laud, Praise-God Barebone, and Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury formed themselves into an Administration, we might have been furnished with an historical parallel. There must be something wrong in party nomenclature when three such men can hold office together without hurting the moral sense of the nation. The fact is, that Liberalism is at present not a creed, but the negation of a creed. Every man who has any grievance to ventilate—from the parish pump up to the House of Peers—its upon the Liberal benches; and the sole bond of cohesion is the common anxiety to destroy. It may be possible enough for followers to keep together on such terms; but, in the case of the leaders, the difficulties of the position must be trying to the most even and placid temperament. A Scotch proverb declares that "it needs a lang spoon to sup kail with the deil;" and the spoons which Mr. Bright and Mr. Lowe respectively use when supping out of

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Octavius did not favour the world with his opinion of Antony till after he had quarrelled with him; but our triumvirs have been less reticent, and, before they coalesced, each had told us quite frankly what he thought of the others. It is impossible to study the graphic portraits painted by these illustrious artists without coming to the conclusion that the sticks of which our bundle is composed were stronger apart, and that the unnatural combination of three constitutionally repugnant forces must be fruitful of disaster to themselves and danger to the State.

Mr. Bright scarcely affects to conceal that he is at present like a fish out of water—an unwieldy monster of the deep stranded among the rocks and shoals of official life. Chatham, when he took a peerage, ceased forthwith to be “the great Commoner.” An earl’s coronet could not add to the dignity of the foremost Englishman of his age. On the contrary, it dwarfed his greatness and destroyed his power. Mr. Bright has suffered in like manner from his elevation. The virtue has gone out of him. The wings of the eagle have been clipped. The simple Tribune of the people was an infinitely more dangerous man to his foes than the right honourable gentleman the President of the Board of Trade. He may retain his simplicity of character, but the simplicity of his position has been hurt. Pitt, the leader of the high-born and high-bred gentlemen of England, was an aristocratic as well as a popular leader; but Mr. Bright’s power has been derived exclusively from the people. He was our one great demagogue. A demagogue can seldom be converted into a statesman without impairing the integrity of his influence; and we do not see any reason to believe that Mr. Bright

will prove an exception to the rule.

Mr. Bright can hardly have forgotten (however much he may find it necessary to forget) the memorable sentences in which Mr. Lowe depicted the career of the demagogue:—

“I am not afraid of the people of this country. They have displayed a good sense which is remarkable indeed, when contrasted with the harangues which have been addressed to them. But if I am not afraid of the people, neither do I agree with the right honourable gentleman the member for Huntingdon, in fearing those by whom they are led. Demagogues are the commonplace of history. They are to be found wherever popular commotion has prevailed, and they all bear to one another a strong family likeness. Their names float lightly on the stream of time; they are in some way handed down to us, but then they are as little regarded as is the foam which rides on the crest of the stormy wave and bespatters the rock which it cannot shake.”

We do not quite agree with this; we believe, indeed, that the tribune’s office has been frequently filled by men who were neither able nor honest; but we can, at least, imagine a virtuous and patriotic demagogue, and we are willing to admit that Mr. Bright is such a one. It is obvious, however, that the arts of the demagogue are of little use to the official—that in certain respects, indeed, they have a tendency to disqualify the mind for the work of Government. The trade of the demagogue is demolition—the trade of the statesman is construction. That Mr. Bright is a master of invective, that he can assail what he considers an abuse with the hard and merciless missiles of speech, need not be seriously denied. Seventy years ago, indeed, before the race of the giants had died out, his oratory would not have been very highly esteemed. He has fallen, fortunately for his own fame, upon an unfruitful age; and to the dearth of eloquence among us his reputation is due. Transparently

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neat and clear his simple Saxon speech undoubtedly is; but, except in an occasional burst of fervid invective (when his blade grows sharp and keen and luminous), his orations are untouched by the fire of the imagination. Looked at intellectually, it is clear that the author of the volumes of speeches which are lying before us is the slave of an idea. He is the apostle of democracy, pure and simple. The sovereignty of the multitude is the only article in his creed. There is no room in his mind for any other conception. We do not suppose that there is another educated man in Britain at this moment over whose imagination the invisible and intangible influences of the past have so little sway. His fanatical reverence for that mighty power which he calls "the people," has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until it has swelled into an exclusive and absorbing passion. Mr. Bright is thus, like most of his followers, a political bigot. The political action of such a man in an ancient society like ours is necessarily destructive. The balanced inconsistencies, the intricate compromises, the rough justice, on which old and historical monarchies must rest, excite in his mind an indignation that is almost religious in its energy. These limitations, in his eyes, invade the ideal sovereignty which he jealously worships; and he cannot understand any more than an inquisitor could understand, why religious and political heresy, like the cattle-plague, should not be "stamped out." When a political zealot of this sort is captured, thrust into office, and intrusted with the governing-machine, what commonly happens? The prestige of his independence deserts him. He is no longer the simple incorruptible patriot. Younger and stronger prophets snatch up the mantle which the translated seer has dropt. His sole gift—the gift of speech—ceases to be serviceable; for, as we have said, the qualities

which form a sagacious administrator are not the qualities of the rhetorician. His subordinates discover that he lacks the tact, persuasiveness, habitual patience and reticence of the man bred from youth to the work; he waries his colleagues, he perplexes his friends, the fervour of the people cools. He has put away the weapon in the use of which he excelled; and men quickly learn that the Red Indian without his war-paint, and clothed in the garments of civilisation, is a quite harmless, and not altogether attractive nor sublime, individual.

It is said, indeed, that Mr. Bright's career discloses high political sagacity and foresight, and in proof of the assertion we are referred to the collection of his speeches published the other day. He has himself, with characteristic egotism, pointed to the fruit of his lifelong labours. "I am the author of Free-Trade; I am the author of household suffrage: the Statute-book is the record of my hardly-won victories over the world, the flesh, and the devil." The quack vaunts his occasional and accidental success—he is scrupulously silent about his habitual want of success. Mr. Bright, since he entered the political arena, has been the assailant of the English Monarchy. His virulent animosity to the institutions of his country gives his career any consistency and completeness it may possess. He has denounced the Church; he has denounced the Bishops; he has denounced the House of Peers; he has denounced the army and navy; he has denounced capital punishment; he has denounced "the land," and the laws which secure its possession and which regulate its transmission. There is no institution however venerable, no association however sacred, which he has not denounced—in perfect good faith, and simplicity it may be, but arrogantly, ignorantly, insolently. Yet the Monarchy survives; so do the Peers; so does the Church; so

do the Bishops. The estates of the great landowners have not been "sequestered" among their "seifs;" capital punishment is still occasionally inflicted; and the Peace Society (which, by the way, was directly responsible for the Russian war) is *in nubibus*. The forms of English life, the institutions of English society are substantially identical with those which existed when Mr. Bright made his first speech.

It is quite true that a Tory Minister gave us Free-Trade, and that a Tory Minister has more recently given us household suffrage, or something very like it. In so far as the abolition of the Corn-Laws are concerned, it ought to be remembered that the agitation of Mr. Bright and his friends during ten years proved absolutely fruitless. The elections of 1841 gave Sir Robert Peel a majority approaching 100 pledged to protection; and the official leaders of the Whig party were, and continued to be up till 1845, as strict Protectionists as their rivals. But then came the Irish dearth and the sudden conversion of Sir Robert. The Corn-Laws were precipitately abolished. It is possible that the Tory leader had anticipated, as part of his policy, their gradual relaxation and ultimate extinction; but the Act of 1846 was passed in a panic. It was thus in no sense a statesman-like measure, and the consequence was, that for many years the agricultural community was unable to recover its elasticity. The profound depression, the acute distress, of many years might have been avoided if a protective policy had been gradually abandoned. The measure of 1846 is consequently not a measure which a wise statesman, however sincerely attached to the principles of Free-Trade, would desire to have associated with his name.

Mr. Bright's eulogy upon himself in connection with Parliamentary Reform exhibits still more

clearly the characteristic defects of his mind. He constantly assumes that there are certain fundamental axioms in politics, as in morals and mathematics, which are invariably true and universally applicable. The right of every man to enjoy the franchise is, for instance, a right subject to no limitations in point of time; if it is just to give him it to-day, it was unjust to withhold it from him thirty or sixty or a hundred years ago. The idea of political *fitness* is one which he cannot entertain. Lord Bolingbroke described the great failing of Mr. Bright's mind with prophetic exactness when he wrote to Sir William Windham: "It is as much a mistake to depend upon that which is true but impracticable at a certain time, as to depend on that which is neither true nor practicable at any time." The President of the Board of Trade has habitually committed both of these errors: when he does not recommend what is neither true nor practicable, he is certain to recommend what is true but impracticable. Take, for example, the question of the possession of the franchise. It is capable of demonstration that such an extension of the franchise as we now enjoy would have been followed by quite different results had the Act of 1867 been passed in 1715, in 1795, or in 1848. Had household suffrage, had a £10 franchise even, been in operation during the first thirty or forty years of last century, there can be little doubt that the Stuarts would have been restored. Somers and Walpole would have committed political suicide—they would have abolished the Whig party and the Hanover dynasty simultaneously—had they extended the elective franchise; and this was perfectly well known to both parties; for during all these years the Jacobites were vehement reformers, the Whigs were ardent Conservatives. It won't do, therefore, for Mr. Bright to say to the Tories, "Twenty years

ago I was in favour of household suffrage—twenty years ago you were opposed to its introduction. Time has proved that I was right and that you were wrong." Time has proved nothing of the sort. An immense progress has taken place during that period. The people are now better fed, better housed, better educated, better trained, better disciplined in every respect, than they were then. We are of opinion that the Tory leaders acted prudently and courageously in proposing the Reform Bill of 1867; but we are guilty of no inconsistency when we say that it would have been the height of folly to have proposed it twenty years earlier. But pure democracy does not consider the times and the seasons. It has no regard for results—it treats consequences with derision. Though the sky fall, let abstract justice be done. Let the free-born Briton enjoy his divine right to cut his own throat when so inclined.

It is clear that a mind like this can possess little richness of intellectual culture. The inquirer who has studied the ups and downs of history, the rise and fall of institutions, and who sees with painful distinctness how tremendously complicated a business the fair government of human creatures has always been, and must always be, is never addicted to political dogmatism. The political convictions of students like Gibbon are apt to be tentative. Such men know that the world has seldom been successfully ruled by abstract ideas—that tradition plays a greater part than logic in the government of mankind. Historical ignorance, on the other hand, is the parent of superstition as well as of bigotry, and Mr. Bright is at once fanatical and intolerant. He has discovered a sovereign panacea to cure all the evils that curse the children of men, and to those who are wilfully and wickedly blind to its virtues no mercy should be extended. We should

fancy that to a man of this stamp no slavery can well be more irksome than that of office; and Mr. Bright at the Board of Trade is an object over which even Mr. Lowe may drop a pensive tear. Charles Lamb, when reprimanded for laziness by his official chief, fell back on the humorous plea, that if he was the *last* to reach the office in the morning, he was the *first* to leave in the afternoon. We daresay that Mr. Bright in this respect imitates not unsuccessfully the practice of the most charming of humorists; and his intense relief when he returns to the open air must be a sight worth witnessing.

Mr. Bright has been sometimes called a Puritan, but between the spiritual strife of Puritanism and the calm secularism of the sect to which he belongs there is little in common. In his speeches we find, no doubt, a frequent recurrence to Old Testament idioms and expressions—indeed the few striking passages which they contain are due to a bold and sometimes startling application of Scriptural phraseology. Thus on the hustings at Birmingham, after he had accepted office, he said that when asked to become a Minister of the Crown, he at first felt tempted to refuse in the words of "the great woman" of Shunem, who, when the prophet inquired, "What is to be done for thee? wouldst thou be spoken for to the king or to the captain of the host?" answered, "I dwell among mine own people." This, however, is a simple poetic or rhetorical use such as the Puritans would have resented (*they took the words of the Old Testament in a really literal sense, and treated the decisions of its kings and prophets as strictly legal precedents*), and Mr. Bright is not a Puritan in any deep sense of the word. Puritanism, in its essence, is not republican, though many of the Puritans were republicans. The uncomely Roundheads, who did such memorable things in England more

than two centuries ago, contended for a divine monarchy—they would serve no king but God; they fought not for “the rights of man,” but for what they esteemed the prerogative of the Almighty. They were quite ready to trample the rights of man under foot when need was, believing that men, until they had become members of the divine kingdom and subjects of the divine Ruler, were vile, fallen, abominable, unclean. Mr. Bright’s eloquent periods about the inalienable right of every full-grown Englishman to possess the franchise, would have excited the grave mirth, if not the grave disreasure, of these sour heroes. The form of government at which both Puritan and democrat aim may be the same; but the Puritan reaches it by asserting the supremacy of God, the democrat by asserting the equality of men. The only point in common between Mr. Bright and the members of the Long Parliament is to be found in the dislike of both to the hierarchy. “Black Prebacy” was to the Puritan an incarnation of the principle of evil; and when Mr. Bright speaks of a bishop—“that creature of monstrous, nay, even of adulterous birth”—he positively foams at the mouth.

The character of Mr. Gladstone in all these respects is in violent contrast to Mr. Bright’s. Mr. Gladstone is an official by temper and training. He is passionately fond of the drudgery which Mr. Bright detests. The President of the Board of Trade might have belonged to one of the great Whig houses, so complete is his ignorance of figures. But Mr. Gladstone is a great arithmetician, and to this is primarily due no small measure of his success. The Whigs have never been addicted to finance, else a Walpole and a Gladstone would hardly have been permitted to lead the country. Even when from among themselves they have produced a man of great natural capa-

city, like Charles James Fox, no amount of “cram” could enable him to master its most rudimentary propositions. It is probable that Sheridan would have been Chancellor of the Exchequer had he known the difference between decimal and vulgar fractions. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, can manipulate figures with the dexterity of a railway speculator. A great deal has been written about his scientific finance; but we have never been able to discover more than two very simple principles in his budgets: 1st, He has cut down the public service to the starvation-point; 2dly, He has had faith in the vast consuming power of the nation; and, aided by an elastic revenue, and a long succession of prosperous years, has abolished the duties on imports freely and even rashly. Much of the costly expenditure of late years has been rendered necessary by the improvident economy for which Mr. Gladstone is mainly responsible; but, as regards the abolition of the duties upon articles of general consumption, he is entitled to all the credit that an *imitator* can fairly claim.

“An imitator”—and Mr. Gladstone is essentially an imitative politician. He has little original force—the ideas which he expounds, when not whimsical, are borrowed. He likes to be led—it saves him from the pain of exercising a faculty which he never willingly exercises—the faculty of judgment. His intellect, when dealing with a sharp crisis or an involved issue, is dependent and uninventive. “The questions of this world are so knotty,” Lacordaire writes, in words that might have been used by Mr. Gladstone, “they present themselves so diversely and contradictorily to different minds, that I consider it a great blessing when they are solved by events independent of the will of man. I have always passionately wished for this sort of solution.”

Mr. Gladstone’s nature is thus at once fanatical and mobile. An

eminent English writer has remarked that the Premier has "the believing temperament, without a single conviction that will stand a strain." The emotional side of his mind is out of all proportion to the intellectual. Consequently, though his convictions are vehement, they are not permanent. The creator has a central native force of his own which steadies him, but the imitator takes the colour of his associates, and as they change he changes. Mr Gladstone believes profoundly, and yet he is blown about by every wind of doctrine. He is quickly subjugated by the last comer. Lord Macaulay was certainly sagacious, if not prophetic, when he observed: "He may try to be a man of the tenth century, but he cannot. Whether he will or no, he must be a man of the nineteenth century. . . . With the most intense exertion Mr. Gladstone cannot help being in some important points in advance of Locke himself; and with whatever admiration he may regard Land, it is well for him, we can tell him, that he did not write in the days of that zealous primate, who would certainly have refuted the expositions of Scripture which we have quoted by one of the keenest arguments that can be addressed to human ears." For twenty years Mr. Gladstone has been illustrating this text. The High Church Oxford influence was the earliest that was brought to bear upon him. It was brought to bear upon his imagination at the most susceptible period of life, and from that time to this he has never entirely escaped from it. The scholar of Peel, the disciple of Bright, still clings to his priestly, sacramental, transcendental, medieval theories, even while being dragged painfully along—the reluctant captive of modern "progress," the slave of a will more potent and absolute than his own.

Though religious associations are always getting into debt, finance and theology do not necessarily

clash. As long as Mr. Gladstone remained at the Exchequer, he was not forced to look any of our religious difficulties, nor any of the social difficulties connected with religion, very directly in the face. To a certain extent he secluded himself in his office—only venturing out occasionally to attend a meeting of the society over which Dr. Pusey and his friends bear sway. To this seclusion, we think, may fairly be attributed the crude, rudimentary, and even childish opinions which he has latterly expressed upon many political topics. Since Lord Palmerston's death he has been forced to leave his hermitage, and to take a more active part in the general business of legislation. The history of these years is the history of his blunders. His conduct during that period will supply a fine subject for a future Tacitus; in the mean time, the reader who wishes to see his errors embalmed in contemporary prose, eloquent with vindictiveness, should read the speeches delivered by Mr. Lowe in 1865 on the proposal of the Whig Administration to undermine the unsectarian system of education established in Ireland by Lord Derby and Sir Robert Peel, and in 1866 upon that milk-and-water Reform Bill which the House of Commons ultimately rejected. These speeches conclusively demonstrate that a great arithmetician, like a great mathematician, may be ill adapted to deal successfully with the common interests of life—Parliamentary or other. Mr. Gladstone acquiesced in the subversion of the Irish educational system without being even aware, as it seemed, that he was consenting to the sacrifice of an important principle. The arguments by which he defended his Reform Bill had been used by democratic agitators for fifty years; the arguments with which he assailed the Irish Church had been familiar to every man who has thought about politics for the last fifty years: yet, throughout the

debates of 1866 and 1868, his air of discovery, his tone of surprise, proved how perfectly novel they were to his mind.

Mr. Bright thinks and speaks with eminent exactness, whereas Mr. Gladstone (apart from his figures) is inexact alike as thinker and speaker. The sentimental pensiveness and mistiness of the First Lord of the Treasury over "our own flesh and blood" bears little resemblance to the fierce democratic instinct of the President of the Board of Trade. The one is, by constitution at least, a sturdy Saxon; the sickly hue of sentiment, the morbidly excitable temperament, the feminine eagerness and petulance of the other, are happily rare among English politicians. The characteristic defects of Mr. Gladstone's intellect are, however, more marked in his writings than in his speeches. The presence of an audience, though a stimulant to the nervous energy, is in general a restraint upon the imagination, of a speaker. A student in the seclusion of his closet enjoys more intellectual license than is permitted to the orator, whose every sentence is watched by keen and eager antagonists. Whenever the wholesome checks of Parliamentary life have been withdrawn, Mr. Gladstone has gone perversely astray. The grotesque and fantastic eccentricities of his mind are such as are now seldom met with out of an asylum for the insane, and remind us of the curious jumble of angels and saints and evil spirits which we see in some medieval churches. A writer without any very fine critical acumen may yet possess a sound understanding; but when a writer whose judgment is neither sound nor nicely critical turns his attention to theology or philosophy, he perpetrates the egregious blunders which give to the 'Essay on Church and State' and the Homeric dissertations any interest they may yet retain. That a man in Mr. Gladstone's position should

gravely assert that Aphrodite is the Greek synonym for the Virgin Mother, is really a matter of no practical moment—the critics laugh, and there an end; but it is a serious matter when a statesman in his hours of retirement develops a theory on the relations which should exist between Christianity and the State so utterly whimsical and preposterous that even Churchmen are forced to admit that *no* Church would be better than *this* Church. We do not think that the injury which Mr. Gladstone's injudicious partisanship has inflicted upon the Church to which he belongs can be easily overestimated; and his recently-published 'Chapter of Autobiography' is in this light a most instructive contribution to the religious history of our time. Professedly a recantation of the opinions expressed in the 'Essay on Church and State,' it is written for the purpose of showing how the author escaped from the untenable position he occupied in that work; but the effect produced upon the mind of the reader is very different from that obviously intended by the writer. The world, with the indolent good-nature for which it gets little credit, had long ago forgiven and forgotten the solemn eccentricities of his priggish boyhood, and was content to believe that as he had grown in years he had grown in wisdom and discretion. But this Chapter unhappily directs public attention to the fact that, in mature manhood as in youth, his judgment is perverse, capricious, and unreliable; and the recantation is thus more damaging to a serious intellectual reputation than the original heresy had been. He has abandoned his position for reasons more unreasonable than those which led him to adopt it.

Lord Macaulay, years ago, complained that Mr. Gladstone's style was hard to understand:—

"His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking and

riage, the check is most severe in France, where, on an average, the regular conscript is not allowed to marry until twenty-seven; whereas in Austria and Prussia he can do so at twenty-three and a half.

Upon the whole, we regard the economical effect of the military system adopted to be much less detrimental to industry in France than in either North Germany or Austria. For although a larger standing army is kept up in the former country, yet the much smaller annual abstraction of young men in the *topper and prime of life* from the pursuits of industry that takes place in it than in the two latter, leads to much more satisfactory results industrially considered. It is true, indeed, that nearly the whole French population of the military age is enrolled in the Garde Nationale, yet great care is taken not to let this interfere with their ordinary industrial pursuits and occupations.

II. *In regard to Pressure on the Population in Time of War.*—Here a very important difference arises between the French and the North German systems. Of the young men who attain each year the conscriptive age of twenty in North Germany, nearly one-third are drawn for the army, where they serve for three years, then pass into the reserve for four years, and finally into the landwehr for five. They are therefore subject to be called out during war for twelve years after enrolment. But the remaining young men who have the good fortune not to be drawn, amounting to *two-thirds of the whole*, are finally released from all liability for military service, except as a levy en masse in the last agony of the State.

In France, on the other hand, of those who attain the conscriptive age of twenty-one in any one year, the whole are enrolled in either the

regular army, the reserve, or the Garde Nationale Mobile. Those in the regular army serve for five years in it and four in the 2d Reserve. Those at once enrolled in the 1st Reserve, though only drilled for a few months, remain in it for nine years. These two classes, therefore, are liable for service during war for nine years after enrolment. Those posted to the Garde Nationale, embracing the *whole remaining youth of the country*, remain in it, liable to home-service during war, for five years.

Hence during war the pressure on the population will be longitudinal in North Germany and lateral in France. In North Germany during peace many more men are, in proportion to the population, abstracted from labour and annually called into the regular army than in France; and the pressure upon these in war will be longer and more severe. But the more numerous class who altogether escape the conscription during peace will also be altogether exempt from the war-pressure. In France, on the other hand, many fewer will be actually taken from the pursuits of industry and passed through the ranks of the regular army in time of peace; and during war their liability to be called out will be extended over a shorter period; but the *whole youth of the country will be called to arms* in one capacity or another when hostilities actually break out. The system will press hardest on middle life in North Germany and on youth in France.*

Austria occupies in this respect an intermediate position between North Germany and France:—the conscripts drawn from her regular army being, as in North Germany, passed successively into the reserve and the landwehr until their *twelve* years liability is exhausted; while the great majority of the youth of

* War in France will tell most heavily on the whole population between twenty-one and twenty-five years of age; in Prussia it will be more widely extended over a part of the population between twenty and thirty-one years of age.

the military age not drawn in any one year for the army are, instead of being discharged from military liability, as in Prussia, enrolled in the ranks of the landwehr for home-service during war, as in France. The war-pressure in her will therefore be most severe, being both longitudinal from the regular army, and lateral through the landwehr.

III. *Comparative Effect of these Systems on the Armies themselves considered as Engines of War.*—This subject will be most exhaustively treated by considering these armies in respect to the three great divisions of—the standing army, the reserve of the standing army, and the landwehr or militia.

1. *In regard to the Standing Army.*—The regular army of France will, we believe, be the most powerful of the three, both in regard to numbers and composition. It is 100,000 stronger than those either of North Germany or Austria; consequently, to place itself on an equal footing with them in war, it would require to draw much fewer men from the reserve. And in composition it is also stronger, both from the soldiers who compose it being enrolled for a longer period, and from the much greater number of re-engaged men in the ranks. The French conscript is enrolled for five, the Prussian or Austrian for three years only; the former will therefore be more a disciplined soldier than either of the latter. It is to be remarked, however, that in practice this difference will not be quite so great as it looks on paper; for the Prussian recruit is kept in the ranks for his whole period, whilst in France the custom prevails of letting him go, in ordinary times, to his home on furlough for the last year of his service. The French soldier will therefore be practically trained for only one year longer than either the Prussian or Austrian. But in France every encouragement is given to good soldiers to re-engage for a second term of five years, and it is

calculated that about 10,000 will do so annually. The French army will thus come to have, on an average, 50,000 old, re-engaged, good soldiers always in its ranks—a tower of strength in the hour of need. In Prussia hardly any privates are re-engaged—only the non-commissioned officers; and in Austria it is probable that, for financial reasons, no great number of re-engagements amongst the rank and file will be made. In so far, therefore, as the regular army is concerned, we consider that of France to be the most powerful war-engine, alike from its superior numbers and its higher organisation.

2. *In regard to the Reserve of the Standing Army.*—We believe this to be the best in Prussia, most numerous in Austria, and least powerful in France. In Prussia the reserve consist of 350,000 men, all of whom have served for three years in the regular army, and few of whom have been for more than three years absent from its ranks. In Austria it consists of 545,000 men, all of whom have served for three years in the regular army; but as they remain in the reserve for seven years (not four only, as in Prussia), a great number of them will have been so long absent from the colours that the habit of discipline will have nearly faded from their minds. The strength of the reserve of both these armies consists in no man being in it who has not actually served as a soldier for three years; and of each men returning, when called out, to that battalion in which he had been trained; and the value of the reserve men so returning will be exactly in proportion to the *shortness of the time they have been absent from its ranks*. In France the reserve consists of 320,000 men, divided into two portions,—the first consisting of 100,000 who have never served in the army at all; the second, of 228,000 who have been enrolled in the army for five years, and remain in the reserve for

ther into a question lying at a distance he could not measure"—a singular declaration for a man to make in 1865, whose mind on this question in 1863 "had been made up." This is all that we care to say upon the distasteful personal aspects of the controversy. We are willing to allow that, in remaining silent from 1845 to 1868, Mr. Gladstone was not guilty of deliberate and conscious treachery; and we are willing to accept in the frankest possible spirit the singular reason which he assigns for his singular silence: "My mind recoiled then, as it recoils now, from *the idea of worrying the Irish Church to death.*" By what gentle and delicate euphemism does Mr. Gladstone propose to describe the measure which he is now attempting to carry? We are afraid that the Irish clergy will be disposed to reply, that if Mr. Gladstone's mind recoils from the idea of worrying them to death, the idea of cutting their throats does not apparently produce upon his mind the same feeling of recoil.

2dly, It is to be noted that the Maynooth grant was in existence before 1845, and not only the Maynooth grant, but the *Regium Donum* in Ireland and the Kirk in Scotland. The State, when it permitted any part of the funds under its control to be devoted to the religious uses of Roman Catholic and Presbyterian, was guilty of an act of practical atheism; and its conscience, even before Mr. Gladstone had quitted the nursery, must have been worn tolerably threadbare. But if (spite of these lapses from virtue) Mr. Gladstone thought it right, so late as 1844, that the State should continue to show that it had a conscience in Ireland, how could the mere *increase* of a grant (say from £100 to £150) force him *in point of principle* to relinquish the ground which he had previously held?

3dly, It is to be noted in the last place, that Mr. Gladstone nowhere says in his latest manifesto that he had changed his

mind about the Irish Church *because* he had changed the opinions as to the relations that should subsist between Church and State which he had announced in his early work. On the contrary, he tells us distinctly that he gave up the Irish Church simply because the State had given up its conscience—*id est*, renounced its right to persecute for *the truth*; and he leaves it to be inferred that if the State had retained its conscience—*id est*, continued to create disabilities and enforce penalties on behalf of *the truth*—the Irish Church would have retained his support.

But, further, it follows, on Mr. Gladstone's own plea, that when in 1845 he gave up the Irish, he at the same time gave up the English Establishment. The State, the ruling power in the country, is one and indivisible. It cannot have two consciences—an English conscience and an Irish conscience. On the endowment of Maynooth, it became a system of practical atheism in England as well as in Ireland. If it then lost its right to teach the truth in Ireland, it simultaneously lost its right to teach the truth in England. And this, we think, is the truly serious aspect of Mr. Gladstone's manifesto. Every Churchman in England is entitled to put to him the question, Did you in 1845 arrive at the opinion that the Voluntary principle ought to prevail in England as well as in Ireland? If not, why not? And if you did arrive at that conclusion, does the silence which you have preserved for twenty-four years simply indicate that in the case of the English as of the Irish Church you were not then desirous of "worrying her to death"?

Mr. Gladstone's logical processes, however, are so mysterious, that we are willing to assume that he did not perceive in 1845 that the endowment of Maynooth had an English as well as an Irish application. Although the local conscience of the State had been irreparably

damaged, its imperial conscience had not been seriously hurt! Mr. Gladstone, however, is careful to cut away this plea from beneath his feet, by showing us (before he closes) that in England, no less than in Ireland, the Government had assumed a position of practical atheism, and had thereby forfeited its right to convey religious instruction to the people. Thirty years ago the governing power had a conscience:—

"At that time, Jews, and others not adopting the Christian name, were excluded from civil office; and though Roman Catholics and Nonconformists had effected an entrance into Parliament, there still remained an oath for the former and a declaration for the latter, which, if they did not practically limit freedom, yet denoted, like the mark of chains on the limbs of an emancipated slave, that there had been a time when it did not exist. . . . The State continued to make to other persuasions certain grants, little more than compassionate, and handed down from other times; but, even in the case of the classes especially in its charge, such as soldiers and sailors, or such again as paupers and criminals, it rarely permitted, and still more rarely provided for them, the means of religious worship according to their own religious convictions. In the great province of popular education in England, nothing was granted except to schools of the Church, or to schools in which, while the Bible was read, no religion other than that of the Church was taught; and he would have been deemed something more than a daring prophet, who should have foretold that in a few years the utmost ambition of the lay champions and of the spiritual heads of the Church would be, to obtain the maintenance of a denominational system in popular education, under which all religions alike should receive the indirect, yet not unsubstantial, countenance of the State."

He proceeds to point out that all religious disqualifications had gradually been discontinued by an atheistic Government, and that the existence of an Established Church had ceased to entail any legal penalties even "in the case of Jews and of others not adopting the Christian

name." Much of the legislation to which he refers was antecedent to 1845; and it is therefore impossible to avoid the conclusion, that for the last twenty years, at least, Mr. Gladstone has been of opinion that the English State Church ought not to be maintained.

Nay, more, he tacitly admits that the legislation of 1867 has strengthened this conviction:—

"As long as the State holds, by descent, by the intellectual superiority of the governing classes, and by the goodwill of the people, a position of original and undivided authority, there is no absolute impropriety, but the reverse, in its commending to the nation the greatest of all boons. But when, either by some revolution of institutions from their summit to their base, or by a silent and surer process, analogous to that which incessantly removes and replaces the constituent parts of the human body, the State has come to be the organ of the deliberate and ascertained will of the community, expressed through legal channels—then the inculcation of a religion can no longer rest, in full or permanent force, upon its authority."

To what, in plain words, does this argument directly lead? To the conclusion that the Reform Bill of 1867 is, in fact and in principle, inconsistent with the maintenance of an Established Church. An Established Church can only be maintained by an arbitrary government, and is an anomaly in a country which is governed on popular principles. A popular government views with disrelish the civil penalties and disabilities which arbitrary governments have not hesitated to employ; yet whenever these penalties and disabilities are withdrawn, the State becomes atheistic, and incapable of instructing the people in religion. The Church whose establishment involves certain more or less modified forms of persecution, is the only Church which a religious State can conscientiously recognise and subsidise!

What Mr. Gladstone's *PRIVATE* opinions on the connection between

Church and State at this present time may be, we really cannot undertake to divine. There is some slight feeble protest, towards the close of his pamphlet, against the extreme Voluntary doctrine that all Establishments are sinful (he cannot wish, he says, that Constantine in the formation of the Empire, or that Elizabeth in the crisis of the Reformation, should have rejected the co-operation of the Church)—a protest to which, in the circumstances, and having regard to the singular language in which it is couched, we can attach little weight. But, logically speaking, did pretender to statesmanship ever exhibit himself in more humiliating or deplorable plight? In early life he defends the Irish Church on grotesque and whimsical grounds. Well, the time arrives when we find him converted into an assailant. Wherefore? Because his original conception of the functions of the Church was so radically false that no sane man could be got to adopt it. So in a sort of philosophic pet he retires from his post. "You have made the Church tolerant and comprehensive," he in effect observes; "you have made it simply a teacher of righteousness instead of an instrument of oppression; you have reconciled the religious privilege and the secular right; *therefore* you have departed from the high ideal of a persecuting, exclusive, intolerant society; *therefore* I have gone over to Voluntaryism. Far better that we should have no Establishment whatever than an Establishment which is consistent with the atheistic principle of toleration."

Which is most damaging to the Church—the defence or the assault, the advance or the retreat? For our own part, we have always thought that nothing could be more hurtful to the interests of rational national religion than Mr. Gladstone's mystical fervour and mediæval unreasonableness. The writer who defends the Church

only in so far as it is tyrannical and intolerant, only in so far as it is iniquitous and oppressive, is an undesirable ally for Churchmen. Mr. Gladstone's "religious progress" is undoubtedly a most striking commentary upon the text that transcendental enthusiasm cannot be relied on, and that the true security for an establishment is to be found in the common-sense and reasonableness of its members—"your moderation," as the apostle enjoined, "being manifested unto all men." Happily for the Church, Mr. Gladstone has now deserted to the enemy; and if he will only publish one or two more chapters of the Autobiography, we have every confidence in the issue. A majority of one hundred cannot long survive that fatal partiality and disastrous friendship.

If there be something of the Puritan in Mr. Bright and of the priest in Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, at least, is quite free from any taint of superstition. His intellect is the pure intellect of the academy—a keen, sharp, clear-cutting, destructive faculty. This critical, cynical, fastidious man has won little love; but he is not one of the men who need much. His attitude is essentially aggressive, and his temper is adapted to his taste in this respect, as the House of Commons knows very well—for it laughed heartily when Mr. Bright on one occasion referred to the popular member for Calne, "so discreet, so amiable." Had he possessed the gifts which win a personal following, and had he entered English political life ten years sooner, there can be little doubt that Mr. Lowe would now be the first man in the liberal party, a position for which his really splendid intellectual endowments fully qualify him. He is Mr. Gladstone's superior in soundness of judgement and tenacity of conviction; he is Mr. Bright's superior in breadth of insight and richness of culture; while his reasoning is

closer in texture, more vivid and picturesque, more brilliant and incisive, than that of either of his colleagues. He is as irreverent as Mr. Bright: classical history, for instance, is spoken of by both with utter contempt. But while Mr. Bright's scorn for "the municipal squabbles of antiquity" is the boorish disrelish of the unlettered Puritan, Mr. Lowe's is the cynicism of a highly-cultivated intelligence—the very opulence of his resources making him careless and contemptuous and unsympathetic. This irreverent habit of mind, however, is most conspicuous when he touches on the clergy. The exclusive pretensions which Mr. Gladstone regards with superstitious respect—"the surmises of tradition, the pedigree of manuscripts, the slippery chain of episcopal anointments"—are uniformly treated with ridicule by Mr. Lowe. The sight of a priest excites him, as a bull is excited by a piece of red cloth. He would make the higher English life in general—education, morals, art, legislation—a purely secular business from which priests and priestcraft should be expressly excluded. But it is fair to add, that if he hates the priest, he regards the Puritan with even keener antipathy. He resents, in short, any line of conduct or policy which rests upon enthusiasm, fanaticism, or excited feeling.

Although Mr. Lowe be thus on the speculative side profoundly irreverent, he is yet on the practical in several aspects a thorough Tory. The apparent paradox is capable of explanation. A critically destructive intellect is in practice not unfrequently conservative. Mirabeau had got rid of all formulas, and was yet the latest available defender of the French monarchy. Association, tradition, sentiment, are Tory; and the man—the Mirabeau, the Carlyle—who has escaped out of formulas, must be by nature something of a poet or idealist. Not merely so, but such a mind per-

ceives that Radicals and Revolutionists have formulas of their own—narrower, more meagre, more merciless, more inflexible, than the existing national formulas, which experience has made tolerant and age has mellowed.

This innate conservatism of Mr. Lowe's mind showed itself conspicuously in the speeches which he delivered against Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill. Mr. Bright, indeed, with his usual frankness, attributed the hostility to more mundane considerations. The motives of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer were thus analysed by the present President of the Board of Trade:—

"What is the reason, I ask, that gentlemen who have been holders of office take this course with regard to the Bill of the Government? I will not deal in any insinuations, but I will say that, from gentlemen who have held office, but who happen to have been left out of what may be called the daily ministrations, we have a right to expect a very minute account of the reasons why they change their opinions before we can turn round and change with them. These are the gentlemen who all at once start up as the great teachers of statesmanship to the House and the country. In office these right hon. gentlemen are as docile as any other gentlemen in office, but I fear, notwithstanding the ideas some people have of my influence with Earl Russell, that I am not able to offer them any arguments on his part that will tell upon them. I do not object for a moment to a member of this House being fond of office. The Chancellor of the Exchequer probably lives much more happily in office than he would live if he were out of it, though I do not think he will live quite so long. I do not complain of men who are fond of office, though I could never comprehend the reason why they like it so much. If I may parody, or if I may make an alteration in a line or two of one of the most beautiful poems in our language, I might ask—

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
That pleasing anxious office e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the Treasury,
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"What I complain of is this, that when

Church and State at this present time may be, we really cannot undertake to divine. There is some slight feeble protest, towards the close of his pamphlet, against the extreme Voluntary doctrine that *all* Establishments are sinful (he cannot wish, he says, that Constantine in the formation of the Empire, or that Elizabeth in the crisis of the Reformation, should have rejected the co-operation of the Church)—a protest to which, in the circumstances, and having regard to the singular language in which it is couched, we can attach little weight. But, logically speaking, did pretender to statesmanship ever exhibit himself in more humiliating or deplorable plight? In early life he defends the Irish Church on grotesque and whimsical grounds. Well, the time arrives when we find him converted into an assailant. Wherefore? Because his original conception of the functions of the Church was so radically false that no sane man could be got to adopt it. So in a sort of philosophic pet he retires from his post. "You have made the Church tolerant and comprehensive," he in effect observes; "you have made it simply a teacher of righteousness instead of an instrument of oppression; you have reconciled the religious privilege and the secular right; *therefore* you have departed from the high ideal of a persecuting, exclusive, intolerant society; *therefore* I have gone over to Voluntaryism. Far better that we should have no Establishment whatever than an Establishment which is consistent with the atheistic principle of toleration."

Which is most damaging to the Church—the defence or the assault, the advance or the retreat? For our own part, we have always thought that nothing could be more hurtful to the interests of rational national religion than Mr. Gladstone's mystical fervour and mediæval unreasonableness. The writer who defends the Church

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But the insinuation was, we think, unfair. Mr. Lowe thoroughly enjoyed his self-allotted task. We do not know which he attacked with keenest relish—"the revolutionary passion" of Mr. Bright, or "the maudlin enthusiasm of humanity" which Mr. Gladstone exhibited. In two respects he was divided from his present colleagues by a great gulf. Cardinal Granville denounced "that vile and mischievous animal called the people;" and Mr. Lowe spoke of his countrymen in words which they have not yet forgotten, and which the President of the Board of Trade wished to see hung up in every factory, workshop, and clubhouse, "so that the spirit of the people might be roused against the slanderer of a great and whole nation."

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But there was a still sharper trial in store for Mr. Bright. Mr. Lowe "libelled" not only the people of his own country (an offence that might have been forgiven), but the people of that great Republic of which Mr. Bright had just said: "I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen north to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main; and I see one people, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and over all that wide continent the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every

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Mr. Lowe's speeches on this Reform Bill were, we think, his masterpieces; and as Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone will never again be painted by a more vigorous and brilliant artist, they will no doubt thank us for preserving (the artist having in the mean time retired from this department of business) one or two of the most flattering touches. We have already extracted one passage descriptive of demagogues in general (we have heard that the orator turned round and confronted Mr. Bright as he spoke); the passage on Mr. Bright's affected veneration for the Constitution was even more directly effective:—

"The £7 franchise is defended by the honourable member for Birmingham upon another ground; he takes his stand on the ancient lines of the British Constitution. I will suggest to him one line of the British Constitution, and I should like to know whether he means to stand by it. In his campaign of 1858, in which he had taken some liberties with the Crown, and spoke with some disrespect of the temporal peers, he came to the spiritual peers, and this was the language he employed. He said, 'That creature of monstrous, nay, of adulterous birth.' I suppose there is no part of the British Constitution much more ancient than the spiritual peers. Is that one of the lines the honourable gentleman takes his stand upon?"

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again to the poor old Trojan horse, and I shall, with the permission of the House, give them one more excerpt from the history of that noble beast, first premising that I shall then turn him out to grass, at all events for the remainder of the session. The passage which I am about to quote is one which is, I think, worthy the attention of the House, because it contains a description not only of the invading army of which we have heard so much, but also a slight sketch of its general:—

“*Ardus armatos medilis in mœnibus
aditans
Fundit equus, victorque Sinon incendia
miscet
Insultans; portis all’ bipatentibus adsunt,
Milia quot magnis nunquam venere My-
cenis.*”

In other words:—

“*The fatal horse pours forth the human tide,
Insulting Sinon flings his fire-brands wide,
The gates are burst; the ancient rampart
falls,
And swarming millions climb its crumbling
walls.*”

Such are the men who have undertaken to govern us. How long can this ill-omened alliance last? Mr. Gladstone, like some of the monks in those Lives of the Saints to which he has contributed, is placed between two contending spirits. The evil spirit is—well, we must leave the Reform League and the old Whigs to settle that question at their leisure. But, good or evil, each is a man of marked intellectual independence, and neither will be prepared to sacrifice very readily his characteristic convictions. To guide “these coursers of ethereal race” would require a light hand and an easy temper. Were Lord Palmerston still in life, he might perhaps be able to direct the team; for he was, in his shifty dexterous way, what Mr. Disraeli is in a far deeper sense—a real ruler of men; but Mr. Gladstone is solemn and pedagogic, and will certainly, if we are not much mistaken, before many months have gone, irritate his leaders into rebellion. It is impossible, indeed, to detect in such a union any element of stability. The ties are brittle—the

unanimity is superficial—the animosities are not appeased—the discrepancies are only pacified for the day. The slightest trifle, the merest accident, may at any moment rouse into angry collision the keen and wakeful jealousies of the Triumvirate.

The unscrupulous use of party-tactics has in the mean time secured a battle-field where these susceptibilities need not be inconveniently wounded. Mr. Bright has always hated the Church, and his heart is in the work of demolition. Mr. Gladstone, like a spoiled child, has pettishly thrown away the cherished toy, whose mechanism he did not understand and could not control. We are surprised, indeed, that Mr. Lowe should have joined a crusade which, if successful, will immensely strengthen the spiritual tyranny of Rome. We should have fancied that a mind like his would have perceived that the Irish Church had become in many districts, from the peculiarities of its position, simply a lay institution devoted to charitable and unsectarian purpose—a restraint upon fanaticism—a breastwork against priestcraft. No government in this country can exist, except during a period of revolutionary violence and passion, upon a purely destructive policy; and the union of these men, though potent, it may be, to destroy, is powerless to construct. Even the destruction of the Irish Church involves a certain measure of reconstruction; and everybody knows that this is the weak point in the government scheme, being at once mischievous in principle and grotesque in execution. A sagacious statesman would have been careful at least to devote the spoil of the Irish Church to some large imperial use; but the Government, by applying the confiscated revenues to the reduction of local taxation, has discovered an argument which will everywhere, in England and Scotland as well as in Ireland, appeal to the avarice



and cupidity of the poorer classes. The revenues of the Church of England are very great; the Kirk of Scotland is not absolutely destitute: the application of the property of these bodies to the redemption of the land-tax, for instance, or to the maintenance of asylums, hospitals, and prisons, would sensibly diminish the burden of local taxation; and if the revenues of the Church may be appropriated to a pious and sordid purpose in one district, why not in another? The peril of the principle, however, is exceeded by the matchless absurdity of the details. A parallel to Mr. Gladstone's application of the surplus revenues of the Irish Church to the relief of the insane has been found in the great Dean's disposition of his property:—

"He left the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To show by one satiric touch
No nation needed it so much;"

but the grotesque ingenuity which pilfers Church property to provide a supply of monthly and other nurses for the use of the Irish people is without parallel—Mrs. Gamp's wildest professional aspirations are commonplace in comparison.

There being, therefore, we think, no doubt whatever that our Triumvirs would have been stronger and

happier apart, what irresistible centripetal force has drawn them together? Neither mutual affection, nor affection for office, nor affection for party, can have been, so far as we can judge, the determining cause. The love which Mr. Lowe bears to Mr. Bright resembles the love which Antony bore to Octavius, or—to take a humbler but more pertinent illustration—the love which the Lord Advocate bears to Mr. Duncan M'Laren. Nor can devotion to office in the case of the former, nor devotion to party in the case of the latter, account for the junction. Mr. Bright must feel ill at ease in harness (he has already shown a disposition to *bolt*), and Mr. Lowe's zeal for his party has of late years been mainly manifested in the way of correction. The point must remain one of the obscure questions of history (unless, indeed, the inevitable rupture is followed by Parliamentary explanations and autobiographical reminiscences); and we can only suggest in the mean time—as a quiet tentative solution—that they have been brought together by a paternal Premier with the view of purging and purifying their moral natures; for (as Milton has remarked in a famous passage of the *'Areopagitica'*) "we are purified by trial, *and that is by what is contrary.*"

MR. GLADSTONE'S BILL.

BEFORE this paper comes into our readers' hands, the fate of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Bill will have been decided, and, so far as a second reading by the House of Commons can settle any disputed question, decided in his favour. We do not see, indeed, writing before the event, how an assembly, constituted as the present House of Commons is, could take any other course than that which we anticipate for it—viz., vote for the second reading. It is perfectly true, for no pretence of secrecy is set up in the matter, that among those who will go out with the majority, very many deplore as much as we do the necessity which they have imposed upon themselves. And even in the Cabinet, if common report tell no lie, there are some who lament that, when first appealed to, they lacked the courage to do as Sir Roundell Palmer did—postpone place to principle. On both classes alike, however—on the Liberal member of Parliament no less than on the Cabinet Minister—hangs the stupefying conviction that, right or wrong, they are committed to a policy, and must go forward with it. Like men who in a rash hour have entered into engagements the fulfilment of which must involve themselves and others in life-long misery, they are yet so tied and bound by the chain of what they hold to be inevitable circumstances, that they shrink from looking the situation in the face, and put thought from them. "What can we do?" this is the single question that they ask of themselves and of one another. "A stern necessity is present with us. We assumed it at the hustings—it has in various ways been rivetted upon us since; and now no other alternative remains except either to risk all, in fulfilment of our pledges, or to forfeit our personal

honour." Now, if we could bring ourselves to look at the subject in this light, we should certainly not undertake a task so hopeless as the attempt to prevail upon a body of English gentlemen to forfeit their personal honour. But just as we should argue with a son who, under the influence of excitement, had promised to marry a prostitute, or with some silly young Guardsman entangled in a guilty *liaison* with his neighbour's wife,—so, while yet there is time, we do not hesitate to say that a promise to do wrong is a wrong promise; and that he whose judgment assures him that the course which he has undertaken to pursue will end—for others as well as for himself—in evil, is bound at every sacrifice of personal feeling to abandon it. Observe that we do not ask a single member of what is called the Liberal majority to turn round sharp upon his leader, throw out the Bill at haphazard, and go over to the Opposition. He who acted thus would indeed forfeit his personal honour. But having, as far as success at the second reading can do, so enabled Mr. Gladstone to assert his policy, we do not hesitate to say that every member of Parliament, let him belong to what section of the Liberal party he may, has fulfilled all of his engagement that is morally binding upon him, and that he will betray the trust committed to him by the country if he go one step farther without well considering the issues to which it will lead. The wretched woman whom young Scapegrace promised to marry must not be left to starve; the deluded wife may not be harshly and cruelly cast aside. But having provided for the one, and dealt as tenderly as may be with the feelings of the other, society and morals equally assert their rights; and moral truth

and the just claims of society are of infinitely more importance than any man's personal feelings. Thus also the pledges given at the hustings to support Mr. Gladstone—as they were given while as yet the details of his measure lay in the future, so, now that these details are brought prominently into light—bind only so far as the affirmation of a principle goes, and no farther. Every member of Parliament is therefore free to argue thus: “I assented to Mr. Gladstone's proposition as first enunciated. I promised, when returned, to co-operate with him in so dealing with the Established Church in Ireland as to render it no longer an offence and a bone of contention to the Irish people; but I do not feel myself committed to undermine the distinctions between right and wrong, thereby aggravating the very evil for the redress of which I was willing to make great sacrifices.” The question to be considered is accordingly this, Does Mr. Gladstone's plan, as set forth in his Bill, and explained and developed in his speech recommending the adoption of it to Parliament, realise the ideal which we had formed for ourselves when he carried his Resolutions through the late House of Commons? If it be, then we have no choice. We must accept, approve, and do our best to force it into law. If it be not, then our duty is obvious enough. We must deal with it fairly—sift, alter, amend, and if possible make it perfect; and if opposed by the Government in our endeavour to do so, we must, however reluctantly, vote for its rejection on the third reading. So stands the matter at issue, while we write, between very many Liberal members and their own consciences. Let us, with as little bias towards our own side of the controversy as is possible under the circumstances, help them, as far as we can, to a right conclusion.

Strong as the temptation may be to repeat arguments often used

before and never refuted, we abstain on the present occasion from showing that, apart from all the evils inseparable from the breach of such contracts as the Acts which fused three kingdoms into one, you cannot abrogate the principle of a Church Establishment in one portion of these three kingdoms and maintain it in another. This is quite a different matter, be it remembered, from setting your face against the erection of an Established Church in a new colony settled from these kingdoms. Of such colonies you may throw out as many as you please, leaving each, as it grows up, to frame a constitution after its own will. No possible harm can come of this, because they who abandon the land of their birth cease to be landmen. They may be subjects of a common supreme executive, but they have no voice in the conduct of public affairs, except in the new country where their homes lie. It does not, therefore, matter a jot whether these colonies have a house of Lords or not, Established Churches or not, or any other of the institutions which combine to make the mother country what she is. But to extinguish one of these fundamental institutions in this portion of the mother country, and to leave it in vitality in the other, seems to us to be an act dividing, not consolidating, the monarchy itself. If it be constitutional to blot out the Established Church in Ireland, why not in Wales? why not in Suffolk, or Norfolk, or Essex? If the object of extinguishing the Established Church in Ireland be to render the union between England and Ireland more sure, how can you possibly think of stopping there? Unity of principle is essential to unity of strength. We, being Protestants, would certainly not desire to see Romanism established in Ireland. Our friends north of the Tweed would be just as averse to see Protestant Episcopacy established among them. But better one or both of these changes

than to have no Established Church at all, either in Scotland or Ireland, retaining, or attempting to retain, your Established Church in England. No. If this Bill for disestablishment in Ireland pass, you cannot, consistently with your own principles, refuse to bring in another for uprooting the Establishments in England and Scotland. Carry this also, and we shall then, so far as religion is concerned, be on the same platform with the United States. We shall be one people, because there will prevail universally among us, in regard to religion and its culture and requirements, the principle of a free Church in a free State. But we cannot be one people so long as some of us hold fast by a usage as old as or older than legal memory, while others go free in the nakedness of a miserable Voluntaryism. How can a Church in connection with the State be fostered and legislated for by the representatives of one section of the monarchy, which recognises, therefore, no fitness in the arrangement? The question therefore is, Are the people of these islands prepared for the severance everywhere of the Church from the State? and are they disposed to accept the boon, such as it is, at the hands of the Romish hierarchy and the Liberation Society?

Again, if there be one truth more self-evident than another, it is this, that real union, a complete fusion of races, is impossible between two countries, or two portions of the same country, if property which, whether it be personal or corporate, is sacred in the one, be open at any moment to be seized and confiscated by an Act of the common legislature in the other. Now, Mr. Gladstone's Bill proposes to do in Ireland what was never done either in England or in Scotland, nor heard of in Ireland itself till now. He is going to seize the endowments of the Church, established for three hundred years, and to confiscate them by due course of law. Upon what

plea? Confiscation is the penalty attached by law to great crimes, such as treason and felony. Are all the bishops and clergy of Ireland traitors or murderers? Have they done anything, they or their predecessors, to justify the attainder with which they are threatened? Ireland has witnessed many an act of confiscation ere now; but every one of these was caused by the rebellion, or pretended rebellion, of the parties robbed. Why are the bishops and clergy subjected to the treatment which is nowhere else awarded except to delinquents of the deepest dye? "Oh!" we shall be told, "the bishops and clergy are not robbed. Each is to retain for life the income which he now enjoys; and at his decease—or sooner, if a satisfactory arrangement can be made—the State is to resume its right of disposing at pleasure of property which will then belong to no one." Why so? "Because the Protestant Church in Ireland has failed as an Establishment to fulfil the purpose for which it was settled, and the people of Ireland demand that it shall cease to exist, they regarding it as a badge of their conquest."

If it be the right thing to plunder the Irish Church—that is to say, if the act which Mr. Gladstone meditates to be a righteous act in itself—there is no more to be said on the matter. His reference to the demands of the Roman Catholics of Ireland is simply a blunder. The highwayman demands my purse, and if I be unarmed or timid I will probably give it up; but his demand lays upon me no moral obligation to do so. I am acting through fear. We put aside, therefore, for the present, the concluding clause in the above sentence, in order that we may give due consideration to that which precedes it. "The Protestant Church in Ireland has failed as an Establishment to fulfil the purpose for which it was settled: therefore it must cease to exist." The gram-

mar-schools of England have been shown of late to be worse than a failure in reference to the purpose for which they were created. The great bulk of them seem to have degenerated into sheer abuses, existing not for the benefit of pupils, but of the masters. What does Mr. Gladstone's Government do in this case? It brings in a Bill, founded on the recommendation of a commission, for overhauling and rendering beneficial to the community these too much and too long abused charities; but it does not for a moment propose to divert their funds from the objects to promote which the founders bestowed them. Not at all. Education is to be promoted and extended—whether on a wise or an unwise plan, is nothing to our present purpose. But there are to be no sales of school lands on favourable terms to tenants, no application of school revenues to the maintenance of lunatic asylums, nor any arrangement made for securing to incumbents their salaries for life, and then confiscating the sources whence the salaries arise. Why is the Church in Ireland to be treated differently from the grammar-schools of England? Because, whereas in England nobody asks that the endowments of the grammar-schools shall be confiscated, in Ireland there is a fierce demand that the Church shall be stripped, and her endowments diverted to what uses they may. Here it is then. We come to the principle of fear, to the anxious desire of conciliating, where all experience has shown that conciliation is out of the question. We have a high-minded Minister plundering the weak, because the strong, or those whom he believes to be strong, require him to do so. Oh, noble principle of action! Oh, policy worthy of one who aspires to go down to posterity as the most conscientious public man of his age! But let us look a little into the details of his scheme, as these are set forth in the speech which proposed it.

Passing over the first part of his

exordium, which is indeed a lamentable display of sophistry and sham, and turning aside from a statement entirely at variance with the facts of history—"that in times past, and through all the evil years of the penal legislation that has affected Ireland, the authorities of this established Church have unfortunately stood in the foremost rank with respect to the enactment of those laws on which we cannot look back without shame and sorrow"—we take him up first where he puts forward, what he assumes to be, a full and clear justification of the course which he has set for himself—meeting objections and setting them aside:—

"We shall be told, more especially, that it is adverse to the interests of Protestantism; but we shall point to the condition of Ireland, and shall argue from the facts of that condition that the interests of Protestantism have not been promoted, but, on the contrary, have been injured by our perseverance in a system which reason does not justify. We shall be told, perhaps, that we are invading the rights of property. No possible confidence can be greater than that with which we shall meet that argument. On former occasions, indeed, things have been done by Parliament, under the extreme pressure of the case, which it may be difficult to reconcile with the extreme assertion of the rights of property. There are clauses, and important clauses, of the Church Temporalities Act of 1833 which greatly strain the abstract theory of property, and which I for one am totally unable to reconcile with its general rules. But, so far as I know, there is no imputation that can fairly be made against the measure we propose, with respect to the rights of property, by any other persons than those who hold what appears to me the untenable—I may even say the extravagant—doctrine, that although Parliament has a perfect right to direct the course of the descent of property in the case of natural descent, lineage by blood, yet it has no right, when once the artificial existence of what we call a corporation has been created, to control the existence of that corporation, or to extinguish it even under the gravest public exigency. Well, we shall be told also of the Act of Union; and I cannot, nor shall I attempt to

dissemble that on a point which has been described as essential we propose to alter that Act. The Act of Union has been altered on other occasions, though never for so grave a cause as this; but we shall confidently contend that while we are altering this particular provision of the Act of Union, we are confirming its general purport and substance, and labouring to the best of our humble ability to give it those roots which unfortunately it has never yet adequately struck in the heart and affections of the people. And lastly, sir, this claim I, for one, confidently, boldly make on behalf of the measure that we are introducing—I say we are giving effect to the spirit of a former policy. The great minister who proposed the Act of Union neither said nor believed that it would be possible under a legislative union to maintain the system of religious inequality which he found subsisting in Ireland. On the contrary, he has left upon record his strong conviction that the countenance and support afforded from national sources to the Established Church must be extended to the other religions of the country. I admit that we pursue religious equality by means different from those proposed by Mr. Pitt—but by means, as I believe, better suited to the purpose we have in view, and certainly more consonant to the spirit, to the opportunities, and to the possibilities of the times in which we live.”

Let any man who will, read these sentences, and extract from them, if he can, another meaning than this, that one act of injustice justifies another; that Pitt, in proposing to pay the Romish priests, meditated the overthrow of the Church which his Act of Union consolidated; and that the continued existence of Established Churches everywhere is not consonant with the spirit, the opportunities, and the possibilities of the times in which we live. That Mr. Gladstone desired the House to receive his statements in this sense we do not for a moment pretend to affirm, but being perfect master of sophistry, he aimed only at misleading, just as he subsequently did when seeking for a precedent on which to found his case. This precedent is not sought for now, as it was in 1868, in the

circumstances of Scotland. His reference to the Revolution Settlement then appears to have served its purpose so ill that we hear no more of it, either from him or from his followers, now. But he goes across the Atlantic, and discovers, as he avers, in Canada, a case exactly parallel to that of Ireland, as the Church is there to be dealt with. After enunciating the most extravagant fallacies about the vested interests of the clergy and their parishioners, he goes on to say:—

“I may here say that although, as a rule, it is for parents to set examples to children, yet in the vicissitudes of human affairs, it sometimes happens that children may set a good example to parents. It has happened so in this instance, for the legislature of Canada, having to deal with a case undoubtedly far more simple, far less difficult and complicated, than ours, yet notwithstanding, in this one central and vital subject—the manner of dealing with the vested interests of the clergy upon whose incomes it was legislating, and the permanent source of whose incomes it was entirely cutting off—has undoubtedly proceeded upon principles which appear to balance, or rather to maintain very fairly the balance established between, the separate interests of the clergy and the general interests of the Church to which they belong, and the congregations to which they minister. Substantially, and after allowing for necessary differences of expression, we think the basis afforded by the Canadian measure supplies us with no unsuitable pattern after which to shape our own proceedings.”

It is most unfair in Mr. Gladstone to count so much as he does upon the ignorance or the carelessness of the assemblies to which he addresses himself. He cannot but be aware that between what was done in Canada and what he proposes to do in Ireland there is no similitude whatever. In Canada the Clergy Reserves—a quantity of detached allotments, most of them uncleared, comparatively unproductive, and as yet unsettled—were sold at the full market value, and the sum realised by the sale was set apart, to the last shilling, for the maintenance of the clergy. Not



an allusion will be found in the Act of legislation which authorised appropriating the proceeds of the sale to lunatic asylum, institutes for idiots, or any other secular institution. For the use of the clergy, and for that alone, the capitalised fund was assigned; and the clergy, though indisposed to approve the arrangement when first brought forward, found themselves gainers rather than losers by it when completed. But this is not all. From among the allotments or reserves, a certain number were actually assigned, and had thus become endowments, at the period when the Act of the Legislature was brought forward. All these were exempted from its operation, and conferred and continued as endowments, which they still are, to the benefices with which they happened to be connected. And still more: the tithe system, which the French had established in Lower Canada, never made its way into Upper Canada. There, therefore, there was no rent-charge to dispose of. But in Lower Canada, which is surely a portion of the Dominion, the tithe system still flourishes, and we have not heard of any intention on the part of the Colonial Parliament to interfere with it. Why will not Mr. Gladstone take his ground boldly and at once upon the only argument which will not fail him? There is no precedent anywhere—in this country, or in any other—for what he calls upon the present Parliament to do. Scotland failed him, Canada now fails him. Jamaica, on which he built a year ago, crumbled to pieces in his hands. And not only so, but in the United States themselves, where there is no Established Church, nor any pretence at one, and where, on the success of the movement which separated America from the English monarchy, the Acts of English monarchs ceased, so to speak, to be of force—even in the United States

Church endowments have been respected in the only quarter in which they were ever authoritatively set up. The lands settled on the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York while yet it was a colony, remain the property of that Church still, and produce a revenue which is said to equal, if not surpass, in amount, all that the Church derives in Ireland from the rent-charges. So sacred in the eyes of the law courts of the great Republic have the rights of corporate property been held to be, offering a wondrous contrast to the levity with which they are treated by the Ministers of this ancient Constitutional monarchy. Why does not Mr. Gladstone deliver himself from excuses, which are no sooner uttered than they are felt only to hamper and confound him? Why not go boldly in for revolution? for it is the one appeal which all who listen to it will accept as reliable.

It is not our purpose to go critically and sentence by sentence through a speech which will doubtless be sifted and turned inside out elsewhere before what we write passes through the press. Enough is done when we make a record of the impression which it has left upon our own minds, and, as we firmly believe, upon the minds of all unprejudiced readers. If ever the House of Commons listened to a statement confounding and confusing the subject which it professed to elucidate—if ever right and wrong got so blended together that not those who heard alone, but he who spoke also, became incapable of clearly distinguishing one from the other,—it was when the First Lord of the Treasury, the ex-representative of Oxford and of Lancashire, the author of the 'Treatise on the State in its Relations with the Church,' now member of Parliament for Greenwich, delivered himself of the oration wherein he stated in detail what he proposed to do with

the Established Church in Ireland, and his reasons for doing it. Analyse these reasons, and you will find that they come to this and no more—whosoever the majority of the people and of their representatives in the House of Commons require to be done, that must be done. There is no question as to truth or untruth in religious opinion, no line drawn between justice or injustice in the dealings of man with man, no account taken of the rights of property, or even of common fairness or the semblance of fairness, in the distribution of the booty which it is in contemplation to seize. These the eloquent speaker flings to the winds with the same recklessness which marks his disregard of everything like consistency in his own conduct. It is only ten months ago since, threatening the step which he has now taken, he assured the House of Commons and the country that the Church about to be spoiled would be treated with all possible tenderness; that to the clergy of that Church would be left their glebes and glebe-houses, their old churches, their venerable cathedrals, and that not less than three-fifths of the whole money value of the property of the Church would be given back to them. Who, listening to these declarations, ever doubted that disendowment would be carried to the least possible extent that was compatible with disestablishment? that, all the saleable property being sold, three-fifths of the produce would be set apart to maintain in future the Reformed Church in Ireland, by payments, for services rendered, to its clergy? and that the clergy in succession should inhabit, as their predecessors did, the parsonages which their own money, or money supplied by their friends, had built and kept in repair? Now mark how the promise made to the ear is falsified to the sense:—

"I said, in the course of discussion on the Irish Church, that not less than three-fifths, as far as I could reckon, of

the whole money value of the property of the Church would be given back to the Church itself, or to its members, in any form of disestablishment that Parliament would probably agree to. It was not generally observed how important a part of that statement were the words 'or its members,' which I pronounced with some emphasis. What the Church will receive under the plan of the Government I will endeavour to separate from what its members will receive. No doubt its members will receive compensation, and the congregations of the Church have a very real interest, if not a vested interest, in those compensations. But with regard to the Church itself, the proposal of the Government would be to convey to it nothing in the shape of what I may call marketable property—I will by-and-by explain what I mean by that phrase—with the exception of private endowments which it may have received."

We really envy the power of face which enabled the utterer of these sentences to speak them out in the presence of newspaper reporters without blushing. Three-fifths of the Church's property will be restored to the Church—that was the promise. The fulfilment comes to this, that the rent-charges, amounting to well-nigh half the Church's property, are to be surrendered to the landowners on terms which as completely come up to what was predicted of them as if they had been handed over by Act of Parliament, unconditionally and at once. Every landowner is invited to buy up his rent-charge, and to pay for it, if he pleases, twenty-two and a half years' purchase. But he need not do so unless he please. In forty-five years the liability will cease, through a curious arrangement, by which the State accepts forty-five annual payments as equivalent to a twenty-two and a half years' purchase, the State pretending to advance the money on interest at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, which it allows the borrower to lend again to himself at the rate of $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. We don't believe that any other mind within the four seas than Mr. Gladstone's could

have excogitated such a grotesque bit of financial chicanery.

Again, in 1868 the country was assured that not one farthing of the endowments of the Church bestowed upon it posterior to the Reformation should be interfered with. These clearly belonged to it, not because it was an Established Church, but because it was a Protestant Church; therefore they must be as sacred as the endowments of any other religious body—as those, say, of the Presbyterians, or the Baptists, or the Roman Catholics. Subsequent inquiry appears, however, to have elucidated the fact, that the post-Reformation endowments were of far greater value than all that now remains of the older endowments, and therefore Mr. Gladstone, coming to the practical arrangement of his scheme, says this:—

“The definition of private endowments we think it fair to take is this: In the first place, it must be money which has been contributed from private sources. It may have been given in a public character, as for example in the case of Primate Boulter and Primate Robinson; but though given by persons holding a public position, its having been given in a private capacity evidently constitutes it a private endowment. But we limit the date, and the date we have chosen to propose to Parliament for limitation is the year 1660—the year of the Restoration. The reason that has recommended the date to us is the fact that the Restoration was really the period at which the Church of Ireland—the reformed Protestant Church of Ireland—assumed its present legislative shape and character. Before the wars of Charles I., in all the three Churches of the three kingdoms there were more or less the different elements that finally developed themselves into different forms of Protestantism, and these were in conflict together within the bosom of the National Church. In England we had Puritanism and Anglicanism struggling for ascendancy within the pale of the Church, as we are told in Scripture that Jacob and Esau struggled together within the womb of their mother. In Scotland there was the same struggle, with the exception that there Presbyterianism was really in the ascendancy.

In Ireland, Presbyterianism and Episcopacy were struggling powerfully together during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. It may not be known to all who hear me—though it ought to be known, and it tends strongly to justify us in not going beyond the Restoration—that the very confession, the doctrinal confession, of the Irish Church in the reign of James I. and Charles I. was not the same as that in England. It was modelled by Archbishop Usher upon the highest Calvinistic frame, and it included nine articles which composed a document well known in England under the name of the Lambeth Articles, drawn up in the latter end of the sixteenth century. I hope I shall not wound the feelings of any man when I say that it was one of the most formidable collections of theology which ever proceeded from the pen of a divine in the whole history of Christendom.”

What possible connection, except in Mr. Gladstone's mind, can there be between Archbishop Usher's peculiar religious opinions and the right of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland to the property, settled upon it by its own members? Was Primate Boulter, or Primate Robinson, or Archbishop Bramhall, a Presbyterian? And not being Presbyterians, did these prelates so dispose of their property, especially the latter, as that it could at any future time become the subject of far controversy between the Episcopal and the Presbyterian Churches? And if, because there was religious strife in Ireland in the reign of James I. and Charles I., it be fair to take the date of the Restoration as that at which to fix the claims of the Irish Church to its endowments, why should not the same rule be made to apply to England and to Scotland? in which case the Church of England must be content with very little, and the Established Church of Scotland with nothing at all. Is not this the most solemn trilling that ever up-grown men were called upon to listen to? Will the Liberal members themselves endure it after the light has been let in upon it?

It will be in the recollection of

our readers that the original demand to disestablish the Irish Church was accompanied by the declaration, that as the clergy of the Church fared, so should the Presbyterian bodies and the Royal College of Maynooth. To all persons now in receipt of moneys from the State on account of these institutions, their salaries should be continued from the national taxes, the salaries lapsing and the payments ceasing as life after life went out. But this, it now appears, was an impracticable idea. Neither the Presbyterians nor the Roman Catholics are to become, like the clergy, annuitants. They are to be permanently compensated, and that, too, on a scale which the poor clergy would be thankful to accept were the proposal made to them. Here is Mr. Gladstone's project summarised in his own words:—

"I have now to consider in the light and spirit of our general arrangements, and subject always to the full maintenance, in letter and in spirit, of that which we have heretofore declared, what appears to us the most equitable method of dealing with the *Regium Donum*, the Grant to Maynooth, and all similar grants. The Presbyterians are interested in this matter in respect of the College which they have in Belfast, and likewise in respect of a similar institution which exists for the benefit of minor Presbyterian bodies; the Roman Catholics are interested in it through the College of Maynooth; but there are also several other payments made by Parliament which, on the whole, fall under very much the same class of considerations. There is the payment made by Parliament to what is called the Presbyterian Widows' Fund. Now, that, of course, exists for the purpose of supplying wants that are coming into operation from year to year, and it would be very hard to withdraw that Widows' Fund without notice. In the same way it would be hard to withdraw without notice the grants now made to Presbyterian educational establishments and to the College of Maynooth. There is another class of payments made by the Presbyterians to their Synodical officers. They hold an office regarding which it is very difficult to define the degree to which it should be considered a vested

interest. But when we look at the whole of these matters, and read them in the light of the declarations and proceedings of last year, we have adopted—first, the principle that no permanent endowment can be given to them out of the public resources properly so called; and secondly, the principle that no permanent endowment can be given to them out of the National Ecclesiastical Fund of Ireland. What we propose, and we think it a fair and equitable proposal, is, that in order to give time for the free consideration of the arrangements and the construction of scales for the satisfaction of life-interests, and for avoiding violent shocks and disappointments to those whose plans for life may already have been made upon the supposition of the continuance of arrangements which have so long existed, and which were solemnly made, there should be a valuation of the interest of all these grants—a life-interest at a moderate scale, or at fourteen years' purchase of the capital amount now annually voted."

We beg our readers' special attention to certain points intimately mixed up with these proposals. First, let it not be forgotten that Mr. Gladstone's repeated declaration, and the preamble of his Bill embodying it, set forth that no portion of the ecclesiastical property of the disestablished Church shall be applied to the maintenance of the clergy of any other Church, or to religious teaching in any form. Next, let it not be forgotten that the same declarations, and the same preamble provide that no portion of the plunder of the disestablished Church shall be applied by the Imperial Government to its own purposes, nor made over to the owners of the soil. A third point to be considered, though not included in the preamble, is this, that whatever the vested interests of the professors at the Royal College of Maynooth may be, you cannot, without violating your own conditions, provide for the maintenance of the students—we do not say permanently, but even for the lives of the individuals under tuition at the period when your Act becomes law. See how these pledges are redeemed.

away everything saving life-interests and private endowments since 1660. I will consider the life-interests presently; but I want to know whether there is a sound and satisfactory difference between those private endowments and the others which are not private. I know that my right hon. friend the member for South Lancashire (laughter—an hon. member, 'Greenwich')—yes; I ought to have spoken of my right hon. friend by that title which I am much more happy to apply to him—that of First Minister of the Crown. I know that he is perfectly aware that except as a matter of sentiment there is no distinction, because he said so. In a speech at Liverpool during the late election he said that the sentiment of the sacredness of private endowment is irresistible. I agree with him; I agree that the sentiment is irresistible, but I would carry that sentiment farther. I think it is equally irresistible with regard to all endowments whatever. I have stated that there is no distinction; and why? Because the private endowments were given to the Established Church; and if it be true that endowments given by kings, that endowments given by ancient piety, and afterwards consolidated by law, are to be regarded as the funds of the Church only as long as it is an Established Church; are given on the condition of the continuance of the privileges it enjoys from the State, and while its institutions are united by law to the political institutions of the State,—then it is clear and irrefragable logic that the donors of private endowments must be deemed to have given these endowments to the same institution, and for the same reasons. The real truth of it is that, in trying to find any solution of the question, you must look to general considerations of reason and policy and justice; and I say that reason, policy, and justice would oblige a man who takes away to show why he does so take away. To my mind that reason has not yet been shown. But now let us consider what is that reason. The glebes of Ulster and the glebes in other parts of Ireland, by far the larger proportion, were given after the Reformation. And how were they given? Were they given by Act of Parliament? Were they given by some Act of the State to which you can refer, and on the face of which you can find that the gift was on the condition—was on the continuance of the existing state of relations between the institutions of the

Church and the institutions of the State? They were given by the King—they were given by the King out of the lands which came by confiscation into the hands of the sovereign. I ask you to consider this matter. They were given by the King out of lands which came by confiscation into the hands of the sovereign, exactly as those sovereigns gave other portions of the same lands to private individuals, whose descendants enjoy them to this day."

Sir Roundell Palmer's speech will be studied—not read—in every household, and by every intelligent individual, throughout the United Kingdom. Some may regret that he limits his opposition to the disendowment of the Established Church. Others will use their best efforts to discover a flaw in the reasoning which sustains his opposition as far as it goes. And being so inclined, they will naturally turn to the replies which have been offered to it by Sir John Coleridge and Mr. Lowe. The former will give them no comfort. It fails to meet a single argument; it carefully abstains from touching a single historical fact. It is a mere piece of empty declamation, more calculated to damage the reputation of the speaker than any on which he has lately ventured. As to Mr. Lowe's rhapsody, the House itself sufficiently marked the value which all sober-minded men will put upon that. Mr. Lowe may hold religion, with all its requirements, in contempt, if it so please him; but common decency, if no higher motive, might, we should think, restrain him from exhibiting this sentiment too openly in his place as a member of Parliament and Minister of the Crown. How different in this respect is his tone from that of his colleague the Right Hon. John Bright! Mr. Bright is no Churchman—he never pretends to be; but Mr. Bright is imbued with a deep sense of religion, and heard, we doubt not, with extreme disgust, the ribald misquotations from Holy Scripture wherewith the Chancellor of the Exchequer strove to bolster up his solecisms.

him not an inch of ground to stand upon, whence the defence of his principle, such as it is, can be carried on. And Sir Roundell Palmer utterly and for ever sweeps away whatever pretence at sound policy had been advanced for doing that which the proposer himself admitted to be defensible only so far as it had become necessary. Prepared to sacrifice, though not without reluctance, the principle of an Establishment in Ireland, if its surrender be shown to be for the public good,—the Attorney-General of Lord Russell's Government protests against the twin measure of disendowment, further than as that shall affect the revenues of the bishops, to be deprived henceforth of their rights of peerage, and their privileges as great Ministers of State:—

"I do not deny that there are cases and occasions which may justify acts which may properly be called confiscation. The question is, whether this is such an occasion, or such a case? I turn now to the question, Is this universal disendowment the necessary consequence of taking away the political ascendancy of the Irish Church? As a fact, it may now possibly have become necessary, but I cannot but ask who made it necessary? I do not think that the necessity was inherent in the nature of the thing; I cannot be persuaded that it was a necessity arising from the justice of the case. It may have now become a political necessity; I can take no part of the responsibility, unless I think it ought to have been so, or always was so, and is also just. And let me first ask whether any kind of precedent can be found for what is now proposed. I confess I know of none. It appears to me to be unparalleled even by the extensive appropriation of Church property which took place about the time of the Reformation in this country; appropriations which, I suppose, no one will deny, were attended or followed by very serious evils, and which few people have entirely sympathised with, even though they might be thought to have been politically necessary. But those appropriations were of the property of institutions, which it was deliberately considered ought to cease to exist—not merely to cease to

exist as Establishments, but to cease to exist altogether; institutions which were thought to be political evils in themselves, and it was deemed the interest, if not the duty, of the State altogether to suppress them. Now, had that been the view taken of the present Church in Ireland, of course one would have admitted the necessity, from the view of the Government, whether one had adopted that view or not. But every line of this Bill—which, I think, from the point of view from which it has been drawn, is certainly not drawn without an anxious desire to do as much justice as is consistent with that view to the Irish Church—every line, I say, of it bears witness to the fact, that those who introduce it do not think that the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland is an institution which either ought to be suppressed or can cease to exist. We therefore have no parallel, even in the extensive appropriations of Church property which took place in our country in the time of the Reformation, to what is done in this measure; nor am I aware that we have any in other countries, although in some of those countries these appropriations have taken place under circumstances so revolutionary that we should hardly like to appeal to them as precedents."

Passing on from this, and showing that the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland, so far from preying on the people, has, by repeated Acts of the Legislature, been robbed for the benefit of the landowners, Sir Roundell Palmer thus proceeds:—

"Let us not speak, therefore, as if the entire ancient ecclesiastical revenues of Ireland remained, and were still enjoyed by a small minority of the population. Rather it will be seen that they are in possession of property which is not more than equal to their due proportion of the population. But I do not pretend to put it before the House as a matter of universal valuation. I merely mean to show that it is not true, and hon. members ought not to speak as if all the ancient endowments of the Church still remained in the hands of a small minority of the population. Now, I want to consider what will be the effect of the Bill on these endowments. The Bill takes

away everything saving life-interests and private endowments since 1860. I will consider the life-interests presently; but I want to know whether there is a sound and satisfactory difference between those private endowments and the others which are not private. I know that my right hon. friend the member for South Lancashire (laughter—an hon. member, 'Greenwich')—yes; I ought to have spoken of my right hon. friend by that title which I am much more happy to apply to him—that of First Minister of the Crown. I know that he is perfectly aware that except as a matter of sentiment there is no distinction, because he said so. In a speech at Liverpool during the late election he said that the sentiment of the sacredness of private endowment is irresistible. I agree with him; I agree that the sentiment is irresistible, but I would carry that sentiment farther. I think it is equally irresistible with regard to all endowments whatever. I have stated that there is no distinction; and why? Because the private endowments were given to the Established Church; and if it be true that endowments given by kings, that endowments given by ancient piety, and afterwards consolidated by law, are to be regarded as the funds of the Church only as long as it is an Established Church; are given on the condition of the continuance of the privileges it enjoys from the State, and while its institutions are united by law to the political institutions of the State,—then it is clear and irrefragable logic that the donors of private endowments must be deemed to have given these endowments to the same institution, and for the same reasons. The real truth of it is that, in trying to find any solution of the question, you must look to general considerations of reason and policy and justice; and I say that reason, policy, and justice would oblige a man who takes away to show why he does so take away. To my mind that reason has not yet been shown. But now let us consider what is that reason. The glebes of Ulster and the glebes in other parts of Ireland, by far the larger proportion, were given after the Reformation. And how were they given? Were they given by Act of Parliament? Were they given by some Act of the State to which you can refer, and on the face of which you can find that the gift was on the condition—was on the continuance of the existing state of relations between the institutions of the

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Moreover, Mr. Bright is sincere. To overthrow the Church—not in Ireland only, but in England also—is with him a great religious principle; and his speech, able in its way, shows clearly enough that his influence in the Cabinet has been exerted successfully to make Mr. Gladstone's measure what it is. All these points our conscience-stricken Liberals will do well to consider before the Bill gets into Committee. Nor is this all. Liberals not pledged to do the bidding of the Ultramontanists in Ireland and the Liberation Society in England, can hardly fail to be moved by the spectacle which is already beginning to be offered to their observation, both in England and in Ireland, through the public press. Are the English Romanists content with the triumph, large as it is, which the Prime Minister of this Protestant monarchy offers to them? Are the Irish grateful, and, being grateful, quiet? or the English gratified, and, being gratified, reasonable? Quite otherwise.

Can anybody read what are called the national newspapers in Ireland, without seeing that the public mind there is growing day by day more excited? What means the renewal, in its worst form, of assassination and violence everywhere? Where is the acquiescence of the Romish hierarchy in his arrangements, on which Mr. Gladstone calculated? Why, the 'Tablet' itself—heretofore a respectable journal, conducted quite as much on the principles of patriotism as of Romanism—has changed its tone of late, and, flattering the author of the scheme, brings forward endless objections to the scheme itself. In the number for the 13th of March last, this print, after doing its best to influence the public mind against the clergy and the Protestant nobility and gentry of Ireland, first finds fault with the excessive care which Mr. Gladstone takes of the interests of the landowners, and then attacking the Trinity College

and the Queen's College, ends thus:—

"The opposition to the proposal to leave the cathedrals built by Catholics in Anglican hands continues unabated; and we trust that portion of it will be abandoned by Mr. Gladstone, if he wishes the Irish people to recognise in his Bill any real desire to do justice. The difficulties of his position are fully appreciated by them; but it is a duty to him and to his Government, no less than to themselves, to make known to him the popular estimate of the several features of his great and noble but imperfect scheme for the pacification of Ireland."

His great and noble scheme!! Yes, very great and very noble; a scheme which robs one section of the people without giving any relief to the other—which offers to the Church of Rome the greatest triumph she has achieved since the dawn of the Reformation, and goes as far as human legislation can do to extinguish Protestantism in Ireland.

Meanwhile Bishop Moriarty, unable, we presume, to withstand the pressure that is put upon him, begins to rival Cardinal Cullen in his vulgar abuse of his Protestant neighbours. The Cardinal himself pursues the course which is familiar to him, becoming, indeed, a courier, but not on that account ceasing to be an agitator. His recent missive, gently declining to sanction the proposed collection for the oppressed Fenians on St. Patrick's Day, might have been written by Mr. Gladstone himself. It is as perfect a piece of Jesuitism as it was ever our fortune to encounter, and it has served its purpose. It had precisely the effect which it was probably intended to produce. It kept the writer clear from the charge of open co-operation in the movement; but it did not stop the movement—no, not even partially. Here is an authentic account of the estimation in which the Fenian martyrs are held by their countrymen, and of the reception accorded to some

of them at Limerick, and its results. The 'Weekly News,' speaking for the Pope and the priests, says :—

"The list of captives set free comprises forty-nine names, and includes many gallant young fellows whose demeanour in the hour of danger and in the dock won for them the ardent sympathy of the Irish race. The greater number of the men whose sufferings are thus abridged are still in far-off Australia; but among those for whom the gates of the English prisons have opened, and who have already been restored to their homes, our readers will be glad to find the names of Charles J. Kickham, the gentle and the true; of William O'Sullivan, the worthy son of a worthy father; and of James F. X. O'Brien, whose eloquent vindication of Irish patriotism in the dock will be remembered while fearlessness and public spirit are honoured in Ireland. Among the released prisoners in Australia we notice with pleasure the names of Michael Moore, the pipe-maker, than whom not one of the brave band acted with more dignity and manliness; of James Flood, one of the heroes of the Chester raid, and unquestionably as fine a specimen of an Irish 'rebel' as ever confronted an accuser; and many others, whose daring deeds are remembered, and whose parting words are cherished in every corner of the land."

There is no mistaking this, or the object which it is meant to subserve. Brave men, noble patriots, are at large again; and when they return, as they doubtless will, to the home of their fathers, they will resume the glorious work which a tyrant and alien Government interrupted. Meanwhile, honour be to their comrades whom the authorities, vainly hoping to conciliate Ireland thereby, have set free. For them, in spite of the apostolic protestation to the contrary, collections are made in the chapels of the faithful; and St. Patrick's Day is chosen as the fittest in all the year for holding meetings and making declarations in their favour. Thus speaks Father Shanahan, the Roman Catholic curate of St. Michael's and thus make answer to him the excited crowds that gather from all the quarters of Limerick to hear him :—

"I do not by any means profess to be a Fenian. A Voice.—It is a pity you are not. Father Shanahan.—But if Fenianism means love for Ireland—A Voice.—It does. Father Shanahan.—If Fenianism means attachment to my native land, if it mean "Ireland for the Irish," if it mean that we are able to govern ourselves as a people,—then I am a Fenian. A Voice.—Three cheers for self-government. Father Shanahan.—That cheer finds an echo in my heart, and not in my heart alone, but in the heart of many priests in Ireland. There may be, to be sure—I do not for one moment intend to conceal the fact—a few priests out of the hundreds who minister to the Catholics of Ireland, of opinion that, for the general welfare and advancement of our land, we should be connected with a powerful nation, and that we would not be able to govern ourselves if separated. A Voice.—We would. Father Shanahan.—There may be a few, but I do not believe the priests of Ireland, as a body, are of that opinion. I am therefore proud to stand up here to-night and proclaim that I am not of that opinion. I sympathise deeply with those men who for the past three years have suffered in the dungeons of British rule a protracted martyrdom. I sincerely rejoice that their sufferings are now about to be brought to an end. I rejoice sincerely, I repeat,—I rejoice as much as any man in this room—and I believe there are honest and sympathetic hearts here to-night—and you must all rejoice with me, that the sufferings of so many are now about to be brought to a close. And though it may be that the great man who directs the helm of State may not be able to procure us full justice—which means self-government, of course—still we must honour him as the first of the Englishmen who has proclaimed that Ireland must be governed from an Irish point of view. The Irish point of view being the view of the speaker. But that is not all. Father Shanahan was followed by a town councillor; and I pray you to mark what he says, because it will help you to dispel the noble earl's delusion that this release of prisoners had worked beneficially for the country. Mr. Lawrence Kelly said :—

"I tell you at the outset I am a Fenian. The Habeas Corpus Act has been restored, and I am not afraid of being taken in the morning, and I tell you, without any reservation, that I am a Fenian. My father was a Fenian, and all our generations were Fenians. I tell you ever—

Irishman since the day the English invader put his foot on our shores, every Irishman who is not in the pay of the Government, is a Fenian.'

"This is rather opposed to the noble earl who propounded the doctrine, I believe, that Ribandism is the best antidote to Fenianism. Mr. Kelly adds, and I pray the noble earl's attention:—

"'We are promised disestablishment, a Land Bill, and all those measures calculated to conciliate the people; and whom are you to thank?'

"I daresay the noble earl imagines the response will be, 'The Government.' Not at all. The report continues:—

"'A Voice.—The Fenians. Mr. Kelly.—The Fenians, unquestionably. I ask you now, what concessions would the British Government have made, what would they have done for us but for these men, if it were not for the men in America? A Voice.—Three cheers for Grant. (Cheers.) Mr. Kelly.—I ask you for three cheers for General Grant. (Renewed cheering.) Another Voice.—Three cheers for Stephens. (Great cheering.)'

"That is the view of the people of Ireland. We are promised disestablishment on a satisfactory solution of the land question; we are promised all sorts of good things, and whom are we to thank for it? The Fenians. Moreover, the Government, having just come into office, know they have the Fenians to thank for it, so they are going to release them all."

And now, for the present, we leave the matter in the hands of the public and of Parliament. If it be God's will so to blind the

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So when Palermo made high festival,
 The joy of matrons and of maidens all
 Was the mock terror of the tournament,
 Where safety, with the glimpse of danger blent,
 Took exaltation as from epic song,
 Which greatly tell's the pains that to great life belong.

And in all eyes King Pedro was the king
 Of cavaliers: as in a full-gemmed ring
 The largest ruby, or as that bright star
 Whose shining shows us where the Hyads are;
 His the best jennet, and he sat it best;
 His weapon, whether tilting or in rest,
 Was worthiest watching, and his face once seen
 Gave to the promise of his royal mien
 Such rich fulfilment as the opened eyes
 Of a loved sleeper, or the long-watched rise
 Of vernal day, whose joy o'er stream and meadow flies.

But of the maiden forms that thick enwreathed
 The broad piazza and sweet witchery breathed,
 With innocent faces budding all arow,
 From balconies and windows high and low,
 Who was it felt the deep mysterious glow,
 The impregnation with supernal fire
 Of young ideal love—transformed desire,
 Whose passion is but worship of that Best
 Taught by the many-mingled creed of each young breast?

'Twas gentle Lisa, of no noble line,
 Child of Bernardo, a rich Florentine,
 Who from his merchant-city hither came
 To trade in drugs; yet kept an honest fame,
 And had the virtue not to try and sell
 Drugs that had none. He loved his riches well,
 But loved them chiefly for his Lisa's sake,
 Whom with a father's care he sought to make
 The bride of some true honourable man:—
 O! Perdicone (so the rumour ran),
 Whose birth was higher than his fortunes were;
 For still your trader likes a mixture fair
 Of blood that hurries to some higher strain
 Than reckoning money's loss and money's gain.
 And of such mixture good may surely come:
 Lord's scions so may learn to cast a sum,

A trader's grandson bear a well-set head,
 And have less conscious manners, better bred;
 Nor when he tries to be polite, be rude instead.

}

'Twas Perdicone's friends made overtures
 To good Bernardo; so one dame assures
 Her neighbour dame who notices the youth
 Fixing his eyes on Lisa; and in truth
 Eyes that could see her on this summer day
 Might find it hard to turn another way.
 She had a pensive beauty, yet not sad;
 Rather, like minor cadences that glad
 The hearts of little birds amid spring boughs;
 And oft the trumpet or the joust would rouse
 Pulses that gave her cheek a finer glow,
 Parting her lips that seemed a mimic bow
 By chiselling Love for play in coral wrought,
 Then quickened by him with the passionate thought,
 The soul that trembled in the lustrous night
 Of slow long eyes. Her body was so slight,
 It seemed she could have floated in the sky,
 And with the angelic choir made symphony;
 But in her cheek's rich tinge, and in the dark
 Of darkest hair and eyes, she bore a mark
 Of kinship to her generous mother earth,
 The fervid land that gives the plumy palm-trees birth.

She saw not Perdicone; her young mind
 Dreamed not that any man had ever pined
 For such a little simple maid as she:
 She had but dreamed how heavenly it would be
 To love some hero noble, beauteous, great,
 Who would live stories worthy to narrate,
 Like Roland, or the warriors of Troy,
 The Cid, or Amadis, or that fair boy
 Who conquered everything beneath the sun,
 And somehow, some time, died at Babylon
 Fighting the Moors. For heroes all were good
 And fair as that archangel who withstood
 The Evil One, the author of all wrong—
 That Evil One who made the French so strong;
 And now the flower of heroes must be he
 Who drove those tyrants from dear Sicily,
 So that her maids might walk to vespers tranquilly.

}

Young Lisa saw this hero in the king,
 And as wood-lilies that sweet odours bring
 Might dream the light that opes their modest eyne
 Was lily-odoured,—and as rites divine,
 Round turf-laid altars, or 'neath roofs of stone,
 Draw sanctity from out the heart alone
 That loves and worships, so the miniature
 Perplexed of her soul's world, all virgin pure,
 Filled with heroic virtues that bright form,
 Raona's royalty, the finished norm
 Of horsemanship—the half of chivalry :
 For how could generous men avengers be,
 Save as God's messengers on coursers fleet ?—
 These, scouring earth, made Spain with Syria meet
 In one self-world where the same right had away,
 And good must grow as grew the blessed day.
 No more ; great Love his essence had endued
 With Pedro's form, and entering subdued
 The soul of Lisa, fervid and intense,
 Proud in its choice of proud obedience
 To hardship glorified by perfect reverence.

Sweet Lisa homeward carried that dire guest,
 And in her chamber through the hours of rest
 The darkness was alight for her with sheen
 Of arms, and plumèd helm, and bright between
 Their commoner gloss, like the pure living spring
 'Twixt porphyry lips, or living bird's bright wing
 'Twixt golden wires, the glances of the king
 Flashed on her soul, and waked vibrations there
 Of known delights love-mixed to new and rare :
 The impalpable dream was turned to breathing flesh,
 Chill thought of summer to the warm close mesh
 Of sunbeams held between the citron-leaves,
 Clothing her life of life. O, she believes
 That she could be content if he but knew
 (Her poor small self could claim no other due)
 How Lisa's lowly love had highest reach
 Of wingèd passion, whereto wingèd speech
 Would be scorched remnants left by mounting flame.
 Though, had she such lame message, were it blame
 To tell what greatness dwelt in her, what rank
 She held in loving ? Modest maidens shrank
 From telling love that fed on selfish hope ;

But love, as hopeless as the shattering song
 Wailed for loved beings who have joined the throng
 Of mighty dead ones. . . . Nay, but she was weak—
 Knew only prayers and ballads—could not speak
 With eloquence save what dumb creatures have,
 That with small cries and touches small boons crave.

She watched all day that she might see him pass
 With knights and ladies; but she said, "Alas,
 Though he should see me, it were all as one
 He saw a pigeon sitting on the stone
 Of wall or balcony: some coloured spot
 His eye just sees, his mind regardeth not.
 I have no music-touch that could bring nigh
 My love to his soul's hearing. I shall die,
 And he will never know who Lisa was—
 The trader's child, whose soaring spirit rose
 As hedge-born aloe-flowers that rarest years disclose.

"For were I now a fair deep-breasted queen
 A-horseback, with blonde hair, and tunic green
 Gold-bordered, like Costanza, I should need
 No change within to make me queenly there;
 For they the royal-hearted women are
 Who nobly love the noblest, yet have grace
 For needy suffering lives in lowliest place,
 Carrying a choicer sunlight in their smile,
 The heavenliest ray that pitieth the vile.
 My love is such, it cannot choose but soar
 Up to the highest; yet for evermore,
 Though I were happy, throned beside the king,
 I should be tender to each little thing
 With hurt warm breast, that had no speech to tell
 Its inward pang, and I would soothe it well
 With tender touch and with a low soft moan
 For company: my dumb love-pang is lone,
 Prisoned as topaz-beam within a rough-garbed stone."

So, inward-wailing, Lisa passed her days.
 Each night the August moon with changing phase
 Looked broader, harder on her unchanged pain;
 Each noon the heat lay heavier again
 On her despair; until her body frail
 Shrank like the snow that watchers in the vale

See narrowed on the height each summer morn ;
 While her dark glance burnt larger, more forlorn,
 As if the soul within her all on fire
 Made of her being one swift funeral pyre.
 Father and mother saw with sad dismay
 The meaning of their riches melt away :
 For without Lisa what would sequins buy ?
 What wish were left if Lisa were to die ?
 Through her they cared for summers still to come,
 Else they would be as ghosts without a home
 In any flesh that could feel glad desire.
 They pay the best physicians, never tire
 Of seeking what will soothe her, promising
 That aught she longed for, though it were a thing
 Hard to be come at, as the Indian snow,
 Or roses that on alpine summits blow,
 It should be hers. She answers with low voice,
 She longs for death alone—death is her choice ;
 Death is the King who never did think scorn,
 But rescues every meanest soul to sorrow born.

Yet one day, as they bent above her bed
 And watched her in brief sleep, her drooping head
 Turned gently, as the thirsty flowers that feel
 Some moist revival through their petals steal,
 And little flutterings of her lids and lips
 Told of such dreamy joy as sometimes dips
 A skyey shadow in the mind's poor pool.
 She oped her eyes, and turned their dark gems full
 Upon her father, as in utterance dumb
 Of some new prayer that in her sleep had come.
 " What is it, Lisa ? " " Father, I would see
 Minuccio, the great singer ; bring him me."
 For always, night and day, her unstilled thought,
 Wandering all o'er its little world, had sought
 How she could reach, by some soft pleading touch,
 King Pedro's soul, that she who loved so much
 Dying, might have a place within his mind—
 A little grave which he would sometimes find
 And plant some flower on it—some thought, some memory kind. }

Till in her dream she saw Minuccio
 Touching his viola, and chanting low
 A strain that, falling on her brokenly,
 Seemed blossoms lightly blown from off a tree,

Each burthened with a word that was a scent—
 Raona, Lisa, love, death, tournament;
 Then in her dream she said, "He sings of me—
 Might be my messenger; ah, now I see
 The King is listening ——." Then she awoke,
 And, missing her dear dream, that new-born longing spoke.

She longed for music: that was natural;
 Physicians said it was medicinal;
 The humours might be schooled by true consent
 Of a fine tenor and fine instrument;
 In short, good music, mixed with doctor's stuff,
 Apollo with Asklepios—enough!
 Minuccio, entreated, gladly came.
 (He was a singer of most gentle fame—
 A noble, kindly spirit, not elate
 That he was famous, but that song was great—
 Would sing as finely to this suffering child
 As at the court where princes on him smiled.)
 Gently he entered and sat down by her,
 Asking what sort of strain she would prefer—
 The voice alone, or voice with viol wed;
 Then, when she chose the last, he preluded
 With magic hand, that summoned from the strings
 Aerial spirits, rare yet palpable wings
 That fanned the pulses of his listener,
 And waked each sleeping sense with blissful stir.
 Her cheek already showed a slow faint blush,
 But soon the voice, in pure full liquid rush,
 Made all the passion, that till now she felt,
 Seem but as cooler waters that in warmer melt.

Finished the song, she prayed to be alone
 With kind Minuccio; for her faith had grown
 To trust him as if missioned like a priest
 With some high grace, that when his singing ceased
 Still made him wiser, more magnanimous
 Than common men who had no genius.
 So laying her small hand within his palm,
 She told him how that secret glorious harm
 Of loftiest loving had befallen her;
 That death, her only hope, most bitter were,
 If when she died her love must perish too
 As songs unsung, and thoughts unspoken do,

Which else might live within another breast.
 She said, "Minuccio, the grave were rest,
 If I were sure, that lying cold and lone,
 My love, my best of life, had safely flown
 And nestled in the bosom of the king;
 See, 'tis a small weak bird, with unfledged wing.
 But you will carry it for me secretly,
 And bear it to the king, then come to me
 And tell me it is safe, and I shall go
 Content, knowing that he I love my love doth know."

Then she wept silently, but each large tear
 Made pleading music to the inward ear
 Of good Minuccio. "Lisa, trust in me,"
 He said, and kissed her fingers loyally;
 "It is sweet law to me to do your will,
 And ere the sun his round shall thrice fulfil,
 I hope to bring you news of such rare skill
 As annulets have, that aches in trusting bosoms still."

He needed not to pause and first devise
 How he should tell the king: for in nowise
 Were such love-message worthily bested
 Save in fine verse by music rendered.
 He sought a poet-friend, a Siennese,
 And "Mico, mine," he said, "fill oft to please
 Thy whim of sadness I have sung thee strains
 To make thee weep in verse: now pay my pains,
 And write me a canzone divinely sad,
 Sinlessly passionate and meekly mad
 With young despair, speaking a maiden's heart
 Of fifteen summers, who would fain depart
 From opening life's new-urgent mystery—
 Love-choice of one too high her love to be—
 But cannot yield her breath till she has poured
 Her strength away in this lord-leading word
 Telling the secret of her soul to her soul's lord."

Said Mico, "Nay, that thought is peesy.
 I need not listen as it sings to me
 Close set as apart to-morrow." The third day,
 When the clock of noon had perched the day,
 Minuccio came, his suitors to a court
 To make his love was won in moments short.

Of ceremonious dinner to the king.
 This was the time when he had meant to bring
 Melodious message of young Lisa's love :
 He waited till the air had ceased to move
 To ringing silver, till Falernian wine
 Made quickened sense with quietude combine,
 And then with passionate descant made each ear incline.

*Love, thou didst see me, light as morning's breath,
 Roaming a garden in a joyous error,
 Laughing at chases vain, a happy child,
 Till of thy countenance the alluring terror
 In majesty from out the blossoms smiled,
 From out their life seeming a beauteous Death.
 O Love, who so didst choose me for thine own,
 Taking this little isle to thy great sway,
 See now, it is the honour of thy throne
 That what thou gavest perish not away,
 Nor leave some sweet remembrance to atone
 By life that will be for the brief life gone :
 Hear, ere the shroud o'er these frail limbs be thrown—
 Since every king is vassal unto thee,
 My heart's lord needs must listen loyally—
 O tell him I am waiting for my Death !*

*Tell him, for that he hath such royal power
 'Twere hard for him to think how small a thing,
 How slight a sign, would make a wealthy dower
 For one like me, the bride of that pale king
 Whose bed is mine at some swift-nearing hour.
 Go to my lord, and to his memory bring
 That happy birthday of my sorrowing
 When his large glance made meaner gazers glad,
 Entering the bannered lists : 'twas then I had
 The wound that laid me in the arms of Death.*

*Tell him, O Love, I am a lowly maid,
 No more than any little knot of thyme
 That he with careless foot may often tread ;
 Yet lowest fragrance oft will mount sublime
 And cleave to things most high and hallowed,
 As doth the fragrance of my life's springtime,
 My lowly love, that soaring seeks to climb
 Within his thought, and make a gentle bliss,*

*More blissful than if mine, in being his :
So shall I live in him and rest in Death.*

The strain was new. It seemed a pleading cry,
And yet a rounded perfect melody,
Making grief beauteous as the tear-filled eyes
Of little child at little miseries.
Trembling at first, then swelling as it rose,
Like rising light that broad and broader grows,
It filled the hall, and so possessed the air
That not one living breathing soul was there,
Though duldest, slowest, but was quivering
In music's grasp, and forced to hear her sing.
But most such sweet compulsion took the mood
Of Pedro (tired of doing what he would).
Whether the words which that strange meaning bore
Were but the poet's feigning or aught more,
Was bounden question, since their aim must be
At some imagined or true royalty.
He called Minuccio and bade him tell
What poet of the day had writ so well;
For though they came behind all former rhymes,
The verses were not bad for these poor times.
"Monsignor, they are only three days old,"
Minuccio said; "but it must not be told
How this song grew, save to your royal ear."
Eager, the king withdrew where none was near,
And gave close audience to Minuccio,
Who meetly told that love-tale meet to know.
The king had features pliant to confess
The presence of a manly tenderness—
Son, father, brother, lover, blent in one,
In fine harmonic exaltation—
The spirit of religious chivalry.
He listened, and Minuccio could see
The tender, generous admiration spread
O'er all his face, and glorify his head
With royalty that would have kept its rank,
Though his brocaded robes to tatters shrank.
He answered without pause, "So sweet a maid,
In nature's own insignia arrayed,
Though she were come of unmingled trading blood
That sold and bartered ever since the flood,
Would have the self-contained and single worth
Of radiant jewels born in darksome earth.

Raona were a shame to Sicily,
 Letting such love and tears unhonoured be :
 Hasten, Minuccio, tell her that the king
 To-day will surely visit her when vespers ring."

Joyful, Minuccio bore the joyous word,
 And told at full, while none but Lisa heard,
 How each thing had befallen, sang the song,
 And like a patient nurse who would prolong
 All means of soothing, dwelt upon each tone,
 Each look, with which the mighty Aragon
 Marked the high worth his royal heart assigned
 To that dear place he held in Lisa's mind.
 She listened till the draughts of pure content
 Through all her limbs like some new being went—
 Life, not recovered, but untried before,
 From out the growing world's unmeasured store
 Of fuller, better, more divinely mixed.
 'Twas glad reverse : she had so firmly fixed
 To die, already seemed to fall a veil
 Shrouding the inner glow from light of senses pale.

Her parents wondering see her half arise—
 Wondering, rejoicing, see her long dark eyes
 Brimful with clearness, not of 'scaping tears,
 But of some light ethereal that enspheres
 Their orbs with calm, some vision newly learnt
 Where strangest fires erewhile had blindly burnt.
 She asked to have her soft white robe and band
 And coral ornaments, and with her hand
 She gave her long dark locks a backward fall,
 Then looked intently in a mirror small,
 And feared her face might perhaps displease the king;
 "In truth," she said, "I am a tiny thing;
 I was too bold to tell what could such visit bring."

Meanwhile the king, revolving in his thought
 That innocent passion, was more deeply wrought
 To chivalrous pity ; and at vesper bell,
 With careless mien which hid his purpose well,
 Went forth on horseback, and as if by chance
 Passing Bernardo's house, he paused to glance
 At the fine garden of this wealthy man,
 This Tuscan trader turned Palermitan ;
 But, presently dismounting, chose to walk
 Amid the trellises, in gracious talk

With this same trader, deigning even to ask
 If he had yet fulfilled the father's task
 Of marrying that daughter, whose young charms
 Himself, betwixt the passages of arms,
 Noted admiringly. "Monsignor, no,
 She is not married; that were little woe,
 Since she has counted barely fifteen years;
 But all such hopes of late have turned to fears;
 She droops and fades, though for a space quite brief—
 Scarce three hours past—she finds some strange relief."
 The king avised: "Twere dole to all of us,
 The world should lose a maid so beauteous;
 Let me now see her; since I am her liege lord,
 Her spirits must wage war with death at my strong word."
 In such half-serious playfulness, he wends,
 With Lisa's father and two chosen friends,
 Up to the chamber where she pillowed sits
 Watching the door that opening admits
 A presence as much better than her dreams,
 As happiness than any longing seems.
 The king advanced, and, with a reverent kiss
 Upon her hand, said, "Lady, what is this?
 You, whose sweet youth should others' solace be,
 Pierce all our hearts, languishing piteously.
 We pray you, for the love of us, be cheered,
 Nor be too reckless of that life, endeared
 To us who know your passing worthiness,
 And count your blooming life as part of our life's bliss."

Those words, that touch upon her hand from him
 Whom her soul worshipped, as far seraphim
 Worship the distant glory, brought some shame
 Quivering upon her cheek, yet thrilled her frame
 With such deep joy she seemed in paradise,
 In wondering gladness, and in dumb surprise.
 That bliss could be so blissful; then she spoke—
 "Signor, I was too weak to bear the yoke,
 The golden yoke of thoughts too great for me;
 That was the ground of my infirmity.
 But now, I pray your grace to have belief
 That I shall soon be well, nor any more cause grief."

The king alone perceived the covert sense
 Of all her words, which made one evidence

With her pure voice and candid loveliness,
 That he had lost much honour, honouring less
 That message of her passionate distress. }
 He stayed beside her for a little while
 With gentle looks and speech, until a smile
 As placid as a ray of early morn
 On opening flower-cups o'er her lips was borne.
 When he had left her, and the tidings spread
 Through all the town how he had visited
 The Tuscan trader's daughter, who was sick,
 Men said, it was a royal deed and catholic.

And Lisa? she no longer wished for death;
 But as a poet, who sweet verses saith
 Within his soul, and joys in music there,
 Nor seeks another heaven, nor can bear
 Disturbing pleasures, so was she content,
 Breathing the life of grateful sentiment.
 She thought no maid betrothed could be more blest;
 For treasure must be valued by the test
 Of highest excellence and rarity,
 And her dear joy was best as best could be;
 There seemed no other crown to her delight
 Now the high loved one saw her love aright.
 Thus her soul thriving on that exquisite mood,
 Spread like the May-time all its beauteous good
 O'er the soft bloom of neck, and arms, and cheek,
 And strengthened the sweet body, once so weak,
 Until she rose and walked, and, like a bird
 With sweetly rippling throat, she made her spring joys heard.

The king, when he the happy change had seen,
 Trusted the ear of Constance, his fair queen,
 With Lisa's innocent secret, and conferred
 How they should jointly, by their deed and word,
 Honour this maiden's love, which, like the prayer
 Of loyal hermits, never thought to share
 In what it gave. The queen had that chief grace
 Of womanhood, a heart that can embrace
 All goodness in another woman's form;
 And that same day, ere the sun lay too warm
 On southern terraces, a messenger
 Informed Bernardo that the royal pair
 Would straightway visit him, and celebrate
 Their gladness at his daughter's happier state,

Which they were fain to see. Soon came the king
 On horseback, with his barons, heralding
 The advent of the queen in courtly state;
 And all, descending at the garden gate,
 Streamed with their feathers, velvet, and brocade,
 Through the pleached alleys, till they, pausing, made
 A lake of splendour 'mid the aloes grey—
 When, meekly facing all their proud array,
 The white-robed Lisa with her parents stood,
 As some white dove before the gorgeous brood
 Of dapple-breasted birds born by the Colchian flood.

}

The king and queen, by gracious looks and speech,
 Encourage her, and thus their courtiers teach
 How this fair morning they may courtliest be,
 By making Lisa pass it happily.
 And soon the ladies and the barons all
 Draw her by turns, as at a festival
 Made for her sake, to easy, gay discourse,
 And compliment with looks and smiles enforce;
 A joyous hum is heard the gardens round;
 Soon there is Spanish dancing and the sound
 Of minstrel's song, and autumn fruits are pluckt;
 Till mindfully the king and queen conduct
 Lisa apart to where a trellised shade
 Made pleasant resting. Then King Pedro said—
 "Excellent maiden, that rich gift of love
 Your heart hath made us, hath a worth above
 All royal treasures, nor is fitly met
 Save when the grateful memory of deep debt
 Lies still behind the outward honours done:
 And as a sign that no oblivion
 Shall overflow that faithful memory,
 We while we live your cavalier will be,
 Nor will we ever arm ourselves for fight,
 Whether for struggle dire or brief delight
 Of warlike feigning, but we first will take
 The colours you ordain, and for your sake
 Charge the more bravely where your emblem is;
 Nor will we claim from you an added bliss
 To our sweet thoughts of you save one sole kiss.
 But there still rests the outward honour meet
 To mark your worthiness, and we entreat
 That you will turn your ear to proffered vows
 Of one who loves you, and would be your spouse.

}

We must not wrong yourself and Sicily
 By letting all your blooming years pass by
 Unmated : you will give the world its due
 From beauteous maiden and become a matron true."

Then Lisa, wrapt in virgin wonderment
 At her ambitious love's complete content,
 Which left no further good for her to seek
 Than love's obedience, said with accent meek—
 "Monsignor, I know well that were it known
 To all the world how high my love had flown,
 There would be few who would not deem me mad,
 Or say my mind the falsest image had
 Of my condition and your loftiness.
 But heaven has seen that for no moment's space
 Have I forgotten you to be the king,
 Or me myself to be a lowly thing—
 A little lark, enamoured of the sky,
 That soared to sing, to break its breast, and die.
 But, as you better know than I, the heart
 In choosing chooseth not its own desert,
 But that great merit which attracteth it ;
 'Tis law, I struggled, but I must submit,
 And having seen a worth all worth above,
 I loved you, love you, and shall always love.
 But that do'h mean, my will is ever yours,
 Not only when your will my good ensures,
 But if it wrought me what the world calls harm—
 Fire, wounds, would wear from your dear will a charm.
 That you will be my knight is full content,
 And for that kiss—I pray, first for the queen's consent."

Her answer, given with such firm gentleness,
 Pleased the queen well, and made her hold no less
 Of Lisa's merit than the king had held.
 And so, all cloudy threats of grief dispelled,
 There was betrothal made that very morn
 'Twixt Perdicone, youthful, brave, well-born,
 And Lisa, whom he loved ; she loving well
 The lot that from obedience befell.
 The queen a rare betrothal ring on each
 Bestowed, and other gems, with gracious speech.
 And that no joy might lack, the king, who knew
 The youth was poor, gave him rich Cefalù

And Cataletta, large and fruitful lands—
 Adding much promise when he joined their hands.
 At last he said to Lisa, with an air
 Gallant yet noble: "Now we claim our share
 From your sweet love, a share which is not small;
 For in the sacrament one crumb is all."
 Then taking her small face his hands between,
 He kissed her on the brow with kiss serene,
 Fit seal to that pure vision her young soul had seen. }

And many witnessed that King Pedro kept
 His royal promise: Perdicone slept
 To many honours honourably won,
 Living with Lisa in true union.
 Throughout his life the king still took delight
 To call himself fair Lisa's faithful knight;
 And never wore in field or tournament
 A scarf or emblem save by Lisa sent.
 Such deeds made subjects loyal in that land:
 They joyed that one so worthy to command,
 So chivalrous and gentle, had become
 The king of Sicily, and filled the room
 Of Frenchmen, who abused the Church's trust,
 Till, in a righteous vengeance on their last,
 Messina rose, with God, and with the dagger's thrust. }

L'ENVOI.

*Reader, this story pleased me long ago
 In the bright pages of Boccaccio,
 And where the author of a good we know,
 Let us not fail to pay the grateful thanks we owe.*

GEORGE ELIOT.

A YEAR AND A DAY.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.—FIVE TO ONE.

THE motive of this story is the manner in which the character of one Maurice Brandon was changed, so far as a complete change of character is ever possible: how, from being one with whom, either in his beliefs or conduct, no reader of this, it is hoped, will feel sympathy, he became one who at least deserves all sympathy, even though he should not be so fortunate as to receive it; how he was brought down from dwelling apart in a cloud-land of his own, to do, one may hope, some work as a man among a world of men; how, in a word, he served his apprenticeship to real and actual life. It is true that the force of external circumstances had seemingly more to do with this change than any special or peculiar merit in the man himself; but since the moral of this story—in so far as it professes to contain any moral whatever—must be taken as relating to this very point, it would be both inartistic and injudicious to discuss, by way of epilogue, that which by the common consent of fabulists is always placed at the end, supposing it to be placed anywhere at all. Such, then, is the principal and fundamental motive of this story; but, incidentally thereto, will be shown how two small households, obscure, unconnected, and living far apart from one another in two obscure country towns, carried on together, within the space of a single year, an entire drama of human life—on a small scale indeed, but complete in all its parts, from the beginning to the end.

Since, however, it is in neither of these country towns that this drama will be brought to a close, but in the least obscure of all the cities of the earth, it is not unfitting that there also it should

set out; and as its concluding words will be spoken neither by its hero nor by its heroine, nor indeed by any of the *dramatis personæ*, regularly so styled, but by those who, in all dramas of real life, do actually speak the last words—that is to say, certain among the spectators—so these same spectators shall speak the prologue also, in order that, among other reasons, they may not be utter strangers to the audience when they step upon the stage before the fallen curtain at the last.

It was, then, some few years since that three persons were sitting together in a second-floor room in the Temple, certainly amusing themselves exceedingly well with tobacco and brandy-and-water, and possibly entertaining each other indifferently with a mixture of silence and conversation. Their respective ages and features are of no particular consequence; their names—not that these are of much more importance—were Ramsden, Layton, and Hammond. As to their pursuits, Ramsden, the tenant of the room, was a barrister who, having been unsuccessful in obtaining the guineas which are represented by briefs, had at last succeeded in pushing himself upon the staff of a well-known daily paper. Layton was a newspaper critic by profession, and never had been and never expected to be anything else; and Hammond was a sort of amateur conversational critic, who lived upon some small means, either of his own or of his relations and friends, and considered himself, and was considered, a "literary man," though he had never, to anybody's knowledge, done anything to carry out the idea. They all belonged to the same set, and spent much time in criticising other people when they

were together, and still more time in dissecting each other when they happened to be separate. Being now together,—

"Well, then," said Hammond, after a long pause, "so much for that. The man's an ass, and his book proves it admirably. It's about the only thing he ever did succeed in proving. Let's talk of better things. It would certainly be easy."

Layton.—"With pleasure. What shall it be? Politics?"

Hammond.—"In August? Thank you. Let us follow the example of our own betters. It was not in August, I fancy, that Galileo said of the world, 'It moves.'"

Layton.—"Theology?"

Ramsden.—"That will be more appropriate to the hot weather, perhaps. But if you want to talk about something really serious for once, is it true that Wood & Field's is a smash out and out, or will anything be saved? You ought to know, Hammond."

Hammond.—"I only wish I had any cause to know—that I'd had anything to lose, that is. No—I know nothing about it myself. Banks are not much in my line, I'm sorry to say. But I fancy the smash is a very fair specimen. I hope neither of you fellows is likely to be hit?"

Layton.—"Not I. I'm safe in the Threes. I never speculate, except sometimes about an author's sense."

Hammond.—"The worst speculative investment going."

Layton.—"Which? The sense or the cents?"

Hammond.—"My dear boy! do you think I'd blaspheme the funds?"

Ramsden.—"I think you'd blaspheme anything."

Hammond.—"Thanks for the compliment. It's as well to be accounted liberal in these days."

Layton.—"I thought we were to avoid politics."

Hammond.—"Well, then, re-

venons. What have you heard of the bank at the 'Trumpet'?"

Layton.—"They don't give me money to write about—and not much to write. But I heard from Harris—"

Ramsden.—"The City man, isn't it?"

Layton.—"Yes. Well, he says that it's up about the biggest tree he ever saw, and no chance of coming down again—that it's all up, in fact."

Hammond.—"By Jove! a nice look-out for some people one knows."

Ramsden.—"There's something in the misfortunes of our friends not altogether—"

Layton.—"Don't, pray! And then Harris is always wrong."

Ramsden.—"Treason to the 'Trumpet'!"

Layton.—"Oh! we're all friends here, and we don't tell tales out of school. And you know my opinion of Harris long ago."

Ramsden.—"Not I. I didn't know you had any opinion of him—I'm sure I haven't. But," disappointedly, "I'm glad you don't believe him in this case. Only, if he's wrong, I have written a leader in vain—that's all."

Hammond.—"Nonsense. If Harris does turn out wrong, you'll have food for two. And I'm inclined to back Harris this time."

A pause.

Hammond.—"I say, Layton—"

Layton.—"Well?"

Hammond.—"Have they sent you that book of Brandon's yet?"

Layton.—"I should rather think they had!"

Hammond.—"Well?"

Layton.—"I don't know. Have you read it?"

Hammond.—"Yes, last night, over my last pipe."

Ramsden.—"What!—all three volumes?"

Hammond.—"Title-page and all especially the title-page. Clever also especially the title-page—but—"

Layton.—“Brandon all over. I'm going to pitch into it, hot and strong. But it'll sell.”

Hammond.—“Sell? Trust Short for knowing what will sell—confound him!”

Ramsden.—“My dear Hammond, that's a very inconsequential speech of yours. What has the trade ever done to you? Have you had dealings with Short? And if not, why this explosion?”

Hammond.—“Well, well. I suppose Brandon and Short together know what they're about. But we shall see.”

Ramsden (modestly).—“Do you know, I rather believe in Brandon.”

Layton.—“Yes; no doubt he's clever—but he's too clever. I don't mean to say that I don't understand him myself, but I should think not one man in a thousand did. And firstly, be intelligible; secondly, be intelligible; thirdly, be intelligible. That's what I call my Demosthenic canon of criticism.”

Hammond.—“And a very good one too. I hate books that it takes a Layton to understand. And I hate Saxon English.”

Ramsden and Layton (shocked).—“What!”

Hammond.—“I don't mean Anglo-Saxon, mind you; I mean the English that Brandon brought with him from Saxony, or wherever in Germany was his *alma mater*. He came hot from Heidelberg, or Jena, or Tübingen, you know, or some such place.”

Ramsden.—“I see. Well, his style is peculiar, no doubt.”

Hammond.—“I should rather think it was—both his poetry and his prose. Do you know that thing—”

Layton.—“Ah! poetry's not my line, away from the shop. When I said I understood Brandon, I meant his prose, of course.”

Ramsden.—“Well, the man's a sort of a success, anyhow. There's no doubt about that. I know him a little.”

Hammond.—“So do I—and

don't much like him. I think there's a knock at the door, Ramsden.”

Ramsden.—“Come in! Ah, Wilson! how are you, old fellow? Sit down. This is bird's-eye—that's cognac. Or will you do a weed?”

Wilson (an ambiguous-looking man of about forty).—“Thanks; I'll try the customary bird's-eye. How are you, Layton? How are you, Hammond? Thought I might find one of you fellows here. By Jove! what a blow-up that is of Wood & Field's! Capital cognac, Ramsden—how much a dozen?”

Hammond.—“It's true, then?”

Wilson.—“Wood & Field's? I should think so. Not a penny. No assets. Liabilities very much the other way. Hope it's nothing to any of you?”

Ramsden.—“Nothing to us—nor to you, I fancy. You don't fly to the brandy like a despairing shareholder. Help yourself as if you were.”

Wilson.—“Thanks; I will. No, I'm not one. But I'll tell you who is. You'll be interested, all you venomous critics, just now.”

Layton.—“Not the ‘Trumpet’?”

Ramsden.—“Not the ‘Waverer’?”

Hammond.—“Not the——”

Wilson.—“No, you selfish brutes!”

Ramsden.—“Who then?”

Wilson.—“Maurice Brandon.”

Layton.—“The devil!”

Ramsden.—“By Jove!”

Hammond.—“Is he in for much?”

Wilson.—“In for everything. Best authority.”

Ramsden.—“Well, that's confounded hard lines. He'll have to make his books pay now; and, in spite of Hammond, he's not the man to do it. I'm afraid he's above writing to sell. I know what a bore I found it myself at first—not that I was ever proud.”

Layton.—“Well, one mustn't hit a man when he's down. I'll give his book another look through.

Perhaps it is not so very Brandon-ish after all."

Hammond.—"Has he got rich relations?"

Ramsden.—"None that can help him, I know; but he has a great many poor ones."

Wilson.—"Oh! he'll make a living—a man who's talked about a little already."

Ramsden.—"But it isn't only that. Any one can live, I suppose, somehow. I can, so it can't be so very difficult. But, you see, Brandon has never known what it is to be hard up, as we have, and went in for the high style, you know—self-culture, and all that. And then he has been lionised, and taken up by swells——"

Hammond.—"And drunk Lafitte, and smoked Lopez, and eaten *foie gras*. Yes, I can fancy he'll find it hard to come down among us poor beggars, and put up with stout and bird's-eye—no offence to yours, Ramsden—and a tough steak, when he can get them."

Layton.—"Come up among us, you mean."

Ramsden.—"Yes—up the attic stairs. Well, we musn't be too proud. I vote we give him a chance among us."

Wilson.—"Of course, if he'll let us."

Ramsden.—"Of course. But surely a man like him will get some appointment——"

Hammond.—"Or marry money."

Ramsden.—"Ah! that's what he ought to do—and if all one hears is true, he's just the man to do it. He'll never get an appointment, for he has made every man he ever knew his enemy by making love to his wives and daughters, from what I hear."

Hammond.—"Wife and daughters, you mean. But that's false philosophy of yours, Ramsden. A man never loses by that."

Ramsden.—"Perhaps not. But now we shall be able to see the use of artistic courtship."

Layton.—"What's that? Is the phrase a Brandonism?"

Ramsden.—"No; he'd call it the study of woman as art-material. Don't you remember where in that other book of his—the last before this, I mean——"

Wilson.—"Where he classes women with birds and flowers, not intending, however, to be complimentary? I remember. So that's artistic courtship, is it?"

Hammond.—"Women rather like to hear their sex abused—they can apply the abuse to all their she-friends. It won't do Brandon a bit of damage, matrimonially."

Ramsden.—"Pleasant for Mrs. Brandon, though, when she finds out that she has only brought her husband the means to follow up a branch of study that is no doubt pleasant and interesting and highly useful, but it is at the same time liable to be unappreciated by a wife who has any jealous tendencies."

Hammond.—"Oh! she'll have to console herself by regarding herself in the light of an art-patron."

Layton.—"Very consolatory indeed. I don't believe much in these flirtations—Platonic, artistic, whatever the last name for them is. They seem to me a very highly artistic road to the Divorce Court. However, it's nothing to me. *Chacun à son goût*. But I rather prefer to call a spade a spade myself—with all deference to Hammond's dislike of Saxon English."

Ramsden.—"Ah, well. I dare say he'll settle down into the regular British husband when he finds it a question of marriage or starvation."

Layton.—"I should prefer the starvation. Liberty and a crust."

Hammond.—"But Brandon isn't the man to like crusts, at least without a good deal of butter. And if I'm not wrong, not to go so far as Pickering, who always says that Brandon is the most thoroughly selfish man both in theory and practice he ever knew, there's a very pretty tendency in Master Maurice Brandon to look out for number one."

Wilson.—"And quite right too."

I have much the same tendency myself—and I fancy Hammond's not quite without it, not to speak of the rest of the world."

Hammond.—"Yes; but I mean he's not the man to prefer even self-culture, as he calls it, to self-comfort. Now it seems that marriage is against his views about the freedom of the artist to spread his wings, and all that rubbish; but I wouldn't mind giving odds, knowing of him even the little I do, that he is the husband of an heiress, or engaged to one, within a year and a day."

Ramsden.—"I doubt."

Layton.—"What are your odds?"

Wilson.—"Heiresses scarce—time short—Brandon not the swell he was—general chances—done, with decent odds. I'll take ten to one, for a fiver."

Layton.—"I won't. But I'll bet even, either way."

Ramsden.—"Done with you, Layton. I'll lay an even five that Brandon is neither married nor engaged to a woman with money or expectations in a year and a day from now. Let's see—this is the 29th?"

Layton.—"Done. But you needn't add 'with money.' No one supposes Brandon would marry without."

Ramsden.—"So be it, then."

Wilson.—"And how about you, Hammond? Do you give the ten to one?"

Hammond.—"Five to one."

Wilson.—"Make it seven? six? No? Then I'll take the five. Mind, no hedging."

Hammond.—"Of course not. I'm backing my own opinion. Then we stand so: bar death—"

Layton.—"And lunacy, seeing that it is Brandon who is in question."

Hammond.—"Bar death and lunacy, then, I lay five to one with Wilson that Brandon is either married or engaged to be married to a woman with money in a year and a day from the 28th of August. Layton with Ramsden even to the same effect. Is that it? Settled

unanimously. There, I have booked it."

Ramsden.—"We may as well keep it quiet. I shouldn't like Brandon to hear of it."

Layton.—"Of course. But there's one little thing—how is one to know? Marriage would be notorious—but how about an engagement?"

Wilson.—"Ignorance to stand for negative certainty."

Layton.—"Thank you. I don't quite see the justice of that."

Ramsden.—"Oh, never mind! One will be sure to know. Say, if we haven't heard of an engagement at the end of the time, that payment stand over till Hammond and Layton have made inquiries for six months."

Wilson.—"But this is absurd, to make such a fuss about a matter of five pounds. Let's stick an 0 on, all around."

Hammond.—"Hardly. I'm pretty certain, but can't risk losing two hundred and fifty about such a thing."

Wilson.—"Well, look here—risk a hundred."

Hammond.—"Hm!"

Ramsden.—"It looks to me as if Hammond were repenting. I should like to see him back out of an opinion for once."

Hammond (*piqued*).—"Should you? Then you won't. All right, Wilson. I'll make it a hundred to twenty."

Layton.—"I'd think twice, Hammond. One would think fifties were more common among us than I am afraid they are."

Hammond.—"Well, if I lose and can't pay, I suppose one could hedge somehow. This is not the only event in the world. One would think we were shareholders in Wood & Field's to hear you talk. Come—is it a bet or no?"

Ramsden.—"Done, then."

Wilson.—"Done, by all means."

Layton.—"And now pass me the brandy, and let us leave the shade of Brandon in peace for a twelvemonth and a day. Did you see to-day's 'Trumpet'?"

CHAPTER II.—TANNENHEIM, IN THÜRINGEN.

"In Thüringen wood, in Thüringen wood,
There it is good to dwell—
Among the hills of Thüringen wood
The heart sings out right well,"

says the song; and, in truth, there are many worse places in the world than the forest towns of central Thuringia, the land of songs and of singers from the days of the Minnesingers to our own. But it is not among the towns that lie about its borders, famous as they are—from classic Weimar or philosophic Jena or princely Coburg—that one learns the secret that is half hidden, half revealed, by its black pine woods and dark-green passes. It is rather in that nest of innumerable valleys from whose labyrinths Schneekopf and Adlersberg—the hills of snow and of the eagle—stand out for signal-posts to guard the wanderer from losing himself in what is known as the *Teufelskreis*—the Devil's Circle, wherein he who once places his foot must wander round and round hopelessly till he dies. It is among the little streams which, some black, some silver, run or creep from the rough low hills to find their way at last into the melancholy Weser—that river which is born in dark poetic mystery, only to end a sad and weary course among the sands and cold mists of a northern sea. It is not strange that these hills and valleys should be one of the favourite home-places of German song; and in fact the nearer we penetrate to the heart of Thüringen, so ever the more we learn what makes German song what it is—what is the nature of its spirit when stripped of the clothing laid upon it by history and by modern culture. The Rhine even is but a noble commentary; the text is written in an older and simpler and yet harder tongue.

If on the map of central Germany two lines are drawn, one from Erfurt to Hildburghausen, and the other from Meiningen to Eger, their point of intersection will not very

far from correspond with a little town lying in a valley, or rather in a space among the hills formed by the meeting of three or four other valleys which branch off at widely divergent angles. This town is Tannenheim—a place remote from the great world indeed, but constituting the capital of a little world of its own. Thus, to compare small things with great, even as the universe is made up of an infinite series of systems that revolve round an infinite series of common centres, so did Erfurt revolve round Berlin, Subla round Erfurt, Tannenheim round Subla; and round Tannenheim, again, a few little villages and large barely inhabited districts, to whose peasant population the yearly fair of their central town made, with Easter and Christmas, one of the only three events of the year, and with occasional christenings, marriages, and burials, one of the only six events of human life. And yet it was not exactly a dull place either—certainly not so to those who knew no other, or to those who, having known others, had come to learn that the interests of life are much the same in kind, whether they are represented in large or in small. To such Tannenheim would appear a real and complete capital city in miniature, with all the regular grades of society that are found in Paris, in London, in Berlin. First there was the *Herr Oberforstmeister*, or chief inspector of the forest district, who was a very great man indeed, sometimes even a high military officer past service, who wrote *von* before his name, and lived in uncomfortable state in some of the less ruinous rooms of the more than half-ruined castle which, with some broken monuments in the church, was all that remained to call to mind the long-vanished sovereignty of forgotten Counts of Henneberg. Then there was the bureaucratic

element, represented by the government officials, from which not the smallest Prussian town is free; and next to these the rector of the *gymnasium* or grammar-school, who, with his one or two assistants and the physician of the place, had not forgotten the traditions of their student days, and formed a sort of political opposition by mildly indulging mild theories about national unity and parliamentary governments—theories which led them when together, or before their twelve-o'clock dinner, to fancy that they looked with jealousy upon the doings of the officials with whom they mixed on the most friendly terms at a more genial hour of the day. The Church was represented by the pastor—of whom more presently—not quite equal in social standing to those last mentioned, but still not far below. Fully equal to him in rank, and above him in influence, came the brewers, of whom there were no less than four; for the water of the country made excellent beer, to which the connoisseurs of Tannenheim, after the lives of whole generations had been spent in the inquiry, did not consider that that of Bavaria itself was to be compared. Lastly, there were the apothecary and his brother tradesmen in the market-place, the forest-rangers, the peasants of the immediate neighbourhood, and a few clerks and journeymen; so that every class was represented, from royalty itself, as it were, downwards to every rank except that of real pauperism: for in this respect Tannenheim was unlike any capital known. The feminine element was fully represented by the wives and daughters of the above; and the *jeunesse orangee*, though very mildly indeed, by the young men who were learning the theory and practice of forest management, and who, being for the most part of good education and fair position, were gladly welcomed into what held itself to be the aristocratic circle of the place.

In short, in its social aspect, Tan-

nenheim was very like, in every respect save its forest character, which gave it a peculiar individuality, and its unusual isolation, some hundreds of other northern and central German towns of similar size. Its inhabitants got through their days after the usual fashion—spending as few hours of the forenoon as possible in business or household matters, as much as possible of the mid-day in dining and digesting, and of the afternoon in drinking coffee or playing skittles. But they were extremely sociable and friendly: their scandal was not very ill-natured; and in their intercourse, if there was not very much refinement of tone or interchange of new ideas, there was always that unconscious semi-poetic way of treating the prose of life that makes the German *bourgeoisie* a class by itself; and the more so that it is not considered necessary for every man of talent and education to fly off as soon as possible to the largest city he can find, leaving the stupid and the ignorant to entertain each other at home. And then external nature had done so much for beauty, and life was so very easy, that such a town afforded no bad place of retreat to one who wished to spend his life in as quiet and retired a manner as modern times will allow.

But still, even at Tannenheim, a desire for quiet and seclusion may be carried too far; and there was one at least of its inhabitants who seemed to carry this taste so far as even to have put himself voluntarily beyond the pale of friendliness. The result of this was that there hung about him the least tinge of mystery. The mere fact that there should be even one such man was strange, in a place where everybody knew all about everybody, and where it could very seldom happen that any one should care to conceal anything relating to his outside life. But it was all the more strange because this one man, whose name was Andreas Reinhold, was the pastor him-

self. He was not a native of Tannenheim, where he had now resided some half-dozen years, but had come from a distance—from Silesia, he said, avoiding any more definite account. This fact alone, however, would scarcely have continued to excite the wonder of the Tannenheimers beyond the expiration of the conventional nine days, were it not that he persistently continued to keep himself aloof. Without exactly avoiding hospitality and intercourse with others, he showed himself neither desirous to receive the one nor anxious to join in the other. He was altogether a melancholy man, and that without any apparent cause; and, though perfectly quiet and inoffensive, and not otherwise, except socially, than a good neighbour, and though he performed all the ordinary and unavoidable duties of his calling in the most exemplary manner, he was not one to invite confidence from his parishioners. The whole population—both the part of it that went to church and the part which, assuming freedom in such matters, preferred to stay away—long regretted the loss of his predecessor, who, without the tenth part of the learning that Reinhold really possessed, nor the hundredth of that where-with he was credited, had made himself from the first more than popular by making himself one with his flock, who, in addition to his many pastoral virtues, had been known to make a clean sweep of the skittle-ground twelve times in unbroken succession after drinking, also in unbroken succession, twelve *seidels* of beer at a sitting, and whose full bass voice, once famous among the *Burschen* of Jena, had left a vacancy in the singing club that could never be supplied. But he had carried his many merits with him to the wider sphere to which he had received promotion, and had left a place difficult to be filled by any—much more by one like Andreas Reinhold.

The family of the present pastor

consisted of himself, a maid-servant, whom he had engaged on his arrival, and a daughter, a girl of one or two and-twenty, who was, without rival, the beauty of the place, and known among the sentimental young forest students as the Rose of Tannenheim.

She, too, was more than a little distant and reserved in her own way, and not popular in the place—at least among the ladies of it; for 'of course the strictures passed upon the father were not extended by those of his own sex to the beautiful daughter. When she first came among them she was a lovely girl of about sixteen, and the beauty that she then showed had by no means grown less as she grew older. The general type of the women of the country was fair and tame; she was dark, with mingled colours of black and white, and warm, rich brown. Her rivals—if they could be called so—had too great a tendency either to *embonpoint* or to a display of bone; the figure of Bertha Reinhold was of almost too perfect a grace to speak of a purely German origin. And then she could do more than merely cook and knit stockings—occupations to which, it must be confessed, she was not by any means so much addicted as her neighbours thought she ought to be. She could play on the piano a little *too* well, people said; and she sang outlandish songs, which came neither from Germany, nor from Italy, nor from France, nor, of course, from England; and she both played and sang in a style that was far too gracefully wild to suit the strict and classical notions of the critics of the singing club. Her dancing, when she condescended to display it, was of such absolute perfection as to drive her very best partners to the admiration that is born of despair. But she was certainly very proud, or at least seemed so, and that in an ill-natured way. If her father was shy and odd, she was downright rude. In

vain, for full six months after her arrival, were all the coffee-parties of Fraus and Fräuleins invaded in an unwonted manner by their sons and brothers; the Rose of Tannenheim kept herself among the seclusion of her own leaves, and, if she did show herself, it was only either to display her accomplishments ostentatiously, or to sit by herself in utter silence — in either case to show the company at large in what utter contempt she held them all. As for love or marriage, he would be a bold Tannenheimer indeed who should venture to speak of such things to Fräulein Bertha. All, of course, admired her; and the theological students who came from time to time to assist her father adored her during the whole of their stay in the place; but what were they? The Rose had plenty of thorns.

At last, about a month since, the startling news was bruited about, that Bertha Reinhold was betrothed. This was no nine-days' wonder; thirty-one days had not proved sufficient to deprive the story of its novelty. And yet, in truth, neither the general behaviour of the poor girl, wrong and foolish as it was, nor her betrothal, apparently so capricious and so contradictory to her character, was so very wonderful after all, under the circumstances.

For Bertha Reinhold at Tannenheim was a damask rose growing among beans and cauliflowers, and a goldfinch in a cage full of sparrows — that is to say, she was a woman with an altogether overpowering love and desire for the bright and exciting and outwardly beautiful things of life, cast among people who absolutely preferred the dull, the quiet, and the plain. For this, hereditary reasons partly accounted. Her father, it is true, was a German by name and descent, but she did not resemble him in the least; and his wife, Bertha's mother, had been a Pole, *pur sang*, with all the peculiar intensity of

her countrywomen intensified by the passionateness of her individual nature. How a marriage could have possibly come about between such a woman and the quiet, reserved, timid clergyman, would be astonishing if daily experience did not teach us that it was the most natural thing in the world. Besides, Reinhold himself was not a pastor when he married, but only a student, and, no doubt, with more fire in his blood than age and trouble had left him now. At Tannenheim, indeed, even so much as this of its pastor's history was unknown; but so much at least was known to Dr. Max Werner, the betrothed of Bertha.

The story of their engagement contained nothing of the romantic element which one would expect to find in any love-story of which the Rose of Tannenheim was heroine. On the contrary, it was of the most matter-of-fact character, and came about in the most natural and commonplace way conceivable. Dr. Werner, a young surgeon attached to one of the hospitals at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, had been rather intimately acquainted with the former pastor of Tannenheim, and had often made excursions from Jena, where he was then a student, to make forest-tours and to visit his friend. He thus became acquainted, through the jovial character of his host, with everybody in the place; and when his friend was succeeded by Reinhold, the young surgeon did not by any means cease to come over occasionally, when he had a holiday, to take long walks in his favourite valleys, to add to his collections, botanical and otherwise, and to drink a few *seidels* of real Tannenheimer beer with his fellow-members of the singing club. On the occasion of one of these visits, he met with, and was introduced to, Fräulein Reinhold; and, like the rest of the world, lost his heart to her at once. But while everybody else had very soon been made to find it again, Werner succeeded in

actually bearing off the prize. He was certainly not a husband exactly after her own heart, which probably dreamed, according to its passing humour, either of long-locked genius in the shape of some great musician or poet, or else of some gallant and dashing soldier, or of noble counts and barons, to go no higher; but still the Frankfort surgeon, though he wore his hair short, and could not even call himself "*von*" anything, had his advantages. He was certainly not bad-looking; he was certainly getting into good practice; he was certainly not stupid; and, above all, he lived in a large and gay city, full of life and excitement—so she thought—with balls and plays every night, plenty of people whom she would not despise for admiring her, and any number of handsome officers with whom to waltz and talk nonsense. In a word, Max Werner was the only man with whom, so far as she could see, she was ever likely to meet, who would be able to transplant the rose to the flower-garden—to open the cage-door and let the goldfinch fly.

No doubt there was a good deal of conscious, though very natural, scheming on Bertha's part when she encouraged and finally accepted Werner; for her dissatisfied nature was anything but happy in her dull home, and she would very likely have married one whom she liked much less, for the sake of being able to spread her wings. And yet, equally without doubt, she fully persuaded herself that she loved as well as liked him. To consciously marry for anything but love would be treason to her romantic faith, however much it accorded with her practice; and so she played the betrothed maiden, on the whole, with the utmost propriety, and according to all the etiquettes and conventionalities which are observed under such circumstances. The only matter in which her conduct was at all open to reproach was an over-tendency to display the power which

she soon found out she possessed over him; for Werner was one of those men who, combining a certain largeness and generosity of mind with easiness of nature and directness of character, are peculiarly liable to become subject to women like Bertha to a greater extent than is befitting, and to be a little despised by them accordingly. Bertha was capable of being either a tyrant or a slave; and, not being the latter in the present case, was necessarily the former.

One August evening the Herr Pastor was sitting in the little garden behind the parsonage-house, smoking his long pipe with its cherry-wood stem and china bowl, and sipping his coffee—he was not a beer-drinker, from taste, nor a wine-drinker, from economy—and looking out over the small river, or rather large brook, on which the town lay, to the straight skyline of the pine-covered slope beyond, over which rose up the great round head of Selnickopf. Andreas Reinhold was a handsome man for his age, but not strong-looking, either mentally or physically, for his hair was thin, his shoulders stooped, and his mouth, though well-shaped, wore an habitual expression of almost disagreeable weakness. Altogether there was a look of feebleness and want of energy about the whole man that boded ill for the safety of a motherless girl like Bertha in his hands. His thoughts just now were evidently not of the earth around him, fair as it was; but it was quite as evident that they were as little of things heavenly. The dreamy gaze of his eyes seemed to be directed not above the hills before him towards another world, but through them, as though he were thinking only of another place in this. On his knee lay an open book, but he was certainly not reading.

It was all wonderfully peaceful and still; so much so that even the sound of two voices in low conversation, as they approached along the

narrow path of turf that led up from the wall dividing the garden from the river to the back of the house, seemed to disturb it and to call wandering thoughts home. At least so it seemed to be with Andreas Reinhold; he withdrew his gaze from the hills and looked at the two persons who now approached him.

One was his daughter, looking wonderfully beautiful; and all the more so for the more than ordinary kindness and softness of her expression. The other was a young man of about thirty, handsome, but not distinguished-looking, and with an intelligent and pleasant face.

"I am come to wish you good night, Herr Pastor," said the latter.

"So early? Shall you not stay to supper?"

"I fear not. I must get through a great deal of my journey to-night. You may depend upon it that I have stayed to the last moment," he added, with a glance at Bertha.

"I thought you would even have stayed till to-morrow?"

"I did intend, at first. But you know the worst of being a surgeon," he said, with a pleasant smile; "and I found a letter at the post-office before I came in this evening. You see I am in request."

"If one ought to congratulate in such cases, I should say *optime!*"

"I will take it as said, however—especially as the summons itself happens to be a compliment."

"Then I say it heartily. May I know what it is?"

"By all means. One of our great men—the head of our hospital, in fact—has to leave Frankfort for a day or two, and there is a patient of his whom, for some reason—but he says kind things about it—he wants me to see, and gives me a hint that I ought not to be out of the way just now."

"That is excellent, indeed."

"And so of course I must be off, though I am afraid Tannenheim does pull hard against self-interest at this moment, even though I

know that Tannenheim and self-interest are one. And the patient is a lady, and a beautiful one, from what I have heard. There, Mademoiselle Bertha!"

"Oh! I shan't be jealous—so don't flatter yourself."

"Is she very ill?" asked the Pastor. "I suppose not, from the way you speak of her."

"Oh no! Not from what Arndt says—at least I hope not, for my own reputation's sake. It would never do to have it said that one murdered a beautiful French countess."

"A French countess, is she?" asked Bertha, in a tone of interest.

"Or perhaps you think such a report might make me interesting? Well, perhaps it might. Yes—she is Madame—what is it? Madame—Madame la Comtesse de Marsay, the——"

What was it that made Bertha start so suddenly and her father turn so pale? Whatever it was, the pallor of the latter was such as to catch the eye of the young surgeon at once. He stopped, and thinking that it preceded a fainting fit, passed his arm round the Pastor's shoulders to support him in his seat.

The latter, however, soon recovered himself. "It is very warm," he said, "and I have been too much in the sun all day. I am quite well now."

He did not look so, however; and Werner took him into the house, and made him drink some wine. He had thought for a minute or two of even putting off his journey for an hour or two at least; and did remain until he had assured himself that it was unnecessary, and that the sudden attack was really nothing more than passing faintness. Then, after an affectionate farewell to Bertha, he left the house; and after a long but pleasant journey by one of the great forest-roads, during which the invigorating perfume of the pines in the night air formed no bad substitute for sleep,

he arrived at Frankfort at a late hour the next day, but in ample time to visit his patient. Before seeing her, however, on calling at his own lodging, he found and read

a long letter which had arrived for him the day before, bearing an unfamiliar English postmark, but addressed to him in a familiar English hand.

CHAPTER III.—BRANDON TO WERNER.

"POST-OFFICE, GRAYPORT,
NEAR B—, September 3.

"DEAR MAX,—Thanks for your interesting but fragmentary letter. It is a long time since I heard from any of my old Jena friends, and still longer since I heard so good an account of any of them as you give of yourself and your prospects. So you seem faithful to your old theories, with a vengeance, in the matter of marriage, and to be about to give a practical exposition of them even sooner than I expected you would, though I knew it would happen before very long. But I am true to my own theories also, and you know them too well—at least we have discussed them too often and too seriously, as we understand the word seriously—for you to expect me to congratulate you on cutting your wings and reducing yourself to the level of a machine for grinding bread-and-comfort and for bringing up in worldly respectability a family of children who—without disrespect to their father or mother—will probably be stupid, and all the more probably because you have some brains yourself, instead of trying to become what nature intended you to be, and what fortune seems to have given you the means of being. But, congratulation apart, I wish you all the happiness that married life is capable of giving—and of happiness and comfort, if that were all, I have never doubted that it can give much; and I send the same good wishes to the future Frau Werner. You have no doubt made the best possible choice while you were about it, and I should like to meet and know your *fiancée* with all my heart. Of course! you will say—what woman in the world

would not Maurice Brandon like to meet and know? But you are not altogether infallible, and you would wrong my motives in this case, and for once, at all events.

"What should you say if you turned out to be less infallible still—if I were to take a wife myself? Upon my soul, I am afraid it may turn out to be the only thing to go in for—a wife with lots of money, I mean, if I could find one to have me as things are. Literally, I am only half in joke; for I certainly cannot give as good an account of myself as you do. In fact, my dear fellow, I am about as hard up at this moment as any man going; and though it would be absurd in me to say that I do not know how I am to make a living, yet I am enthusiast enough—fool enough, 'practical men' would call it—not to look upon making a living as the proper end and aim of any man's life who thinks he has any good stuff in him. I ought not, I believe most firmly, to write for bread alone; and yet, in spite of Louis XIV.—or who was it?—I do see the necessity of living; and, as you know, I have family claims on me as well. If I myself were minded—and I certainly am not—to sit in a garret and write poems and romances and philosophy that no one would ever look at, I should wish to be the only sufferer. Well, the long and the short of the matter with me is this: An uncle of mine, long since dead, was partner in a large bank, and all the money he left behind him, at least so much of it as came to me through my father, was left in the concern. The bank was considered as firm as our old friend Mont Blanc; but some-

how, through complications that are as yet unintelligible to everybody, and will, I fancy, never be very intelligible to my unarithmetical nature, it has all gone, and no more remains of it than if it had never been. I do not pretend to say that I feel very philosophical about it. I never intended to work for my living, and meant only to write for money, that I might not fall to the level of an amateur. Now, however, I *must* work for my living, whether I ever intended it or not. I shall take to no other way of supporting myself, because I cannot—or will not, if you like—the result is the same; and because I think it to be the line which is natural to me, and justified by a sort of success. But it will be a bitter thing for me to have to become a traitor to art and truth, even though I become so only in order that I may be able to return to loyalty at some future time. I have never yet written a line for the sake of popularity: now, I suppose, I must write with no other object; and my own ideas on all subjects are so desperately unpopular that—I declare the thought makes me sick. To have to write with a view to what one can get said of one in the newspapers, and that said by some men that I have the misfortune to know—perhaps to go among them, and write similar criticisms one's self! I swear that to keep my brain pure I would get money anyhow—I would even marry it!

"The blow fell on me all the more heavily because I had just succeeded in publishing the book of which I told you in my last. It was a hit or miss affair, as you may suppose, as far as the world was concerned; and though it seems in a fair way to be talked of a little for a day or two, it is very clear that it will never sell; and I certainly learn from the whole matter that, without means of my own, I shall be driven to give the world what it wants, rather than what I think it ought to have. In a word,

I feel like an old and disappointed man—morbidly, no doubt, but not the less really so, for all that. I may be afflicted with mental hypochondria, and I daresay I am; but the hypochondriac must have some disease, though not the particular disease he fancies.

"So much for my present prospects, material and intellectual; the first not so very bad, if I am willing to sacrifice the latter—the latter only good if I can make up my mind to starve. As I certainly do *not* intend to starve, being neither insane nor a man of overwhelming genius—that idea I parted with at Jena—I must put my culture notions in my pocket for a while, that I may put cash therein also. Meanwhile I must pray the gods to send me an heiress, not too hideous and not too stupid, or else an equivalent.

"But worse—at least I feel it so now—remains behind. I was tolerably well knocked up by working at that last confounded book of mine, and was intending to take a semi-holiday by making my long-intended Italian tour when the crash came; and you may well suppose that headaches and nervous reaction did not mend matters. Just as it became most necessary that I should have all my faculties in the best possible working order, I found myself—there is no other word for it—completely prostrate; so much so, that I was for once obliged to agree with the doctors—a thing I don't very often do, as you know of old—that I must lie by, if only for a few weeks, to sleep, and live quietly, and think about myself even more than I usually do. The question then was, *Where?* The answer was, *Grayport*—the place from which I date this letter.

"I doubt if I had ever heard of its existence till two or three days back, when, after boring all my acquaintance with inquiries after a place where I could not possibly meet with a soul I know, or find anything to do but sleep,

I happened to be told of this as literally the slowest place under the sun, where not only should I run no risk of seeing any one I know, but where I should not even see any one I do not know. I expect the man who gave me the information thought he had made a capital practical joke in taking me literally at my word; but if so, the laugh is on my side, for I was perfectly in earnest. I have certainly found what I wanted for a week or two. Grayport is a small town of the sort that has once seen better days—say some three centuries ago, or perhaps four; it *has* a population (I suppose), but no visitors that I can see, except myself. It is on the sea, and therefore it has a beach; but, thank Heaven, one is spared the evils of all sandy beaches—the shallow-water bathers, the 'onkeys, the children—but you know, or, fortunately for yourself, don't know, what I mean. Sandy shores seem to be the paradise of sea-side tourists, but they are my aversion. The coast is always tame and flat and dull; it is impossible to get near the sea except at high water; the sea itself is always dull and thick, and heavy and dirty; and, above all, it is quite impossible to enjoy my favourite pleasure of all the pleasures that can be named—of half lying, half sitting, all by one's self, within easy stone's throw of the water, and dreaming the greatest rubbish one can possibly think of. You would add a pipe, my dear Max, and I do not differ with you. Here I have a shore after my own heart—tall, straight cliffs, whose edges, as they fall back inland, gradually grow into one of the best kinds of country purely à l'Anglaise in the world; a narrow, steep, shingly beach, broken with rocks, on which walking is impossible, but sitting delightful—up which the waves come with no dull, sandy thud, but either in bright musical splashes or else with that glorious roar that is the finest night-music in the world;

where the water is so bright and clear that one is almost afraid to plunge into it for fear of finding no support. So here I shall just sit down as long as I can do so without starving also, which, I reckon, will be somewhere about three weeks. This long letter to you—judge by its length how little there can be to do here—is my farewell to society until I enter it again in the new character of literary adventurer and purveyor to the insatiable world of its favourite food of nonsense and lies. But these for the present I have left behind me, and so I will try and enjoy in peace as much of the truth and wisdom that all who have the merest apology for eyes and ears must get out of the sea even in its poorest and most Cockney aspects—say even at Brighton, where it is to all the glory of the open Atlantic, again to compare great things with small, what the 'literary man'—how I abhor the phrase!—is to the artist—what Maurice Brandon will be to what he would fain have striven to be.

"There is egotism for you with a vengeance. Having gone so far as to compare myself to the sea, I think I must have given you more than enough of myself; but I hope you will soon take your revenge. Of course I do not expect you to send letters of such length as this, nor even of the length of your last, for you now seem, according to your own account, to have your hands full; besides, all your epistolary energy is, I suppose, pretty well taken out of you by the future Madame Werner. But when love and medicine together do allow you leisure, opportunity, and inclination to report yourself, I shall be only too glad to hear from you. Among other things, tell me as much as your confounded reserve will let you about Mademoiselle—is she dark or fair? tall or short? lively or grave?—together with any other details that you may care to send. I give you *carte blanche* to play

Romeo to my Benvolio if you please. I was very glad to have your account of Müller; give him all possible kind messages from me when you see him. How I wish we could all three meet again, and have one of the old battles! What do you say? shall I come back to Jena and give lectures on æsthetic philosophy? I might become the founder of a new school.

"There. I have pretty well written myself out, and it has done me

good, however you may feel after reading all these words. So good-bye; and, once more, all happiness and prosperity to you both. If it were possible here, I would wish it in champagne; as it is, I must do so in the ale of the country, which, you will be interested to know, is not bad, and is certainly likely to be the more honest liquor of the two.—Ever, my dear Max, yours,

"MAURICE BRANDON."

CHAPTER IV.—GRAYPORT, IN SEVARNSHIRE.

Severnshire is a large county in the west of England, with a long sea-coast of great beauty and picturesqueness, but, until quite of late, not very well known to tourists in general. Now, a line of railway carries the passenger almost along the shore itself from the city of B—— nearly to the *ultima Thule* of western England, and even Grayport is no longer quite inaccessible. Not that the railway has benefited Grayport much, for it is still about as dull and as obscure as ever, and decays faster and faster day by day. And yet it is not altogether without some importance, at all events historically. It used to return two members to the House of Commons, until the fatal year 1832 reduced the number to one, and would have taken away both, had it not been for the great political influence of the then Earl of Farleigh, whose castle still rules the town and its neighbourhood for a circuit of many miles, and will do so for many years to come, despite any number of Reform Bills. The place also still boasts a mayor and aldermen and town councillors, though their power and privileges were terribly cut down by the equally fatal year when the glory of municipal corporations departed for ever. It once, moreover, possessed a considerable amount of commerce as a seaport, the perfume of which clings to it even still. The great

prevailing idea among its inhabitants is, that it will in time burst into new life as a fashionable watering-place; but year after year passes by, and still the old Dolphin knows no visitors of a higher or more profitable class than the occasional commercial traveller or small tradesman from B—— in search of cheap sea-air. In fact it has not the material for ever becoming a popular place. It is spiritless and depressing to a degree, and not over clean; it has traditions of its own which are quite sufficient to prevent its being able to adapt itself to the progress of sanitary reform. The neighbourhood, although beautiful, is not superior to many other places which are far more easy of access; the beach, which is not good for ordinary bathing purposes, is cut up and rendered even more unavailable than it naturally is by the old harbour, which has, on a small scale, all the evils of a seaport, without affording the amusement or interest of one on any scale at all. In short, the only advantages ever possessed by Grayport were a picturesque coast, cheapness, and a plentiful supply of fish. Now, the last-named advantage has vanished, thanks to the approach of the railway: the people who make a sea-side place fashionable do not care about the first, and, if they did, the second would soon come to an end.

Of course when the railway was

first suggested, the hopes of the town were even stronger than they are now. But they were just as vain also. No rows of villas were built on the side looking towards the sea; and the old houses, placed, after the fashion of all old coast towns, as much away from the beach as possible, were left to the undisturbed enjoyment of the rector, the curates, the timber-merchant, who represented the remnant of commerce that still remained, and was a great man accordingly; the manager of the branch bank, the two rival lawyers; the lawyer who, having the local business of the earl, was without a rival; the four rival surgeons—there was scarcely practice for two; the landlord of the Dolphin, the six elderly ladies, and an unclassable old gentleman of the name of Corbet.

This Mr. Corbet was a man of no little consequence and position in Grayport, and indeed belonged of right to its best and highest circle—for there was a best and highest circle even there. But he was rather an eccentric old gentleman, and had to be taken just as he chose, or else not taken at all. Now, as his idea of society was a state of things in which he was always to have his own rather unreasonable way, and as that way was not one that was apt to square very well with the ways of other people, he came to be a good deal more respected than liked; and, for his own part, he very much preferred his own home, where no one ever dreamed of disputing his authority, to the society of those with whom he could seldom manage to agree for five minutes at a time, and of whom few were without crotchets of their own.

His history, which was tolerably well known to all his neighbours—for he was loquacious enough, and never concealed anything, especially if it related to himself, even from the most casual and temporary acquaintance—can be given in a very few words.

Paul Corbet, then, had been a fortunate man during the whole of a tolerably advanced life, which had gone with him just as he would have desired that it should go had he himself been consulted in the matter throughout. And of all men in the world he had never been so consulted, for he was born, as it were, a partner in the house of Corbet & Freeman, a firm which carried on a good and steady business of a somewhat multifarious nature, either directly or through their agents, at several great towns in various parts of the world. There were too many persons largely interested in the firm, and all its traditions were of too quiet and respectable a sort, to make it possible for any of its members to make a large fortune, and Paul Corbet was himself of too self-indulgent and easy-going a nature to have done so, even had circumstances permitted it. But after attending to commerce diligently, first in South America, where he spent the whole of his early manhood, and afterwards at B—, he found himself able to retire from active work with much more than a mere competence, long before he had let too many years slip by to allow him to enjoy the life of ease and leisure to which he had always looked forward. Whatever he might have been in early youth, he returned from Buenos Ayres thoroughly respectable in every point of view, in spite of many infirmities of temper: he had never, so far as was known, ever thought of taking a wife, and he utterly abhorred excitement and everything that prevented him from enjoying life in his own peculiar fashion. And so he retired to Grayport, where he had been born, and where he possessed some house property, as being a thoroughly quiet and familiar place, where he would be sufficiently well known and respected to be able to indulge all his whims and caprices in peace, and to give his whole mind to what

he had always considered the greatest and most important pursuit in life—that of the proper and undisturbed enjoyment of good cookery and good wine.

It was to a proper sense of the importance of this absorbing interest that he owed not only his carelessness about the acquisition of wealth for its own sake, and his care to avoid care, but also his short, stout, apoplectic figure, with the correspondingly thick and short neck, the clear rosy complexion of his smoothly-shaven face, his large, sensual, gravely-humorous lips, his ponderously wise-looking chin, the bright twinkle of his small black eyes, and the heavy slowness of his gait,—which were all so well known about the harbour and the path between the cliff and the beach, where he invariably took his before-dinner stroll, as to constitute him an excellent advertisement of the fattening properties of the air of the place. He was a man of many words and many opinions, all of the most positive kind, upon all manner of topics, but of no experience of the great world, save the very little that can possibly be picked up in a life of which the working part has been wholly devoted to practical business, and of no purely intellectual interests or tastes, save in matters directly or indirectly relating to the table. It must also be admitted that, in spite of his many amiable qualities—such as goodness and simplicity of nature—his life lay extremely open to the charge of selfishness: if he did no harm to any one but himself, it was wholly and consciously with a view to his own comfort that he ever did any good to any one. Still, however, there is no rule without an exception; and there were two people in the world who had every reason to be grateful to him for real affection and generosity, disagreeable and capricious as was the way in which his affection and generosity were often shown towards them. But of

these two people sufficient will appear presently.

The sun was setting over the sea—for Grayport looked westward—one fine evening in August, and colouring with additional warmth the naturally warm hues of the face of Paul Corbet, who stood looking out over the water in his favourite attitude of meditation—that is to say, holding his stout walking-stick firmly planted on the ground before him with one hand, and resting the other across the small of his back. What might be the subject of his thoughts would be hard to guess. He certainly did not look like a man whom one would suppose given to the indulgence of sentiment, and he certainly did not look as if he were troubled with any anxiety. But whatever it was, it was sufficiently interesting to prevent his seeing, for the space of a minute or so, that he no longer had the shingle to himself, as had been the case at the beginning of his brown study. When he looked up, he saw, standing within a few feet of him, a person who was apparently a gentleman, and certainly a stranger—a remarkable combination of qualities at Grayport. The old gentleman, who never lost the chance of a gossip with any one who was not an inhabitant of the place, just took in such points of the stranger as the failing light allowed him to see, and then said, as nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of every thousand would have said under similar circumstances,—

"It is a fine evening, sir."

"It is indeed," answered the other, in a rather discouraging tone, and was silent.

Paul Corbet, however, by no means intended to be balked. On the contrary, taking out of his waistcoat-pocket a snuff-box, and tapping it, he offered it to his companion.

"Thanks," said the latter; "I have not the honour of belonging to the brotherhood." The voice was reserved in its expression, but far

from unpleasant. His objection to snuff apparently did not extend to tobacco in all its forms, for, filling a large wooden pipe, he soon surrounded his head with thick grey clouds.

"Ah!" said Paul Corbet. Then, taking a huge pinch himself in a very audible manner, he went on, "Yes, it is a fine evening indeed. And there has been a splendid haul of mackerel, for the time of year. Perhaps you may have seen it?"

"No. How long ago?" asked the other, lazily.

"Oh, about half an hour or more. I sent some of the fish up to my house to be cooked at once—mackerel ought always to be eaten immediately." He paused, as if expecting an answer. The stranger perceived the questioning look, but only said,—

"No doubt."

"Yes," continued Paul Corbet; "there is one advantage in living in these little sea-side places after all. One can study fish, and that is a science in itself."

"You are a physiologist?" asked the other, affecting to think that he might be speaking, perhaps, to one of the surgeons of the place, with a turn for natural history.

"You misunderstand me," answered the old gentleman, rather impatiently. "Fish is a great subject, and very little understood in England, or indeed anywhere, for that matter: almost as little as game."

"I see."

Old Corbet went on: "Pardon me, I very much doubt if you do. I never yet came across any one who did. As long as people will"—here he flushed up, and began to speak with great energy—"as long as people will eat salmon as a preparatory course, and spoil it with innumerable sauces, so long will they treat birds as mere playthings at the end of dinner. I say it is monstrous. I was thinking over the analogy, and testing it out, when I first saw you."

His companion smiled. "*De gustibus*," he was beginning.

"Not at all, not at all," interrupted the gourmand. "You are quite wrong, sir, if I may say so. Taste is a matter of fixed and certain science in eating and drinking as much as in music, or more so. Fancy hearing two great symphonies one after the other—and yet people eat salmon before venison. And we call ourselves civilized. I say we are barbarians."

He paused indignantly, took another pinch of snuff, and continued:—

"There is no more contemptible saying, sir, than that *De gustibus*. I have been fighting against it all my life. I have even written a short treatise on the subject, which perhaps will see the light one of these days. It will be called '*De gustibus*,' and treat more especially of the flavours of fish—my special study."

"I have the honour of talking with a second Brillat-Savarin?"

"Not at all. Brillat-Savarin was almost a genius, if not quite. Not always sound nor very deep, but with the finest perceptions. He was of a brilliant imagination—the Descartes of gastronomy. I, on the other hand, follow the science after the inductive method—I experiment, and so, if I gain few results, those few are sound. I am not a genius—only a philosopher in a small way. But no doubt you don't care for these things. Very few people do."

"I am sure you interest me deeply."

"Do you think, sir"—here he took another pinch—"that I live in this little place for nothing? Not at all. I have enough, thank God, to live where I please. But in the place, where Providence thought fit to place me, I was no doubt placed for a purpose. I can get the best salmon in the whole world almost fresh from the river. There is a splendid trout-stream close by, and the sea is excellent

here for what it yields. Here, too, I preserve my digestion—the sea-air agrees with me. Then I am well supplied with game, thanks to Farleigh Castle, which is close by. Do you know the Earl, perhaps?”

“I hear about him often, and I have met him once or twice; but I did not know he lived down here.”

“And he doesn’t, though his place is close by. But no wonder you didn’t know it, for he’s never here hardly; and when he is, it isn’t much good. Ah! it was different in the old Earl’s time, when I was a boy. Now, the only people who ever see the inside of the place are a queer lot—people nobody knows, and oughtn’t to know, for that matter. But excuse me, if you are a friend of the Earl’s.”

“I cannot even call myself an acquaintance.”

“I thought you might be down here to see him. He is coming soon himself, they say—but one never knows. I think once in two years is about his time, and it’s more than that since he was here last. But to return to Brillat-Savarin. If he had but lived in these times we might have had a good exhaustive book or two. As it is, everybody who writes on cookery now is—well, we have many great artists, I believe, but no great critics—no great critics at all.” He folded his hands behind his back, and looked steadily out to sea. Then he repeated to himself, “Not a single great critic. And how,” he continued, turning to his companion, “could you possibly expect it when almost all the practical books are written by women? I should be sorry to tell you my opinion of women. You probably believe in them. I don’t.”

Receiving no answer, he went on:—

“I never knew a woman yet who regarded dining as an art. On the contrary, they follow cookery either from the sordid point of view of its

being a means of getting a living, or from that incomprehensible pleasure that they always take in making abominable messes. Every woman is by nature an amateur cook and apothecary. In which capacity they do most harm I should be afraid to say. But so it is.”

“But how do you manage? For I should scarcely think that a *chef* would care to spend his life here.”

“Oh, women have their uses. They are too stupid to be inexact, or to dream of trying experiments. They have no philosophic imagination. So I have got hold of one whom I have turned into a cooking-machine.”

“I see; she is the hand, and you the brain. You are like the sculptor and his workman.”

“An excellent remark—a capital comparison. It is just so. Yes, I think I may flatter myself that I am an artist. The tendency runs in the family, and in all directions, though chiefly in the direction of gastronomy—the highest of them all. But my father, I remember, used to play a tune or two on the fiddle, and I have a scamp of a nephew who paints and scribbles, and the deuce knows what else.”

“Indeed!”

“But he is as idle as the day is long. I expect he does it only as an excuse for doing nothing.”

The other felt it his duty to say something. “Does he live in Grayport?” he asked, for want of anything better.

“Very often; but he is not here now. He is up in town—in fact he generally is. Not that he does much there, I fancy, except spend money. Perhaps you may have come across him? But that is not very likely. I know enough of London, though I have never been there much, to know that people don’t meet there. But his name is Arthur Corbet—the same as my own, at least the surname.”

“Indeed!” answered the other; “then, oddly enough, I almost

think that I must have come across him—and a very pleasant fellow he is, if I am right. Do you know if he knows some people named Graham? If so, I have met him once or twice, perhaps oftener, and took rather a liking to him."

"So you do know Arthur?" asked old Corbet, in a tone of interest.

"To that extent I am pretty sure I do. He is studying for the bar, is he not?"

"Studying? Not he!"

"I mean that he is entered at an Inn of Court?"

"He has been entered at every place under the sun. But I think you are right—I believe it is law that he is now dipping his fingers into. No—I am wrong, though. That was yesterday. To-day I heard something about going in for literature, to quote his own words. And in that, I expect, it will end—only I fancy there will be some difficulty about the beginning. I don't know much about such things myself. What do you think?"

His companion smiled to himself. "Most people find a difficulty, no doubt," he said; "but then 'going in for literature' may mean so many things—from trying to beat Shakespeare to writing reviews for the 'Trumpet.'"

"Oh, Arthur—but there goes the quarter. The mackerel will be ready. By the way," added Corbet suddenly, and as if struck with a bright thought—"by the way, as you know Arthur, would you like to see how they turn out—the mackerel, that is? They will be lightly grilled, and treated with cream, after a receipt of my own. I should be glad to have your opinion." Desire to hear about his nephew, the necessity of serving the fish precisely at the right mo-

ment, and the pleasure of finding a good listener, all induced the impulsive old gentleman to make this sudden and unwonted offer of his hospitality. His new acquaintance, being rather amused by his chance companion, and having no objection on the score of want of appetite, shook the ashes from his pipe, and said, with more warmth than he had yet shown,—

"You are very kind indeed—nothing would give me greater pleasure, and I shall watch the result of your invention with interest. But you see my dress is of the most sea-side order, and of the roughest—"

"Oh, there are no ladies. My niece is gone out for the day, so we shall be quite alone. But come," he continued, "we must be quick. This dish must not be kept waiting a second. It ought to be eaten at the very point, or it loses just half a shade of delicacy, or even as much as three-quarters of a shade sometimes."

They began to move; Corbet still talking, until they reached a small house standing in a small garden upon the edge of a low cliff overlooking the sea in front and the harbour to the north. The guest could see that the garden was well and neatly kept, and the whole exterior augured a degree of comfort within, which did not prove to be imaginary. Interested by his adventure, he followed his host into the parlour, where the cloth was already laid for dinner. Taking advantage of a short pause in old Corbet's flow of talk, he said,—

"By the way, I ought to have introduced myself to you, Mr. Corbet. My name is Brandon."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Brandon; and now for the mackerel."

CHAPTER V.—MACKEREL À LA CREME.

The mackerel was accordingly any of the conversation that took place between Paul Corbet and his

guest during the course of dinner, for the simple reason that there was none to report, the host being as taciturn now as he had been loquacious previously. Although, however, he gave his tongue a season of repose, he did not fail to take Brandon's measure with his eyes, now that the candle-light afforded him an opportunity of doing so. But though he made full use of the opportunity, he was unable to discover anything remarkable. He only saw a quiet and gentlemanly-looking man of not more than five-and-thirty years old at the very utmost, and probably several years younger, in spite of rather marked features, whose expression was grave and a little worn. But whatever doubt there might be as to his age, there could be no doubt that he was a man of culture and refinement, if any reliance was to be placed upon the eyes and mouth. His dress was no more remarkable than his person, being evidently an old and well-worn suit, of which its owner was making a farewell use in the capacity of a sea-side undress. When, washed down with some kind of white burgundy, the fish had been finished, old Corbet threw himself back in his chair, and looked at Brandon with an expression that seemed to say, "There—what do you think of that?"

So at least his companion interpreted it, for he praised the dish highly, and paid his host a deserved compliment. "I am indeed fortunate to have had so pleasant an adventure the third evening of my stay at Grayport," he added.

"I suppose," said the other, "you understand that you have dined? Perhaps I ought to have explained that at once. My rule is—and it is a golden one—never to eat more than one great dish at a time, and to eat that at as early a point as possible."

Brandon certainly doubted the wisdom of this theory, for the sea-breeze had given him an appetite that mackerel *à la crème* alone,

however delicious, was hardly competent to satisfy. He need not have feared, however. A variety of small dishes, not considered as forming a part of the dinner, but more than sufficient in themselves to satisfy the sharpest appetite, followed in a carefully-arranged order of succession, and proved that the cooking-machine had by no means a sine-cure. During the courses the host kept solemn silence; between them he gave short lectures on his favourite art. There was plenty of wine also, and that of the best, but in no great variety; for another of his theories was, that wines ought no more to be mixed after they enter the stomach than before, except with the greatest caution and discrimination. At last the long meal came to an end, and Corbet, heaving a deep sigh of satisfaction, took a tremendous pinch of snuff, filled a glass of claret, pushed the bottle over to Brandon, and began to talk in real earnest.

At last he said,—

"And so you know my nephew Arthur?"

"I scarcely know him, I think I told you. But, as I said, he seems beginning to be known by others; and I saw a sketch or two of his at the Grahams', I think."

"Very likely—that would be about a year ago. And what did you think of them?"

Now in truth Maurice Brandon, though he had some general recollection of Arthur Corbet, whom he had met casually at one of those houses where one is sure to meet everybody, whether in or out of society, if one only goes often enough, and though he remembered having been shown some sketches which he had been expected to praise as prodigies of talent, was certainly not prepared to pass a criticism upon them, seeing that he did not even remember their subjects. So he gave that general praise which is always safest, if not always most honest, in cases where recollection also is general.

"Perhaps you are an artist yourself?" asked Corbet.

"I am no painter," Brandon answered. "I wish that I could paint, though ever so little. Even to try and fail has more uses than can well be imagined."

"And yet I could have sworn you were an artist. I wish you had been, because then I could have asked your opinion about what my nephew should do, in case he ends by turning painter. I have never much taken to the idea of Arthur's taking to painting myself. But I know what Art is, and how it will have its way. And so I'm not sure that I'm not doing right by the young fellow in letting him go to the devil his own road. And go there he will, with a vengeance, whether I let him or no."

"But—"

"Not at all. I know him, and you don't. He is over head and ears in debt. He is idle and self-indulgent. He flirts with every girl he sees—doesn't even let his cousin alone. Ah, well, perhaps when I am gone he may wish he had been better behaved."

Brandon began to feel uncomfortable. He certainly did not intend to be made the confidant of the family matters of strangers, and he had a sort of unfounded consciousness that he himself had unintentionally made mischief. He therefore, as people will do in such cases, went the very best way to work to make matters a little worse—that is to say, he mistook argument for healing oil.

"But he is young," he answered; "and the faults you mention are not bad signs—they all come from a very natural love of pleasure. I daresay," he added, with a smile, "that you yourself have had your *bonnes fortunes* in your time."

"Whatever I have had, I stuck to my trade, which was buying and selling, and to my art. When I was Arthur's age I had invented a sauce for *noix de veau*, of which even now I am not ashamed—and

even made some progress in the study of the *Mayonnaise*."

"And he has painted some pictures."

"And not sold one."

"That will come, no doubt. But I daresay he only requires a little more study."

"I daresay you were never like him, Mr. Brandon."

"I expect that I have made worse mistakes in my life than he has ever made."

"And do you sell your pictures?—I beg your pardon—you are not a painter, you said. You know what I am—might I ask who it is with whose company I am honoured?"

Brandon smiled. "Certainly," he said. "But I have to follow a calling not nearly so profitable as yours—I suppose I must now call myself that vague and ambiguous creature known in newspapers as 'a literary man.'"

"An author?" asked Corbet, with interest. "I live so little in what the world calls the world, I am happy to say, that I may be entertaining a celebrated one. I hope in that case you will pardon my not knowing it."

"I assure you there is no reason for your apprehension whatever."

"But you make a living by writing? Excuse the question."

"I hope to do so, at all events."

"Well, whether you are celebrated or not, I am sure you are anyhow a man of sense;—not a common thing to meet with in Grayport, I assure you. As you are an author yourself, I wish you could talk to Arthur; you might put him a little in the right way. Writing is his present fancy."

"Judging him by myself at his age, I should doubt if anything I could say would be of any service. I should have been very rebellious if I had been preached at by any one whose books had ever been printed. But what is his line? what does he write, I mean?"

"Oh, everything. He thinks he is a born genius."

"Well, so does every young artist who is worth his salt—though he generally has very soon to change his mind, if he is wise."

"How did you begin?"

"Oh, I had special advantages. I was brought up, as it were, upon ink from my cradle, and got used to the ways of artists and men who write early enough to see very soon that talent is not genius and cannot work without rule—and I passed the most impressible time of my life in a country where men are, of course, either lazy or hard-working, as everywhere else, but where good work is respected more than the most brilliant talent."

"Where were you?"

"At Jena."

"Good!" said Arthur's uncle, impetuously. "He shall go to Jena."

Brandon did not answer.

"What do you think?" continued old Corbet, impatiently.

"I should say, from what I imagine your nephew's age to be, that it would be rather late."

"Late! why he is but a boy—seven-and-twenty at most, if he's that."

"I am young enough, I suppose, to consider that rather late. But has he made any attempt towards getting into print?"

"I believe so—but you see it is so difficult to know how to begin. Don't you want introductions and connections?"

"I ought to be the last person to underrate them. But beginnings are always difficult enough with them—and but little less difficult, and perhaps better, without them. But I really do not like to give advice without knowing the special circumstances."

"But supposing there is genius?"

"Then advice would be alike useless and impertinent."

"My dear sir, I am older than you, and when an old fellow like me asks for advice, I think he has a right to expect to get it."

"I would give it willingly, if I

could. Do you happen to know what your nephew has written—what is his direction? fiction—politics—criticism?"

"Poetry."

The face of Brandon fell. "I see," he said, half to himself.

The manner of the uncle in speaking of the nephew was formed upon an old mixture of disappointment that the latter had not yet begun to make a career, and carefully concealed pride in his supposed genius. "I can show you some," he said. Going to a cupboard in the bookcase, he took from it some papers, which he spread before Brandon.

"My dear sir," said the latter, after a long pause, during which he glanced at the verses before him, "poetry is not a profession. A poet—at least I think so—ought not, if he is honest to his art, to write for bread; and if he has to work for his living, and is a wise man, he will work for it in some other way, and be none the worse poet for that. If he is a true poet, he will come to the front in spite of holding back; if he is not, no harm is done."

It was plain enough that Corbet, in spite of his philosophical pretensions, had a habit of leaping at the last idea presented to him; and though he looked disappointed, "What you say," he said, "is exactly my own opinion. He shall go to Frankfort at once."

"To Frankfort?"

"Yes—to our correspondents there. It has always been intended by every one but Arthur himself. He would enter our firm afterwards."

"Indeed!" said Brandon. "It would be a pity for him to lose such a chance. I wish it had been mine at his age. And yet," he added to himself, "I daresay I should have scorned it then as much as young Corbet doubtless does now. However, I have given most unobjectionable advice, so that I can sleep with a clear conscience, at any rate."

"Do you know Frankfort?" asked Corbet.

"Not well; but I have a very intimate friend there, a young surgeon, whom I knew at Jena. By the way, he also has artistic tendencies, and is something of a poet himself, besides being a very good and sensible fellow. If your nephew goes there, he might find him a useful and pleasant acquaintance."

"Yes; Frankfort it shall be, then, or my name is not Paul Corbet. But you do not drink your claret."

"Indeed I do. But pray do not come to a decision about this on my word alone. I should be sorry to lead you or your nephew into any mistake; and, as I said before, I know nothing about the special circumstances."

The hand of the host, who was rapidly growing more apoplectic in appearance, came down with a crash that made the glasses ring again. "To Frankfort he shall go, and there is an end of it. He has been in London, wasting his time, much too long. And he shan't get into debt abroad—I'll take care of that."

"Well," answered Brandon, "if on consideration you think fit to send your nephew there, I would give him an introduction to my friend with pleasure. Werner is a good fellow, and works like a horse, and has brains—at least we used to think so."

"You are very good. Write the letter to-morrow and bring it to me." The old gentleman was getting dictatorial.

"I am afraid I shall not be in the way to-morrow, but I will see you in a day or two, if you are still in the same mind. I am staying at the Dolphin, and you can let me hear from you there."

"No, no. Send me the letter to-morrow—you need not bring it yourself; and come and dine again with me on Thursday. You shall see my niece Rose, and what I could do in the way of a sauce when I

was seven-and-twenty. Is it a bargain?"

"Or would you come and dine with me at the Dolphin? I should like to return your hospitality, and though I could not hope to rival you—"

"Certainly not. I never dine from home, not even at Farleigh, though I am asked when the Earl is here, like other people. So that is settled. If you want to do something for me, send me the letter, and come on Thursday."

"You are very kind indeed, and I will do both with the greatest pleasure."

"And you—do you stay long at Grayport?"

"Not more than a couple of weeks or so. The fact is, I have been ordered complete rest and quiet by the doctors, and so I came here because I know nobody in the place, and have been told on the best authority that there is nothing to do in it."

"That is true enough, unless you are a fisherman."

"I am no sportsman—it has never been in my way."

"Well, I think you are right. Sportsmen contract gross ideas of eating. The right preparation for dining is, first to know exactly what you are going to have, both of food and of wine, and to arrange it carefully, and then, while you take a little gentle exercise, to meditate on the matter philosophically. Sport of any sort distracts the thoughts, and makes the appetite too violent for artistic enjoyment. That is why we, as a nation, are such devourers of undercooked masses of meat. Mental exercise is almost as bad, but not quite, for it stimulates the nervous system, and so renders the palate quicker and sharper. But then it exhausts the stomach. So my advice to you is—"

And so he went on, until his guest at last managed to stop him by bidding him good-night.

Brandon's last thought before he

fell asleep was, "Well, I wish I had not been so ready to offer an introduction to a man of whom I know nothing." But he excused himself

on the ground of the excellence of old Corbet's claret, and with the reflection that, after all, it probably didn't matter.

CHAPTER VI.—THE BEGINNING OF A FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time, in a country a great many miles away, there lived, in a castle overlooking the sea, a grim old baron. This same old baron, however, grim as he was, did not live quite by himself, for he kept strict watch over a prince and princess, who were first cousins, and his own nephew and niece. In fact, so close was the watch he kept, that they grew up scarce knowing that there was any one in the world but themselves. Now this was rather hard upon both, for the prince was brave and handsome—all that a prince has any need to be—and the Princess Rose was quite pretty enough, at least for a princess. At any rate she thought so herself, for there are looking-glasses even in fairyland; and besides, had not his highness her cousin told her so occasionally—a few hundred times or so? It was certainly a great shame that so fair a princess should be mowed up in a dull old tower with a dull old guardian, when even the fisher-girl that brought the mackerel to the door was let go about and take whatever excitement and enjoyment she could pick up upon the beach. It is true that the princess also could go upon the beach as well as the fisher-girl; but then she had read Byron and Shelley, and a lot of other things besides that do not exactly instil contentment with quiet living and solitary walks, even by the sea-shore, into the minds of young princesses—perhaps she had even read them a little too much—and she not only took no interest at all in starfish and limpets, or indeed in any "common objects" whatever, but she did not even pretend to take any interest in them. And yet, dull as her life was, there was to be

a deeper depth of dullness still; for her cousin, who did not find time pass particularly quickly either, made his escape from the tower as soon as he could, and did not take the princess with him. And so she had to betake herself to her bower, and amuse herself with watching for the sail of— But who shall say what are the day-dreams of charming and enchanted princesses, when they are as innocent, with all their fancyfulness, as those of the Princess Rose?

For, whether enchanted or no, Rose Arnold was certainly charming in her own way. She was pretty, and yet that was scarcely the reason, for her prettiness was not extraordinary—not sufficient in itself to raise her to the rank of a beauty. Her brown eyes were not more soft or more bright, nor her dark hair more luxuriant or more silken, nor her healthy complexion more delicate or more pure, nor her small figure—much too small for a heroine—more graceful or more perfectly formed, than the eyes, hair, complexion, and figures of scores of other girls; and her expression was so calm and soft that it might almost be called tame, as is often the case with those who have never lived or loved save in dreams. The fact is, that the influence exercised by a woman is far less connected with external matters than the ordinary forms of speech imply; otherwise mere beauty of form and colour would not so often fail in its effect, nor the prize of admiration so often fall to the less fair even when the more fair are by. It seldom happens that one sees for the first time a woman with a great reputation for beauty without going through the same mental process

that is generally produced by the first sight of a celebrated picture. First comes an inclination to ask, "Is that all?" only checked by a fear of being set down as without taste; but gradually, supposing the aid of time and opportunity, the hidden charm takes its revenge, and proves that the best kind of beauty, whether in art or nature, is not that which most attracts at first sight. Thus, when Dr. Faustus first raised the shade of Helen, his first feeling was one of wonder that this should be the face that had set the world in arms; but he soon found out that it might have sufficed to bring about a hundred sieges of Troy. The portraits of Queen Mary of Scotland also prove that she too must have possessed some element in her nature which was independent of the statuesque beauty which draws the eye at once and makes presence or absence of the latter alike forgotten in something higher and more spiritual.

And so, though neither an Helen nor a Mary Stuart, had Rose Arnold been even less pretty than she actually was, she would have been scarcely less attractive: for she also had other beauty than that of youth, and health, and form. Her beauty, moreover, was by no means lessened by the fact that she had very seldom been spoken of as beautiful, and to her face never, except by her cousin Arthur in a half-jesting way; for she had, in truth, lived all her life in a self-created fairyland. The prose of real life is inapplicable in speaking of her, for she was as yet herself untouched by it. Of society and the world she had hitherto known nothing, and she had grown so self-absorbed that the little daily details that came in her way fell off from her as rain-drops from the plumage of a white swan—"like water from a duck's back" would be far too prosaic a comparison. And so it seemed that she would have to spend her youth as if she were really a swan, eternally contemplating itself and

its whiteness in some calm lake, and yet unconsciously loosing all the while to stretch its wings in the wind over a real sea.

And now, as she was coming up the low hill with the half-smile upon her lips which she often wore when alone, she would have made the most delightful of studies for a painter of sufficient skill to express, and sufficient sympathy to understand, so almost intangible a subject as the fancies and dreams of a young girl who had always lived too much alone. With such skill and sympathy, his task would have been easy, for he would not even have had to idealise what he saw—it was already idealised to his hand. As it was, however, the fair sight was thrown away upon a few Grayport Philistines, as her cousin would have called them. Not even Brandon had the good fortune to be walking in that direction; and perhaps this was just as well, for solitude was essential to the picture. And so, making no doubt, as she walked along, one of the many hidden unconscious poems which were always floating about in her world of dreams, she reached the gate of the garden in which she used to try to grow flowers in an unsystematic and feeble way, and was raising the latch, when she gave a slight start. A young man, dressed in a manner in which an affectation of picturesqueness strove with a half-successful ambition to be what tailors would call a well-dressed man, was lounging up and down the centre path smoking a cigar, and kicking the pebbles of gravel before him in a rather savage way, which agreed well with the sullen expression that was then spoiling the effect of his refined and delicate features.

"Arthur!" exclaimed Rose joyfully, when her first surprise was over.

Her cousin, whose back was just then turned towards her, wheeled round and looked up, and the cloud of discontent fled from his face in

a moment. For he, too, after a fashion, was an artist, and he saw Rose Arnold. But he was also Arthur Corbet; and when their first affectionate greeting was over, she saw in the handsome face of her companion, which never concealed the most passing emotion, that something was wrong.

"We did not expect you down so soon as this, Arthur," she said. "Nothing is the matter, I hope?"

"There is, though; the very deuce. But it was not anything wrong that made me come down here. I meant to come and see you for a little while, for a holiday"—he really believed, as he spoke, that he had been working so hard as to need it—"and so I feel angry with everybody."

"But why?" she asked. "What can have happened, then?"

"What—don't you know?"

"I don't understand you in the least."

"Do you mean to say that the uncle has not told you?"

"How often am I to tell you that I don't know what you mean?" She spoke a little petulantly, as was often her way with her favourites.

"I thought you might be able to account for this new caprice of uncle Paul's."

"Perhaps I can, if you will tell me what it is."

"I can't make out what has come to the old gentleman."

"Has he been saying anything to you?" It was the one real trouble of Rose's quiet life that she had so often to exercise her wits in smoothing down little differences between her uncle and her cousin. So she immediately leaped to the conclusion that Arthur had been getting into some small scrape again; and all that was now left of her surprise was derived from the fact that he had not told her of his trouble first.

"Oh, he has been saying no end. First, of course, he began to talk of some dish he had invented at my age—I really loathe the very name

of *noix de veau*, whatever they may be. By Jove! Rose, I think I shall turn Trappist or hermit, or something of the sort, just that I may never hear cookery talked about again."

"And then?"

"Oh, then my spending so much money—as though one could possibly live in London for nothing."

"But I hope, Arthur, you took what he said in good part? You see his ideas are so different from yours—ours; and then things must have changed so since he was young."

"I'm damned if I did. I beg your pardon, Rose, but really there are some things at which one must swear. Well, it comes to this—I am to be sent abroad at once."

"Abroad!" exclaimed Rose, this time with real astonishment; "you must be joking. Why should you go abroad if you do not wish it?"

"Rose, you are a little goose. You see you must do what the uncle chooses—worse luck. One doesn't know what idea he might take into his head e'sc. So there is nothing to be done."

"But surely he must have some reason? Where are you to go? Surely it is not to be for long?"

"I don't believe he has a reason. But I know what lies at the bottom of it, Rose—how long have you known Brandon?"

"Brandon? Who is Brandon?"

"Why, the most conceited ass under the sun."

"I don't know him. How should I? And what has he to do with it?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know the man? Why, he dined here, it seems, only last night."

"Oh, uncle Paul told me of some one whose acquaintance he had made, and had had to dinner. I remember he said he was an author, but I don't remember his name, if I ever heard it."

"Where were you, then, that you did not see him?"

"I had to go to one of those

stupid tea-parties. But why won't you tell me what it is all about? It really isn't kind of you to keep me like this."

"Then you don't know anything of Brandon, nor of his being at Grayport? What the devil brought him poking down here, I wonder, of all places in the world?"

Rose looked at him with anxious and pleading eyes which there was no resisting.

"Well, the long and short of it is this," continued Arthur, rather ungraciously, "there is a fellow named Brandon who writes vile trash that a whole lot of fools call books, and talks and writes a lot of nonsense which the same set of fools call philosophy and criticism. Well, the man hasn't an ounce of soul in him—he's the sort of Philistine beast that looks down upon all men with a spark of genius in them, and yet has brains enough to be afraid of them too. They're cunning enough, these fellows, to know that they'll be found out precious soon."

"I hope I shall never meet him," said Rose. She had an idea that she was listening to brilliant sarcasm; and, for Grayport, it was exceedingly brilliant, so that she was not altogether wrong.

"I hope not too, for your sake; and I wish my uncle hadn't, for mine. Well, this man has always had a tremendous dislike for me."

Rose shrugged her shoulders, as if to imply that Brandon, whoever he was, must indeed be hopelessly and utterly imbecile. Her cousin went on:—

"However, I need not say that I don't care for that a straw. On the contrary, I should feel awfully disgusted if he believed in me—that would show that I'm not worth believing in."

"I wonder what brought the man down here?" asked Rose, in her turn.

Arthur gave a tremendous kick at the gravel, and said,—

"My dear girl, if you knew the

world half as well as I do, you wouldn't have asked the question. I know what he meant when he said of that little sketch of mine that he saw at the Grahams'—you know it—the one I began when I was down here once?"

"What? That charming Titania? But you finished it, did you not?"

"No—it was never more than just a sketch; well, he said"—here Arthur flushed angrily red—"that I might do something one day if I worked! just as though great artists were made by plodding. The fact is, plodding is the only thing the beast can do himself, and so he always tries to put down genius—I don't mean myself now—by his damned faint praise—I beg your pardon, Rose, again—just as though any one cared for his praise or his blame either."

This was not a very consistent speech; but then Arthur Corbet was extremely angry, and was not a very consistent speaker at the best of times.

"Did he say it to you?" asked Rose, with interest. "What did you answer?"

"No, no. He knew his man better than to criticize me to my face. He'd have got rather more than he gave, I fancy. So he said it to a man whom he didn't know that I knew—you've heard me speak of him—Frank Lawson; not a bad fellow in his own way. The fact is, Brandon is eaten up with jealousy, and is determined to get me out of the way. He writes what he calls poetry himself, and it seems my uncle was fool enough to show him some of mine last night."

Rose looked, and was horror-struck at the idea of such meanness. Her hero was being persecuted now with a vengeance; and, romance apart, she was really very much distressed at this complication in her little world. She put her arm affectionately through her cousin's, and joining her hands together,

looked up in his face with glowing features and eyes brightly wet.

"Arthur," she said, in a decisive way, "then of course you will stay. You must not let this happen."

"And my uncle?" asked Arthur, bitterly.

This question, dictated as it was by the worldly prudence that belongs, *par excellence*, to those whose expectations depend upon the whims of rich and capricious old men, was not without its weight with Rose, though from a different cause. Of money and expectations she knew and thought absolutely nothing; but her uncle, in spite of his capricious and overbearing ways with others, had always been the kindest and most indulgent of guardians to her, whom he loved as much as any father could possibly love an only daughter; and this affection of his for her, together with the habit of obedience to all his wishes in which she had been brought up all her life, had rendered her incapable of even conceiving the possibility of opposition to his least word on the part of herself or of any one else. So she was silent, and looked down. Presently, however, she said,—

"I am so sorry, Arthur. But, after all, is going abroad for a little while such a terrible thing? You were wanting to go only a month or two ago. And I suppose you will not be gone for long?"

"I have no doubt it will be long enough. If this fellow has the meanness to come sneaking down here to get hold of my uncle like this, no doubt he will do what he can to prevent my coming back to be in his way. As to my wanting to go abroad, why, I don't want to be sent away like a school-boy—and to Frankfort, too, of all places!"

"Is it such a disagreeable place?"

"I haven't the least doubt but

what it is. If it were Paris, you see, one might do something—so I suppose I am to be buried alive."

"But couldn't you talk to uncle Paul—quietly, you know—"

"Bless the girl! Why, of course I talked to him. But what good does talking do with my uncle?"

Rose knew that he was right there, and was silent.

"You don't ask when I'm to go, Rose," said Arthur.

"Why, surely the time is not fixed?"

"It is, though. I am to leave to-morrow for London, and to write my uncle a letter from Frankfort on the 10th."

"What a shame!" exclaimed Rose, her eyes looking all manner of angry things. Then she asked: "But how shall you manage? You will not be able to go so soon, surely?" She knew her cousin's chronic want of money, and almost hoped that his purse might be low just then.

He answered, however, by taking out and opening his pocket-book, so as to display to the astonished eyes of Rose a roll of bank-notes. "You see what a hurry they are in to be rid of me," he said. On returning them to his pocket, he dropped a letter on the path, which Rose saw and picked up.

"What odd writing!" she said. "And have you been changing your lodgings again? That is not where we write to you."

He gave a sharp glance at her as he replaced it with an affectation of carelessness. "Only a bill," he said. "But here is a letter," he continued, taking out another, which was unclosed, and directed "Herr M. Werner, — Strasse, Frankfort."

"What is this?" asked Rose.

"Read it."

"But may I?"

"Of course you may. At all events he had the good manners not to fasten it up, or write it in an unknown tongue."

So she read in French:—

"My DEAR MAX,—I have great pleasure in introducing you to M. Arthur Corbet, a countryman of mine—"

"Countryman, indeed!" exclaimed Arthur. "So much so that you want to break the connection—the only one between us, luckily. Go on."

"A countryman of mine, with whom I am at present but slightly acquainted, but whose acquaintance I hope to improve through you. Meanwhile—"

"The hope is not exactly mutual, though," interrupted Arthur again.

"Meanwhile, as I believe he intends to remain at Frankfort for some time—"

"Not if he knows it."

"I shall be very glad if you will do what you can to make his stay there pleasant and advantageous. No one knows your power of making it both the one and the other better than thy brother student,

"MAURICE BRANDON."

"There," said Arthur, taking the note, "so much for Herr M. Werner and Mr. Maurice Brandon with his Cockney French," and he tore it up into fragments, which he scattered at his feet. "At all events, I won't have a dry nurse," he added.

"Oh Arthur!" Rose was beginning, but he went on,—

"And perhaps a spy. Who knows what 'thy brother student' has sent by the post?"

Rose thought for a moment, and then said, gravely and deliberately,

"Mr. Brandon is a coward, and I hate him."

The sentiment was not, perhaps, very lady-like, but it was at all events sincere—as far as it went, that is; for, after all, she had not the least idea of what is meant by hating, although her eyes, as well as her words, did not promise much cordiality to the persecutor of her

hero whenever she and he might happen to meet.

At that moment her uncle came from the house, with a beaming face.

"Rose!" he cried out, "Mr. Brandon is to dine with us to-morrow. I am going out to see after the fish—and, remember, I promised him the *note de vœu*. So see that every thing is ready. Holloa!" he exclaimed, seeing the litter of paper on the path, "what's this?"

"I have only been lighting a cigar," answered Arthur, coolly. Rose trembled, and said nothing.

"I don't see how you can light a cigar by tearing paper. The old-fashioned way was to burn it. And I wish, Arthur, if you *will* smoke, that you would smoke better cigars."

"I smoke the best I can afford," Arthur answered, sullenly.

"No doubt you do. I wish you didn't. We dine at five to-day—don't be late. By the way, don't go to-morrow. I want you to meet Mr. Brandon—a most sensible man he is. Don't forget, Rose!" and so saying, he went down the hill towards the town.

"Damn Brandon!" growled Arthur to himself. Then he said aloud:—

"Fancy dining at five! What can one do to get an appetite? I think I shall walk along the cliff. Will you come?"

Poor Rose was longing to go and lie down in her own room, tired as she was with the walking she had had already, and the agitation she had gone through besides; but she did not dream of refusing, especially as it would be long before she could have a talk with her cousin again—perhaps not for months. So she said "yes" at once, and they started. But first she took the precaution of sweeping up the scraps of paper and throwing them into the gardener's basket.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

A PAGE OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I HAVE just read a story in which Jules Janin records a youthful exploit of his with some compunctions of conscience, and it has suggested to myself an incident not altogether dissimilar. In a late feuilleton of the 'Débats,' Jules Janin relates that the musical critiques of that journal were generally written by Berlioz, who signed his articles X X X. In one severe paper so signed, Herold's 'Pré au Clerc' was ruthlessly attacked, and the authorship naturally ascribed to Berlioz. M. Janin, however, says, "It was not Berlioz: it was another person, an ignorant young man, with no doubts on any subject at the time, who in a wretched feuilleton abused Herold's masterpiece. He will repent it all his life. The name of this young man—I am ashamed to confess it, but it must be confessed—was Jules Janin."

Now for my tale:—A good many years ago, farther back than I like my memory to be generally charged with, there was a movement of great political excitement in Ireland. Sir Robert Peel had, it was said, deserted the party he had led so long, and made steps of approaching conciliation to the Whigs. The ultra Tories of Ireland, whose true blue was always wool-dyed, and a shade deeper than any one else's, held indignation meetings through the land, to expose the treason and denounce the traitor. One of these, summoned with great pomp and circumstance, was held at Morrison's hotel, where a considerable number of influential men—peers and commoners—were met to declare their opinions, and pledge themselves to a future concerted action. This gathering represented a large share of the rank and riches of the land, and included many who for the first time had taken

any part in political life. So well as I can remember, Lord Roden was in the chair, supported by a strong phalanx of peers; and eloquence was fully represented by Mortimer O'Sullivan, Magee and Cooke of Belfast. In a word, it was such a union of property and intellectual power as to carry weight in any country endowed with a vigorous public opinion.

Many men, however, whose political views had not been fully decided, who cautiously abstained from pledges of any kind, and who believed that in a period so full of contingency waiting was the truest policy, held coyly aloof, and either sent letters apologising for their absence, or expressing doubtfully their hopes of being able to attend the meeting. This circumstance added considerably to the anxiety of the men who had promoted the movement, for anything bordering on a failure would have been fatal to the hopes of the party. One of the chief—if not the chief—leaders of Protestant opinion of the day was a junior fellow of the Irish university,—a man of the very highest order of ability, allied to a most impassioned temperament and an almost boundless ambition. He had thrown himself suddenly into political life, and with an ardour that showed that he cared for no other excitement, nor took pleasure in other successes than those it offered. This was Charles Boyton, whose splendid stature and imposing appearance were ever to be seen surrounded by the young men of the day who gloried in him as their leader, and were wildly enthusiastic on his noble gifts.

One of the principal resolutions of the meeting—some sort of declaration of distrust in a policy that entailed coalition—was to be

moved by Boyton; and so eager was he to acquit himself well before men so thoroughly competent to pronounce on an oratorical success, that he secluded himself for weeks from all intercourse, and worked at the details of his speech incessantly. He knew that much was expected of him, and he resolved he would not, so far as he could help it, disappoint the expectation.

As the meeting began to fill, the scene became one of intense excitement. The doubts as to whether this or that man would come—the anxieties whether such a one had been tampered with, or some other was faltering in his allegiance, rose to a fever heat, relieved at times by thunders of applause, as some well-known leader would mount the platform and receive the eager welcome of his friends. Boyton, as usual surrounded with a crowd of young college men—a praetorian guard that moved with him wherever he went—stood next the door, to greet the men of mark and station, and whisper a few words of welcome and encouragement as they came. The resolution he was to move was the third on the list, and he had ample time for his task of chamberlain before he need mount the platform. Overflowing with vitality—with a vigour and energy that might have sufficed a dozen men—on this morning he seemed more than ever carried away by high spirits, and he actually beamed with the triumphant glow that shone in his countenance. Peers, dignitaries of the Church, lieutenants of counties, and distinguished members of the House, poured in, each stopping to grasp his vigorous hand, and gather from his whispered word some fragment of encouragement and hope, when, while he thus heralded his company, a tremendous cheer shook the room, and was repeated with another still louder. "What is it? who is it?" cried they near the door. "It is the Marquis of

D—," said one; "he has just come in by the private entrance, and has now shown himself on the platform."

Now the Marquis of D— was politically in that position which, we are informed on the highest of all testimony, sheds more joy over conversion than the habitual loyalty of those nine hundred and ninety-nine, whose fidelity no man doubts of. He was not a Tory, nor was he a Whig; but he was a staunch aristocrat, with certain Liberal tendencies that kept him in a state of suspension, like those solid particles which neither dissolve nor descend to the bottom of the fluid. He was, however, a great man—a peer of high station, and with an ample fortune; but, above all, he was a man who had nothing to seek, nothing to obtain from any party; he neither wanted office for himself nor for his friends, and stood in a position of complete independence. His accession, totally unlooked for, was then a great gain; and ere he had been many minutes on the platform, a peer of great weight with the party drew Boyton aside, and said, "Here is D— come amongst us most unexpectedly; he has astonished us all, not only by his presence, but by his offering to move a resolution. This is an immense accession to us, though a heavy price is attached to it."

"What's the price?" asked Boyton.

"It is this," said the other, in some confusion: "he has looked through the list of resolutions, and the only one he says he could speak on is yours! 'I think I could move this,' he said; and now we are in a fix. We do not know how to ask you to forego the opportunity for which you have made such splendid preparation, nor do we want to lose the benefit of such a speech as you are sure to deliver, but still, can we afford to reject D—'s accession?—that's the question."

Boyton felt the appeal at first

like a personal insult, and was disposed to resent it as such; but after a moment's silence he replied, "I suppose you are right. The man is a Marquis, and that fact will do more for you in England than any words of mine. There's the resolution," said he, haughtily, handing the slip on which the motion was written. "Let him move it; I'll not speak."

It was clear enough the haughty spirit was deeply wounded; and though the noble lord who had come on the mission of pacification did his very best, and with consummate tact and delicacy, the proud nature of the other would accept no explanation, but turned indignantly away and lost himself in the crowd.

The business of the meeting began. Peer followed peer, and deputy-lieutenant spoke after county member, with the same sort of fluency and the same stock of platitudes such assemblages record generally. There was plenty of cheering, however, and a very hearty air of concurrence on the part of the listeners; and at last, as Lord D— came forward, a thundering Kentish fire welcomed his appearance. "Now for a splendid display of unmitigated blundering," muttered Boyton, whose dark brow loomed with unusual blackness as he scowled at the scene. "What a mess of confusion and misapprehension he will make of it!"

The speaker began tamely and irresolutely; he mumbled something about his astonishment at seeing himself where he was, his total want of preparation, and his general condition of ignorance as to what the meeting expected of him. He was not given to speech-making, he was a plain county gentleman, who for the most part shunned large gatherings, which, generally speaking, he thought were mobs, and he hated mobs. (Here he was cheered, and seemed rather the better for it.) He thought mobs were good things for O'Connell and

Shiel, and those kind of people who were fond of open-air talking, but did not suit gentlemen (more cheering); after which he mandered on into some weak abuse of the Whigs, and the way in which they courted the party of disaffection in Ireland.

"Oh, listen to that miserable driveller," groaned Boyton; "see how he is unmasking his battery before he has fired a shot! Does he not perceive that he is destroying us? does he not feel that his stupidity will cover us with shame and confusion? The real line of argument is this,"—and here, with an impassioned vehemence, he ran over the leading points on which he meant to have insisted, showing how a mock resistance by O'Connell was to have given way on certain measures of conciliation being proposed, and a sham fight be performed before the eyes of the nation. "Hear him now," he muttered. "Hear how that dolt is undoing every step I have won, and actually uprooting the foundation of our position."

Lord D— at last concluded, three deafening cheers greeting him as he sat down, and three more calling him back to acknowledge the enthusiastic delight of the meeting.

The editor of the leading Conservative paper, a man of remarkable social ability, and the real mover of the party, stood at Boyton's side, and tried to pacify and appease him. "Your case," said he, "is hard enough, but think of *mine*, which is perhaps harder. You have lost an occasion for a grand intellectual display, but I must endeavour to make that man appear to have made one. It will never do to report what he has said, and what shall I do with him?"

"An ignorant young man, who had no doubt on any subject," was present, and whispered the editor in these words:—"Come back with me to the printing-office and I'll make the thing easy enough. I have been standing by Boyton all

day, and I have heard every point of his argument. We'll give it to D—— and make a capital speech for him." The editor closed with the bargain at once, they both slipped noiselessly away, gained P—— Street, and by the evening edition Lord D——'s speech appeared: it filled two columns of the paper, and was the speech of the day. It was not merely a piece of admirable close reasoning and logic, but was marked by bursts of high eloquence and splendid imagery, which well justified the "deafening cheering" which interrupted the speaker, and compelled him to pause till the enthusiasm had partly subsided.

Nor was it the worst of the joke that Lord D—— fully believed he had delivered the oration as it was

reported, saying—"I don't do these sort of things often; but when my blood is up I get along without knowing it, never wanting a word, or feeling the slightest difficulty for an illustration."

As for Boyton, it was only after the lapse of years he could be brought to believe that the notes of his speech had not been stolen from his writing-desk; and when the culprit himself confessed the crime, it was with difficulty he could be brought to accept his excuses, and declared that it was an offence only to be pardoned by time. The ignorant young man has had leisure to bethink him of his indiscretion, and his name—"I am ashamed to confess it, but it must be confessed"—was "Cornelius O'Dowd."

JAIL DELIVERIES.

Jail deliveries in Ireland have been a favourite policy with the Whigs, and it is really not very easy to learn why this especial mode of conciliation should be so often resorted to. If liberating felons be a popular thing—if we are to believe that the men who are in jail in Ireland are generally such as the nation needs to have at large, as men of probity, industry, and honour—this way of cultivating the sympathies of Irishmen would have its force. But are we quite sure of this? Are the incarcerated the flower of the flock? Are we, in locking-up the Kickhams and O'Donovans, depriving the people of their guides, counsellors, and friends? or where is that over-tranquillity and peacefulness in the land that it is necessary to dash its monotony with felony, and flavour the life of the nation with its choicest criminals and traitors?

To say the least of it, it certainly implies, on the part of our rulers, a somewhat low estimate of the Irish people to declare we have no readier road to their sympathies, no surer approach to their hearts,

than to open the jails. "Be a good child," said the butcher to his son, "and you shall kill a lamb to-morrow." This is the true secret of the policy. With any other people we should speak of industry and labour, of encouragement to agriculture and to education; we would tell them of plans by which they might be made richer, more instructed, and more happy; we would talk of deepening their harbours, reclaiming their waste lands, opening their rivers to navigation, and suggesting new markets for their produce: but these are not the themes to address to Ireland; for, if we believe the Whigs, the true appeal to this people is to do some act of grace to the law-breaker. To understand their theory, it is necessary to believe that the Irishman is so imbued with disloyalty, so totally estranged from all habits of law and order, that the only thing he can realise to his mind as a benefit is some distinct evidence that the laws of the land have been suspended for his convenience, and that the solemn sentence of a judge

is the last thing a patriot need be afraid of.

I do not deny that the tendency in Ireland lies in this direction; but in the name of common sense and common honesty, is this leaning a thing to be cultivated and encouraged? Is there one country in all Europe where it is more vital that the law should be upheld and be regarded as fixed and immutable? Is there one people in Europe who more need to be taught to expect from their rulers justice and not caprice? Are there anywhere men so disposed to gamble for existence, and take chance as the arbiter of their destinies? And are these the men you would train to such uncertainty that the most desperate enterprise should present, besides its hope of success, its hope of pardon; and that, however ill fortune might treat them, there was still a powerful party in the State whose leniency would be its best argument on the hustings, and who have raised jail deliveries to the elevation of statecraft? It is not a very graceful task to argue against clemency, but the peaceful and the law-obeying have also their claim to compassion; and is it precisely merciful to them to liberate such men as these we have lately seen in Ireland loudly protesting that they gloried in the act that had sent them to a felon's punishment, and ready again to confront the peril and its penalty?

Of all the modes to govern Ireland, the very worst is to try and govern it by its disloyalty. To attempt to cajole a people who, besides being naturally far shrewder and more far-seeing than you think for, are eminently suspicious, and much given to seek for motives in every act directed towards them, and most prone to ascribe more to fear than to generosity, will prove a complete failure. Justice—and occasionally very stern justice—will alone succeed in Ireland. Inculcate the notion that the law will be certain and be immutable, and you

will go far towards extirpating that gambler sentiment which makes the Irishman treat rebellion as a game where there is much to be won and not a great deal to be lost.

If jail deliveries be not very wise in principle, they are scarcely very promising in practice. The men who have lately been set free have uttered more treason within the first day of their liberation than has often served to send a dockful to Newgate. Of course this was to be expected; at least every Irishman could have foretold it. Indeed I do not believe that without this exhibition of braggart insolence the patriotism of these men would have been recognised as genuine. It is as essential for the Irish rebel to denounce England every day so many times, as for the pilgrim to prostrate himself and turn to the East. It is a ritual to be performed as faithfully as the priest goes over his offices.

I cannot but think that had there been an Irishman in the Cabinet this signal blunder might have been avoided. Cajoling Paddy is such a natural mistake for an Englishman to fall into! I wish John Bull would learn, once for all, that though he is better fed, and better clothed, and more carefully nurtured, and, taken all together, a higher product of civilisation than his fellow-subject over the Channel, yet that as regards acuteness, especially that quality of it which the French call *finease*, he is lamentably the inferior of Pat. I know this theory will not meet ready acceptance in England, not to add that, coming from an Irishman, it will be suspected; but I do not make the declaration in any spirit of boastfulness, but rather of sorrow. I see how many of our worst misfortunes have come of it, and how obstinately, besides, it has retarded our real education as a people.

We have been often satisfied to take our cunning for cultivation, just as we took the potato for food. It was a native product, cost little.

to rear, and came easy to digestion, but on the whole was a poor substitute for a better article. It seems a bitter thing to say, but I do not believe that a grinding tyranny, an oppressive rule *à la Russe*, in Ireland would have been a more fatal barrier to our advancement and prosperity than the Whig nostrum of conciliation. "No man love the justice more than ye Irishmanne," said a great and trusty authority some centuries ago; and the same characteristics, equally true now as then, render this same Irishman distrustful of him who would rule him by caprice, and make the tribunal itself an agent for the purposes of party.

It is in watching now this same game of party in England, and seeing how Ireland and her interests have been made the battle-ground for faction, and not treated on their merits, or by the weight of what

importance attaches to them, that many who once upheld the English connection as paramount to all else in Ireland, are now inclining to be, if not absolutely become, Repealers. This change, however, is rather the consequence of a passionate indignation than of calm judgment; but it is a time which can excuse some excess of strong feeling.

It was not without propriety, said some one a few days back in Ireland, that our rulers bethought themselves of enlarged accommodation for lunatics, for they have themselves driven half of the nation distracted.

But it does seem a doubtful benefit to society, that while they are locking up some harmless idiots on the one side, they are, on the other, turning loose upon the world a score of the most dangerous madmen that have ever spread terror through the land.

BREACH OF PROMISE TO MARRY.

Before we repeal a penalty it would occasionally be prudent to see if the offences it was intended to repress could not be dealt with by some other method. Whether murderers ought to be hanged, or whether the privilege of death-punishment should be especially reserved for assassins, is an open question. The merciful people—if that be the name for those who reserve all their compassion for the criminal—are generally able to carry the day in discussion. Not that their case is better, or the advocacy of it more eloquent, but that to plead on the side of mercy is always a more graceful task than to uphold severity, and that the unbiassed hearers will usually lean to the reasons of him who counsels gentleness and compassion.

I am inclined to believe nationality exercises a great influence on the question. There are races where the fear of death overcomes

all other terror, and there are others who would deem a life of degrading labour and hopelessness worse than a thousand deaths. I have seen a Spaniard stand forward to be shot with a cigarette in his mouth and a face of perfect calm; and I have seen another man of a different nation, of whose bravery and daring his own crime gave witness, unable to mount the scaffold, so overcome was he by the terror of the abyss he was approaching.

There is no doubt that where penalties cease to repress the crimes they are applied to, they become cruelties, and the issue is really to ascertain this point. Leaving the hangman altogether aside, and not wishing to open a question on which so much has been said, and to so little profit—for I never heard of a conversion on either side—I am desirous to ask whether the exercise of public opinion, in suppressing duelling, has done us all the good some worthy people ima-

gine. I understand the cry of horror such a doubt as mine may suggest, and I almost hear the exclamations of out-aged propriety at the idea of restoring a barbarous practice, and throwing us back into the savagery of a medieval period.

I drew some censure on myself once before by asserting that I thought we were too indiscriminating in our putting down the duel, and that it were wiser had we still permitted the practice as the last resort in certain cases; and that as there were cases where the vindication of the law came too slowly, and, as it were, too coldly, and where personal chastisement alone could satisfy the natural indignation of the injured, it might have been better on the whole if the "wager of battle" was not entirely withdrawn from our habits.

We are very boastful in our praise of that public opinion which has suppressed the duel; but should we not have had a more legitimate cause for triumph if this same public opinion had put down the offences for which duelling was deemed the penalty? We put down duelling by ostracising the duellist; we declared him unfit to associate with, and, as far as we were able, we pronounced him an outcast. May I ask why we did not do this with the seducer? or rather, why did we not begin with him? How much more humane and more logical had it been had we tried to cure the crime before we withdrew the only remedy we had ever seen applied to the case! Public opinion is all powerful; and why not therefore direct its force against known and acknowledged abuses? Why not attach degradation to certain crimes, such as seduction? make him who is guilty, dishonoured, unable to hold place or office, unworthy to serve her Majesty in any station, deprived of social rights?

There is a lesser offence somewhat popular among us, and from all I can learn it is almost pecu-

liar to our habits, and is scarcely known amongst foreigners—what we call Breach of Promise of Marriage. Now I do not know in all the catalogue of our national shortcomings one that exhibits our modes of life and our domestic ways in a more pitiable light than this offence; and if there be anything which can add to the wrong it inflicts, and to the indignity, it is that public trial which is supposed to be the vindication of the injury.

What nation but our own, I ask, would permit the sanctity of the family life to be exposed and discussed in open court; not alone the fortunes and resources of a household, but their daily life, their fireside confidences, the relationships of their tempers and their affections, their most secret hopes and wishes, and, deeper and more sacred than all these, the loving avowals of some young girl drawn from her in the trustfulness of one who believed she was confessing her heart only where she had given it? What nation but our own would drag a whole family to the witness-table—but one shade less ignominious than the dock—to record the humble passages of their existence to a vulgar curiosity, or, to worse, to the insulting insinuations and intentional misunderstandings of a cross-examination? Is there another country in Europe where people in the educated and well-to-do conditions of life would come into court to substantiate the honesty and decency of their daily lives, to assert the honour of a young woman's conduct, the steps by which her affections had been won, and the sufferings—sometimes these at the cost of health itself—which betrayal and desertion had cost her? And all this for money—for damages—the very name itself an outrage—damage incurred to her fair fame—injury inflicted on her character!

We know to what sympathising audiences, to what delicacy of sentiment, letters are read aloud in court,

and the artless whisperings of fondness smothered in the coarse laughter of a vulgar jury. Of these displays the defendant, in nine cases out of ten a consummate scoundrel, is almost invariably the hero; he may be "cast in damages," but, for that, he has figured for three days as an irresistible Don Juan! He has exhibited to the world at large how easy it was for him to gain a girl's love, and how lightly he could get rid of it. He has shown how every draft he drew on her loving trustfulness was honoured; and if his lawyer's instructions warrant it, the injured plaintiff may be exhibited in any light—ludicrous, shameful, or unworthy, as malignant hate or malevolent invective can make her.

Now I am fully persuaded that the horsewhip and the hair-trigger were far more effectual in suppressing these offences than trial at bar. The redress which can only be approached by a humiliation and a terror is no redress at all; and if we sounded the depth of public feeling, we should find there is a more contemptuous sentiment for her who has gained the damages than for him who has paid them. As I have said before, the real hero is the defendant; he has had his "lark," and he has paid for it. Two thousand or three, perhaps, seem a good deal to give for a flirtation and a confidential correspondence, but he has shown the public what a dangerous dog he is, what a terror he might be in a neighbourhood—not to say that he has cast a shadow over a whole life, and left an undying memory of treachery where he had promised fidelity and loyalty.

Why will not public opinion, so unforgiving to the duellist, extend some of its severity to the cases that duelling knew how to deal with? or, if it will not permit the pistol, why not measure out to the betrayer some of that indignation it now bestows on him who fights? Declare these men infamous. It is no case for a money reparation. We have in part discarded that base

amende in some other cases; let us have done with it here. Degrade the man who breaks his pledge when solemnly given to make a girl his wife, from whatever station of honour or profit he possesses, and pronounce him disqualified to serve the Crown. If women depend on men for their protection, here is the case of all others that calls for that protection. To accept these men in our society, to receive them in our clubs, to make them associates and companions, is a shame and a disgrace to us. To shun the sharper and the blackleg, and to know one of these, is an outrage on sense as well as on decency.

In the laxity with which we treat this guilt we contribute to its frequency. Make breach of promise of marriage as disgraceful as cheating at play, and you will suppress it more effectually than if you quadrupled the damages; or, if you will not do this—if you will maintain the pleasant theory that courtship is a game where the players stand on equal terms, and that it is a national gain to us if the ladies of our families learn to temper the flow of their affection with some knowledge of the law of contracts—that girls are better, and better fitted to become wives and matrons from having their minds plentifully armed with distrust, and prepared to regard every man as a possible blackguard,—if, I say, you desire to maintain all this, the result will be a very acute class of young ladies, which will lead to fewer cases of breach of promise, but in return give you a larger crop of suits for divorce and separation. It is not merely because I am an Irishman that I like a little Lynch law, but I really believe "Lynching" enlists a larger share of public sympathy in its exercise than all other forms of justice; and it has two other merits, it is both speedy and inexpensive.

A friend of mine, for whose opinion and judgment I have great deference, tells me that in my zeal to punish these traitors of false

faith; I am likely to put down that pleasant pastime called flirtation. But I demur to this dictum; I'm sure I never heard it alleged that the "Universal Peace Association" decried fireworks, and actually abjured rockets.

As for flirtation, I maintain it to be not only an innocent but an improving pastime. Just as certain games with wooden segments of countries instil notions of geography, flirtation is the "reading made easy" of love-making; and as there are a vast number of people who require that all this instruction should be given in some easy and agreeable mode, this practice is by no means to be condemned.

If it were not that I intend to preach on this text some day at more length, I would go more freely into the matter now, and say what esteem and value I feel for flirtation.

I cannot imagine, besides, that I have, in what I have said here, discouraged the practice, any more than that any man who denounces cheating at cards should be supposed to be averse to whist-playing. What I uphold is, that the game should be played loyally. There is a great deal of sparring goes on with the gloves on, and very pretty sparring too; but it is well to remember that when people mean to be in earnest they show it openly and palpably. Now in "flirtation proper" the gloves are always on, and even if some smart taps are delivered, they seldom leave a mark. And all I have said here is directed against those who, after throwing the gloves aside, inflict heavy wounds, but are always ready to say: "I'm sure I never meant it; I fancied it was only play. As for my part, I never intended to be serious."

INSCRUTABLE PEOPLE.

Certain people have been puzzles to me all my life, and I feel must continue so to the end. I have, however, the satisfaction—a meagre one, I own—to know that the shrewdest men of my acquaintance have not had any more success than myself in piercing the mysteries of these beings, and frankly admit that they have no solution to the riddle they present.

The commonest form of these inscrutables is the fellow who lives handsomely, going everywhere, doing everything, apparently denying himself nothing, and possessing absolutely that same nothing for his whole legitimate income. I know several of these. Some of them I can vouch for are not players of any game, nor followers of any rich man, consequently not deriving support from these two, the most probable, sources of needy men; and yet I have met these men about in the world, freely mixing in a society which one would say is likely to ask some guarantees for the right of

entrance; and without having any intimacies anywhere, apparently acquainted with every one, and generally regarded as necessary adjuncts of all large gatherings. How they do it, even for a season, I cannot imagine; but the fact is, they can continue this for a lifelong.

I can recall one; he has come to my mind at the moment I am writing—a clever fellow certainly, but probably I ought not to include him among the inscrutables; for he had indeed a quality which, well moulded and manipulated with the skill certain men know to employ, is of itself a guarantee of worldly success. This man was a nobody; he had no belongings; he had even the faintest right to the name—a very good one—that he bore. Whatever means he started with must have been of the slightest, and were soon expended, for he made his running from the post, and began by contesting a borough against a well-known man of station and large fortune. He failed, of course—failure was in-

evitable; but his defeat was better than many men's victories; he was so good-tempered under it, so generous, so hearty, so gentlemanlike, so devoid of all the petty spite and malice of a beaten man, and so ready to admit he had been beaten fairly, and that he had not a word to say against his opponent. Through all this the quality I have referred to as his specialty carried him splendidly. The fellow's impudence was boundless; he had probably run himself to the last ten pounds of his exchequer by the contest, and yet he treated the opposite candidate as though he was exactly his equal; feelingly alluded to the heavy cost each had inflicted on the other, and talked as though drawing cheques on Drummond was a pastime which he liked, and could afford himself. The unfailing good-humour, the geniality that never was soured by any contrariety, the temper that no outrages ruffled, won so completely on the victorious candidate that he actually made a friend of him, and they became inseparable. "I knew how it would turn out," said Y——, the adventurer in question. "I saw something of this very early in life. The Duke of Leckington gave me a black eye when I was at Rugby, and I made him my friend for life by the way I took it. All men can do the grand condescension dodge: the real test of a clever fellow is to take his kicking gracefully."

So far as I am aware, Y—— had not many more reverses to try him. I remember him in the House; he sat for a considerable town. I saw his name amongst Sir Robert Peel's guests at Drayton. He had made two or three effective speeches, and was not unlikely to have office offered him. Where I saw him last was at an embassy abroad, where he dined with his newly-married wife, an immensely rich widow, and where the entertainment was given specially in their honour. His manner then was grandiose, and almost haughty. He had evidently scored the game

he played for, and had taken leave of the subjunctive tense for ever. I repeat, then, this man has no right to come into my category of inscrutable; that grand stock of impudence he possessed was a California in itself. The men who really interest me are the fellows so utterly helpless as to seem objects of a national charity; and yet who eat venison and drink '48 claret every day, with apparently a more strongly vested right in these condiments than an Irish bishop has now in his See acres. It is not alone that they do nothing, but they are directly incapable of doing anything. They aid no one, instruct no one, amuse no one, interest no one. They do not even point the moral of the nothingness of existence, and show us that life is weariness and *ennui*—for the fellows look as if they liked it, and on the whole appear jolly.

I never knew one of these men refuse a subscription to anything, be it a hunt-fund, a picnic, a regatta, or a local charity. I do not know if they aid missionary labour, but I am certain they would if they were asked. I once inquired, from the secretary of a well-known institution, and learned that these people always pay, and that they are the only ones who need never be dunned. Who can explain this mystery? who can say out of what secret-service fund these men draw their extraordinaries?

As to "tips" to gamekeepers, beaters, whips, and flunkies generally, they are far and away the most splendidly generous; while in the higher class of black-mail, which consists in birthday reminiscences, bon-bons, and bouquets, there is a blended taste and elegance in their presents which make them perfectly distinctive.

Why will no Government—seeing to what straits financial difficulties drive Governments—send out a commission to see how this is done? Why will no Chancellor of the Exchequer inquire how liabilities are met with no means, and

extravagances indulged in without assets? Surely this is a more interesting object of discovery than a North-West Passage, or the source of an African river.

Nor is it alone that these men dine better and dress better than you or me, but they move habitually in circles where we only arrive after some success. As a class they are not given to marriage, otherwise, I am confident, they would pick up all the heiresses of the kingdom, and leave nothing but untochered lasses for the earls and viscounts.

That very vulgar name for a vulgar quality, "Cheek," explains a great deal, but is no real exponent of this puzzle. Cheek scores small, isolated, dropping successes—passes a man into a ball-room uninvited, admits him to a flower-show without a ticket, blends him with a group he has no pretension to be amongst, and occasionally gets him the recognition that is given by habit. Cheek will do these, but no more. It will no more serve to carry a man on through the conflict of life than will a life-belt float you across the Atlantic.

Cheek, besides, is the quality of the very humblest order of impudent men. The great professors of the art—the grand capitalists—the Rothschilds of impertinence, are the reverse of "cheeky." They are studiously quiet, reserved, a little arrogant perhaps, but it is the arrogance of men who do not permit vulgar intrusion, who like to dwell apart from chance acquaintanceships, who risk no intimacies—they affect much simplicity of manner, and have a sort of prudery of their own, not at all unlike what, in the other sex, is occasionally assumed by those whose lives are not distinguished by self-denial. I suspect that for the very highest walk of the profession Englishmen and Russians are the best adapted. Frenchmen have too much levity of manner, Germans are too stolid and impassive. As for Americans, they

are wholly deficient in dignity, their only idea of which is intense prosiness. The Russian, however, is better than the Briton; for while he has all the weight and gravity, he blends with the *aplomb* a plasticity, a courteous suavity, which the other never attains to—he is a courtier in plain clothes.

Whether it be that the world takes a sort of malicious pleasure in watching its impudent people, or whether, as I rather incline to believe, the impudent people are deemed better than the drearier bores who invest society, whichever the cause, they are certainly neither discouraged nor disowned in the world at large. Every city of Europe has its supply. London is rich in them. Paris offers a fine field for exploitation. In Vienna they are rarely found. It is the one capital of the Continent where there is no social privateering; and no amount of mere impudence of the most gifted ornament of the craft, would have the slightest chance of gaining admission within the precincts of a Lichtenstein or an Erdödi house.

Impudence is to social success what credit is to commercial. The man who can draw on the imaginary with the assurance that, on the faith of it, he will maintain his ground and make sure his position, is pretty much like the trader who, if only time be given him, will realise enough to meet his engagements. Wilkes only asked ten minutes in advance of the handsomest man in England, and I am certain he was right; but Wilkes was at the top of the profession—Brummel was a long way his inferior. Montrou, who flourished in Paris some fifty years ago, was a very remarkable specimen. Since that time we have fallen upon a very inferior class. The walk has been vulgarised. The claim of the pushing man to a front place is, however, intelligible enough. You may not exactly recognise his right, but you must confess to his zeal,

and yield credence to his energy; but what is really difficult to understand is the social success of men who bring nothing, not even impudence, to the common stock of amusement, who are found in every city of Europe. These men are neither rich, great, nor gifted. They live obscurely, dispense no civilities, do nothing, to all appearance, for any one, but they are everywhere, know every one, and have access to the very highest in the land. "Don't bother yourself with Rouhet," said a friend of mine the other day. "'X.' will speak of it to the Emperor. X. told Bismark that remark you made. X. was dining on Saturday with Antonelli, and heard that story about Lady G——." Now why should X. have the entrée at the Tuileries, or sit at meal with the Cardinal? Can you tell me this, or do you know any one who can?

I know it is an affection with some really distinguished men to surround themselves with very inferior companions, not from any desire to be kings of their company, for some of them are men who would command the first places anywhere; but out of some strange caprice, partly humorous and partly indolent, they like to have about them those who are easy recipients of their own humours, and who demand no exertion to entertain them; and as they would despise toadyism, they select men even incapable of that servile homage: these dreary inscrutables have therefore their use here.

Who ever saw a knot of men travelling without one of these? Who ever saw a yacht party without one? Are these fellows, after all, the great philosophers of the age, who know everything, see everything, and do nothing—for whom and for whose benefit you and I, and hundreds like us, write

books and newspapers, make reforms in Parliament, pull down churches, and send out expeditions to Africa? Is it possible that these, whom we profanely have believed to be the dull dogs of the world, are its prime movers and masters? Have they a masonhood amongst them, and secret signs to signify how they are playing us off, how enjoying themselves at our expense? What a dreadful thought, to think these stolid existences were shrewd observers and profound thinkers, the real spectators of that comedy that you and I are playing for their amusement!

Some one once imagined the horror and dismay that would be spread through life if the furniture of our houses could be endowed with speech and be called into the witness-box against us; but these men would be far more terrible if we could believe them to be endowed with intelligence.

If the inscrutables throw off their mask, what satires we should have on our vanity and our pretension, our wit and our wisdom—on the conversational brilliancy we assumed to be impromptu, and the claret we pretended to have kept so long! what bankruptcy would fall upon all our affections!

The question I would then propound is, Are our dreary people, whom we cultivate, ask to dinner, and foster generally, are they the dull nonentities we love to believe them; or are we nurturing a whole colony of serpents in the midst of us, whose torpor is but for a season, and who will awake one day and devour us?

I own to a strong personal interest in the solution of this problem, for I have been handling these snakes fearlessly for years, and it is only by a sudden thought I have come to imagine they might be poisonous.

THE TWO DROMIOS.

Some newspapers on the Ministerial side are jubilant on the success of the Premier's policy with the Roman Catholic party in Ireland, and point to the address of Cardinal Cullen, to the clergy of his diocese, forbidding Church collections for the families of the lately imprisoned Fenians, as an evidence of loyalty and good faith which cannot be disputed or denied.

Now, from the time when agitation became a trade in Ireland, there were always two distinct parts allotted to the Romish clergy. There was the mild, gentle, peace-loving bishop, the man who abhorred civil convulsion and bloodshed, and had a most implicit belief that however slow in its march English justice would come at last. This was the polished diocesan who had lived abroad, spoke fluent French—with a brogue—and had a sort of caressing piety in his address that was very well received in society. He was a small dabbler in science, and read the passing literature of his time, and was on the whole a very satisfactory answer to those who objected to his cloth as men of inferior culture or underbred habits. This bland personage was asked to dinner and fêted, and his opinions quoted when it was necessary to tell the House that the Catholic hierarchy did not ask this, that, or t'other, "that they repudiated the sentiments the hon. gentleman had attributed to them, and yielded to none in attachment to our great and glorious Constitution."

This part was not "created," to use the French phrase, by the late Dr. Murray, but he played it with a dignity and urbanity perfectly admirable. It is no small praise to a man's dexterity to have humbugged the late Duke of Wellington; but he did this, and to an extent we are feeling to the present hour. Opposite to him, however, stood the implacable bishop, who would hear

nothing, concede nothing, support nothing—who talked of the English as aliens, and scouted their acts and their promises alike—who accepted concessions as niggardly instalments of some mysterious debt, the date and amount of which no man knew. Dr. Doyle was the great impersonator of this character, and acted it with a marvellous vigour and power, so that, while his colleague preached peace, patience, and trustfulness to the well-dressed citizens in the capital, he could assure his frieze-coated hearers that John Bull was knuckling down; that the great old Bully saw his game of terror could be played no longer; that Ireland insisted on her rights, and would have them—and as every Irishman knows what these are, and how shamefully he has been kept out of them, it is no use to repeat here the wrongs he claims redress for, and the sort of redress he wants. This clever system of alternate loyalty and menace—this ingenious distribution of labour which represents contented Romanism on one side as a land of promise, and defiant Popery on the other as a finger of menace—hung over the Whigs in Lord Melbourne's day, and terrified them not a little, but in recompense for the fear it caused it kept them in office. Strange enough, here we are back again at the self-same representation, only it is Cardinal Paul Cullen plays Dr. Murray's part, Father McHale undertaking to "read" Dr. Doyle's.

Many of us have heard of the two bankers in a firm who divided the labour of courtesy and sternness between them, and while one was all amiability and compliance, the other was an intractable fellow who would not listen to anything but hard trading. Here is the same system performed by men far more able and more wily than ever finance could furnish.

I am willing to admit Dr. Cullen

is not as able a representative of gloved Popery as the late Dr. Murray; he has neither the nice tact, the natural courtesy, nor that amenity that makes a man happier when doing something that will gratify—all of which distinguished his predecessor. He would probably rather that the "cast" could have been changed, and himself written down for Dr. Doyle's part. The Lion of Judah, however, could not be so easily deposed; hoarse as he may be from long roaring, he "has a shout in him still," so that of necessity the piece must be played as already announced.

Now I do not know what Englishmen are disposed to think of either of these holy men; but as a mere Irishman, I am free to own that I am no more warmed by the loyalty of the one than I am terrified by the threats of the other.

The unlucky admission that Catholic Emancipation was conceded rather than risk a rebellion, has done us a lasting injury in Ireland; and the belief is pretty general that for every outbreak of disloyalty there must ever come a special concession, and in this way the Fenians are said to have uprooted the Established Church. If this be indeed the case, I hope that the men of influence amongst them will now see how little need there is for bloodshed or violence. Without even killing a policeman, they may have all that they can ask for. The Liberals—so liberal of all that does not belong to them—will grant everything. The Roman Catholics are perhaps a little urgent; they are not satisfied with demolition, they want to see the Protestants degraded. Have a little patience, Dr. Moriarty! it will all come in time; but the landlords must take their turn now. It is not exactly easy to say how to make Ireland for the Irish; but, as a compromise, it can be made perfectly impossible for habitation by Englishmen. Add to the present lawlessness the general belief that pacification is to be

bought at any price, and Paddy is not the clever fellow I think him if he will not show you what is the pacification he aims at. Pacification does not mean merely no Protestantism: it means no rent, no taxes, no landlords, no law.

For my own part I wish, with all my heart, that the great statesman who rules us had been half as successful in dealing with Romanism as his followers proclaim him; but it is no disparagement of his ability to say he has met more than his match in the Priest. It is a very great mistake, in the first place, to imagine that the people of Ireland take the same interest in the Church question that the priests do, or feel towards the rival faith the same acrimony or bitterness. Of course I do not ask Englishmen, or even English tourists in Ireland, to believe this. I know the weight of prejudice which tons of newspapers have loaded them with, and I despair of their taking the trouble to form an opinion of their own; and, seeing the blunders that really clever men make when they talk of Ireland and of their Irish experiences, one learns to be very tolerant on the score of mistakes.

If Mr. Gladstone, however, had converted the great Cardinal, and made him as fair, as equable, as generous towards his adversaries, and as little eager for their humiliation as—I do not believe him to be—the victory would not have been a thing to boast of. Doctor Cullen has his especial rôle in the great comedy, and can no more change it than can the "heavy father" or the cross-grained uncle. Let the accomplished Premier try his persuasions on John of Tuam, and see what he can do with the Lion of Judah. I do not propose the task as an easy one, nor one unworthy of his great powers. Such achievements are, however, historical in the Romish Church; and in the life of St. Francis there occurs an incident which I would humbly recommend to the attention of our

gifted First Minister. I quote from the 'Fioretti de St. Francesco,' the Florentine edition, page 72.

"While St. Francis was living at Agobio there was a wolf of great strength and ferocity which ravaged the country round, devouring animals and men indiscriminately, so that people at length were afraid to leave the city, and never went beyond the walls unarmed. St. Francis seeing this, determined to go forth and confront the wolf, though the citizens, with urgent entreaties, endeavoured to turn him from his purpose. Making the sign of the cross, the Saint issued forth and made directly for the place where the wolf resorted. On beholding the Saint, the wolf came forward towards him with open mouth; but the Saint, making the sign of the cross, said: 'Come hither, brother wolf. I command you that henceforth you do no more evil to me or to any one.' The wolf closed his mouth and hung his head in shame, and, with an expression of lamb-like docility, fell at the Saint's feet, at which St. Francis said: 'Brother wolf, thou hast long lived a life of great excesses, destroying and mangling God's creatures in pitiable manner, and even gone the length occasionally of eating men, for which, according to human laws, you have subjected yourself to an ignominious death on the scaffold, and to the execrations of a multitude; but I, brother wolf, am a peacemaker. I forgive the past, and I shall take care that neither men nor dogs shall molest you in future;' at which the wolf, by motions of his body, his tail, and his eyes, gave to mean that he liked the conditions and would accept them. St. Francis added: 'I will see to it, brother wolf, that thou

wantest for nothing. Thou shalt be well and handsomely supplied, only give up your evil ways, and abstain from eating men. Let me have, then, the promise from yourself, and I shall be perfectly satisfied with it;' on which the wolf bowed his head twice in sign of acquiescence."

The narrative then goes on to show how the wolf returned with the Saint to the city and was presented to the authorities, when he made a solemn acceptance of the compact—"placing his paw in the Saint's hand"—at sight of which the multitude was greatly moved. St. Francis, however, improved the occasion by impressing on them how infinitely more terrible than a wolf were those eternal tortures that they all treated so lightly and feared so little; and concluded by recommending to their favourable attention the wolf, who for the future would be satisfied with a fixed stipend—a life-interest commuted from his former resources; the wolf, as the legend says, expressing—as "far as wolves are permitted to express"—by gestures and contortions his grateful sense of the treatment extended to him.

How the wolf lived afterwards at Agobio, enjoying the rights of citizenship and abstaining from all beyond his stipulated dietary, and died in much honour and to the regret of the townsfolk, is all written in the legend, even to the fact that his natural enemies the dogs never growled as he walked about, but regarded him as a natural ornament of the place, if not an institution.

If I could transport the picture of pacification from Gobbio to Galway, the parable would not be unprofitable.

ELOQUENCE FOR EVERY ONE.

A lazy man has certainly fallen upon what Americans call "a fine time" of it in this age we live in. Never probably before was the inventive genius of man so actively employed in supplying the wants

and diminishing the frictions of existence. To go everywhere, see everything, and hear everybody, at the least possible cost of time and labour, is the triumph of our present-day civilization. Your portrait is taken the moment you sit for it; your correspondence keeps pace with the lightning; you are measured for your clothes by visual survey, and your angles taken by a theodolite; your hair is brushed by machinery; and now, by a little book that lies beside me, I see that even the labour of a passing thought is spared you, and that you are actually provided, not only with the expressions, but the sentiments that should possess you in moments of loyalty or enthusiastic patriotism, at the christenings or the marriages of your friends, and told how you are to feel about "the Press, the Constabulary, and the Ladies"—how your bosom should beat high for the army and navy—and with what high-hearted warmth you should announce a birthday, and descant on the early closing movement or the festival of a cricket-match. 'No More Cold Mutton' is the attractive title of an equally cheap volume, which treats of the various modes in which stews, hashes, &c., may be made; and it seems to me as though the 'Book of Ready-made Speeches'—for so it is called—was inspired by the same spirit, and destined to do for eloquence what the other was for appetite. No more are we to be fed with the "cold mutton" of any unpractised orator, stammering, stuttering, and losing himself in the mazes of his own stupidity—now soaring into bombast, now falling flat into absurdity, catching at an illustration, and holding on to it with the tenacity of a drowning man to a straw, and without courage to let go his grasp again. No longer need any one impose his native weariness on his friends and the public, since for one shilling he may learn how to be loyalty enthusiastic over the

Queen and the Royal Family, unobtrusively solemn over the bishops, suitably suggestive and poetically warm on bride's-maids, and with a graduated fervour for charities and the drama that can take in everything from a cowpock institution to a comedy.

If it was a truly kind and philanthropic spirit which suggested the writing of this volume—if the compassionate soul of the author had long seen and wept over after-dinner eloquence, and witnessed the sufferings of much-inflicted listeners, there was something noble in the idea of supplying a refuge for those lost children of oratory who wander hopelessly through the pathless wastes of language—babes in the wood of eloquence, without so much as even a robin to feed them.

It may, indeed, temper the warmth of our gratitude to acknowledge, as we must do, that this work was not inspired by a sentiment of true patriotism; we owe the suggestion of it to a foreign source: here is the author's own account. "While pursuing my vocation as a provincial bookseller, a French gentleman entering my shop addressed me thus:—'Sir, I want a little English speaker book.' I placed in his hands 'Enfield's Speaker;' whereupon he said, 'No, no, no, sir, that is not what I want; I want the little book of English speeches. I want the book of English speeches made to hand, because, for example, I have to go, because I am invited, to the English wedding of my friend, the English lady that spent a large portion of her life in my native town, which is in France. She marry the English gentleman who is also my friend; all will be grand. I shall be called on to say something when my health is what you call drunk—then I must say the speech. I must say something to the married couple—to wish joy, happiness, &c.—something which is nice—pretty—funny—make the young

folk laugh—flatter my young friends that is married—and so on."

"I confessed I knew of no such work, but being struck with the idea, promised I would compile one. On this hint, therefore, this work has been written, and is now presented to the English public."

It is but fair to say that in recording this brief dialogue, the compiler of this work has shown that neatness in conveying the slight peculiarities of Gallic English, and that skill in depicting, without exaggerating, a foreigner's embarrassments over our parts of speech, which guarantee a high degree of fitness for a task which requires a cultivated taste and style, and a considerable humorous power.

With characteristic modesty he adds—"The book is not to be accepted as a literal supply of ready-made eloquence, but, 'simply to supply hints.'"

Here our author shows his great discernment. In all treatises on games of skill—whist, chess, &c.—the writer merely proposes to inculcate certain principles, and supply a certain number of combinations, to apply any of which the due opportunity must be presented by the game itself; so here the author gives us so many what we may call oratorical "gambits," so many suggestive "openings"—after which we are to continue the game out of our own resources.

It is obvious that he is wise in this arrangement, since, if his work were to be taken as a perfect liturgy, we should find ourselves all making the same after-dinner speeches and returning the same acknowledgments—which, all things considered, though favourable as regards fluency, might err on the side of variety and originality.

The wants of a people as displayed by the advertising columns of the newspapers are justly regarded as the best indication of their tastes and habits. How our love of sport is shown by that list of shooting-boxes, those hundreds of

acres strictly preserved, those fishing-rivers and trout-lakes so temptingly offered to us every autumn! What pleasure - trips to sea-side places, what excursion - trains to breezy downs and wave-washed bays, invite us as summer sets in! and how, as the winter draws nigh, our domestic needs are revealed by the quiet announcement of that officer's widow, who offers, "board and lodging with the comforts of a home, cultivated conversation, and a taste for music!"

What, however, cannot fail to strike a casual observer as somewhat singular, is the mode of supplying the public wants which is in vogue amongst us. It is from a man in actual want that we hear of an invention by which a large income may be obtained without risk of difficulty. Some one famishing in a garret announces how from four to five pounds a-week may be earned by any person willing to devote two hours a-day to a light and pleasing occupation. The people who promise to cure us of our most distressing maladies are not our doctors; the men who exhort us to holy living are not our spiritual pastors, but poor-devil authors who sell MS. sermons for a shilling each: so that, in fact, though "our wants are all supplied," the singular thing is, they are all provided for by those who have become our benefactors by accident or chance. That parsons find a difficulty in "homilistic" composition—the adjective is not mine, I found it in the 'Guardian'—is seen by the success of the MS. sermon trade. I have no doubt, however, that there are walks in the mechanical arts in which they excel, the great characteristic of our time being, that each of us is doing something which it is not his trade to do, but which he succeeds in precisely for that very reason.

It has been often remarked that if our age is not marked by any great display of original genius—if

we have no Shakespeare, or Milton, or Bacon amongst us—we have a larger table-land of good mediocrity than we ever possessed before. We have more men who write good poetry, and readable fiction, more talkers of good after-dinners talk, than any other era could boast; and that general wellbeing which extends to everything amongst us, shows itself in our food, our clothing, and our dwellings, is perhaps the great feature of our age.

The author of this volume is a worthy soldier in the army of progress. If we be not loyal, ardent, chivalric, charitable, and loving by turns, no fault is it of his. What our barrel organs have done for operatic music, he has done for eloquence; and as we whistle Rossini and Verdi, so may we live to lip Bright and Glad-tone at our festive gatherings, and be as wearisome, as commonplace, and as reiterative as our betters.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.—PART II.

THE STORM OF 1857.

PROBABLY in no province or district in India was there a fairer promise of peace, improvement, and internal tranquillity than in the Punjab at the beginning of 1857. Thanks to the energetic though strictly defensive policy of the able administrator in whose hands, since the beginning of 1853, the sole direction of affairs had been placed, untrammelled by councillors below, and unfettered by restrictions above him, the long line of frontier, regarded for so many years by the marauding tribes of the passes beyond it as a legitimate field for their predatory excursions, had been for the time entirely tranquillised. The year 1856 had, indeed, witnessed some very daring attempts on the part of these marauders to reassert their ancient authority. The Muhsoor Wuzerees in particular, had perpetrated an extraordinary number of raids; the tribes on the western border had given trouble; the Bozdars had been singularly active; yet the retribution exacted for the robberies perpetrated by these wild borderers had been so prompt and effectual—the power of the British to punish, to an extent quite balancing the advantage gained by the wrong-doer, had been so strikingly evinced—that

the tribes in general had entirely ceased from offending, and at the beginning of the new year the most exposed roads on the frontier were safely traversed by the peaceful trader.

Tranquillity within the province was even much more assured. Ever since the general disarming of the population in 1849–50, the members of the military class among the inhabitants had been gradually adapting themselves to agricultural life. The abolition of transit duties, and of all import and export taxes between the Punjab and the other portions of British territories in Hindostan; the making of roads and the opening out of canals, had had the effect of greatly increasing the area of cultivated lands, and of affording to a far greater number than before the means of an honest and peaceable livelihood. The great majority of that class, by constant disuse of arms, had to a great degree ceased to be lovers of war. At the beginning of 1857 they had especial reason to be satisfied. The harvest had been abundant and the market had been good; prosperity was widely spread; the taxes were light; there were no grievances; no desire for change; the Government was tolerant and popular, and

his chief had, by his sympathy with the people, not less than by his strong and decided character, impressed the minds of all with the belief that in him they had a ruler as willing as he was able, and as able as he was willing, to protect and befriend them.

There were, at the same time, other causes which contributed to the fair promise of prosperous tranquillity held out by the Punjab at the beginning of 1857. During the course of his long and unbroken connection with that province, Sir John Lawrence had enjoyed abundant opportunities of filling many of the posts under him with officers in whom he had confidence, and whom he had selected solely from his belief in their fitness. It is true that some of the most distinguished civil officers in the Punjab had been brought to it by Sir Henry Lawrence, and constituted there the disciples of a school which acknowledged him as their leader. But the loyalty of these gentlemen to their departed friend and chief not only did not lessen, but in some instances strengthened the fervour which they brought to the discharge of their duties under his brother. Many of them, indeed, felt a deep-rooted regard for the one, second only to the strong affection by which they were bound to the other; whilst all had been trained to look upon the rigid discharge of their duties to the State as a part of that great commandment which has authoritatively been declared to be the complement of the greatest of all.

The able men thus at the disposal of Sir John Lawrence had been severally posted by him to the localities in the performance of the duties of which each would find the best field for the exercise of his talents. Thus whilst the Lahore division was under the firm and able direction of Mr. A. A. Roberts, there were also at that capital two gentlemen who had been long associated with the Chief Commissioner,

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and on whose abilities he had learned, though in a different manner with respect to each, to rest with a secure confidence. One of these, Mr. Robert Montgomery, formerly his colleague in the Board, filled at that time the post of Judicial Commissioner of the province, exercising in that capacity a control over the administration of justice throughout the country, and ever ready to bring the weight of his strong and decided counsels to bear upon the deliberations of his chief in all matters connected with administration. The other, Mr. Donald Macleod, the Commissioner of Finance, had been endowed in a peculiar degree with the power of influencing men's minds, without men perceiving that they were influenced. His was the mild and persuasive manner, his the unruffled temper, the imperturbable presence of mind, which, apparently yielding at the outset, almost always succeeded in convincing an opponent; his the benevolent heart that sought to win over a negligent officer to the proper discharge of his duties rather than dismiss him from his post—that endeavoured to find excuses even for those that sinned the most. This large-hearted philanthropy was far, however, from acting as a hindrance to Mr. Macleod's usefulness as a public officer; on the contrary, his influence was the greater for it, especially among the natives; and Sir John Lawrence, who was well aware of this, felt in how great a degree the presence of Mr. Macleod at Lahore constituted a tower of strength to his administration.

It would be impossible to leave Lahore without alluding to the two other officers who occupied at this time the most confidential positions about the person of the Chief Commissioner, his civil and military secretaries. The first of these, Mr., now Sir Richard, Temple, was not indeed in the Punjab at the beginning of 1857. Having held for three years the office of Civil Secretary to the Chief Commissioner,

Mr Temple had taken advantage of the brief period of tranquillity prevailing throughout the country to make a trial run of six months' service in his native land. His departure would always have been a subject of regret for Mr. Temple was not only master of a style remarkable for its vigour and lucidity of arrangement, but he had gained the reputation, which his subsequent career has shown to have been fully justified, of possessing great energy, untiring industry, and administrative qualities of a very high order. He was devoted to his chief, and was honoured in return by that chief's entire confidence. His absence from the scene of his labours, though, as we have said, always a subject of regret, seemed likely to be less felt in the quiescent attitude by which the dawning of the year 1857 was characterised. His temporary successor, Captain James, was one of the most rising of the civil officers of the province, and in him Sir John Lawrence possessed a secretary worthy of his entire confidence. The military secretary of the Chief Commissioner, Major, now Major-General, J. D. Macpherson, had, at the time of which we are writing, filled that position for about five years. He, too, was a man of great energy and quick decision. He possessed, in addition, a simple directness of manner, sound views regarding military arrangements, and the power of impressing those views upon others. Above all, he was an honest man. Whatever might have been the opinions of his chief, not for worlds would he have altered or concealed his own, had he thought it for the public interests that they should be made known.

Of all the divisions of the province, the most important was that administered from Peshawur. The charge of this division had been assigned, therefore, to Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Edwardes, C.B. Long previous to 1857, this officer

had gained a reputation which had made his name a household word in India. Rising originally by the exercise of literary attainments, he had shown, when the opportunity came, that these abilities were accompanied by great practical power. His marvellous achievements in 1848—when at the head of a rabble whom he had disciplined, and whom he had so attached to his person that they were ready to follow him to the world's end, even to fight against their own countrymen—excited in the highest places in India an admiration which found an echo all over Europe, and especially in France. It is not too much to say that the daring of Lieutenant Edwardes helped to save the empire in 1848. By shutting up Moolraj in his fort, he delayed the outbreak of the Sikh nation till the cold weather, when we were better prepared to meet it. But for that action on his part, the leaders of the Sikh revolters would have repossessed themselves of a great part of the country, and would have enjoyed the opportunity of cutting up our troops in detail before an army could have been assembled to oppose them. It is hard to imagine where, under such circumstances, the battle for empire would have been fought, but most certainly it would not have taken place in the Punjab.

A worthy companion of Edwardes, in some respects even a more remarkable man, was the Deputy-Commissioner of the Peshawur division, Lieutenant-Colonel John Nicholson. Tall in person, strong in body, possessing a piercing glance, and endowed with a manner which, whilst it commanded obedience, did not repel affection, Nicholson was born to be a leader of men. He had served in the Affghanistan war, and had been taken prisoner at Ghuzni. Many stories, not yet given to the world in print, are told by those who knew him well, of the dauntless

energy and unyielding resolution which, even in those early days, characterised the young officer. Subsequently to the first Sikh war, in which he was engaged with his regiment, he was appointed, in conjunction with Captain Arthur Broome, to discipline in the English fashion the levies of the Maharajah Goolab Singh of Cashmere. Shortly afterwards, he entered the political service, gained the repeated thanks of the Punjab Government for the energy and activity he displayed in 1846-47, and in the troublous times of 1848. At the close of that year and in 1849, he served as political officer to the army of the Punjab, taking part in all the actions which ensued. After the annexation he was placed in charge of the wild tribes on the western frontier of the Punjab, and there his talents found full opportunity for their display. Those rude borderers, who had refused till then bodily obedience to any mortal man, gave in to John Nicholson. So completely did he combine power of will with those peculiar qualities, so rarely possessed, which steal the understandings as well as the hearts of men, that orders, which, had they been issued before this time, would have been disobeyed or evaded, were regarded by the uncivilised races under his rule as the inspired utterances of a superior being, and were carried out unhesitatingly. Such a man on the frontier was worth an army of ten thousand men. Sir John Lawrence well knew his value. He has often been heard to say, that of all the men with whom he has come in contact in the course of his career, there was not one who, in lofty conceptions, in firmness of will, in power of impressing others, in quick decision, and in all those manly qualities which contribute to form that rare combination, a man of genius and a man of action, ever approached John Nicholson.

It is not necessary that we should

enter at length into a description of the other officers who filled, at the beginning of 1857, principal positions in the Punjab. In the course of our narrative we shall have more than one occasion to allude to the good services rendered by many. Some account, however, of those officers whose services were most prominent, and to whom, in connection with the action of the Chief Commissioner, we shall have most frequently to refer, seems desirable at the outset, if only that we may present to our readers, before the rise of the curtain, those to whom the chief parts in the drama about to be acted were allotted. To complete the clearing of the ground necessary to an unbroken narrative of events as they followed, we propose now to devote a few paragraphs to the elucidation of the position and numbers of the troops occupying the province at the time of which we are writing.

In the beginning of 1857, there were in the Punjab, between Kur-naul and Peshawur, nearly 36,000 native troops of the regular army of all arms, including artillery, cavalry, and infantry. With the exception of a few Punjaubees, about 2000 in number, these were all men from Oudh, Bahar, and other parts of Hindustan. Besides these, guarding the frontier, were 13,430 irregular troops, cavalry and infantry, supported by 9000 police levies. Of the entire number of these two divisions less than one-fourth were Hindustanis, the remainder Punjaubees of the best description. Of the total native force in the Punjab, amounting to 59,656 men, perhaps 20,000 were natives of that country, whilst nearly 40,000 came from Hindustan.

The European force consisted of eleven regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and about 2000 artillery, constituting a total number of nearly 10,500 men. Of this force, however, more than one-half was massed at the extremities of the province, there being three

regiments of infantry in the Himalayas, and three, with some artillery, at Peshawur. Of the seven principal fortresses, three—viz., Lahore, Govindgurh, and Mooltan—were held by Europeans; four, Phillore, Attock, Kangra, and Noorpore, by natives. The chief arsenal, that of Ferozepore, was at a station held by European infantry; the second was at Phillour, guarded by native infantry. The European troops were thus distributed: at Peshawur, two regiments of infantry, the 70th and 87th, two troops of horse-artillery, five companies of foot-artillery, and two light field-batteries; at Nowshera, one regiment of infantry, the 27th Foot; at Lahore, one regiment of infantry, the 81st, two troops of horse-artillery, and four companies of foot-artillery; at Govindgurh, a company of foot-artillery; at Ferozepore, one regiment of infantry, the 61st, two companies of foot-artillery, and one light field-battery; at Mooltan, a company of foot-artillery; at Sealkote, one regiment of infantry, the 52d, one company of foot-artillery, and a horse light field-battery; at Rawul Pindee, one regiment of infantry, the 24th Foot; at Umballa, one regiment of cavalry, the 9th Lancers, and two troops of horse-artillery; at Dugshaie, one regiment of infantry, the 1st Fusiliers; at Kussowlie, the 75th Foot; at Sabathoo, the 2d Fusiliers; at Jullundhur, the 8th Foot, and a troop of horse-artillery. In addition to this, one regiment, the Bombay Fusiliers, came into the Punjab from Sind, in detachments, at different periods between the 17th June and the end of July. We should do but scant justice to this part of our subject were we to omit to state that the brigade at Peshawur was under the orders of Brigadier Sidney Cotton, a gallant, high-spirited soldier, a great favourite with the troops, and ever ready to sacrifice to the public good his own pretensions to command in

the field. Brigadier Stuart Corbett, a plain, straightforward soldier, commanded the brigade at Lahore. The senior officer in the Punjab, Major-General Reed, C.B., commanded the Peshawur division. Next in authority to him was Major-General Gowan, who filled a similar office at Lahore.

Thus, at peace without, and tranquil within—occupied by about 60,000 troops of all arms, and 9000 military police—its civil districts presided over by some of the ablest men in the country, and its military divisions commanded by selected officers—the whole watched by the keen glance of the illustrious civilian who had so entirely identified himself with the province—whence was danger to come to the Punjab? Nothing in the shape of such danger could be foreseen in 1856, for it did not then exist in any composite form. The surface was quiet all over India. The annexation of Oudh had been accomplished without provoking an audible murmur from the people, and without convincing the Home authorities, notwithstanding the strongly-expressed opposite opinion of Lord Dalhousie, of the necessity of adding one English soldier to the army. The Persian war, undertaken at a distance from the shores of Hindustan, was drawing to a close, its operations having been marked by events creditable to the soldiers alike of India and of England. No sign of foreboding disaster was visible. Every quarter presented the appearance of a permanent and enduring prosperity.

And yet beneath the horizon of this glittering brightness there lay a dark cloud, growing ever blacker and blacker, daily becoming more and more charged with the noxious vapour, the emission of which was to signalise 1857. The native soldiery, always proud of their position and of their numbers, had not witnessed without emotion of a peculiar character the various changes which had occurred during

the twenty years preceding that date. By their prowess, as they thought, England had been delivered from Afghanistan; by their daring, three great provinces, one of them the germ of an empire—Sinde, the Punjaub, and British Burma—had been added to our dominions. They believed these things; they had been taught to believe them by their officers and the Government. But simultaneously with the gradual adoption of this belief they witnessed likewise the power which for a century had been exercised by their officers, gradually transferred to the central bureau of the Commander-in-Chief. By degrees, in fact, they began to see that a petition sent direct to headquarters was able to prevail against and to overturn the discipline exercised by their own officers.

With the pride engendered by these gradual revelations there was mingled a suspicious dread of the science which Western enterprise had just introduced into their land. Steamers, railways, telegraphs, whilst astonishing them as to the means—which they, ignorant, were unable to comprehend—of their progression, had given birth in their minds to an undefined dread as to the effect which these changes, so marvellous, so rapid, to them so difficult to explain, might work upon themselves.

Whilst their minds were yet thus under the predominating influence of a pride unduly exalted and a suspicion vaguely excited, the whisper spread through their ranks that it was intended to attack their religion; that to effect this purpose, recourse would be had, not to any overt process, but to that underhand and mysterious agency which, by an art seemingly magical, had already roused their dread to the full as much as it had excited their surprise. The greatest care, it was murmured amongst them, had been taken to convert them in spite of them-

selves; to force them, by depriving them of their Hindooism, to become suddenly Christian; and this not by missionary enterprise or any outward display of force, but in the ordinary performance of their ordinary duty. The instrument selected to carry out this conversion was a new cartridge, said to be greased with cow's fat and hog's lard, the act of biting which would entail the loss of their caste, and, with it, the dethronement of their religion.

This idea, which, so far as it related to the actual manufacture of greased cartridges, was founded on truth, acted as a lighted match applied to a powder-magazine. Instantly there was a blaze. Combinations not to use the new cartridge were formed in every regiment. Each day's post carried letters from the sepoys of one regiment to their brethren in another, full of details as to the new weapon intended for the destruction of their souls. Suspicion, aroused by the discovery, became more and more alive to the smallest acts on the part of the authorities, themselves still ignorant of the impending danger. To the sepoys, the suspense which followed their first discovery, and the issue to them, not indeed of greased cartridges, but of others of the familiar pattern—though wrapped, unfortunately, in paper of a different colour—must have seemed almost insupportable. It gave them time, however, to organise—to come to a general conclusion on no account to use any cartridges that might be issued to them.

Such being the resolution at which they had arrived, no long period, in the ordinary course of events, could elapse before they came into contact with their superiors. The crisis was not delayed. Commencing in February by an outbreak at Berhampore, in Bengal proper, it was followed by an explosion at Barrackpore, and finally culminated, on the 10th of May,

in the insurrection of Meerut and the capture of Delhi.

With the exception of Umballa, at which station a disinclination to use the new cartridges had been shown during the month of April, the native troops stationed in the Punjaub had not evinced, up to this period, by any outward sign, the smallest inclination to make common cause with their countrymen to the eastward. Sir John Lawrence, however, had been no inattentive observer of the events that had occurred during the earlier months of the year. Not indeed that he, more than any one else, divined the extent to which the disaffection would eventually spread. He had a right to suppose that the Government of India, so soon as it had traced the disaffection in question up to a certain cause, would endeavour by all the means at their command to remove the ill feeling. And when they, not however till the middle of February, telegraphed instructions to the musketry schools at Umballa and Sealkote to prohibit the use by the sepoys of the obnoxious cartridges, and subsequently declared their belief that further danger had been removed by the disbanding of the 19th N.I., and by the punishment meted out to Mungul Pandey—he, distant from the spot, concerned in the laborious exercise of the administration of his own province, might be excused for believing that the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the day had reasons for their confidence, sufficient to over-ride the vague fears which still continued, notwithstanding, to agitate his mind. Sir John Lawrence believed in his heart that the Hindustani sepoys were somewhat disaffected; but he was not the less aware that the national disposition was, although uncertain, in the main easy and pliable; and that, whilst it was always possible that the sepoys might show their discontent by some overt act, they were yet specially amenable to the influence

of tact and delicate handling. From the scene of the first outbreak in Bengal he was too distant to judge, from the demeanour of the sepoys, how far the means adopted had attained the required end. Nothing was to be inferred from the behaviour, in no respect differing from ordinary custom, of the Hindustanis in his own province. On his own Punjaubees he could place, he knew well, the fullest reliance.

The incessant labour of mind and body which had devolved upon Sir John Lawrence during his eleven years' continuous service in the Punjaub had not been without effect upon his constitution, and he had been compelled, since his appointment as Chief Commissioner, to spend a portion of each hot season in the hills of Murree. He had adopted this course with the less hesitation, because that station is but forty miles from Rawul Pindie, itself one of the most central positions in the Punjaub, whence he was able to exercise a more immediate control over the several divisions of the province than was possible even from Lahore. In the early part of 1857, he had, however, contemplated taking a run into Cashmere, which he had never seen; and it was in the hope that events might so calm down as to permit him to take this relaxation that he left Lahore for Rawul Pindie in the month of April.

On his way to Rawul Pindie Sir John Lawrence stopped for a few days at the military station of Sealkote. An incident of his visit there, which has given rise to extraordinary misstatements and to the most delusive conclusions, may here be mentioned. One of the Chief Commissioner's objects in remaining at all at Sealkote was to ascertain, so far as was possible, the feelings of the native troops on duty at that station—it being the headquarters of a school of musketry. Attending this school were detachments of different Hindu-

tani regiments, and one detachment from a Punjaub corps belonging to the frontier force. Sir John took an early opportunity of being present at the practice of these detachments with the new musket (the Enfield), and, as far as concerned the Hindustani troops, he could not discover from their manner or demeanour that anything was wrong. Private inquiry led to the same result. But from the men of the Punjaub corps with whom he personally conversed, he heard a strong expression in favour of the new musket, and no objection to the cartridge, though he particularly alluded to it. Their favourable expression was based upon the superiority of the new musket for mountain warfare. Sir John wrote accordingly, detailing the conclusion formed from his inspections, to the Governor-General, Lord Canning. He could scarcely have imagined at the time that this expression of an opinion regarding the soldiers of the force under his own orders—an expression fully justified by the result—would be converted by party malevolence into an approval of the issue, to the disaffected regiments of the line, of the fatal greased cartridges.

From Sealkote the Chief Commissioner proceeded to Rawul Pindie. He had scarcely arrived there, however, when the account of the mutiny at Meerut and the seizure of Delhi was flashed to him by the telegraph. It took him by surprise, indeed, but it was a surprise which nerved him to immediate action. His first care was to telegraph his advice—advice repeated in his letters—to the Commander-in-Chief to march at once, with all the troops at his disposal, upon Delhi. The military advisers of General Anson did not concur in this respect with the Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub. They brought numberless professional reasons, each of them doubtless based upon some excellent military principle, to prove that it would be

madness to march in the direction of Delhi. Fortunately, however, for India, the instinct of Mr. Lawrence found a readier echo in the mind of the Commander-in-Chief than did the counsels of his advisers. Summoning from the hills all the European troops whom he could collect, he marched at once towards Delhi; and though he died on the way, his successor was able to reap the fruits of his decision, and, by the victory of Budlee-ka-Serai, impart to the wavering levies of our allies fuller confidence.

To Lord Canning himself, Sir J. Lawrence telegraphed advice of the energetic character suited to the emergency. At the distance from Calcutta at which he was, it was impossible that he could do more; and the advice itself was not less valuable, and not less intrinsically sound, because the same ideas had presented themselves to others besides himself. It is less to his advice, however, than to his action, that he would desire to refer. There he was, forty miles from the Murree hills, in an excellent position doubtless whence to regulate all the movements in the Punjaub, and especially on the frontier, but at a distance from the great scene of contest in Hindustan. The news of the insurrection had come upon him with all the surprise and suddenness of an earthquake. What, then, was his first action?

On the eastern bank of the river Sutlej, their territories contiguous to those of the British, and in one direction approaching a limit not very distant from Delhi itself, ruled the two Sikh chieftains of Puttialla and Jheend. The former was the greatest in wealth and authority among the Sikhs, and the latter came second only to him in position and power. Seeing at a glance the influence which these chieftains would be able to exercise on the progress of events, Sir John Lawrence lost not a day in calling upon them, and upon others of smaller note, as feudatories of the British,

to arm their contingents, and to employ them to support British authority. "Never," we quote from the Punjab Administration Report for 1856-58—"never was an appeal more nobly responded to. The Rajah of Jheend was actually the first man, European or native, who took the field against the mutineers. He openly declared at once that he should decide with the British, under whom he had lived happily for fifty years." The Maharajah of Puttialla, the Rajahs of Nabha, of Khylore, and of Kuppurtallah, and, indeed, with two exceptions—the Rajah of Busahie and the Nawab of Bahawulpore—all the tributary chieftains in the Julundhur Doab and the cis-Sutlej states, followed his example, and in a very brief time the country between Delhi and the Sutlej was effectively held by the contingents of these native princes for the English. The victory of Budlee-ka-Serai—a consequence, as we have seen, of Mr. Lawrence's advice to General Anson—came just at the right time to confirm the loyal feeling of the chiefs, and to give to their retainers confidence as to the result of the campaign.

Having thus promptly and successfully made every possible arrangement for the preservation of English interests in the vicinity of the scene of action, Sir J. Lawrence turned his thoughts to the not less pressing necessity comprehended, in the first instance, in the securing of the Punjab itself from the action of the mutinous troops; in the second, in making fast the doors of our frontier against the wild border-tribes and the one powerful nation immediately beyond it.

On leaving Lahore *en route* to Rawul Pindee, Sir John had left behind him the two principal Commissioners, Messrs. Montgomery and Macleod, and his military secretary, Lieut.-Col. Macpherson. The news of the Meerut outbreak, and its first results at Delhi, reached Lahore on

the 12th May. Almost simultaneously with its arrival, Captain Richard Lawrence, a brother of the Chief Commissioner, and who commanded two police battalions and some police cavalry at that station, received a hint from a moonshee (native clerk) of the Thuggee department, serving under his orders, that the sepoys of the garrison were infected with a mutinous spirit. Captain Lawrence immediately imparted this intelligence to Colonel Macpherson, who, impressed with its importance, at once waited upon Mr. Montgomery, and suggested to him that the native troops should be forthwith rendered powerless for mischief by being deprived of their percussion-caps. The news of the Meerut outbreak and its consequences would certainly, he argued, reach the native lines within the next thirty hours; the importance of being beforehand with the sepoys was therefore self-evident. Mr. Montgomery felt the full force of Colonel Macpherson's argument. At a consultation which took place immediately after this interview, Captain Richard Lawrence suggested the stronger measure of the immediate disarming of the troops. It was imagined, however, that a proposal so decided and so sweeping would not meet the concurrence of the Brigadier; and it was finally resolved that Mr. Montgomery and Colonel Macpherson should proceed to that officer's quarters to propose to him simply that the sepoys should be deprived of their percussion-caps. This course was followed.

Brigadier Corbett was a plain, straightforward, downright soldier. The proposition made by Mr. Montgomery found in him therefore a willing listener. He only doubted whether it might not be advisable to take a more decided course. He determined however, in the first instance, to think well over it. A few hours later he came to the conclusion at which Captain Richard Lawrence had arrived before him,

and wrote to Colonel Macpherson that he was determined to act thoroughly and disarm the sepoys. This determination was undoubtedly quickened by the information imparted to Captain Lawrence that the sepoys of the garrison were of one mind with their Meerut brethren.

A prompt opportunity fortunately presented itself. A parade of the whole brigade had been ordered for the following morning for the purpose of hearing read out to it the Governor-General's proclamation regarding the outbreak at Barrackpore. No change was made in any of the arrangements made for this purpose; but no sooner had the reading of the order ceased, than, by a simple manœuvre, the native troops were brought face to face with the guns—European infantry on either flank. The order to pile arms was then given and obeyed. Thus, by a simple movement involving no bloodshedding, the capital, with its vast stores, its treasure, its fort, its commanding position, and the immense prestige attaching to its peaceful retention, was rendered secure. Three thousand native troops known to sympathise with the mutineers, and to be prepared to cast in their lot with them, had laid down their arms before 500 men and twelve guns. Not only had Lahore been saved, but the danger resulting from their presence in the province had been lessened by four-fifths. To complete his work, and to render the fort of Govindgurh secure against attack, Mr. Montgomery despatched thither the same evening a company of the 81st Foot in native pony-carts. They reached it in time to make the fort secure against any possible attempt of the mutineers.

The measures adopted at Ferozepore, a station but fifty-four miles from Lahore, and noteworthy as being the seat of the principal arsenal in the Punjab, were neither so prompt, so well-considered, nor

so successful. The news of the events at Delhi reached that place also on the 12th, and a general parade of the troops followed equally on the morning of the 13th. But there ended the consonance with the course followed at Lahore. Instead of resolving to disarm the native troops, it was determined only to march them out of the station. The consequences were bloodshed and disorder, the firing of chapels, mess-houses, and bungalows, and an attempt on the magazine. Nevertheless order was at length restored, one native regiment was disarmed, and though the other succeeded in escaping, it lost several of its men in its flight, whilst others threw away their arms to escape the more readily. "Unfortunately," adds the Secretary to the Chief Commissioner, in his report, "errors did not end here; for when, at a date subsequent to the above occurrences" (those just recorded), "the 10th Light Cavalry were disarmed, their horses were not taken away. When, however, the taking of the horses was insisted on at last, the troopers had a full opportunity of concocting their plans for an outbreak; for the order about the horses, instead of being kept secret, was formally copied, and circulated in the regimental order-book."

The magazine and arsenal of Ferozepore were, however, secured. Nor were the British less fortunate in being able to obtain possession of the Phillore magazine. General Barnard, who commanded the division of which Phillore formed one of the military posts, on hearing of the occurrences at Delhi, had at once telegraphed to the authorities at Jullundhur to arrange for the safety of the arsenal. Brigadier Hartly, who commanded there, at once despatched a company of the 8th Foot and some artillery to take possession of it. This they successfully accomplished, and thus happily were secured to the English the two places whence they

were enabled to draw the materials wherewith to take Delhi.*

Whilst thus, by the energy of some of his lieutenants, and despite the mismanagement of others, Lahore itself, Govindgurh, the strongest place in the Punjab, the two great arsenals, and the country lying between the Sutlej and the revolted city, had been secured, Sir John Lawrence himself, still at Rawul Pindee, was anxiously engaged in communication with his frontier officers, first, for the safety of the province on that side; afterwards, for the concentration of our European force in such a manner that, after having rendered revolt within the frontier next to impossible, it might add its weight to that of the handful of men then about to besiege more than double their own number in the city of the Mogul. For a right understanding of the exact progress of the Chief Commissioner's efforts in this direction, and their results, we must transport ourselves to Peshawur.

We have already stated that in the beginning of the year 1857 perfect peace reigned in the Peshawur valley. Not only were the border-tribes quiescent, but so good an understanding prevailed between our Government and the Great Amir of Cabul, that, under instructions from the late Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, an embassy, composed of Major and Lieutenant Lumsden and Dr. Bellew, had been permitted by him to proceed to Candahar. Independently of the troops belonging to the Punjab Field Force proper, there were then at Peshawur and its vicinity about 2800 European troops, eighteen guns, and a mountain-battery. The Hindustani troops numbered about 8000. The Peshawur brigade was, as we have stated, under the immediate command of Briga-

dier Sidney Cotton; but the divisional commander, General Reed, had likewise his headquarters at that station. In civil charge of the frontier was Lieut-Col. Herbert Edwardes. Closely associated with him, in public life as in private friendship, was the Deputy-Commissioner, Lieut.-Col. John Nicholson, who had just then been transferred from Bunnoo.

On the night of the 11th May, a message addressed to no one in particular—flashed off probably after the mutineers had mastered the city—announced to the authorities at Peshawur that "sepoys from Meerut had arrived at Delhi that morning, and were burning the houses and killing the Europeans." The next morning, a more authenticated telegram from the Brigade-Major at Meerut informed them that the native troops were in open mutiny, whilst the Europeans were under arms defending the barracks. On the receipt of this last intelligence, Nicholson at once proposed to his chief the formation of a movable column of picked troops to put down mutiny in the Punjab. Edwardes agreed, and the two civil officers at once made their way to the Brigadier, and laid their proposition before him. To it Brigadier Cotton gave his cordial assent, and procured that of the Major-General. It was then arranged that, in anticipation of the approval of the Chief Commissioner, the Guide Corps should be moved from Murdan to Nowshera, there to join the 27th Foot. At the same time the 55th N. I. was to be marched to solitude at Murdan; while the 64th N.I., notorious for many years for its mutinous tendencies, was to be broken up into three detachments, and sent to the frontier outposts.

Amongst the officers on the frontier who constituted the strong supports of the Chief Commissioner,

* "To show the immense importance of this arsenal, together with that of Ferozepore, it is sufficient to observe that from them were derived the means of taking Delhi."—Mr. Temple's Report, 25th May 1858.

and who shared all his confidence, we have hitherto forbore to mention one who, whether we regard his daring courage, the confidence with which he inspired his troops, his soldierly abilities, or his unselfish and retiring nature, possessed all the qualifications of a hero. If there was one point in the character of Brigadier Neville Chamberlain which excited his friends to anger, it was that he took no thought of his reputation. However brilliant were his achievements, he would tell in his despatches the most unvarnished tale, and, so far as he could help it, would let the world hear no more. He cared as little in fact for the reputation which is based upon newspaper articles as for an honour not spontaneously bestowed. He would as soon have laid himself out for the one as have toiled for the other. His code, indeed, was one of the simplest. He brought his best abilities to the performance of his duties, and never looked that a service should be rewarded, which he considered the nation had a right to claim at his hands.

Neville Chamberlain commanded the Punjab Irregular Force, consisting of three light field-batteries, one garrison company of artillery, five regiments of cavalry, six of infantry, and the Guide Corps, which combined both. When the telegram from Meerut reached Peshawur, he happened to be at Kohát, thirty-one miles distant. The Peshawur authorities proposed at once to invite him to a council of war, to deliberate on the line to be adopted. This was accordingly done, and on the 13th May Chamberlain arrived at Peshawur.

Meanwhile the Chief Commissioner had received at Rawul Pindée, by telegraph, an account of the conclusion at which the three officers had arrived at their first meeting. He instantly replied by expressing his full approval of their proceedings. As, however, it was believed at that time, not by him

alone, but by every man of note in the country, that the recapture of Delhi would be an affair of but little difficulty, if the siege were vigorously pushed at the outset, he forwarded to the Commander-in-Chief a copy of the resolutions at which the three officers had arrived, with a request that he would confirm them. This was necessary, as the Chief Commissioner did not possess the power to order any movement of the European garrisons of the Punjab on his own authority. So long as the Commander-in-Chief should be within reach of communication, it was clear that all references must be made to him. Whilst, therefore, on this occasion, he expressed by telegram his warm approval of the formation of such a column as that proposed, he informed Colonel Edwardes that the scheme had been sent to the Commander-in-Chief with the view to obtain his sanction thereto. He apprised him at the same time of the successful disarming of the troops at Lahore.

This reply of the Chief Commissioner reached Peshawur the very morning that Neville Chamberlain arrived at that place from Kohát. It at least assured the members of the council of war about to assemble of the thorough appreciation of their chief, with reference alike to the character of the revolt and to the means by which it was to be encountered and suppressed. At 11 o'clock they met, and, after a short discussion, came to the following conclusions: 1st, That the command of the entire force in the Punjab should be assumed by General Reed, in close communication with the Chief Commissioner, whose headquarters he should join; 2d, That a movable column of thoroughly reliable troops should be formed at once at Jhelum; 3d, That the fort of Attock should be secured; 4th, That a levy should be made of one hundred Patháns, under Futeh Khan, a tried soldier, to hold the Attock ferry; 5th, That Brigadier

Chamberlain should be sent to confer further with the Chief Commissioner; 6th, That Lieut.-Colonel Nicholson should be deputed as political officer with the movable column. These proceedings were at one reported by telegram to the Chief Commissioner; and, in writing more full details Colonel Edwardes suggested the speedy enlistment of troops from among the frontier tribes, to fill the gaps likely to be created by the defection of the Hindustani troops, infantry as well as cavalry.

Never has it fallen to the lot of any public man to hold a position requiring more delicate handling and more quick decision than that occupied at this moment by Sir John Lawrence. Once assured that our troops were on the road to Delhi, that the rulers of Jheend and Puttiala had taken up arms on our behalf, his greatest danger lay at Peshawur. Fortunate was it for the empire that he had gone to Rawul Pindie, within easy distance of the post of danger and difficulty, and whence he could learn daily the events which had occurred but a few hours before. Able as were his lieutenants, he had taken a wider view than any one of them. He had arrived, within a few hours of the receipt of the fatal news from Meerut, at the conclusion that the entire native army was tainted. One of his first acts had been to warn the Commander-in-Chief regarding the troops at Umballa, and to recommend their immediate disarming, as otherwise it would be equally dangerous to take them to Umballa or to leave them at Delhi. The conviction which prompted him thus to tender his advice to the Commander-in-Chief had not reference simply to regiments stationed at Umballa. It might be necessary, he felt, to carry out the process of disarming in all the Hindustani regiments. It was clear to him, from the proceedings of the council of war at Peshawur, that, whatever might be the individual

opinions of some of its members, they did not as a body take a full view of the danger to be apprehended. They had recommended, indeed, the formation of a movable column of picked troops, but they had forgotten apparently that Peshawur would thereby lie exposed to the mercy of the Hindustania. Sir John Lawrence at once perceived this omission. It was incumbent upon him, in the situation he occupied, to take into consideration every possible eventuality, and to be prepared for it. No one was more profoundly convinced than he of the importance of holding Peshawur. Great stress had been laid upon the assertion that, at a subsequent period, he expressed an opinion in favour of the retirement of our troops behind the Indus. But, in point of fact, he never said or wrote anything of the kind. What he did write, taking, as was his custom, a wide view of every possible contingency, was simply this: that in case our army were to retire from Delhi—a contingency always possible, in the opinion of many probable and certain, if it did happen, to cause a general uprising of the Sikh nation—it would be necessary for our troops to cross the Indus and concentrate at Lahore; that, in anticipation of such a move being eventually necessary, the women and children of British regiments should be at once sent across that river, so as to leave our troops free for whatever action might be required. These expressions comprise all that Sir John ever gave utterance to regarding retirement from Peshawur; and we make bold to assert, that whether we regard the opinion he formed from a military standpoint, or submit it to the test of pure commonsense, it will bear the ordeal. He wished to place it in the power of the chief military authority to concentrate the greatest number of troops on the decisive point of the scene of action. The preliminary measure was simply proposed as

a measure of precaution, such as would enable the troops at Peshawur to act promptly and on the shortest notice.

But at the time of which we write, Sir John had no thought of authorising a retirement from Peshawur. On the contrary, he deemed it so absolutely essential that that important district should continue under the charge of a man upon whom he could thoroughly rely, that whilst he confirmed all the other proceedings of the council of war—whilst he authorised General Reed and Brigadier Chamberlain to come to Rawul Pindee, and even telegraphed the same evening for Colonel Edwardes to join him there—he refused his consent to the clause which would have authorised Nicholson to join the movable column; he refused it, because he deemed his presence then at Peshawur necessary for the safety and preservation of the place. More than that, before Colonel Edwardes left Peshawur for Rawul Pindee, he received the Chief Commissioner's authority to raise a thousand horse from the Khans in the Derajat—a number which, two days later, he doubled.

The first act of the Chief Commissioner, after the arrival of Colonel Edwardes and his companions at Rawul Pindee, was to submit to the Commander-in-Chief by telegraph the names of three officers from whom a selection might be made for the command of the movable column. The names sent in were Brigadier Sydney Cotton, a most valuable officer, but whom it was difficult to spare from Peshawur; Brigadier Chamberlain, in every respect excellent, and whose command of the frontier force suggested him for this particular service; and Colonel Nicholson, untried in command, but possessing all the qualities of a leader of men. The Commander-in-Chief promptly telegraphed back his selection of Brigadier Chamberlain, and conferred

upon him for the purpose the rank of Brigadier-General.

Meanwhile at Peshawur affairs were approaching a crisis. The news of the events of Delhi had begun to be whispered amongst the natives, and had even reached the ears of the frontier chiefs. To these it had already appeared that the contest would assume a more than doubtful aspect, even at Peshawur itself. They showed this impression in a manner not to be mistaken. Colonel Nicholson applied to those known to be most friendly to aid him to raise the levies authorised by the Chief Commissioner; he received, however, but scant assistance. Of the two thousand men authorised, he was unable to collect one hundred. It was clear that in the eyes of these men the position occupied by the British was full of peril. The sepoys with their arms appeared stronger than the men who allowed them to retain those arms.

Brigadier Cotton and Colonel Nicholson had, up to this moment, adopted every possible defensive measure. The treasure had been removed to the fort, a European garrison placed within it, the Residency rendered capable of resisting an attack. But in times such as those of which we write, purely defensive measures only encourage an enemy, especially if that enemy be Asiatic. The events at Peshawur formed no exception to this rule. In proportion as our defensive arrangements progressed, the conduct of the sepoys became more and more pronounced, their disaffection more clear. Treasonable communications were intercepted; and when, on the 21st May, Colonel Edwardes returned to Peshawur, he found the state of affairs "gloomy to a degree."

Gloomy enough were they, indeed. The movable column, composed of the 27th Foot, the Guide Corps, and some regiments of Sikhs, hereafter to be noticed, had already marched, and the European force

at Peshawur and its vicinity had thus, and by other minor movements, been reduced to little over 2000 men. On the other hand, there were in the station five regiments of native infantry, one of light cavalry, and two of irregular cavalry, composed in an overwhelming proportion of Hindustanis. Of these it was known that four regiments, three of infantry and one of cavalry, were deeply tainted with disaffection. There was another mutinous regiment, the most mutinous of all, at the three frontier outposts; and another, quite unreliable, at Murdan. Everything showed that an outbreak was impending. But even were it not immediately to break out, the fact of having upon our frontier a mutinous army of our own soldiers, threatening ourselves, was positively to invite attack from the wild borderers beyond it, convinced that our hour was at hand.

There was, however, a material difference between the situation of Peshawur and that of other stations where sepoy had been disarmed, which lent quite another aspect to the act of disarming there. In the neighbourhood of other stations the population had been long accustomed to our rule; it had become unwarlike and mercantile; the interests of the majority of its members were identified with, and were dependent on, our own. Except in the rare cases of a newly-acquired country like Oudh, or the vicinity of a disappointed and wealthy intriguer as at Cawnpore, it required only the presence of a small body of European troops to disarm the sepoy, and at the same time to be free from the immediate fear of any overt act of hostility on the part of the people. But it was far otherwise at Peshawur. There we were in the presence, in the immediate vicinity, of an enemy with whom we had been for seven years in continual warfare; whose depredations had been suppressed to a great extent by the efforts of the

very sepoy now rising against us, and who had it in their power now, by accepting the friendship offered by those sepoy, to cause us incalculable injury, to harass the movement of our columns, to render the defence of the frontier a matter of great difficulty, the despatch of troops to Delhi impossible. This was the consideration, doubtless, which inspired the local commanders at Peshawur with an unwillingness, at the outset, to break with the sepoy; this the reason which weighed mainly with Sir J. Lawrence, when, in his wise forethought for the future, he conned over the line of conduct it would be necessary for him to adopt in the double event of a repulse from Delhi and a rising on the frontier, and which finally determined him to authorise that policy of boldness, which, in all difficult circumstances, is the safest and the best.

Colonel Edwardes returned to Peshawur on the 21st May, armed with full authority from the Chief Commissioner to assume the responsibility of directing the disarming of the native troops. It was indeed time for vigorous measures, for the aspect of the independent borderers betokened rather an impression on their part that it was soon to be all over with us, and there was little doubt but that even the semblance of a temporary triumph on the part of the sepoy would enlist them amongst our enemies. That very same day Colonel Edwardes received intelligence of the revolt of the 55th N.I. The news of this would, he felt sure, be speedily conveyed to the sepoy at Peshawur, and would probably invite them to immediate action. This decided him. He saw that it was necessary to act, and to act on the moment—to use the powers intrusted to him, and, breaking finally with the sepoy, to make a bold appeal to the martial instincts of the border-population. He therefore proposed to Brigadier Cotton

that three regiments of sepoy and one of regular cavalry should be paraded and disarmed at daylight the following morning, leaving the least doubted regiment of sepoy, and the two corps of irregular cavalry, not entirely tainted, to perform the duties of the station. Brigadier Cotton entered cordially into the arrangement. The troops were paraded the next morning, and manœuvred so as to bring them under the guns of the artillery in front, and the musketry-range of the European infantry on either flank, whilst border-levies, arrived from Kohát, moved on their rear. They were then ordered to lay down their arms. They obeyed without the smallest hesitation.

Thus passed from Peshawur, from India, its greatest danger. The demeanour of the border-chiefs on the occasion afforded the strongest proof of the success of the policy adopted, of the danger which most certainly would have resulted had the sepoy resisted the order. Some of these chiefs were in Peshawur at the time. They accompanied the Commissioner as he proceeded to the parade-ground; but their hearts were not with him. They had before refused their levies, and now they came "to see which way the tide would turn."* But no sooner had the disarming been successfully accomplished than these very men became the loudest in their congratulations; their numbers on the parade-ground multiplied exceedingly. They were convinced that the victory was not to be to the sepoy; they resolved to cast in their lot with the English. Thenceforth recruits flocked in from beyond the border. By one bold act we discarded our sepoy, to find, from amongst the ranks of former enemies, soldiers better, braver, more trustworthy, the representatives of a manlier type of the human race.

Brigadier Cotton followed up his

successful disarming of the great majority of the native garrison of Peshawur by sending a force to subdue the revolted 55th N.I. at Murdan—a service, thanks to the daring of Colonel Nicholson, who was present as political officer, successfully accomplished. A few days later the three detachments of the mutinous 64th N.I. were disarmed at the outposts. Other happily-conceived measures completed the arrangements for securing the frontier. Thus the armed inhabitants were formed into a militia, and gained to our cause by good pay; the property of deserted sepoy was allowed to be appropriated by the captors; and the best feeling was cultivated with the heads of the tribes supposed to be at variance with us. A sort of enmity was thus established between the sepoy and the borderers; whilst such was the effect of the revival of our prestige, that one morning three hundred offenders of the Mullikdeen tribe, which had been in disgrace and under blockade, marched from their hills into cantonments, armed to the teeth, saying they had come to fight for us and to be forgiven. Colonel Edwardes at once accepted their services, and they became the nucleus of one of the new Punjab regiments. This movement was independent of, and additional to, the successful efforts at recruiting made all along the border.

To Sir John Lawrence this making fast the main door of his province, to a great degree by the aid of Punjaubees, was a matter of very great satisfaction. It was not only that the safety of the frontier was secured, but that the troops raised in the Punjab might be depended upon. One part of India, and that the part possessing a population the most warlike and the most inured to arms,—the part, too, in which he exercised paramount authority—was with us.

* Colonel Edwardes's Report.

This was now beyond a doubt. The spoys of the regular army, powerful as they were in numbers, and still ripe for mischief, had lost much of their prestige; the few Hindustanis in the regiments of the Punjaub Irregular Force could be weeded out without difficulty; whilst in the loyalty and good-will of the population Sir John possessed the means of raising such a force as would enable him to spare a proportion of his European garrison to aid in striking at the heart of the rebellion still vaunting itself in Delhi. He had never, from the first moment, lost sight of this great object. The Guide Corps, cavalry and infantry, had been despatched, on the first note of alarm, by forced marches to Delhi, and had accomplished the five hundred and eighty miles that intervened in twenty-one days. No sooner had the safety of the frontier been assured, and the trustworthiness of the Punjaubees ascertained, than other similar movements were directed. Sir J. Lawrence sent the 4th Sikhs from Hagara, the 1st Punjaub Infantry from Bunnoo, the 1st Punjaub Cavalry and two squadrons of the 2d and 5th. All these arrived at Delhi before the end of July. At the outset of the campaign, the European troops stationed at Umballa and in the Himalayas, and who constituted nearly one-third of the entire European force which we have spoken of as garrisoning the Punjaub, had been sent to Delhi. These were soon after followed by a wing of the 8th Foot from Jullundhur, and a wing of the 61st from Ferozepore. The force that remained did not exceed 7000 men, and to these were intrusted the forts of Lahore, Govindgurh, and Attock, the two arsenals of Ferozepore and Phillore, the Peshawur valley, and such important positions as Sealkote, Rawul Pindie, and other stations. In the actual state of things in the Punjaub, with very many native regiments not yet disarmed, and others, though disarmed, requiring to be watched, it was impossible, at the moment, to weaken still further the European force in the province. Until, therefore, the movable column should have done its work, the Chief Commissioner was forced to have recourse to other measures in order to assist our army before Delhi. These showed alike the magic of the influence he had acquired over the native princes, and his power of moving the population. The first was evidenced not less by the manner in which the chiefs of Puttialla, Jheend, and Nabha had come forward to aid us, than by the conduct of the ruler of Cashmere, Goolab Singh, and of his son, Rumbheer Singh. Goolab had agreed, on the requisition of Sir John, to furnish us with an auxiliary force of 2000 men. He died, however, before those troops had set out. But his successor, Rumbheer, at once expressed his willingness to adhere to the arrangement. The contingent, therefore, numbering 2200 men, afterwards reinforced to 3000, left Cashmere in July, Captain Richard Lawrence accompanying it as political agent, and arrived in time to render good service at Delhi. But we derived from this aid even more political advantage than material strength; for it demonstrated very clearly that the Maharajah of Cashmere, who bore to the north-east of the Punjaub relations similar to those which the rulers of Puttialla and Jheend bore on the south-east, was decisively on our side.

Even greater advantages in a political point of view were reaped from the friendship which had been cemented by the Lahore Government with the ruler of Cabul. We have already mentioned that, at the beginning of the year, the two brothers Lumsden and Dr. Bellew had been sent to Candahar in the character of envoys. Scarcely had they

arrived there when the mutiny broke out. At once the war-party in Cabul urged the Amir, Dost Mahomed, to action, pointing out to him the facility with which Peshawur could be recovered. At this crisis Colonel Edwards reopened negotiations with Cabul. These renewed in the mind of the Amir the impression as to the non-aggressive character of our policy which the interview held in the beginning of the year with Sir J. Lawrence at Peshawur had then stamped upon it. He rejected, then, the advice of his fanatic councillors, and sent letters "expressing, with striking Oriental phrase, his sympathy with our disasters and his fidelity to our cause." The moral effect of this loyal conduct was very great all along the border. It was the more striking, as we had in former years grievously sinned against this man, sending an expedition to drive him from his throne, and shutting him up for some years as a prisoner in Loodhiana. But he had been much struck with the simple straightforwardness which characterised the Punjaub policy; he saw, too, that we were in earnest; he knew our resources; and he probably judged that a collision with us, even when we were embarrassed with our sepoy, would scarcely procure for him any material advantage.

In addition to the contingent furnished by the Maharajah of Cashmere, and to the troops already mentioned, Sir J. Lawrence hastened to despatch to Delhi new levies as fast as they could be raised. Thus, learning that artillerymen were greatly wanted in the besieging camp, he sought out all the old Sikh gunners who had fought against us in 1858-59, and sent off 300 of them at once. To the same destination he despatched 1200 Mugbee Sikhs to serve as pioneers. These men were at the time working as labourers on the Baree Doab canal. They

were, in the main, the pioneer force which was so useful after our troops penetrated into Delhi. We may add that the corps formed of these men rendered subsequently efficient service in China, and has recently covered itself with glory in Abyssinia. One of his lieutenants, Mr. Montgomery, likewise raised and sent off a body of cavalry which served to form the nucleus of Hodson's Horse. One siege-train had been despatched in May from Lahore. Sir John sent off another of first-class calibre from the arsenal of Ferozepore, in the month of July, under the escort of a Belooch battalion furnished by Mr. (now Sir Bartle) Frere, then Chief Commissioner of Sindh. An irregular force, under General Van Cortlandt, of a thousand men was sent to reconquer and occupy the Delhi districts to the rear of the besieging army. A newly-raised corps of Punjaubees was likewise sent to Meerut to enable the authorities at that station to despatch part of the European regiment at that station to Delhi. Thus, even in those early days, the Punjaub had contributed to make available for the siege of Delhi five battalions of European infantry, one regiment of cavalry, a large body of artillery, seven battalions of Punjaub infantry, three regiments of Punjaub cavalry, a corps of pioneers, a contingent of Sikh artillerymen, two siege-trains, and auxiliary corps from Puttialla, Jheend, Nabha, Cashmere, and minor rajahs, amounting to 8000 men.

To enable him to contribute thus largely to the force before Delhi, Sir J. Lawrence had proceeded rapidly, after the safety of the frontier had been assured, in raising new Punjaabee levies to fill the place of the Hindustanis who had been disarmed. On the 13th May, four native regiments had been deprived of their arms at Lahore; on the 14th, two at Ferozepore, one of which, however, mutinied and fled to Delhi; on the 22d, four at Peshawur.

wur; on the 23d, one regiment had been destroyed in its mutinous flight from Murdan; on the 26th, one was disarmed at Voroshera; on the 10th June—thanks to the vigour, energy, and self-reliance of one man, (Major now Major-General) Crawford Chamberlain, then commanding the 1st Irregular Cavalry—two Hindustani regiments had been disarmed; and on the 15th, the last remaining corps at Umballa submitted to the same fate. The account of these disarmings, combined with the proneness of the officers of the native army to believe in the loyalty of their own men so far as to permit them to retain their arms, provoked outbreaks at other stations. Thus, on the 7th and 8th June, four regiments mutinied in the Jullundhur Doab, and fled to Delhi; on the 7th July, the 14th N.I. broke out at Ghelum, only, however, to be crushed by the European force which the Chief Commissioner had sent down from Rawul Pindie to disarm them; on the 9th, a wing of the 9th Cavalry and the 46th N.I. mutinied at Sealkote, and committed some murders. They were, however, nearly all destroyed by Nicholson, who, to intercept them, made the famous flank-march from Umritsur to the Trimmoo Ghât—upwards of forty miles—with H.M.'s 52d Foot, and a battery of artillery under Major (now Brigadier-General) Bouchier. The same fate met the disarmed 26th N.I., who murdered their commanding officer on the 30th July, and attempted to escape to Delhi. On the 19th August, the 10th Light Cavalry went off from Ferozepore to Delhi; and on the 28th, the 51st N.I., though deprived of their arms, mutinied at Peshawur, but met with condign punishment. The other regiments were all disarmed by the movable column on the following dates: on the 25th June, two in the Jullundhur Doab; on the 7th July, one and part of another at Rawul Pindie; on the 8th

July, one at Umritsur; on the 12th, one at Hooshyaspore; on the 14th, one in the Derajat; on the 15th, one at Umballa. Of the 36,000 Hindustani troops who were in the Punjab at the beginning of the year, just one-half had broken out into open mutiny; of these a considerable number had been destroyed, but some had escaped to Delhi. Of the remaining moiety, 13,000 had been disarmed without resistance, and 5000 had remained firm in their allegiance. The 13,000 disarmed men constituted an encumbrance, over which, as had been shown by the examples of the 26th and 51st N.I., it was necessary to keep guard. For this purpose the presence of other troops was necessary. It is not too much, then, to assert, that although 5000 out of the original 36,000 remained faithful, the effect of the disaffection of the others was to diminish the power of the Punjab garrison for active service to at least the extent of the full number of its native troops.

To supply the gap thus created, the Chief Commissioner's energies were directed at a very early period of the crisis. For although the actual disarming and mutinies took place at intervals between the 13th May and the 15th August, Sir John Lawrence had, from the first, ceased to place the smallest reliance upon any of the Hindustanis, and had contemplated the necessity of replacing them by men raised in his own province. We propose now to relate the measures to which he had recourse for this purpose.

It had become clear to the Chief Commissioner, about the 17th May, that the native troops in the Punjab might be depended upon. He had then under his orders, serving as infantry or as organized military police, eighteen battalions of Punjaubees. He at once directed the raising of four additional companies to each battalion, intending that these additional troops should form the nuclei of new regiments. At

the same time he called in all the men on furlough, and directed that all the Sikhs who had been enlisted into the Hindustani regiments should be excepted from those regiments and formed into a separate battalion. The enrolments for the four additional companies progressed very rapidly; and no sooner had they been completed, than the same number of companies were separated from the original battalion and constituted a separate corps, its numbers being raised as quickly as possible up to 960 men. In this manner eighteen new battalions of infantry were speedily raised. Of these, eight were completed in June, seven in August, two in September, and one subsequently. An additional Goorkha regiment was raised in May 1858. Additions were made in June 1857 to the Guide Corps of 200 men, and to the police of 5592. Besides these, there were raised, mostly in June, July, and August 1857, levies of 9700 horse and 9600 infantry. No difficulty was experienced in raising these levies. All classes except the Sikhs from the *Manjha*—the portion of the Punjab of which Lahore and Umritsur are the great cities—and who hesitated till after the fall of Delhi, flocked to our standards. There was a want rather of horses than of horsemen, whilst the men who came for that service were unsurpassed in all the qualities of light cavalry soldiers.

It has been officially computed that the total number of Punjaubees actually raised by the Chief Commissioner for service during the mutiny amounted to 47,351.* Of these, 34,000 were raised in 1857. These were used to replace the 36,000 men of the old army, all but 5000 of whom had failed us. There remained yet 13,000 of the

old force to be watched, a necessity which hampered considerably the movements of our Europeans. Many of the new troops were at first retained in the Punjab. By doing this, the Chief Commissioner was enabled to reinforce the army before Delhi with old and well-seasoned soldiers.

But whilst thus engaged in taking effectual measures to raise such a force as would supply the void made by the defection of our native army, Sir J. Lawrence was not the less intent upon carrying out those other important necessary measures for the safety of the country. Prominent amongst these were the measures necessary for the organization and progress of the movable column. It will be recollected that this column was originally organised at Peshawur on the 13th May, and that, a few days later, Brigadier Chamberlain had been appointed to command it. It was originally to have consisted of H.M.'s 27th Regiment from Nowshera, the 24th Foot from Rawul Pindee, a proportion of European artillery, the Guide Corps, the 4th Sikh Regiment, the Kumaon battalion composed of Goorkhas, the 1st Punjab Infantry from Bunnoo, the 2d from Debra Ghazee Khan, and the 5th, also from Bunnoo. The cavalry were to be formed of the 16th Irregulars from Rawul Pindee, a wing of the 2d Punjab Cavalry from Kohat, and the Mooltan Horse from Debra Ishmael Khan. The various members of this force had not, however, assembled at Wuzerabad before it was weakened by the recall of the 27th Foot to Peshawur, in consequence of the threatening aspect of affairs in that station subsequently to the 17th May; and by the despatch to Delhi of the Guide Corps, the Kumaon battalion, and the 4th

* These numbers are the result of a most carefully made return. But besides these, if we calculate the native contingents, amounting to about 8000 men, the Punjaubees who had belonged to Hindustani regiments, and who remained faithful, and the recruits who flocked to other corps in Hindustan, the total number supplied by the Punjab could not have been short of 80,000 men.

Sikhs. To supply the vacancies thus caused, so as to fit the column for active operations, General Chamberlain arranged with the Chief Commissioner that it should be augmented by the troops from Sealkote, consisting of H.M.'s 52d Foot, the European artillery, the 35th N.I., a wing of the 17th Irregulars, and a wing of the 9th Cavalry. Thus strengthened, the column marched into Lahore on the 3d June. Here it disarmed the mutinous 8th Cavalry, and, after halting for a week, resumed its march, *via* Umritsur, for Jullundhur, where the weakness of the brigadier of that district in declining to disarm the troops had caused much anxiety to the authorities. The column reached Umritsur on the morning of the 10th, in time, indeed, to secure that important city against the machinations of the Jullundhur mutineers, but not in time to aid in the repression of a revolt, encouraged to break out by the weakness of the military authorities, and not pursued after it had broken out. Thence it marched quickly in the direction of Jullundhur. But before it reached that place an important change had taken place in its command. Colonel Chester, Adjutant-General of the army, had been killed in the action of Budlee-ka-Serai, before Delhi, on the 8th June. General Chamberlain was at once appointed to succeed him. The question then arose, who was to succeed General Chamberlain? It was a question of great moment, pregnant with vast consequences, and its solution lay with the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab. Sir John had then but recently returned to Lahore. Positive authority to appoint any one in particular indeed he had not. But the Commander-in-Chief was dead. His acting successor was at Bombay. The acting Commander of the forces had just reached Calcutta, with which city all communication was cut off; there was actually no authority on the spot superior to his

own. A weak governor would, under such circumstances, have allowed himself to be overborne by the military authorities. There were, possibly, not wanting men who counselled General Gowan, become by General Reed's departure for Delhi the senior officer in the Punjab, to declare the province to be under military law. But if that were the case, General Gowan had too great a regard for duty, too entire a confidence in the great civilian under whom he was serving, to listen to any such advice. The Chief Commissioner had impressed his spirit upon all with whom he had come into contact, and it was to his large experience and tried strength of character that the authorities, military as well as civil, turned to guide them into smoother waters.

Sir John Lawrence, then, cut off from all communication with Calcutta, felt that he was called upon to save the Punjab at all hazards—to act as if he were dictator. He was the more strengthened to follow this course by the knowledge that he had full authority for whatever he might do. The last telegram received from Calcutta before communication had ceased altogether, had conveyed to him the promise of Lord Canning's support in every measure he might think necessary for safety.

Thus virtually dictator, and suddenly called upon to appoint to the command of the movable column the officer whom he might consider the very best qualified in such an emergency, Sir John Lawrence was true to his own convictions and to his strong sense of duty. He took John Nicholson, a regimental captain, though a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, and made him Brigadier-General. It was a bold, an unprecedented act—an act which he well knew would cause much jealousy and ill feeling. The officers senior to Nicholson, one of whom at least was most capable, could not but feel aggrieved at being

thus superseded by an officer for many years in civil employ. But Sir John believed he had but one duty—to appoint the best man. He believed Nicholson to be the best man; it would have been contrary to his nature to appoint any one else. Though Nicholson was but little heard of as a military combatant in actual warfare, he had assisted in many campaigns, and he was known to Sir John to be accustomed to deal with men, and to be endowed with the gift of gaining over them a rare mastery. He was known to possess, too, a character resolute to inflexibility—a genius as competent to devise as quick to execute. The result fully justified the selection. In the course of a few months Nicholson gained a reputation as a military leader far more real, well-founded, and enduring than the reputation of any other soldier engaged in the suppression of the mutiny. But for this man Delhi would not have fallen; and yet—noble example of our bureaucratic system!—Delhi scarcely had fallen when there came from Sir Colin Campbell an order to revoke his appointment. The act, however, was Sir John Lawrence's own. He it was who took upon himself the responsibility of an act which was the main cause of the taking of the rebellious city. With this point, however, is connected another question, the dealing with which entailed even greater responsibility upon the Chief Commissioner, and called for the highest exercise on his part of the virtues of self-denial and self-reliance.

By the third week of July the effective European force in the Punjab, including the troops with the movable column, the sick, and the convalescent, had fallen to about 5200 men. Of these perhaps, 1500 were sick and convalescent.* Of the fifteen new Punjab regiments, five had been completely disciplined, and during the month eight

more were reported ready for service. But there still remained 13,000 unarmed sepoy to be watched, and, in addition, 5000 still armed, and believed to be faithful, but whose loyalty would not, in all probability, be proof against any reverse to our arms. The movable column under Nicholson had meanwhile done good work in disarming regiments at Jullundhur and among its own body, and had cut up the Sealkote mutineers at Trimmoo Ghât. The work of disarming in all other parts of the province had been completed. The movable column was therefore so far free in that it had no overt enemies to combat. It was still necessary, however, to overawe malcontents, and to present visibly to the eyes of the population that the Chief Commissioner still possessed a force ready instantly to override any opposition that might threaten.

This was the more necessary, because, in the latter part of July, the long delay of our army before Delhi had not been without its effect upon the minds of men in the Punjab. We have already alluded to the unwillingness evinced by the Manjha population to enlist in our service. This unwillingness had existed from the first; but the feeling which caused it—the doubt in our ultimate success—was now spreading. In the East, during a time of danger and excitement, it is impossible to stand still. If a man or a nation does not advance, he falls back. In August, the authorities in the Punjab were in the position in which it was necessary to make a choice between the two courses. Untoward rumours had arrived from the direction of the Jumna Doab and from Bengal; our army lay stationary before Delhi; in the Punjab we were holding our own indeed, but in a great measure by means of Punjaubees. The idea then had begun to steal over the minds of a great

* Half of the English troops at Peshawur were sick.

portion of the population, that our success at Delhi was not, after all, so certain, and that, if we were not successful there, they would find themselves in alliance with the losing side.

Such was the state of feeling arising in the Punjaub, and known to the Chief Commissioner to be arising, when he received a communication from General Wilson, commanding our forces before Delhi, announcing that unless he were largely reinforced from the Punjaub he would not be able to hold his position, much less to assault the city. In the face of the continual reinforcements received by the rebels from Barcilly, Numuch, Jhansie, and Mhow, the troops hitherto sent by Sir J. Lawrence had done no more than to enable the besieging General to maintain his position. He no longer entertained hopes of any help from below. From the Punjaub, and thence alone, could he look for assistance; if that were not forthcoming he must abandon the siege. That, at least, was the programme he laid before the Chief Commissioner.

The effective force of Europeans at Sir John Lawrence's disposal, deducting the sick and convalescent, had, as we have said, been reduced at this period to 3700 men, a force not more than sufficient to maintain order in the Punjaub, even when the majority of the Punjaubees were on our side. But Sir John had now to consider whether the risk was greater that the 18,000 Hindustanis still in the Punjaub, and possibly the Punjaub itself, would be tempted, by the further departure of European troops, to rise—or that the main-

taining these troops in the Punjaub might cause the retreat of our army from Delhi, and, with it, the entire loss of our prestige, and the consequent desertion of all our native soldiers. Now Sir John had from the very first moment indicated Delhi as the heart of the rebellion—as the place which must at all hazards be recovered. He had pressed the movement against Delhi on General Anson when that able officer was opposed by all his military advisers; he had continued to press it equally on his successors,* and to protest against any retrograde movement. Everything, in his opinion, depended upon the operations before Delhi. Peshawur would have been a light sacrifice to insure the concentration of all our forces for such an object. And now, when he was asked to decide which risk he would run—the risk of rebellion in the Punjaub, or retreat from Delhi—he felt he could not hesitate, but that, at all costs, the great principle of warfare must be rigidly enforced,—the concentration of all our means on the decisive point of the scene of action.

It is true that he did not arrive at this decision hurriedly, or without full and patient consultation with his advisers—without examining the state of affairs from every possible aspect. From this circumstance have arisen some misconceptions. No one was so thoroughly acquainted with the exact state of the Punjaub as the Chief Commissioner. Those able men whose advice he asked could not have been, and were not, so completely cognisant of all the ramifications of native thought and feeling as himself. On his shoulders, too, lay all

* Lord Granville stated in the House of Lords that Sir J. Lawrence "was willing to make terms with the King," implying thereby, whilst the King was yet in Delhi. This was not the case. The King offered to negotiate, proposing to surrender the place into our hands. Sir J. Lawrence, in reply, expressly stipulated that the King should first quit the city, and should prove himself guiltless of Christian blood. He would not, for a moment, that our efforts to take the city should be relaxed.

the responsibility of a decision on which depended the fate of an empire. There is no doubt but that at this conjuncture some of the most trusted councillors of the Chief Commissioner were urgent in their advice to send more troops to Delhi. That was precisely the advice which Sir J. Lawrence himself would have given had he too been only a councillor. But there is a vast difference between a subordinate tendering advice and a responsible officer arriving at a decision. Men with military instincts had doubtless fixed upon Delhi as the strategic point which was the key of the military position. But so likewise had Sir John before any one else. He was now called upon to decide, not simply whether the troops before Delhi should be reinforced, but whether, to reinforce them, he should risk the safety of a province upon whose quiescent attitude the safety of the empire depended. He was called upon for this decision at a time when 18,000 Hindustanis were still at large within its limits—when doubts were spreading as to our ability to succeed—when the least repulse would, he knew well, have converted into determined foes, not only the population of the Punjab, but many of the troops who were then fighting by the side of the British. It was to do that which no great general will ever commit himself to except under the direst necessity—to deliver a battle, defeat in which must be absolute ruin. It was to risk the retention of the Punjab, and with that the lives of all in the Punjab, on the result of the operations before Delhi. No one knew the feelings, the hopes, the secret aspirations of disaffected men amongst the Punjaubees so well as he. No one, therefore, could be so competent a judge of the actual position.

He came after some reflection to the determination to brave that danger, to encounter that risk—to send all his available troops to Delhi, leaving the Punjab unpro-

tected. Some of those who advised him to this decision have, after the lapse of years, claimed for themselves the credit of its having been arrived at. Perhaps if they were to place on the other side of the account the bad advice which they also tendered, and which was not followed, they would admit that the balance was not altogether in their favour. But even in this case the credit is not their due. The decision was solely the decision of Sir John Lawrence. He received advice from many; he balanced probabilities, he contrasted the risks, and he came—slowly, perhaps, but very decidedly—to the conclusion that less danger would be incurred by denuding the Punjab of troops than by leaving the position before Delhi uncertain for the want of those troops. It was upon his shoulders, not upon the shoulders of his councillors, that the responsibility rested. Whatever credit may be due to them for holding an opinion which he also shared, and for pressing it upon him, he alone is entitled to the credit, as he alone would have been responsible for the blame, if blame there had been, of the decision.

We have said that Sir John arrived perhaps slowly at that decision. Had it been otherwise he would have been less entitled than he now is to the admiration of his fellow-countrymen. The dangers attending either decision were so evenly balanced—they were seen so vividly by Sir John himself—that it was impossible for him to arrive on the moment at a definite conclusion. The decision which he came to was undoubtedly correct, but it was, notwithstanding, within a very little of ending in a catastrophe.

“When,” wrote Mr. Temple in the report relating to the mutiny, “week after week and month after month passed away and the rebellion was not put down, the Punjaubees then began to think that the British power could hardly recover from the repeated shocks it was sustaining. The accu-

mutating odds against us seemed insuperable. When detachment after detachment of Europeans went out of the Punjaub and none came in; when the success of the mutineers reached through the land; when cantonment after cantonment in Hindustan was destroyed and deserted by its soldiery, who rushed to Delhi; when incendiary letters arrived figuratively indicating the position of the British in India, and saying that 'many of the finest trees in the garden have fallen,' that 'white wheat had become very scarce, and country produce very abundant,' that 'hats were hardly to be seen, while turbans were plentiful,'—then the Punjaubees began to feel how utterly isolated we were, and how desperate was our cause. Their minds passed from confidence to doubt, then to mistrust, and then to disaffection. This last symptom had begun to set in when Delhi fell."

Yes; and if Delhi had not fallen! If our assault, as seemed advisable to some of those about the general commanding, had been followed by a retreat even after a lodgment had been made at the Cashmere Gate! or if, in the daily contest that followed for the possession of the city, the enemy, gathering heart, had driven us back to our position outside the town!—where, under such circumstances, had been the Punjaub, where its gallant chief, where its European population? Contingencies such as these had been considered by Sir John Lawrence, and it was in the face of them that he decided to act the boldest, the most unselfish part—to risk all on success before Delhi, and to reduce the chances of failure to their lowest by sending not only his best troops, but the man whom he esteemed as a soldier more highly than any other man in India to command them. The result vindicated his prescience. The arrival of the movable column gave General Wilson the strength he desired; but an assault would not

even then have been attempted had not that movable column been commanded by John Nicholson.*

The departure of the movable column for Delhi towards the end of July left in the Punjaub hardly more than 4000 Europeans of all arms, including those sick and unfit for duty. Of these, three regiments were in the Peshawur valley, but so reduced by sickness that for the active work of a campaign they could not muster more than 1000 bayonets; one regiment held Lahore; one, sent by Mr. Frere, with great self-denial, from Sinde, held Mooltan and Ferozepore; and one furnished detachments to hold Rawul Pindee, Umritsur, and Jullundhur. From the regiment at Lahore, the 24th Foot, between 200 and 300 men were taken, to form with 400 Punjaubees and some mounted levies a column which, for all practical purposes, should be still movable. These indeed constituted the only troops available for such a purpose, for the rest were absolutely required to watch, in the case of Peshawur, the frontier; in other cases, the disarmed native troops. They were but a feeble resort in case the news of the further diminution of the European force should kindle into a flame the feelings to which our continued perilous position every day added consistency and strength.

The fears entertained by the Chief Commissioner that something of this sort might ensue were quickly realized. General Nicholson's force crossed the Sutlej on the 30th July. Early in September a conspiracy was discovered in the hills near Murree and in lower Hazara just in time to prevent its being carried out. The inhabitants of that part of the country are nearly all Mohammedans. Though in general well affected to our rule, and infinitely preferring it to that of the Sikhs from which we had rescued them, the spectacle

* "The Chief Commissioner does not hesitate to affirm that without John Nicholson Delhi could not have fallen."—Mr. Secretary Temple's Mutiny Report.

of Delhi so long defying our power, of the province emptied of its European garrison, tempted them beyond their power of control. The opportunity to strike a blow for their independence was not to be foregone. All their preparations were accordingly made; the date on which the rising was to take place was fixed upon. Provided that Delhi did not fall by the 10th of September, the Hazara was to rise.

It is curious that not only the population of the district named were aware of the plot, but some of the servants of the officers at Murree were consenting parties thereto. The favourite orderly of the Assistant Commissioner had assigned to himself the duty of presenting the chiefs of the conspiracy with his master's head, and there is little doubt but that he would have attempted it. The secret was, however, divulged by one of the petty chiefs of Hazara—whether to save himself, or because, perhaps, he doubted the success of the plot, may not be accurately known. This at least is certain, that he sent his wife to inform Lady Lawrence, who was then at Murree, that unless Delhi were to fall within a week, there would be a general rising in Hazara. Lady Lawrence lost no time in conveying the information to Mr. Edward Thornton, the Commissioner of Rawul Pindie, and to the officials at Murree. These at once took measures to baffle the conspirators. It was at once discovered that the statement was true; but by the timely arrest of the leaders, terror was struck into the rank and file, and no outbreak took place. The fact, however, is noteworthy, as showing that the deliberations of the Chief Commissioner, prior to the despatch of his last available troops to Delhi, were not unnecessary. Those deliberations were the result of the knowledge he possessed that the denud-

ing of the province of British troops would encourage the disaffected, and would, if not checked by success at Delhi, ultimately rouse the whole country.

His convictions on this head were still more strongly justified a few days later. On the evening of the 14th of September, the very day of the delivery of the assault upon Delhi, "a Mohammedan official of the postal department arrived at Lahore from Goorgaira, came before the Chief Commissioner, and reported, with somewhat of a malicious twinkle of the eye, that all the wild and predatory tribes inhabiting the jungle country between Lahore and Mooltan had risen."* Questioned further, he declared that the number of insurgents amounted to 125,000 men. This statement was of course exaggerated, but it seemed to the Chief Commissioner to be, nevertheless, tolerably certain that a rising of a formidable character had taken place. He knew the inhabitants of that part of the country to be a wild pastoral race, strong of body, impatient of control, and likely to listen to the tales of designing men. At the moment they had indeed but few arms, but they were contiguous to the independent state of Bahawalpore, which, alone almost of the native states bordering on the Punjab, had displayed an unfriendly, if not a hostile spirit, ever since the outbreak of the mutiny. It seemed to Sir John to be on that account only the more necessary to act on the moment, in order to crush an insurrection which delay must make formidable. Within three hours, therefore, of receiving the message we have adverted to, one company of European infantry, 200 Sikh cavalry, and three guns, were despatched in the direction of the headquarters of the insurgents. It was a small force, but the celerity with which it was despatched compensated for its pau-

* Punjab Military Report, p. 16.

city of numbers, and caused them to be enormously multiplied in the eyes of the native population. The fact that they were sent at all, utterly inadequate as they were, to meet the enemy had he advanced to encounter them, showed a confidence in ourselves which had a wonderfully depressing effect upon the insurgents. Instead of making the forward movement which alone could have insured the success of their plan, they took refuge, on learning the advance of our men, in the almost impenetrable jungles which constituted their normal habitation. Fully impressed with the necessity of using every effort to crush this rebellion at once, Sir John, by no means content with the movement of the small body of troops he had already sent, exhausted all his energies to bring up others to support them. His utmost efforts could not collect more than 1500 men of all sorts. With these, however, he insured the submission of the disaffected country.

Another rising to the south of the Mohammedan tribes in the Futehpore Goghaira, between Lahore and Mooltan, was subdued in a similar energetic manner. These were the last attempts on the part of any of the tribes inhabiting the Punjab to revolt against our dominion. We may be pardoned, then, if for a few minutes we dwell upon the manner in which the first was met. What other man in India, we may ask, on being informed that 125,000 men had risen in insurrection close to his capital, would have sent 300 men, two-thirds of whom were natives, to move against them? Yet it may be confidently asserted that the despatch of those 300 men caused the collapse of the rebellion. Their numbers were not known to the enemy—they were therefore multiplied enormously; the insurrection was "scotched," and retired into the jungles to be "killed." If, on the other hand, the Chief

Commissioner had acted as cold-blooded prudence would have counselled—if he had waited to draw together a force really sufficient to meet the rebels—it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the dangers to which he would have been exposed. The rebellion, unchecked, even at first unopposed, would have gathered head, would have received fresh accessions from every part of the province, would possibly have culminated in a general insurrection overwhelming Lahore in its onward progress. It did not attain this magnitude solely because Sir J. Lawrence sent out three hundred men to oppose it; not, indeed, because he considered that number adequate for the purpose—he knew well it was not; but because, thoroughly convinced of the advantage of moral force in Asiatic warfare, he knew that an advance of any number, however small, would paralyse the rebels. He sent three hundred men, because he had no more that could be spared—just as, if his circumstances had been more straitened, he would have sent a hundred, or even fifty.

We have stated that these risings were the last attempts against the British power in the Punjab. The fact that they occurred at all, so soon too after the threatened insurrection in Hazara, showed conclusively that a spirit of disaffection had possessed the minds of a large portion, principally the Mohammedan portion, of the people of the Punjab; that they believed our last hour to be at hand. It was the opinion of the Chief Commissioner, that if the fall of Delhi had been delayed sometime longer, or if any misfortune had happened to our army before the place, this belief in the decadence of the fortunes of England would have become general, and we should have had to rely upon our own soldiers alone. But Sir John's foresight and self-negation, his promptitude and decision, averted the chances of any such result. By sending the bulk

of the movable column to Delhi, with Nicholson as its commander, by himself so appointed, he took the steps which made the fall of Delhi possible. It was this, and this alone, that enabled General Wilson to detach a force under that same Nicholson to destroy the enemy in the field of Nuzufgurh; this, and this alone, that induced him, contrary to the counsel of some of his advisers, to risk an assault upon Delhi. In this assault again it was Nicholson—Nicholson of the Punjab—who was the leading and guiding spirit; he who, struck down by a mortal wound after he had forced the Cashmere gate, sent from his dying bed the loudest and deepest remonstrances against retiring—for retiring was talked of. All these aids, so powerful in their working, so essential to success, without which we must have failed, may be clearly traced to the abnegation of the man, who, occupying then the most important position in the country, dwelling amongst a race whom delay or ill success would have roused into deadly enmity, decided to strip his own province of all the troops really available for movement, to send them to the decisive point of the war, retaining only a number barely sufficient to garrison his strongholds and guard his magazines. Who then can deny that to this man, primarily, the fall of Delhi is due? Who can deny that the master of that ship, the safety of which was near imperilled so long as he kept his own crew on board, mainly contributed to the safety of the entire fleet, because, setting aside all selfish considerations, he sent almost all his own sailors to destroy the fireship that was making havoc among other vessels of the squadron? If it be true that the peculiar character of a nation is most forcibly illustrated by the action under difficult circumstances of her foremost sons, then indeed has England peculiar reason to be proud of the man who saved the

Punjab, who contributed so much to the fall of Delhi! Never, we may say, were the English virtues of calm and cool courage, quick decision, unselfish devotion to the accomplishment of a great public end, more conspicuously displayed than during the five months succeeding the 13th May 1857, by Sir John Lawrence. Those qualities constituted a beacon even to the best and most capable of his lieutenants, an example to all who came in contact with him or who heard of his doings, an impassable barrier to the designs of traitors. Give what credit we may to the other members of the Commission, and many of them deserved nobly of their country, he was the keystone of the arch: he pulled the strings of every negotiation; to his quick and prompt decision the suggestions of all those about him were subordinated. None knew better than he when to slacken the rein, when to make an officer aware that the most trivial act had not escaped him. To Montgomery, Macleod, and Roberts, at Lahore; to Edwardes at Peshawur; to Chamberlain and Nicholson at the head of the column; to Barnes at Umballa, to Lake at Jullundhur, and to some others, he gave almost unchecked liberty of action, for none knew better than he, that if left to themselves they would exert all their energies to weather the storm. But he retained, nevertheless, in his own hands the power to mould and to direct all their efforts to one common end, so that the action of one district should be as far as possible harmonious with the action of the district nearest to it; and that thus, when the time for a combined movement should arrive, the several parts of the machine, each more or less dependent on the other, should be found in working order.

From the date of the complete reoccupation of Delhi by our troops, the 20th September, the anxieties of the Chief Commissioner regarding the safety of the Punjab were

at an end; for although the Gogaira rebellion lingered for a few days later, it was never afterwards formidable. The dangers to which a little more delay in delivering the assault would have given birth, disappeared after the successful capture of the rebel city, and the fidelity of the population became thereby more than ever firmly riveted. It was still necessary, however, to continue the work, till then so successfully carried on, of raising and disciplining levies to reinforce the columns which were sent after the fall of Delhi to complete the resubjugation of the country. In this respect the Chief Commissioner's efforts did not relax one whit, and he soon found that the success of our arms had the effect of attracting the Sikhs of the Manjha—who had, till then, for the most part held aloof—to our standards. But other and not less important duties speedily devolved upon him. A principal consequence of the recapture had been the transfer to the territories already under the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab of the district of which Delhi was the capital, constituting an extent of 13,975 square miles, containing two and three quarter millions of population, who paid to the State an annual revenue of £800,000. He had, in fact, to undertake the work of reconstruction.

After the capture of Delhi, the general commanding the besieging forces had not at once replaced the city under civil jurisdiction, but had consigned it to the care of a military governor. But it was soon found that every consideration prompted the expediency of reorganising within it that civil administration which the siege had interrupted. This was accordingly done, and in the early part of 1858, the city resumed much of the appearance by which it had been before characterised. Meanwhile the petty chiefs who had sided with the King, and lastly the King himself, were brought

to a fair and patient trial. Never, perhaps, after so treacherous a revolt, was there evinced a greater absence of bloodthirstiness and desire for vengeance. The districts of Delhi were brought under the operation of that code which had proved so successful in the Punjab—the civil police machinery was restored, the customs' lines were re-established, the education machinery reorganized; and whilst fines, and in some instances confiscations of property, were enforced upon notorious rebels, those who had remained faithful were proportionately rewarded. Following the example given when the Punjab was annexed, one great measure of precaution was strictly enforced. The entire population was disarmed. Before the month of April 1858, 225,000 stand of arms, besides forty cart-loads not enumerated, were delivered up to the police. So effectual were these measures, that in his report of the first six months' administration, the Chief Commissioner was enabled to state that order reigned in the Delhi territory—an order, too, obtained not after the fashion of Warsaw!

We have now endeavoured to illustrate, faintly and feebly, we are well aware, the part played by Sir John Lawrence in the eventful drama of 1857. By his countrymen at the time he was universally regarded as the statesman who had saved not only the Punjab, but Upper India—as the one man of whose conduct it might be said that it evinced a thorough acquaintance with his position and the means at his disposal, and an energy that would make the most of every point capable of being turned to his advantage. After the lapse of eleven years the general opinion of the public has confirmed this verdict. Subjecting Sir John Lawrence's conduct during that critical period to the most crucial of all tests, it is difficult, we might even say impossi-

ble, to point the finger to one single act of importance, and say, "This or that might have been better done." At this distance of time, his action on the spur of the moment appears to be exactly the action which would have resulted from long consideration. We see him quick, cool, collected, at the outbreak of the mutiny, drawing his resources to himself, feeling the temper of the frontier tribes, yet not hesitating to send some of his most reliable troops to Delhi—urging the independent chieftains to evince by prompt action their loyalty to the state—indicating to the Commander-in-Chief the vulnerable point in the enemy's position. We see him looking the danger boldly in the face; and, contemplating the possibility of simultaneous action on the part of the borderers and the sepoys, secretly determining the measures to be adopted in the case, and only in the case, of that then not improbable contingency. Having, by his influence with the independent chiefs, secured his communications with our army before Delhi, we see him turning his attention to Peshawur, where, by bold action, and in concert with his lieutenants, he replaces the discarded sepoys by the wild borderers whom they had been drilled to oppose, and rallies to the British standard more than 40,000 troops of a better quality than those we had lost. The frontier difficulty is no sooner solved than we see him engaged in the double labour—most difficult with the means at his disposal—of putting down the sepoys in the Punjab, and reinforcing our troops before Delhi. Of the former, 18,000 are destroyed, 5000 remain faithful. Then, although the action would cost him the flower of his troops, and expose the Punjab to imminent peril, leaving him but 4000 European troops, of whom 1500 were sick and invalids, for the whole province, we see him resolving to send the last available man to Delhi

—deeming, and rightly deeming, that as the fall of that place was all-important, everything should be risked to assure it.

The following anecdote can be vouched for: Impatient at the slow progress made by our troops, and strongly impressed with the idea that the fate of the empire depended upon the early fall of Delhi, Sir John said one day to Rajah Tej Singh, the most influential of all the Punjab chiefs, "I think I ought to go there myself." Tej Singh looked at him for a few minutes, and then said with emphasis: "Sahib, send the best man you have, or any number of them, but don't go yourself. So long as you stay here, all will go well; but the moment you turn your back, no one can say what devilry may not take place."

To render success as certain as possible, we see him taking from his military civilians the man whom he knew to be equal to any duty, however arduous, though he was but a regimental captain, and sending him, as commander of those reinforcements, to Delhi.

When, after these troops had departed, and the Punjab had been left, as it were, to take care of itself—for the 2500 available Europeans were scarcely sufficient to guard the frontier and the magazines—he is suddenly informed that an insurrection of 125,000 men has broken out in the vicinity of Lahore, how do we see him meeting the difficulty? Does he abandon his garrisons, mass his troops, summon the wild borderers to his assistance? Far from it. Still cool, determined, prompt, he sends out, on the instant, the one company of Europeans that could be spared, backed by a few artillerymen, and 200 horse. Of all his actions in the mutiny, not one is grander than that—not one betokens more surely the real greatness of the man, the possession of the capacity to see, the decision to act, the

tent indeed. We have no reason to think but that the members of the Convent of our Lady of Mercy who have been enduring a public scrutiny embraced the "religious life," as it is exclusively termed, with pure intentions, and have remained faithful to their vows. Wherever the judgment of the court or our own judgment condemns one or other or all of them, the system seems to us to have offered the temptations to which they yielded, and led them on from step to step. Strong and harsh words have been used, even direct deliberate perjury has been charged; but any person at all used to collect testimony even on indifferent matters, and from competent observers, must have been constantly astonished at the different reports of witnesses seeing and hearing under identical circumstances. Perjury is often only a coarse way of accounting for an anomaly. When we consider the vows Mrs. Starr and her associates took on entering their life of undoubted self-denial, how usefully much of their time has, without question, been employed, and how they still stand in the eyes of their world, we would push the theory of anomalies and invincible misconceptions to the utmost before we would subside into such a settlement of the difficulty; a charge so painful, we may say so monstrous, that if we must bring it, it is, no doubt, easier to lay it to one than to a dozen.

But any system which invents sins, or raises trifling defalcations into the rank of sins, introduces an element of confusion which so far tampers with the conscience; and even more so does the vow of obedience, as we have it reported to us. We cannot regard a nun who has promised to "obey her Superior as holding her authority from God"—"to behold God in her Superior"—"to be as convinced that God spoke to her through her Superior as if an angel spoke to her, because Jesus Christ has said,

He that heareth you heareth me,"—we cannot, we say, regard her as being in a good frame of mind for independent testimony in any matter that concerns that Superior, so long as her vow of obedience is present, and pressing on her conscience. We believe it is in human nature to place those laws which we impose upon ourselves, or voluntarily subject ourselves to—as being accordant with our humour and temperament—above those laws obligatory on all men; and this whether it be the moral law, or the law given by revelation. The case of "Corban" is perpetually being reproduced in different forms. The obligations we are born with take a subsidiary stand, a step lower than those on which our choice rests and our interest is absorbed. Once persons have committed themselves by deliberate and tremendous vows to a life of lasting seclusion, poverty, obedience, and chastity, they enter on a new field of duty as emphatically as if there were no other.

The laws and moral obligations which bind men in the world she has quitted, however she owns them in words, are likely to be accepted by the recluse with an understanding that they *must* accord with the rules and line of action indispensable to the life—the higher and emphatically more religious life—she has adopted. The lesser must be included in the greater, and conformed to it. Take, for example, that clause of the vow of obedience to submit word, deed, and *thought* to her Superior. May it not naturally, perhaps inevitably, influence the view taken of the obligations of truth and justice? May not the obvious interpretation be moderated by deference to the Superior's thoughts on the same matters? A human being will hardly renounce the right over thought and action, and yet feel that renunciation no resource and protection, so to say, from the difficulties of private decision and the exactions of conscience. Is such a

person questioned in a court of justice upon points where the vow of obedience apparently clashes with the untrammelled conscience, under no inducement or temptation to give the later self-imposed obligation an authority or right of interpretation over the other? May it not be felt a paramount duty, at least to harmonise, as far as possible? "I must obey my conscience, of course," such an one may say; "but have I not vowed to conform my thoughts to the will of my Superior—to accept her voice as if an angel spoke to me? Does it not follow that her judgment is above mine? What is my vow but a yielding of self-opinion and will to her? What is it worth if it is compatible with open contradiction in the sight of the world?" Again, there is nothing that English Roman Catholics dread so much as a "scandal," and the importance of maintaining unanimity where difference would create a scandal must be an inducement—nay, a duty, of which the weight can scarcely be over-estimated. We believe that all these considerations might absolutely obscure and confuse conscience, and compel the judgment in the direction indicated. And we may add, what sort of life can a nun expect when she retreats within walls which, shutting out the external world, constitute those narrow limits *all* her world, if her testimony has run absolutely counter to her Superior? What sort of understanding must there henceforth exist between them? How must she be regarded by the woman whom she has vowed to look to as God's viceroy, who has absolute control over her actions, and can direct public opinion—a tribunal terrible in proportion to the fewness of its constituent members!—and all for a matter in which memory, on long-past and trifling incidents, may so easily have taken a wrong impression, that it is positively only an act of humility to conform it to the stronger convictions of the more

responsible and vigorous principal. Nor can we consider the composition of a "monthly manifestation of conscience" as otherwise than facilitating this intellectual process, from the habit encouraged of accepting every critic's judgment as to the right or the wrong of the inditer's actions, as of equal weight with her own.

But further, no one can consider convent life, as here revealed to us, without seeing another ground for unanimity. The basis and groundwork of the system lies in the destruction of individual character. The very mind and heart of a nun is put into livery: and this we see is an absolutely essential condition of its effectual working. A human machine has to be constructed to effect certain ends—good ends, we will grant, either in their own nature or at least in the deep conviction of the contrivers; and to mould *women* especially into a machine, all experience shows it necessary to destroy individuality, to conform all that we understand by character to one inexorable standard. Nor can we doubt that the process applied does effect its design. A body of women under strict rule,—their wills subdued to an outer direction—their tastes and likings crushed as a first duty—their natural affections cooled down through absence from the objects of them, through a sense of life-long separation, and a teaching which treats all strong affection as a lingering of secularity in the heart—their enthusiasm kept up by every variety of stimulant,—will make greater sacrifices; or whether sacrifices in the same sense or not, will do what women trained by home and society will shrink to do; will put themselves into the hands of others as blind instruments, will run risks, will incur ventures, will separate themselves from their past, will encounter desolate circumstances, will represent a picturesque impersonation of self-denial. What their work beyond nursing is worth, missionary

tent indeed. We have no reason to think but that the members of the Convent of our Lady of Mercy who have been enduring a public scrutiny embraced the "religious life," as it is exclusively termed, with pure intentions, and have remained faithful to their vows. Wherever the judgment of the court or our own judgment condemns one or other or all of them, the system seems to us to have offered the temptations to which they yielded, and led them on from step to step. Strong and harsh words have been used, even direct deliberate perjury has been charged; but any person at all used to collect testimony even on indifferent matters, and from competent observers, must have been constantly astonished at the different reports of witnesses seeing and hearing under identical circumstances. Perjury is often only a coarse way of accounting for an anomaly. When we consider the vows Mrs. Starr and her associates took on entering their life of undoubted self-denial, how usefully much of their time has, without question, been employed, and how they still stand in the eyes of their world, we would push the theory of anomalies and invincible misconceptions to the utmost before we would subside into such a settlement of the difficulty; a charge so painful, we may say so monstrous, that if we must bring it, it is, no doubt, easier to lay it to one than to a dozen.

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He that heareth you heareth me,"—we cannot, we say, regard her as being in a good frame of mind for independent testimony in any matter that concerns that Superior, so long as her vow of obedience is present, and pressing on her conscience. We believe it is in human nature to place those laws which we impose upon ourselves, or voluntarily subject ourselves to—as being accordant with our humour and temperament—above those laws obligatory on all men; and this whether it be the moral law, or the law given by revelation. The case of "Corban" is perpetually being reproduced in different forms. The obligations we are born with take a subsidiary stand, a step lower than those on which our choice rests and our interest is absorbed. Once persons have committed themselves by deliberate and tremendous vows to a life of lasting seclusion, poverty, obedience, and chastity, they enter on a new field of duty as emphatically as if there were no other.

The laws and moral obligations which bind men in the world she has quitted, however she owns them in words, are likely to be accepted by the recluse with an understanding that they *must* accord with the rules and line of action indispensable to the life—the higher and emphatically more religious life—she has adopted. The lesser *must* be included in the greater, and conformed to it. Take, for example, that clause of the vow of obedience to submit word, deed, and *thought* to her Superior. May it not naturally, perhaps inevitably, influence the view taken of the obligations of truth and justice? May not the obvious interpretation be moderated by deference to the Superior's thoughts on the same matters? A human being will hardly renounce the right over thought and action, and yet feel that renunciation no resource and protection, so to say, from the difficulties of private decision and the exactions of conscience. Is such a

person questioned in a court of justice upon points where the vow of obedience apparently clashes with the untrammelled conscience, under no inducement or temptation to give the later self-imposed obligation an authority or right of interpretation over the other? May it not be felt a paramount duty, at least to harmonise, as far as possible? "I must obey my conscience, of course," such an one may say; "but have I not vowed to conform my thoughts to the will of my Superior—to accept her voice as if an angel spoke to me? Does it not follow that her judgment is above mine? What is my vow but a yielding of self-opinion and will to her? What is it worth if it is compatible with open contradiction in the sight of the world?" Again, there is nothing that English Roman Catholics dread so much as a "scandal," and the importance of maintaining unanimity where difference would create a scandal must be an inducement—nay, a duty, of which the weight can scarcely be over-estimated. We believe that all these considerations might absolutely obscure and confuse conscience, and compel the judgment in the direction indicated. And we may add, what sort of life can a nun expect when she retreats within walls which, shutting out the external world, constitute those narrow limits *all* her world, if her testimony has run absolutely counter to her Superior? What sort of understanding must there henceforth exist between them? How must she be regarded by the woman whom she has vowed to look to as God's viceroy, who has absolute control over her actions, and can direct public opinion—a tribunal terrible in proportion to the fewness of its constituent members!—and all for a matter in which memory, on long-past and trifling incidents, may so easily have taken a wrong impression, that it is positively only an act of humility to conform it to the stronger convictions of the more

responsible and vigorous principal. Nor can we consider the composition of a "monthly manifestation of conscience" as otherwise than facilitating this intellectual process, from the habit encouraged of accepting every critic's judgment as to the right or the wrong of the inditer's actions, as of equal weight with her own.

But further, no one can consider convent life, as here revealed to us, without seeing another ground for unanimity. The basis and groundwork of the system lies in the destruction of individual character. The very mind and heart of a nun is put into livery: and this we see is an absolutely essential condition of its effectual working. A human machine has to be constructed to effect certain ends—good ends, we will grant, either in their own nature or at least in the deep conviction of the contrivers; and to mould *women* especially into a machine, all experience shows it necessary to destroy individuality, to conform all that we understand by character to one inexorable standard. Nor can we doubt that the process applied does effect its design. A body of women under strict rule,—their wills subdued to an outer direction—their tastes and likings crushed as a first duty—their natural affections cooled down through absence from the objects of them, through a sense of life-long separation, and a teaching which treats all strong affection as a lingering of secularity in the heart—their enthusiasm kept up by every variety of stimulant,—will make greater sacrifices; or whether sacrifices in the same sense or not, will do what women trained by home and society will shrink to do; will put themselves into the hands of others as blind instruments, will run risks, will incur ventures, will separate themselves from their past, will encounter desolate circumstances, will represent a picturesque impersonation of self-denial. What their work beyond nursing is worth, missionary

or otherwise, we are not in a condition to pronounce; but they will go where they are sent, they will do what they are told, they are a boast of their Church. By renouncing all right over themselves, by putting thought and action implicitly under the guidance and governance of another, they constitute a wonderful piece of mechanism, when we consider the material of which it is composed. Still it remains a question, whether the fact, however striking, is worth the sacrifice involved in achieving it. We say it is not. The Church of Rome considers the fact itself as an answer to all objections. We regard the revelations just made to us as an evidence that the nature of woman is ruthlessly tampered with in order to fit her for a certain place in a system. The organ of the dominant party in the Church of Rome defends every disclosure which has shocked the world, every outrage on the refinement and self-respect, which we attribute to the ideal woman, as essential to the conventional system, as all justified by the result. The whole is treated as a specimen of the means necessary to break women in to the work the Church gives them to do. The 'Westminster Gazette' writes:—

"Ignorant or bigoted or brutal men may mock or lampoon the Sister of Mercy, or the life of the cloister, but wiser or juster minds will only see in the recent revelations of convent life the secret preparation for those active works of mercy and self-sacrifice which in every land has made the name of Sister of Charity a name of unworldly glory."

Nay, the more natural feelings and propriety are invaded, the higher the spiritual gain to the victim.

"Now, the motive which actuates the life of the Sister of Mercy is obviously of the highest order of motives. We are not now inquiring whether the motive be a mistaken one or not, but simply inquiring that it is a motive, not of a worldly but of a religious character; and that the duties of this life in a convent in its minutest details, in

its inward as well as its outward acts, must be judged of in the light of the motive which constitutes the primary condition of its existence. The character then of these daily duties, even if insignificant and trivial in themselves, is elevated by the motive into heroic endurance which approaches, or at least is akin to, the heroism of martyrs."

And, again, the writer sees nothing but what is admirable—proofs of a system in full work and efficiency:—

"The unroofing, as it were, of the Convent of Mercy at Hull, has shown to the public eye a community of women not only devoting their time and energy to active works of charity—the meritorious labours of the Sister of Charity are already too well known to need any comment—but living a life of voluntary poverty, of habitual self-denial, and of the complete surrender of will—the highest sacrifice which man can make."

This, and much more in the same strain, justifies us in the conclusion that the convent thus "unroofed" for our inspection presents, in the writer's belief, no exception to the ordinary principles and practice by which convents are governed. We might otherwise have supposed it something out of the way and unusual, which a perverse fate had betrayed to the scrutiny of the irreverent Protestant mind. Dr. Manning's organ, strong in the guiding inspiration of his school—the surrender of reason and faith and action to an external direction—accepts all consequences which flow from it. The more monstrous the dogma, the more grotesquely humiliating the penance, the greater merit to the individual, the greater glory to the Church. Such a wholesale defence as this, as well as such teachers as this, throws some light on the revelations themselves. They may encourage women to throw over, as worldly trammels, some restraints which they might otherwise have respected as inherent scruples of the feminine nature. Taking Mrs. Star as she showed herself in these investigations, and as en-

dorsed by her advocate just quoted, we believe that system and teaching have caused some actual structural injury of the woman's part in her. She has lost some instincts. No woman who had not played tricks with herself, and lost her perception of the expedient, as well as the fitting for the public ear, would have volunteered that fact about the boots quite gratuitously. It might have still remained secret that she imposed upon a sister the penance of wearing a pair of boots round her neck, if the credit such ideas evidently win in certain quarters had not bewildered her perceptions. As it stands, not even the cheerful acquiescence of Mrs. Kerr, the victim who owned, nay, gloried in, wearing the suspended boots—as a penance for not having cleaned them in proper time—can reconcile such a fact with the old romantic ideal. Nor less does the part towels and dirty dusters play in training to perfection, disconcert and jar upon our imagination, regarded as evidences of an invention and fancy set apart, dedicated, “immersed in rapturous thought profound.” After all, this insight into woman ruling woman makes us wonder less than even ~~at~~ the prominent part the confessor plays in a nunnery. No man, surely, would impose upon women penances which he would be ashamed to think of as being performed. To men, women must still be women; but it seems to us that the restrictions and obligations alike of conventual life—the isolation, the absolute and life-long separation from old belongings, the parting with society, the loss of the old periods of solitude, the herding together, the renunciation of liberty, present or future, the dress, the surroundings, the rule—make women forget this to one another. All must induce a dreary sense of masquerade—a doubt of identity—a constant recurrence of the question, Can this be I? And so long as people do not feel to be themselves, and are cut off from the people who

know their inner nature, they can do anything. Mrs. Kerr would not have tolerated her penance at home in her father's house, amongst her female acquaintance. She endured it in the convent, because she, along with everything else, was different; because the others' turn would come next; above all, because her old self, in its old familiar life, was dead, and here such excitement as was to be got—such variety and alteration—was to be made out of intractable material.

We perceive that the question of penance must exercise the ingenuity of the Superior. It is very clear that something of the sort is as indispensable as a breeze in nature. Life would be too monotonous without the spectacle of little faults atoned for by little painless retributions, as a sort of parody upon graver delinquencies, and their harsher expiations. Not to speak it irreverently, anybody who has played the game of forfeits, and, ungifted with a fertile fancy, has had to devise penalties, may probably know better than any one else the reason of this singular inflection. It was a happy thought! We have known a tenderly-nurtured dog all but break its heart under a similar degradation, but if the sister's spirit could stand it, her body would be none the worse, and the community would have enjoyed the joke. The Convent of our Lady of Mercy is evidently not a severe order—the vows are “simple,” not “solemn;” but is woman, as we see the conventual system in its indulgent working—(indulgent generally, and we lay our stress throughout on the defendants' own picture of their discipline)—is woman really likely to be made more spiritual, advanced so much nearer perfection as to be lifted beyond our right to criticise, by being treated midway between a convict and a baby? Any one who has read accounts recently published of female life in prison must be painfully alive to a similarity of language, terms,

rules, and grounds of accusation in the two systems. The compulsory silence of both, the rigidity of obedience exacted, the jealousy of intimacies, the danger of establishing communication with friends (externs) without the walls, the surveillance, the atmosphere of suspicion, the searchings, the routing out of the same identical little hoards—scraps of paper, pictures, bits of pencil, rags, crumbs, candle-ends, detected on the person of the suspected inmate—the loss of all rights, the utter subservience to a head. We cannot but regard it as a little strange that the best and the worst of women should need such a similarity of discipline for their amelioration.

But, in fact, all these fetters, which the nun resigns herself to as the way to perfection, are imposed on her as being indispensable conditions of conventual life on lower grounds than she is led to believe apply to her case. She excludes herself on a different understanding from that which promoted the rules of the founders. While life in the cloister professes to touch heaven, it is necessarily arranged and ordered in the knowledge that the lowest forms of error are possible, and must be guarded against—all the provisions are made on the belief that quarrels, jealousies, hatred, frivolity, evil-speaking, and the rest are imminent dangers. The sisters are not condemned to silence only because their thoughts are to be wrapped in meditations not to be intruded upon, but because unchecked talk would certainly degenerate into gossip of the least-edifying sort, because there are peculiar dangers to women herding together without the invigorating stimulant of masculine thought. If they are separated from old ties of blood and friendship even the closest and most sacred, it is not because such would distract their minds from contemplation, but because their range of thought must

be narrowed and their interests limited—their wings clipped, as it were, till the four walls of cell and cloister include their world, and all ambition and *esprit de corps* is centred in its credit and advancement. They may not form friendships, on the one hand, not to keep the mind exclusively open to heavenly influences, but because if there are friendships there will be enmities, and the peace of the convent will be torn with factions. In fact, it is essential to the well-being of the community as a whole that each member should sacrifice what is distinctive in herself. "All nuns are alike," said one of themselves, with a strange mixture of unction and impatience; and we suppose this result of self-sacrifice is of more practical value than any other to the cloister, however little it is to be esteemed in the family or in society.

And for similar reasons, social intercourse must be solely with their own sex. Of course this lies at the very core of the system. If women are vowed not to marry, experience decides that they must confine themselves to the society of women, or to rare and necessary intercourse with men under similar vows; but the restriction, as we see from this revelation, is not without its cost. In a convent the idea of intercourse between men and women can scarcely help being lowered by it. No doubt, sad experience forces this lower view at times upon the least suspicious of the laity. Rules of intercourse, superintendence, and chaperonage, with the ideas inseparable from all safeguards, are inevitable. But clearly the ideas of a nun towards man, as such, are trained into a low channel. He is never considered in his purely intellectual and spiritual aspect; never in his nobleness and greatness as the most excellent work of God, but always in connection with warnings, fear, dangers, and the duty of averted eyes and tongues. A woman in the

open air of natural life may, under happy circumstances, pass her existence without such notions being once forced upon her, and we may hope, without giving them a moment's welcome in her inner self. But a nun is in perpetual danger of being "disedified." She cannot allow her mind the natural flow of thought without a sense of doing something wrong. She cannot see a sister in converse with a male "extern" without her whole artificial conscience bristling with scruples. The whole world thrusts them upon her. The only way clearly for a nun to do to satisfy everybody's theory, is not to think or speak with men at all. But is a woman really any nobler creature for giving up the natural partnership of thought with man, the thinker, philosopher, originator, inventor; because he is also suggestive to others of a nearer partnership of life and interests? It is clearly one very particular element of the pettiness inherent in convent life, as shown in all revelations of fact, that the nun is cut off from her share of the interests which occupy the men of her time. The clever woman of society converses with them in the capacity of intelligent beings; the question that they are men and she a woman is in remote consciousness; but in a cloister it is forbidden to be unconscious or to forget. A nun cannot exchange a word, or see a sister nun exchange a word, with one of the other sex, without self-inquiry and reference to conscience. We are quite ready to admit that this habit in her case must be inculcated—that it will not do for nuns to think about this or any other interesting subject whatever, outside her work and duties and devotions. But we believe that, to the common run, even in a nunnery, this places her in a lower position, moral as well as intellectual, than that held by the free woman who regards man as half the rational creation, to whom revelation, as well as nature, bids her

look up for the cultivation and perfecting of her own faculties. This, it must be observed, has not necessarily anything to do with the question of the superior state of the single life, as leaving him or her who leads it more free to serve God. A true celibate, a true self-dedication, does not need these hedges and defences; this perpetual scrutiny of the proper and improper. What we observe in the monastic system generally, is the enormous human expenditure to make a pedestal for one saint that shall justify it to the world.

Perhaps no case is a better illustration of this abiding scrupulosity in the conventual world, this determined view of mankind simply in their opposition, and as it were antagonism, to womankind—than that of the hapless Mr. Collins, whose name so constantly appeared in the late trial. We surmise that he went go up a tower with a nun again in a hurry. If nuns must beware of men, no less must men beware of nuns. For, unfortunately, this light in which man may be regarded is readily taken up by the public, which can always be prudishly scrupulous for other people. The notion of trespassing upon the forbidden has a fascination to curiosity. The necessity grew that Mr. Collins should make an appearance, be seen, produced, speculated upon. If he had borne his years well, shown a fallacious youth, there is no knowing what the world might have thought, and how they might have shared Miss Saurin's disedification, in spite of Mrs. Collins being of the party. But the reporters with one consent have set our scruples at rest. Still it is hard to have to travel from Hull to London to be looked at, and to have your age settled for you by these gentlemen. The Protestant press lays Mr. Collins at sixty or more. "A very old gentleman" is the description of the 'Weekly Register,' which does not scruple to throw a friend over for the good of

the cause. But he has the consolation that not only judge and jury and audacious council, but a whole Protestant country, have had their fears or hopes of a scandal permanently set at rest by this act of commendable self-sacrifice.

And yet, cut off from the society of men, nuns cannot be said to be removed from all the dangers incidental to it. They are, on the contrary, exposed to a stream of fulsome flattery; from the preachers who address them as something removed from the ordinary infirmities of humanity, and even subject to a select class of temptations; on through every branch of the Roman Catholic press: a strain of adulation which must go some way to nullify the humility induced by kissing or scrubbing floors, and perverting dusters and towels to purposes of penance. An awe surrounds these practices in the eyes of their advocates, lifting them far beyond criticism; and even the social rank these ladies are supposed to despise is paraded with an emphasis it might not always excite out of doors. Take as a specimen of this tone a passage from an address just delivered at Liverpool by the Rev. George Porter, one of the witnesses at the trial, and previously a member of the commission summoned by the Bishop in Miss Saurin's case:

"It is the privilege and duty of our sex to confront dangers and to bear toil, and to make sacrifices, but for gentle women to enter upon this work—for them to leave the sphere of dignified leisure for slavish toil, for the love of Jesus Christ, is most heroic, most glorious, and you honor it the more now that you know and understand what that life implies and what it involves. For you the poetry is not gone—for you that prosy round of labour becomes more glorious—I will venture to say that if, in your walks through the town you have sometimes met those angels of God and blessed them as they passed, your eyes will now follow them and your souls will reverence them more and love them more, and

you will wish to serve those noble ladies who dare do so much for God and the salvation of souls. The poetry of convent life gone? No; not the true poetry that renders dear to our hearts true and real heroism."

Such language as this has no doubt its effect on the young and ardent. We believe, indeed, that the conventual system cannot be maintained without it.

The Roman Catholic press triumphs over the assumed Protestant disappointment in the absence of gross scandal; but their comments and even Mr. Porter's strain betray a consciousness of another equally objectionable view open to the Protestant world—the vulgarising tendency of convent life, as shown here. "Can these be ladies?" people ask one another. There is no reason to suppose that they were not born such. We are told indeed of a baronet's sister succeeding Miss Saurin in the laundry; but there is enough to account in what we see here for any deterioration. We might always have been sure that a certain delicacy of refinement which we associate with true ladyhood must receive its death-blow under the conventual system, for in it a woman gives up all privacy. Henceforth she has no private life, no sweet peculiarities. She is perpetually open to rude inspection. She must conform herself to a standard. Mere menial work in itself need not infringe upon refinement. It is difficult certainly to see what religious end is gained by quitting father and mother to wash, sweep, and scrub floors. But these operations are only disagreeable to those not used to them, and not necessarily to them. The hardship, where it is one, is solely in their being misplaced; in turning them from an honest cheerful livelihood for one class, into an exercise of poverty and obedience for another. It is this which really tells on the manner. Many a lady retains every grace of thought and manner while she cooks her husband's dinner, and dusters her own drawing-room, be-

cause she cannot afford to keep servants, but we doubt much if a body of women deliberately renouncing literature, art, accomplishments, society, to take to the work of scullery-maids and charwomen as a voluntary humiliation, and for the sake of the humiliation, can retain much polish of manner among themselves. Out of a convent, it would be hard for one lady to bid another go through the discipline of divesting herself of one garment after another, and submit to be searched, which Mrs. Star and Mrs. Kennedy regard as quite natural inflictions in a convent parlour; and neither side can remain as much a lady as she was before, the perpetration once done and permitted.

"This trial," truly says the '*Westminster Gazette*,' "will, we trust, convince Protestants that convents are not romantic retreats or pleasant asylums for indolence. Convents are places for the resolute in will, for the active in body, for the single-minded. In them false sentimentality is out of place; self in its subtlest forms is crucified; vapid enthusiasm disqualifies as well as discontentedness."

We are quite convinced that *true* sentiment, at any rate, is out of place in convents where such scenes can be enacted. But of course the point at issue here is whether self-respect (without which there can be no lady) is the self that it is a virtue to renounce. "Self," the writer goes on to say, "according to the monastic rule, must be sacrificed not merely on great occasions, but in the common routine of daily life." And this sacrifice must be made to the will of any weak or vulgar woman in authority. There is nothing for it then but to quench all the finer instincts. No results in the shape of voluntary obedience and exceptional efforts can reconcile us to this voluntary degradation. We can never believe a woman more like an angel, or fitter for a truly spiritual work, for the desecration

of all the delicacies and refinements of her sex. We are not entering now into monasticism as an historical question. We judge by the light of our own times, and here and now at least, and for other and higher grounds than those already adduced, we do not believe the noblest type of character able to find its sphere of self-sacrifice in convent life. There are people who cannot leave those they love, not for the ease and pleasure love brings, but for the sacrifices it requires. These live in the scene of their trial and exercise self-government. There is no sacrifice so great as where the affections are involved. The will cannot devise a trial so hard, a self-renunciation so complete, as we may witness where the natural feelings are put to the proof; not hardened or deadened, but exercised; held on the tenter-hooks, and the happiness of others preferred to their indulgence.

Though at first we were disposed to think the Hull convent an exception, not only does the Roman Catholic press treat it, as we have shown, as a fair specimen of the system, but we see that it must be so. It cannot be otherwise. Every convent must be liable to the two conditions which have brought about this trial. The trial itself is the only novelty. There must constantly occur the fact of a nun rebelling against the rules of a life she has voluntarily undertaken; there must as certainly be superiors unequal to the extremely difficult task of ruling and directing; and whenever these two conditions meet, there must be a break-down. Voluntary self-imposed crosses do not seem to help people to bear those which Providence brings in the course of things. In family-life, people have to put up with difficult tempers, and they do put up with them, however unhappy they make home to be. The religion of the hearth accepts such as a "cross," a "cloud," a "burden," an infliction sent for some wise end;

and even when the trial is beyond the endurance of ordinary patience, it is still submitted to so far that few women are turned out of doors for being disagreeable. But as Mr. Dickens's Cheap John says that nobody who has not tried it knows what it is to live in a travelling van with a bad temper, so probably temper has a sphere of its own in a convent which makes it more unbearable. In old times there was evidently a way of disposing of such difficulties which the religious world has outlived. Miss Saurin would not have been put up with then, more than now; and the system of dispensation from her vows has the air of a new discovery: so either she must have conformed to circumstances, or measures would have been taken to confine the annoyance to a smaller compass. Mrs. Star, with her coadjutor the "discreete" Mrs. Kennedy, had to meet the difficulty with such weapons as the day gave them; and a real difficulty it was.

And here we must observe, that the idea of justice, as a cold impartial abstraction, has no more weight in a convent than in the world, less, indeed; for to be just where you believe yourself right, and other people wrong—hard at all times—is especially so where people are led by any tendency to fanaticism which always treats justice as a heathen virtue. The devotee of every sect and party either assumes it in himself as a matter of course, or treats it as a thing mundane and secular. Justice and the good of your neighbour's soul, as we have often opportunity to observe, do not always seem to agree. Then the nun's vow engages her to court and welcome injustice: as far as we know, the Superior does not promise it. It is a worldly matter, which in theory all parties are above. In fact, one of Mrs. Star's leading complaints of "Sister Scholastica" is, that she stands out for her rights; though we, for our part, do not see what rights she could have. But granting that there were such, it is

clear Mrs. Star did not think it tended to edification to regard them. The real meaning of justice—to give all their due—is contrary to the spirit of the whole system. Mrs. Star evidently felt herself under a superior dispensation. What she had to do was to act for the good of the community; and as the person it is convenient to oppress soon becomes black in our eyes, the task of benefiting Miss Saurin, as being hopeless, early yielded to the general good of getting rid of her. It is difficult to believe that the Reverend Mother, in her charges of undue familiarity with the priest, was just; and that she really meant only that Sister Scholastica was too urgent in her invitations to lunch; that when she told Mr. Matthews "that £20,000 would not compensate for the public disgrace which would arise to her family from the evidence given at the trial," she meant no more than the trivial facts for which there was legal evidence, or that by "an unaccountable accumulation of materials" as a sin against poverty, she meant only a few bobbins and scraps of calico. We are ready to believe that her conscience was satisfied with the line taken; but to be fair to Miss Saurin was not a prominent part of her duty. All people are prone to be less just to children than to grown people, and she was taught to regard all the inmates of the convent as children under her absolute control. Resistance to her authority, and contumacy, dissolved from all minor obligations. Self-preservation dispensed with niceties. She occupied herself, not with Miss Saurin's rights, but with her deserts—and for these no disgrace was too pungent, no penalty too crushing.

It may be noted that as very silent people are often more indiscreet than others in what they do say, so compulsory silence is no guide to accuracy in the right use of the tongue, when it is permitted its play. That member, which is man's peculiar glory, does not tol-

erate too rude restraints. In women especially, the forcible suppression of speech, the invention of making mere utterance a sin, however innocent and harmless the matter, seems to take its revenge in an irresponsible flood of assertion when the prohibition is removed. In the case of this trial, judge and jury were forced to act on the conviction that neither plaintiff nor defendants, nor the bevy of female witnesses, were to be believed without infinite allowance and reservation. It had been a woman's squabble, to be settled as such squabbles are in the police courts. Such inaccuracy, such exaggerations, such unverified confusion of statement, there were on all sides, that we had to pick our way to the probable through it all. It is sometimes only not false swearing in the defendants, because they show no distinct ideas of what evidence and testimony are, what is fact, what assumption. Guesses in one and all, passed and stiffened instantly into convictions; and if this was so in matters of fact, much more in thought and belief and matters of conscience, which, after all, are hardly fair matter for cross-examination. What they *ought* to have thought, and probably had tried on occasions to think, that is pronounce, a habitual posture of mind. So that, while the witnesses profess a Christian love and liking for Miss Saurin—an absence of all antipathy, and the like, thus repelling the suspicion of prejudice and its evil constructions—their counsel rides through it all with “somehow or other there is no doubt he had raised the strongest animosity against herself,” and “that all from the outset had regarded her with aversion and distrust,” a very awkward attitude of mind for taking a fair view of her separate actions. And if the witnesses in the defendants' case are open to these comments—if some of their more serious charges fall to the ground when

proof is required—if their counsel are obliged to take their stand on lower charges than constituted the ground of her dismissal—the plaintiff's accuracy will bear even less scrutiny. What became of that sensational dress with which the Solicitor General harrowed the feelings and excited the curiosity of his Protestant audience?—“the dress which Mrs. Star had made for her, which fitted her tight to the skin all over,” and of which no further mention is made. What must we think gave occasion to her brother to write his absurd and profane letter, wherein he describes a vision vouchsafed to his sister.

In this gross inaccuracy and exaggeration Mrs. Star does not come behind her witnesses and adherents, and, like all weak people under difficulties which they have not intelligence or power to surmount, she had also recourse to cunning. We can hardly think the judge's word “insidious,” contingent on a certain interpretation, misapplied in some of her dealings with her refractory inmate—dealings reminding one of the artifices of constables and detectives to coax their victims into self-betrayal—artifices, we do not doubt, easily reconcilable to the conscience where the end was necessary. In this sense we acquiesce in the verdict of conspiracy—rules were evidently altered for the sake of catching the delinquent, and general orders of an offensive character issued, which might be understood and tolerated by the community as only pressing severely on the one obnoxious member. While we say this, we desire to lay the stress not on the individual but the system. In her private capacity, Mrs. Star would probably have felt these expedients mean or unjust; it is the false position of undisputed irresponsible authority, acting under provocation and perplexity, which suggested and sanctioned them. The temptation to such acts must be common wherever the same conditions exist; and

bad temper cannot be rare in a convent, more than elsewhere, and will certainly show itself in eccentric manifestations.

Dr. O'Hanlan, in his remarkable evidence, treats the relation of nuns to one another as that of natural sisters, and considers that the same liberties may be taken in the one case as the other. But it is clear that the family idea will not hold under trial. In fact, we must be struck altogether with the pliability of the tie of blood in the Church of Rome. There is no question, for example, of the right to dis sever the hold of the mother over her child. In the case of the nun, Mrs. Star, her Reverend Mother, supersedes the natural relation: she may forbid intercourse with parents either personally or by letter. In fact, conventual life is itself a lifelong severance—a choice of a new obedience incompatible with the old. Yet the maternal relation in one instance—the relation of Mother and Son—overshadows the Church, and sanctions language in its formularies which seem to extend the duty, nay obedience, of a Son to his natural mother to all eternity.

We notice that Dr. O'Hanlan's evidence, great authority as we imagine him to be, is passed over in absolute silence in all Roman Catholic notices of the trial whether before the verdict or after. "Dr. O'Hanlan also gave evidence" is all that is said in his case, where the other evidence is detailed with favourable comments; and yet his

assertion that the bishop had acted beyond his powers, that his "sentence of removal was null and void," as well as his disgust at the stockings Sister Scholastica was made to wear as "unfit for a human being," were points that had a very significant bearing on the whole affair.*

Wherever gratuitous self-impositions are the standard of perfection—wherever there is an arbitrary scale of virtues, sins, and errors—there must be a tendency to scrutinize each other's actions, whether for imitation in the humbler minded,—emulous of every new phase of sanctity,—or for favourable comparison in spiritual pride, measuring its severities against the licence of the more lax; wherein an infinite pettiness may be engendered:—

"When he finishes refection,
Knife and fork he never lays
Crosswise, to my recollection,
As I do, to Je-u's praise.
I the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange pulp;
By three sips the Arian frustrate,
While he drains his at a gulp."

We will not liken the horror felt by the whole community at seeing a sister with something in her mouth between meals, or merely suspecting her of the enormity, to the outraged orthodoxy of the Spanish monk; but the gravity with which the charge is treated, the perpetual recurrence to it, is, if we come to compare the sin with our usual acceptance of the moral law and decalogue, a fact to speculate upon. And may not the same spirit be seen in Mrs. Kennedy's opinion that Sister Scholastica's

* The SOLICITOR GENERAL. — The Bishop could not expel in this case, on such an inquiry, the accused not even having copies of the statements against her?

Dr. O'HANLAN. — The Bishop could not expel nor inflict any severe punishment unless the party accused had been judicially convicted upon the sworn testimony of two witnesses. He could not deprive a priest of his benefice without such an inquiry. It is a general principle of canon law which has never been altered that I am aware of. He might direct the removal of a nun into another convent in his diocese; but he could not expel her.

Re-examined by Mr. MELLISH, the witness adhered to his view, and averred he had never known it doubted or disputed.

Then you say that the Bishop was wrong in holding that he could remove a nun in the exercise of his discretion?—In my judgment his sentence of removal was null and void.

only aim in religion was to gratify vanity, by excessive care of her dress and personal appearance to attract the attention of externs, and to indulge her love of eating. All of which tastes could certainly be indulged in greater ease at home. There are good people in the world as strict in their own self-government as the strictest nun, who yet can see little laxities in others without a thought of blame—to their own master they stand or fall. But another temper is inculcated in the cloister, and one, we think, not so favourable to humility, or, we will add, magnanimity.

One evil inseparable from the habit of accepting this artificial life as a higher life, where it obtains as a recognised institution, must be the arbitrary notions generally current in society of right and wrong, edifying and unedifying, pure and impure, lawful and inexpedient, fitting and scandalous. It cannot, we think, be wholesome to the general conscience to be in the habit of allowing ourselves in a hundred practices as innocent, which in others we view as gross self-indulgence. It is only in a certain careless way that people make allowance for the difficulty of keeping an austere vow. A nun is under a vow inconsistent with eating a strawberry when she sees it. People who eat a score with as little scruple as the lamb nibbles the grass, are shocked at her because they set the act side by side with her vow. If she disposes her coarse garments with a moment's thought as to what becomes her cast of features, their lip curves in supercilious scorn, though they acquiesce in the girl of society giving a great deal of thought to such matters; and yet there is one vow common to both women—the baptismal vow—surely more stringent than any other.

It cannot but be perceived, also, that where conventual life is considered so pre-eminently the higher life, the religious element of the community will be drawn towards it, to the great—infinite, indeed—loss of the community. Candid

minds, even among themselves, feel this. English religion, when brought favourably before foreigners, affects them as something singular in the hold it has on family life, not prompting to the severance of the home-tie as with them, but sanctifying it; though without that austerity of rule which is the glory of the cloister. Thus Mr. Ffoulkes, in his recent pamphlet, which has excited so much attention, relates how, at the time of his own change from our communion to that of Rome—

“On describing the ‘daily round’ of Christian life in the English church, such as I had been accustomed to from a child, to the excellent priest who received me into communion on the Continent—our family prayers, our grace before and after meals, and our reading of the Scriptures—our observance of Sunday, our services at church, our Sunday schools—what did he do but mount his pulpit the Sunday following, and, embodying all I had told him in a fervent discourse, expatiate to a fashionable congregation in Paris on the many lessons of piety which they had to learn from the separated brethren on the other side the Channel!”

And after many years' experience of Continental religion (himself still a member of the Roman communion), and telling of the pleasure he experienced in first associating with good Roman Catholics free from those faults and practices he had always heard attributed to them, he goes on—

“But afterwards—when my first emotions consequent on this discovery had subsided—when I came to ask myself the question, Are these, then, the only true Christians that you have ever known in life: and till you conversed with them, had you never conversed with a true Christian before? I can scarce describe the recoil that it occasioned me! Why my own father and mother would have compared with the best of them in all the virtues ordinarily possessed by Christians living in the world, and discharging their duties conscientiously towards God and their neighbours, in, through, and for Christ. ‘All for Jesus’ was as much their motto as it could be of any parents in Christendom; and well, indeed,

would it be for all Roman Catholic children, if they were blessed with no worse father and mother than mine. Then I have, or have had, relatives and friends in numbers, members of the Church of England, whose homes, I will undertake to say, are to all intents and purposes as thoroughly Christian as any to be found elsewhere: and it would be sheer affectation or hypocrisy in me were I to pretend the contrary: or else to claim for my own friends and relatives any peculiar excellence distinguishing them from average specimens of the Anglican body. For a calm, unassuming, uniform standard of practical Christianity, I have seen nothing as yet amongst ourselves in any country

superior to that of the English parsonage and its surroundings: go where I will, I am always thrown back upon one of these as the most perfect ideal of a Christian family: a combination amongst its members of the highest intelligence with the most unsullied purity and earnest faith I ever witnessed on earth. It was a privilege to have witnessed it."

Mr. Ffoulkes* is not comparing this home religion with the conventual life: for one reason, that in the same country, and under circumstances capable of comparison, the two could not exist together. Recognised, adopted monasticism—monasticism received as

* How far this candid Romanist will be permitted to remain in the Church of his adoption, after asserting the validity of our English orders and sacraments, is yet a question. He affirms himself content with his place in it, but it must be owned that he tries the forbearance of his superiors by the sort of test he submits, as it were, to their personal experience. We quote the following passage (though not bearing directly on our subject) as indicating the irritation felt even by liberal Roman Catholics at that universal habit, from which Mr. Ffoulkes breaks away with such courage, of assuming that whatever ought to be the fruit of their system, is such: a practice imparting the same stilted unreality of style to an archbishop affirming Papal infallibility, and a newspaper editor calling nuns angels, at a time when they look such very ordinary women to the outer world.

"My Lord (he is addressing Archbishop Manning), there is no person in his sober senses who could affirm that you, for instance, began to be a devout, earnest, intelligent follower of Christ, an admirable master of the inner and the hidden life, a glorious example of self-sacrifice, a deep expounder of revealed mysteries and Gospel truths, when you embraced the Roman Communion; or that all those graces which you exhibited previously in the sight of men, could be deduced from the one rite, which you received unconsciously as a child, counteracted by all the bad and unwholesome food in which, according to this hypothesis, you must have lived ever afterwards. In the same way there is no ordinary person in his sober senses who could affect to discover any fundamental change for the better in you, morally or religiously, now from what you were then. There are some, on the contrary, to my knowledge, of your existing flock who profess that they have not half the liking for the sermons which they hear you deliver as Archbishop of Westminster, that they have for the dear old volumes which you published as Archdeacon of Chichester, as fresh and full of fragrance to their instincts as ever. And I have heard the same of another whose parochial sermons, hailed as a masterpiece on their first appearance, have just burst forth into a second spring. People say that the sermons which *ex-dévot* Anglican clergymen of note preached formerly, read so much more natural than any they have since delivered from Roman Catholic pulpits. They argued impartially then, as men whose sole desire it was both to get at the truth, and uphold it at any cost: they never feared looking facts in the face, and were as little given to exaggerate those that made for them, as to keep out of sight, or evade by subterfuge, those which they could neither excuse nor explain. They were never tired of confessing their own sins or shortcomings. In a word, their tone was frank, honest, and manly. Now they may preach with the same energy, but it is as though they preached under constraint or dictation. Either they are high-flown and exaggerated; or else punctilious and reserved; weighing each word as if they were repeating a task; always artificial, never themselves: as if committed to a thesis, which they must defend at all risks, and to which all facts must be accommodated, or else denied."—"The Church's Creed or the Crown's Creed?" p. 47.

indisputably the higher life as it is among Roman Catholics—would swallow up the moving, guiding spirits of these oases. And who that has ever witnessed such households as Mr. Ffoulkes describes, and we believe his no unusual experience, can contemplate, even in fancy, their suppression (to borrow a word from the other side), as other than a fatal injury to the national character—an irreparable loss.

Romanists tell us summarily that the question of monasticism is one on which the world—that is, questioners and doubters—are incapable of forming an opinion. They assert it to be something utterly beyond our powers to judge: outsiders have nothing to do but to admire: it is monstrous, nay, ludicrous, presumption to do more. But if we know nothing about it, why should we admire it? We may admire and even reverence the devotion and self-sacrifice of the individual, and yet doubt the system which, as it seems to us, practises upon these high qualities and misdirects their exercise. Mere asceticism is not confined to Christianity; are we to

reverence every form of it? Is the fact of a person inflicting upon himself pains and sacrifices which are beyond our strength, to set him beyond our criticism? Is an act, trifling, puerile, or ignoble in itself, lifted out of this category because it passes in a religious house? They pronounce it to be so. And here we are at issue. Is it elevating to be engaged in the pursuits, inquiries, and mutual relations revealed to us in this trial, merely because the scene lies in the cloister? Are degradations not degradations, and insults fit religious discipline, merely through change of place? Are we to respect women the more for missing their inherent attractiveness, and to see something sublime in rage on the nun which outrage us in the vagrant? We think not; and it is because in our day there is a recurrence in many minds to the old monastic ideal, that we have thought it desirable to point out the real interior life of a convent, even where its inmates are active and conscientious in the fulfilment of the vows, to obey which they have renounced family, society, and—as they are taught to think—the world.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND.

BY AN OLD TORY.

THE kingdom of heaven (on the 'Daily Telegraph' pattern) has now, we may assume, been finally and conclusively established among us. The democracy have at last obtained the prize for which for twenty years they, or their leaders, have clamoured. "Count of heads," as Mr. Carlyle calls it, "has now become the Divine Court of Appeal on every question and interest of mankind." Mr. Gladstone is obviously ready to swallow the ballot-box when required; so that at next election the incorruptible householders will probably enjoy the advantage of voting in the dark, and be enabled to exercise the franchise without risk of detection or any awkward feeling of responsibility. Nor can I see how, upon existing principles of policy, the boon can be denied to him. The elective franchise used to be considered a public trust, for the due discharge of which every patriot citizen had to answer to his country; but if it be a right to which all are entitled (as we are now told), I cannot understand why the elector should not use it in the way most convenient—not to say most *profitable*—to himself and those whom Providence calls upon him to maintain. This being so, the kingdom of heaven being among us (or close at hand), it is of course malevolent to point out, as has been done, that "most certain it is an immense body of laws upon those new industrial, commercial, railway, &c., phenomena of ours are pressingly wanted; and none of mortals knows where to get them." Save a solitary political Quixote or Jeremiah, however, no one ventures to deny that we are eminently fit to govern ourselves; and consequently the

"count-of-heads" principle has been in England and Scotland adopted with acclamation, and with the blessed results for which we are—waiting.

It may be assumed, therefore, that in England and Scotland at least we are now prepared to manage our own affairs. But though Catholic emancipation, Parliamentary reform, and the rest of it, may be good for us, it does not necessarily follow (a lying proverb to the contrary) that what is sauce for the gander is also sauce for the other bird. Our statesmen are quite aware that India, for instance, cannot be governed exactly on the same plan that we try at home; but India is a long way off, and liberal political philosophy is very much a matter of geography. A country that is divided from us by a narrow channel only, is entitled in point of principle to the religious equality and the household franchise which we ourselves enjoy. Yet, notwithstanding the geographical argument—the question *will* recur—Ireland and the Irish—are *they* ripe for self-government? Mr. Bright of course will answer that all men are, or ought to be, "free" to govern themselves; but since we got our Reform Bill this sort of twaddle is somehow getting out of date. "Ask yourselves," as Mr. Carlyle somewhere advises the reader—"ask yourselves about 'liberty,' for example; what do you really mean by it, what in any just and rational soul is that divine quality of liberty? That a good man be 'free,' as we call it—be permitted to unfold himself in works of goodness and nobleness—is surely a blessing to him, immense and indispensable—to him and to

those about him. But that a bad (or foolish) man be 'free'—permitted to unfold himself in his particular way—is contrariwise the fatallest curse you could inflict on him; curse, and nothing else to him and all his neighbours. Him, the very heavens call upon you to persuade, to urge, induce, compel, into something of well-doing; if you absolutely cannot, if he will continue in ill-doing, then for him (I can assure you, though you will be shocked to hear it) the one 'blessing' left is the speediest gallows you can lead him to."

And the Irish by nature, observe, are not a people averse to *being governed*—they have, on the contrary, like the Celtic race in general, a decided tendency to imperialism, as opposed to what are called "free institutions." Moreover, when properly looked after, the Irishman is capable of arriving at and maintaining a high state of discipline—some of the best soldiers, the fighting working soldiers, that the world has seen, have been and are Irishmen. They beat us at Fontenoy. Since then they have helped us to win India and Canada, and to make our prowess known in every corner of the habitable world. The Irish can be drilled with great advantage to themselves and others, and they know this instinctively; for even the descendants of Brian Boru like to be led, and are always on the outlook for a king or leader to whom they can testify their loyalty.

The true question, as it seems to me, for Englishmen and Scotchmen to consider at the present moment is, Are these Roman Catholic Irish peasants, who constitute three-fourths or four-fifths of the population of Ireland, capable of governing themselves in an advantageous manner—advantageous to Ireland itself, and advantageous to the empire with which Ireland has been united? This is the central question—all others are collateral and subordinate.

There are two kinds of government possible for Ireland—self-government, and government as a dependency. A dependency, again, may be governed in one of two ways—upon military, or upon penal principles. The military government of a dependency may be defined to be the just and righteous exercise of coercive power to secure obedience to certain simple laws of natural wellbeing. The penal government of a dependency is the unwise and unrighteous exercise of the same power. We are now trying, have been trying for the past forty years or thereby, the plan of popular or self-government; before that period we had tried, with indifferent success, both kinds of the other.

From the Anglo-Norman conquest to the conquest by Cromwell—nay, even to the conquest by William of Orange—the English conquerors cannot be said to have held securely and continuously more than the ground on which they stood. The "pale" sometimes embraced several counties, sometimes less than one county; but for many hundred years the history of Ireland is the history of a half-subdued dependency in chronic rebellion. The consequence was, that at the period of the Revolution the Irish were, as regards the science of government, in a lower state of civilisation than any other nation in Europe, except perhaps Russia. The progress of native civilisation had been arrested by the long war with the Anglo-Norman colonists; and on the other hand, as the conquered had never amalgamated with the conquering race, the Norman ideas of polity, of government, of legislation, had failed to take root or spread among the Irish.

William III., like Cromwell, thoroughly subdued the Catholic and Celtic population, and from that time to the present the supremacy of England has never been seriously threatened. The

Whig penal code contained some nefarious provisions (which were not repealed until first Lord North, and then Mr. Pitt, came into power): it was in many respects a cruel, vindictive, passionate code; but still it accomplished the object which it proposed to accomplish—the subjection, if not the pacification, of Ireland; and after the brief frenzy of 1798 (under a succession of eminent Tory Ministers), it was, upon the whole, justly and fairly administered. It was founded upon the assumption that the Celts and Catholics of Ireland were a people incapable of governing themselves, and it gave a virtual monopoly of power to the Protestant and Saxon population. There is not much room, of course, in such a government—which is really a quasi-military, quasi-civil occupation—for the application of what are called “liberal” principles. The people’s will is not the test of what is right—it is assumed that the people have no will, or a will, at least, that is adverse to their true prosperity; they are not permitted to govern themselves—it is assumed that they are incapable of doing so advantageously. Modern philosophical dogmatists consider that a government of this kind cannot be defended; yet it is the government which, without much serious objection, we still administer in several of our dependencies. It is quite clear that if popular government were established in India, or among the Australian aborigines, anarchy, confusion, general combustion, would be the results.

It is impossible to look back upon the long anarchy which we call Irish history, without feeling that a strong and just government was urgently needed—was *the* remedy most urgently needed. Had the country been thoroughly subdued when the Normans first sailed across the Irish Channel,

there can be little doubt that a happy and peaceful career would have been opened to her sons. Mr. M’Lennan, in his skilful review of Irish history, remarks that the Norman conquest of Ireland was less complete than the conquest of England, because the Irish were a more barbarous race:—*

“Had the Irish been politically united, they must have conquered and expelled the invaders, or been themselves, after a death-struggle, finally and quickly vanquished. A monarchy resembles an animal of high organization. As this may be slain by a single stroke, so that may be overthrown by a single victory. The battle of Hastings gave the supremacy in England to the Normans. A confederation of tribes and clans resembles a creature of low organization, which, being cut in pieces, is rather multiplied than destroyed. When the life-centres are numerous and independent, there can be no killing except through the destruction of the parts. England went down at a blow. Scotland, full of great and independent tribes, again and again repelled, or rather survived, the efforts to conquer it. Every great house was a centre of the popular resistance. Defeated at one point, the people rallied at another. And the process of destruction in detail was too costly and tedious to be persisted in.”

This is ingenious, and to some extent true; but the real explanation, I suspect, is that until the reign of Elizabeth England never seriously set herself to the work of conquest. The blows dealt at Ireland were dealt with the left hand. Thus it appeared that a just strong government, maintained upon definite principles for any considerable period, was a government practically unknown in Ireland. Fits of languor and depression were followed by fits of panic and cruelty. Yet it is clear that the brief intervals of repose and prosperity which the unhappy island enjoyed occurred when the Irish executive was administered by a powerful, harsh,

* *Memoir of Thomas Drummond*, by J. F. M’Lennan, chapter xiii.

but rigorously just ruler. The names of Sir Edward Poynings, of Strafford, and of Cromwell are by-words of infamy among the Irish patriots. Yet during the administrations of Poynings a mass of useful practical legislation was put in force; of Strafford's government Mr. Goldwin Smith has said: "He repressed the licence of the soldiery; he restored the finances: the resources of the country rose buoyantly beneath his master-hand; the value of land was increased; shipping multiplied;" of the iron rule of Cromwell the same writer has remarked: "Under the Protectorate the peace of complete submission ruled in Ireland; and there can be little doubt that, had the Protector's life or the duration of his dynasty been prolonged, the union of the two countries would have been complete." Mr. Goldwin Smith (whose brilliant sketch is a valuable contribution to Irish history) is a very advanced Radical, yet he has the courage and manliness to admit that a popular system of government would have been worse than useless in Ireland. "To many of the Irish constituencies," he observes, alluding to an early extension of the suffrage, "the elective franchise must have been a boon about as welcome and appropriate as it would have been to a tribe of Red Indians. An honest, able, and humane lord-deputy, *with full powers*, would probably have done more at that moment than the largest measure of Parliamentary liberty for the pacification and civilisation of the country." This is the conclusion at which the philosophical historian arrives; the conclusion arrived at by the practical land-agent of the present day, who has resided all his life among the Irish peasantry, is the same. Ireland, Mr. Trench assures us, in the preface to his 'Realities of Irish Life,' is not altogether unmanageable. "Those who earnestly desire to improve her condition will doubtless meet with

many disappointments, many acts of apparent and some of real ingratitude; but *justice, fully and firmly administered*, is always appreciated in the end. I admit that it will require much firmness and discretion to carry justice to its legitimate conclusions, torn as Ireland is by contending parties; but if this be truly done, I have never yet known it to fail." Firmness, veracity, strict and stable justice, are the qualities which secure obedience in Ireland; and if, instead of "anarchic Parliaments and penny newspapers," we could give her a just lord-deputy, "with full powers," and some natural turn for the governing work, we might look forward with hope to the future—might, even in this year of grace 1869, refuse to despair of the Republic.

I am well aware that this view is *understood* to be unpopular in this country at this time. For forty years—ever since the agitation of O'Connell culminated in the capitulation of "the Duke" and Catholic emancipation—we have acted upon the maxim that Ireland has a Will of its own, to which, in legislation, we are bound to bow. We have said—we are every day saying more plainly—that whatever these Irish Catholic Celts hold to be good for them ought to be given to them, and that English statesmen have no right to exercise even a discretionary power in giving or withholding those good things. I believe, on my conscience, that this is a ruinous policy; and I believe, moreover, that one-half of the Whig party—not to speak of the Tories—are convinced in their secret souls that it is ruinous.

It may be urged, indeed, that although the Irish Celts have in past times been incapable of governing themselves, they are now able to do so, and may at all events be allowed to make the experiment. The people, for instance—thanks to Lord Derby—are now better educated than they used to be. But.

education is, after all, only the preliminary step. The Irish have always been a keen, quick-witted, lively, witty, eloquent people. No amount of education can readily improve them in these respects—can make them livelier or quicker-witted. But as regards those qualities of character on which the security of the commonwealth must rest—firmness, judgment, and perseverance, industry, regard for the rights of property, reverence for law—how far have the national schools succeeded in implanting these qualities in a race which before their institution had constantly proved itself to be reckless, improvident, lawless? "Talent of speaking grows daily commoner among one's neighbours; amounts already to a weariness and a nuisance, so barren is it of great benefit, and liable to be of great hurt; but the talent of right conduct, of wise and useful behaviour, seems to grow rarer every day, and is nowhere taught in the streets and thoroughfares any more. *Right schools* were never more desirable than now." Yes; "right schools" are what the Irish need—schools which teach something other and better than mere fluency in reading, writing, and arithmetic—schools which teach order, moderation, common-sense—schools which enforce the all-important lesson that you can't break any of the Ten Commandments without suffering for the breach at some time and in some way—schools where the strong moral qualities which maintain personal right, liberty, and justice are the attainments chiefly insisted in. These, however, are precisely the schools which, in Ireland and elsewhere, we have been industriously abolishing for the past forty years!

The latest development of the Ireland-for-the-Irish-people policy is the destruction of the Protestant Church, and the confiscation of its revenues. I shall have something more to say on this topic—be it only noted here that this, like much else, is the inevitable outcome of

"popular government" in Ireland. Protestantism cannot be maintained in a Catholic province if the question of its maintenance is to be referred to the Catholic population. Whenever you come in Ireland to the "count-of-heads" principle, the Irish Church must go. This is the issue which the policy of 1827-33 clearly involved, and it is only fair to the Whigs of that day to say that the Appropriation Clause was a perfectly logical piece of legislation. At that time, fortunately, the Protestant instinct of the country was stronger than its logic, and the settlement of the question was postponed—*sine die*. Since these years the Catholic interest has been gathering strength, and the Radical leaders (urged on by the disorganisation of their party, and seeing that otherwise their occupation was gone) have again lifted the weapon which thirty years ago they had been forced to drop.

The incapacity of the Irish to govern themselves may be traced to many causes—national, social, religious; but the popular explanation, that the disorganisation of Irish life is to be attributed to English misgovernment, has always seemed to me to be inadequate. There has been misgovernment on our part, it is true; but the "misgovernment" of Ireland is real political wisdom when compared with the misgovernment from which many European races, who are now high in the scale of civilisation, have suffered. Had the Scotch people, for instance—had any people, with a true organising faculty—been forced to work out their national history under similar conditions, would they have failed as completely as the Irish have done? There must be some deeply-seated organic defect in the character of a nation which misfortune has been unable to tutor, and which has learned none of the lessons of adversity. For as Herrick says,—

"A wise man every way lies square,—
And like a surly oak with storms perplexed,
Grows still the stronger strongly vext."

It would be impossible in a single paper to attempt to sound philosophically the causes which have prevented the Irish from rising out of a very rudimentary stage of political life; but there are one or two which lie on the surface, and cannot be ignored. One class is personal to the people themselves; another affects the relations of Ireland to the Empire. Among the first class may be included the determining influence of race. The Irish are a pure breed of Celts, and the Celt has never shown any true aptitude for the arts of government. Even the French Celt, who had the advantage of being subdued by the Romans, and who for many centuries lived side by side with that strong, scientific, legislative people, has manifested throughout his whole history an exceptional incapacity for maintaining free institutions. Mr. Froude, in an address lighted by genius and sparkling with epigram, told the St. Andrews students the other day that they came of a fine race, and inherited a great history. Had Scotland, however, remained exclusively Celtic, it may be doubted how far that history would have been written. The real governing power in Scotland has always been lodged in the Lowland races, and the true Scotch Celt, such as are still met with on the western lakes, was as improvident, as unsystematic, as indolent, as disorderly, in short, as any race could well be. In Scotland this purely Celtic population is now a mere handful, whereas in Ireland it comprises four-fifths of the nation.

The Celtic race in Ireland, moreover, laboured under one special disadvantage, at which I have already glanced. Up to the seventeenth century, unlike most of the modern nations, it had never been thoroughly subdued by a superior and more matured civilization. The consequence was that, until the reign of James I., the native laws and customs—the Brehon Law—had not been, even technically, abolished; and to this very day the principles on which a barbaric code

was framed are dear to the people. These laws and customs were of the most unscientific and primitive description. It was said of the exactions known as Coyne and Livery that, though they were invented in Hell, they could not have been practised there, or they would have overturned the kingdom of Beelzebub. The whole system, however, was radically anarchic, as is obvious from Mr. M'Lennan's concise account:—

“The law of succession was a powerful obstacle to political progress. The septa had always a chief, and a tainist, who was to be the chief's successor. When a chief died, the tainist became chief, and a new tainist was elected. Any male of full age, belonging to the leading family group, was eligible for the office. The brother of the chief, or the male next to him in age of the same family, was usually chosen; but frequently the appointment was the occasion of a contest, in which success lay with the most cunning and high-handed. These contests frequently led to feuds, and divided the septa into hostile factions. The law which gave the septmen the power of election was tainistry. The same law regulated the succession to the headship in all the groups, and even to the kingship. It is needless to say that it favoured social disintegration. It divided the septa; it divided the tribe; and it rent the kingdom. The law of property, on the other hand, was a powerful obstacle to industry, and, in particular, to agricultural improvement. The septa were the only land-owners; the sept-lands were enjoyed according to the law of gravel-kind, which rendered all the land-tenures uncertain. By this law the common was divisible among the family groups on the principle of relative equality; practically the stronger got the larger shares. When death threw lands vacant, the chief, as trustee for the sept, assumed the whole lands, and redivided them—a partition called a gravel. Had the arts of agriculture been known, they could not have been exercised to any great extent under a system which, constantly changing the occupancy of lands, rendered it uncertain whether the labourer would enjoy the fruits of his labour. The consequence was that the people were mainly shepherds or herdsmen.”

These were the laws of the golden age for whose return the Celtic patriots sigh!

Its religion, also, has been the source of fruitful miseries to Ireland. An imaginative people are naturally superstitious, and superstition is a weapon which the Church of Rome has not hesitated to wield. The Irish priesthood—sprung from the people, and ever ready to engage keenly in secular conflicts—has been at once peasant and demagogic. The rural population, in consequence, have been virtually compelled to adopt the political opinions of their spiritual guides. The spectacle which the last election witnessed—flocks of voters driven like sheep to the polling-booths by their priests—has been for years a familiar spectacle in the Roman Catholic counties of Ireland.* The murderous agrarianism, indeed, for which Ireland is notorious, appears to show that the religious zeal of the nation has had little effect on its moral life. A people whose conception of the majesty of justice is represented by a blunderbuss, or a fowling-piece, behind a hedge, can hardly be expected to govern themselves advantageously.

But, moreover, no man who has studied the Irish question can fail to perceive that on two questions, if not on more, the majority of the Irish people are in favour of a policy which England cannot and will not tolerate. The day will come when one or other—England or Ireland—must give way. Surely it is cruel to deceive the Irish as we are now doing. We profess

to hold that Ireland is for the Irish, and that the Irish are the best judges of what is good for them. But whenever they come forward and say (as a vast majority of them would say), "We want the repeal of the Union, we want the land which was unjustly confiscated three hundred years ago to be restored to us," there can be no doubt how England will reply. "These are matters," she will answer, "about which you know nothing. Union is an imperial necessity; and were the land violently taken away from its present owners, the security of property, on which credit rests, would be everywhere shaken. In making such demands you manifest simply an unreasonable hatred of the Saxon, and an ignorance of the most simple laws of natural order, calculated to excite the surprise and indignation of civilised mankind." And, of course, if the unlucky Irish, believing what our Liberal statesmen are now telling them, should resent in a practical manner this cruel inconsistency, England will be hugely indignant, and will not hesitate to resort to an arbitrament stronger than logic—short, sharp, and decisive.

There are two passages in Mr. Trench's most interesting volume which show that, both on the practical and theoretical sides, the views of the existing Irish peasantry, like those of their ancestors, are fundamentally anarchical. The first describes the notions regarding the cultivation of the soil which are prevalent in Kerry:—

"It may be asked what was the

* Mr. Trench speaks very strongly of the enormous mischief caused by a contested election in the Roman Catholic counties of Ireland:—"That most odious of all odious calamities in Ireland, a contested county election. I know of nothing more detrimental to the peace and prosperity of a district, than an election for members of Parliament, conducted as such elections generally are in Ireland. The worst passions of the people are aroused to their utmost pitch on both sides, and sectarian animosity and virulence seem, demon-like, to possess the whole community. This is not the place to enter upon a discussion as to how all this might be avoided. It is enough to say that it prevails to such a degree as to embitter society on each occasion of its recurrence, so that we have scarcely had time to recover from the angry feelings of one election before another springs into its place."

cause of all this misery, and all this after-cost upon the estate of a kind-hearted and generous nobleman? I answer at once, *the pernicious system of subdivision and subletting of land*. No one who has not tried it can conceive the difficulty in which an Irish landlord or agent is placed with regard to this matter. I can truly say *its prevention has been the great difficulty of my life as a land-agent*. The collection of rent is almost always easy on a well-managed estate; but the prevention of subdivision is almost always difficult. The desire to subdivide is by no means confined to the larger tenants, nor even to those who hold land to the moderate value of £50, or £20, or even £10 per annum; but tenants possessed of holdings valued at only £1 or £2 per annum frequently endeavour, openly or by stealth, to subdivide these little plots of land, and erect huts or sheds upon them for their young people to marry and settle in, utterly regardless of the certain poverty which must necessarily await them where there are no other means of support. And yet if any landlord or agent is determined to resist this system, and to evict those who, in spite of all remonstrances and entreaties, persist in this pernicious course—though the plot of land be scarcely sufficient to feed a goat, and the hut be of the most degraded class—he is attacked with a virulence and bitterness of hostility which none who do not live in Ireland can imagine; sometimes by the local press, sometimes by local agitators, both lay and clerical, who hold him up to public odium and indignation as an exterminator, and sometimes (though not in Kerry) by the blunderbus or bludgeon of the assassin; so that really it requires no little moral as well as physical courage to face the storm which is certain to be raised against him!

In the following conversation between two Ribbonmen the real sentiments of the peasantry upon the right to the land question are very vividly set forth:—

"'A curse upon the land laws,' cried the president, 'and all concerned in them. It's the *land itself* we want, and not all this bother about the laws. The laws is not so bad in the main, barrin' they make us pay rent at all. What good would altering the laws do us? sure we have tenant right and fair play enough, for that matter, for Trench

never puts any one off the land that's able to pay his rent, and stand his ground on it. *But why would we pay rent at all?* That's the question, say I. Isn't the land our own, and wasn't it our ancestors' before us, until these bloody English came and took it all away from us? My curse upon them for it—but we will tear it back out of their heart's blood yet.'

"'In troth, then, ye'll have tough work of it before ye do,' rejoined another. 'Them Saxons is a terrible strong lot to deal with. They beat down our old Ireland before, and I doubt but they'll hold on the land still, and beat her down again, rise when ye may.'

"'None of your croakin', cried the president. 'Sure it's not more than three hundred years since they took it all from us, and many a country has risen and held its own again after a longer slavery than that. I say, *THE LAND* we must have, and cursed be the hand and withered the arm that will not strike a blow to gain it!'

"'Some say it's the Church that's crushing us,' suggested one of the party who had not spoken before.

"'Damn the Church, and you along with it!' cried the president, in a passion. 'What harm does the Church do you or any one else? The gentlemen that owns it are quiet decent men, and often good to the poor. *It's the land*, I say again, *it's the land*, we want. The Saxon robbers took it from our forefathers, and I say again we'll wrench it out of their heart's blood; and what better beginning could we have than to blow Trench to shivers off the walk?'

"'True for ye,' said another, 'so far as that goes; but ye are wrong about the Church for all that. Sure isn't it what they call the dominant Church, and what right has it to dominate over our own clergy, who are as good as them any day. Up wid our clergy, and down with the dominant Church! say I. Besides,' continued he, more softly, 'maybe if we had once a hold of the Church lands, the landlords' lands would be *asier* come at after.'

I believe that this passage reflects with substantial accuracy the opinions which are entertained in the central and southern districts of Ireland upon these matters. The existence of the Church excited little visible discontent, but the

peasantry are in grim earnest about the land. What, in these circumstances, with a view to the pacification of the country, is the policy which we adopt? We destroy the Church, but we refuse to part with a single acre of soil! The Irish land question, indeed, is one on which capitulation is simply impossible; we must steadfastly and patiently live down an agitation which, if successful, would rend society in twain. Mr. Bright and Mr. Mill have tried to see their way to its solution; but their schemes are at once blindly revolutionary and wildly impracticable—confirming the remark which Spenser makes, that “the very genius of the soil” has in it something destructive of the understandings and characters of those who touch it.

A policy like that on which we are embarked appears to me, as I have said, to be simply ruinous; but it is a policy which in the mean time commands a majority of 118 votes in the House of Commons. Against this majority argument and entreaty may beat in vain. It is well to remember, however, that there is something more involved in the controversy than the existence of the Irish Church, and that is the safety of the English monarchy. I am sometimes disposed to think that the sooner the crisis is precipitated the better will it be for us all. Give our Liberal leaders and Liberal electors a taste of the utter anarchy that is in store for them, if their policy be carried out to its legitimate conclusions, and we may be able to stop before it is too late.

At present the resistance which reasonable men can offer with reasonable prospects of success must be confined to one or two subordinate points. We must, in the first place, endeavour to secure such terms as will keep Protestantism—the true nurse of liberty—alive in Ireland. The chapels and parsonages of the Protestant clergy will become hereafter, in many districts, nothing better than missionary stations planted among a hostile population;

and missionary stations, it is clear, on such terms cannot subsist upon voluntary contributions. I have ever been intolerant of intolerance, and I do not think I am animated by fanaticism when I say that the destruction of Irish Protestantism would be a grave political evil. Modern liberal philosophy assures us that the Papacy is on its last legs, and it points, in confirmation, to the intellectual and physical decrepitude of Rome. I recognise no force in the appeal. The Eternal City may, in the affecting words of Holy Writ, “sit solitary;” but her obvious material weakness does, to many powerful and spiritual minds, invest her with a higher imaginative sanctity. “O Rome!” exclaimed Lacordaire, “I did not despise thee, although I saw no kings prostrate at thy gates.” We must try, if possible, in the second place, to prevent the Church from receiving a sectarian impress—must keep it as free and broad and liberal as the Church of England has ever been; and this can only be attained by insisting upon the retention of certain recognized doctrinal formulas, and by sanctioning certain more or less direct terms of communion between the new Church and the old. Sir John Cole-ridge sees the dangers likely to ensue in the direction of narrow-mindedness and intolerance; but he assumes that it is impossible to guard against them. “I confess, sir,” he observed, “that I viewed with some considerable apprehension what effect this part of the measure before us might have on the general toleration and moderation of opinion in that Church, and I did wish—I will frankly say I do wish—that some security or provision could be taken to maintain the standards of doctrine with all their present wise breadth and liberty.” I do not think that the difficulties in the way of devising securities are insurmountable, and it is to be hoped that “the wisdom of Parliament” (for even in the House of Commons there must be some left, one would fancy) may be able to

surmount them. Then, in the third place, we must deal with the property of the Church in such a way that we shall not imperil the security of all property. If we take away the possessions of the Church, whether gifted to her by the piety of kings or by the munificence of private citizens, the time will come, and that speedily, when the precedent will be used to sanction a more extensive confiscation, in a direction that certain Whig peers, who have grown fat on the spoils of the religious houses, will not altogether relish. And, lastly, we must endeavour to effect such a settlement as will not utterly alienate and exasperate the loyal inhabitants of Ireland. The importance of this consideration cannot be overestimated.

In the midst of the Catholic population, which from many causes—national, social, agrarian, and religious—regards our rule with blind disaffection and hatred, we have always hitherto retained certain allies on whose loyalty we could rely. These were what may be called the English camps in Ireland. The Protestant landowners, the Ulster traders, the professional classes in the metropolis, the doctors of the university, the clergy of the Church, formed a minority, indeed, in numbers; but a minority, as Mr. Goldwin Smith confesses, "which has shown itself through the whole course of Irish history almost a match for the majority in moral and physical power." Butler commends the loyalty which

"Is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon;"

but, as human nature is at present constituted, a persistent policy of ingratitude and injustice must have a tendency, at least, to cool the goodwill of those against whom it is directed. While trying to conciliate the implacable Irish Celt, we have been gradually alienating the attachment of our Protestant kinsmen; and if we utterly despoil their Church, as we now propose to do, we shall turn loyal regard into

keen and dangerous animosity. The enmity of such men is not to be despised. The Protestant ascendancy in Ireland has hitherto meant the natural ascendancy of skill and energy and intelligence over indolence and superstition—the inevitable ascendancy of stout, sensible, God-fearing men. These men, do what you may, must always be leaders in Ireland—the foremost and most formidable, whether as loyalists or as—rebels.

There is a passage on this subject in the remarkable speech delivered at Glasgow by Lord Stanley, which, coming from a statesman of his simple and undemonstrative character, should excite most serious reflection in every serious mind:—

"I look at this as a matter of policy quite as much as I do at one involving any theory of government. To alienate the whole body of the Irish Protestants from Great Britain is, in my mind, a serious matter. (Cheers.) Their influence—the legitimate influence of energy, of intelligence, and of property—is out of all proportion to their mere numbers. (Cheers.) They are good friends, and they may be troublesome opponents; and in Ireland—I must say it plainly—I don't think that we are in a position in which we can afford to make enemies and lose friends. (Cheers.) The Act of Union has been productive of incalculable advantage to both countries, but it was not at the time of its passing a popular measure, and I do not believe that upon that point public opinion in Ireland has in any way changed. I would certainly rather not say—I would rather not indicate—what in my belief the result would be if a popular vote were taken upon it in that country. Now, that is rather an awkward state of things to deal with, and when I hear people say in perfect sincerity and good faith that 'you must deal with Irish matters in accordance with what you suppose to be the wishes of the majority of the Irish population'—separating them thereby as a community from England and Scotland—I am apt to ask myself whether these well-intentioned persons really know or mean what they are saying; because if they don't, they may find themselves unpleasantly surprised by being taken at their word, and by being requested in future,"

on their own principle, to vote for the repeal of the Union. (Cheers.) Well, the inference I draw from that is, that we ought to take great care lest, without fully satisfying the Catholics, we succeed in alienating the Protestants. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) I defer, as every man must, to what is virtually a national decision; for it is idle to conceal from ourselves that the real decision on the principle involved in this measure was taken, not in the vote of the other night, but on the hustings in November last, and I would earnestly entreat all those who, whether they agree with me upon the general question or not, do not think that the danger I have indicated is purely imaginary.—(Hear, hear.) I would entreat them to make whatever change may be impending at least as easy as may be to those who in any case must to some extent be losers by it. (Cheers.) Then, again, it is said, 'Oh, never mind the minority; you can do without them; you have conciliated and satisfied the Catholic masses.' Well, I wish I could think that that was altogether the case. I do not see how, on a very large class of questions, of which the question of education will serve as a single type, you are to get the House of Commons, which is mainly Liberal and Protestant, to work in very cordial harmony with the Catholic hierarchy, influencing and guiding with immense power an enthusiastic nation, and certainly not disposed to be always moderate in its pretensions or in its claims. (Cheers.) There is upon questions of that kind an inevitable antagonism, and though statesmanship may do something to remove it, it is a difficulty which, whether you like it or not, you will have to face. But that is not all. You have got in Ireland what is called the land question. Now, as long as that was only a question, as it began by being, of payment of compensation to tenants for unexhausted improvements on their holdings, the claim was reasonable, and the matter lay within a comparatively small compass. Both parties, with only some differences of detail, were willing to deal with it, and it appeared as if it might be easily settled. But now the Celtic national party, by some process of reasoning which I confess I cannot exactly follow, have made the discovery that if one man occupies and works on another man's land, he acquires, by the fact of such occupation, and without any contract or engagement, a moral

right to the possession of that land itself—(laughter)—subject only to some fixed and perpetual payment to the owner. Now, that seems to me very much as if one were to say that a lodger in a house in Glasgow, or anywhere else, if he had occupied the same lodging for a certain number of years, thereby acquired a right for himself and his children to be irremovable, and never pay more for his lodging than a nominal sum. (Laughter.) It is as if a working man who had been employed in any business for a certain number of years acquired, by the fact of such continual employment, a legal right not to be dismissed without his own consent. (Laughter.) Or, if you want a third analogy, which is perhaps still closer, it is as if a capitalist who had lent out his money in small sums were to be told one day by the Legislature that so long as he received punctual payment of interest on his loans, it was what any reasonable man ought to be content with, and he ought to give up the idea of claiming or recovering the capital itself, even if he wanted it. (Laughter.) Now, gentlemen, a claim of that kind is one which I apprehend no British Parliament will ever be found ready to admit. (Cheers.) It is really one for which there is no shadow of legal or moral justification. (Cheers.) It is a claim that must be resisted, and I do the Liberal Government and the body of the Liberal party this justice, that I believe they will resist it—cheers—but absurd as it seems to us, it is a claim which has taken deep hold on the Celtic mind, because it holds out the hope of getting rid of the foreigner—that is, of the English proprietor—and of leaving the soil entirely in the hands of the native peasant. I do not wish to go into that subject farther; but I must say, in sight of all these rocks ahead—nationality, land, and education—and I might name others, with the conviction on my mind that the work of conciliation in Ireland, so far from being successfully carried out to an effectual purpose, is at present only beginning—all these things, I say, would induce me to urge on every one whom my voice could reach, the inexpediency of alienating from you those upon whom, whatever their failings may have been, England has always been able to rely—(cheers)—and who, if you turn them into opponents, will carry into their opposition that spirit of perseverance and of determination which they have shown in all the

active pursuits of life, and which, in my belief, they owe a good deal to their Scotch descent. (Loud cheers.)"

The more sagacious journals of the Liberal party indeed—'The Spectator,' which represents its men of ideas; 'The Times,' which represents its men of money—are beginning to perceive that, under the guidance of Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone, Parliament, on this Irish question, is rapidly drifting us into a false position. Both of these journals have in recent articles described the wild and exaggerated hopes which the Fenian proclivities of the Government are stirring in the breasts of the Irish peasantry, and in a very serious tone they require the Premier to define with precision the provisions of the land measures which he is prepared to introduce. But the Government, not unnaturally, refuses to respond, knowing well that "a declaration of intention," in politics as in love, is often attended with disagreeable consequences. If it place itself on the side of property and order, it will excite the enmity of the Irish Celts; if it place itself on the side of confiscation, it will lose the support of the English Whigs. Hence the deplorable and humiliating exhibition which was witnessed in the House of Lords the other night—an exhibition more damaging than a hundred adverse divisions could be—an exhibition which 'The Times' has thus strongly and justly characterised:—

"Lord Granville received Lord Clarendon's Bill last night with his customary courtesy, but while bestowing his praise on the public zeal of its author, and approving many of its provisions, he intimated the opinion of the Cabinet that the scheme of reforming the Irish Land Laws embodied in it was insufficient, without, however, declaring how or where it was unsatisfactory. Lord Kimberley, at greater length, repeated Lord Granville's declarations. The net result is that the Government have the credit of being about to produce next year, or the year after, something which will redress all the evils of Land Tenure in Ireland, although they have committed themselves to nothing. . . . We cannot conceal our conviction that this attitude

of the Government upon the Irish Land Question is likely to produce—nay, is producing—very grave mischief. . . .

But as we have said, we have no desire to deal unreasonably with the Ministry. Let them have the full benefit of the assumption—unfounded as we think it—that it would be impossible to pass an Irish Land Bill this session, and we shall still be constrained to repeat that their attitude with reference to this question is producing great and growing mischief. . . . The Government must speak out. This is the least they can do. It is necessary to pronounce decisively and with precision upon the policy the Government are prepared to pursue. We see in Westmeath and Tipperary the natural fruits of the ambiguous language which has hitherto prevailed, and of the hopes it has excited. . . . As it is, they do all the mischief which could be occasioned by a Bill which could not become law, without securing any of the good it would procure. They tell the world they will bring in a most comprehensive Bill next Session, and, as we have said, every one interprets the declaration as he pleases. They cannot avoid the responsibility of hinting a judgment, though they do avoid the responsibility of dispelling misinterpretations. . . . It may be—and this is the most probable interpretation—that they simply desired to postpone a difficult discussion. But, whatever be their motive, they are adding to the difficulties of a question already overcharged with difficulties by their vague and elastic utterances, and it is incumbent upon them at once and decisively to prevent the aggravation of a dangerous state of things by a frank explanation of their principles of policy."

Meanwhile, the "pacification" of Catholic Ireland proceeds with a vengeance! Every mail brings reports of seditious harangues, tidings of barbarous agrarian outrages. Traitors are recklessly liberated, and the magistrates of great cities are overtly encouraged to fan the flame of rebellion. To sum up the situation in a single sentence—*By carrying out the principles of self-government to their logical conclusions, we are throwing back the civilisation of Ireland to the point it had reached when James I. abolished the Brehon Code.*

THE PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION.

WE should belie our own feelings and hide the truth from our readers were we to profess that the condition of public affairs in this country did not appear to us at the present moment to be very alarming. It is not so much the state of parties in the House of Commons that shocks and dismays us. That might be accounted for on other grounds than the infusion of new ideas into the mind of the nation. But the nation itself appears to have become so apathetic, there is such an entire absence of interest in matters which our forefathers, and even we ourselves, used to regard in other days as of the deepest possible importance, that we feel ourselves incapable of arriving at any other conclusion than that the revolution has fairly begun. Where it will stop—how it will end—we defy the most farseeing to prognosticate. That it is not, nor is likely to become, a bloody revolution, seems tolerably certain. But revolutions, to be complete, need not, for a time at least, to be bloody. There is a process well known as due course of law, which can turn a state inside out as effectually as any jacquerie that ever was heard of, not excepting that which sent Louis XVI. of France to the guillotine. An unscrupulous Minister having gathered about him an equally unscrupulous House of Commons, may do pretty well what he likes with the Sovereign and her dominions. There is no real power in the House of Lords to stop him. There is not left among us the shred of a prerogative of sufficient vigour to ward off a blow from the Throne itself. It is to the nation only in its collective capacity that we can now look for defence against the machinations of men who tell us that they are acting for it and with it; and though we still believe as firmly as we ever did that the nation in reality disapproves what its representatives

meditate, still the signs and tokens of its readiness to interfere and bid them stay their hands are everywhere wanting. What can be the meaning of all this? Are the people aware of what has been done in part, and will shortly be done altogether if they persist in holding their tongues? Why are the clergy silent in their pulpits? Why are the laity dumb in our streets? We do not hesitate to reply to these questions by the assertion, that all this comes to pass because both clergy and laity have taken it into their heads—first, that the measures with which the present Government threatens us cannot be averted; and next, that when passed the nation will soon adapt itself to a change of circumstances, and go on pretty much as it has done for these last forty years. Now, holding as we do that both assumptions are erroneous—that the measures with which the present Government threaten us are not inevitable unless we render them so, and that if they be carried, not our own generation only, but generations yet unborn will rue the day, we propose in the following pages, first, to point out a few of the more prominent of the calamities which, through the instrumentality of Mr. Gladstone and his friends, are hanging over us; and then to put it to our readers whether or no they regard these things as so trivial that it is not worth while to make the slightest exertion with a view to avert them. And God be with the right.

The three things immediately assailed by the proposed legislation of the Government and their party are these:—

1. The rights of property.
2. The rights of the Church in its connection with the State.
3. The rights and privileges of the House of Lords.

That two of these onslaughts on

the Constitution are partially wrapped up in the profession of other objects may be true. But it is not the less true that the onslaughts are there, and that, when the purpose immediately sought for has been achieved, people will begin to find out that a great deal more has been effected by them than they counted upon.

1. The rights of property are assailed indirectly by Mr. Lowe's Budget; directly by the success of Mr. Maguire's motion, to inquire into the tenure on which the city companies hold their lands in Ireland. We say nothing here of the plunder of the Irish Church, for of that nobody pretends to make a mystery; and the little that may be necessary to set forth in regard to it will naturally come in when we speak of the assault on the Church's rights. For the present, therefore, we confine ourselves to these two points—Mr. Lowe's Budget, and Mr. Maguire's parliamentary inquiry.

Mr. Lowe's Budget has received the hearty approval of every Liberal newspaper in the country. We are not surprised at it. It has the twofold merit in the eyes of the democracy, that it takes the first decided step that has yet been taken towards the substitution of a system of direct for indirect taxation, and that it perpetrates a juggle, the apparent cleverness of which more than makes up, in the estimation of clever men, for its entire want of honesty. Mr. Lowe's Budget abolishes, among other indirect taxes, the shilling duty on corn imported from abroad, and the tax on fire insurance. We speak of this latter tax as indirect, because it is entirely a voluntary tax. Nobody need insure his premises against fire unless he chooses. Very many persons prefer being their own insurers; and it is a moot point not yet settled, nor likely to be settled, whether the insurer, or the man who declines to insure, attends best to his own interests. The loss to the revenue

by the repeal of the trifling corn duties will be £900,000—very little short of a million. What the State will lose by the remission of all duties on fire insurance is not quite so clear. But between these and other remissions, which we need not stop to particularise, the income for the year 1869-70 will be less by a good round sum than was the income for 1868-9, and that, too, in the face of an admitted deficiency, of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer certainly did not fail to make the most.

The deficiency thus occasioned is to be made good—how? First by adding a penny to the income tax, which, instead of falling to fourpence, as this year it ought to have done, is fixed at fivepence; and next, by so centralising the machinery for the collection of the assessed and income taxes, as to make both, especially the former, more remunerative, while the expenses of gathering it in are considerably diminished. But this is not all. Under the pretext of introducing a better system of accounts, the tax-payer is to be called upon to send in, in the month of January, a schedule of the articles for which he is liable, and to pay an entire year's taxes in advance. Now we don't object to any arrangements which promise to make the gathering-in of the taxes less costly than it is. Many individuals will indeed be thrown out of employ by the change, or at all events be deprived of means of subsistence on which they had been encouraged to rely. But these are considerations of which a Liberal Government is far above taking any account. What does it matter to them though some hundreds of clerks be discharged from the Admiralty, the War Office, the Post-office, and other public offices? What care they about the destitution of thousands of artisans cast adrift from the dockyards at Woolwich and Portsmouth, and why should they give a moment's thought to the loss of income

which must fall upon parochial collectors in England and district collectors in Scotland? If they can only show an apparent saving in the estimates, that is all they care for. Whether the saving be real or fictitious, that is a matter of no moment to them; and of this our readers may rest assured, that so far as concerns the public offices, the saving is in every instance far more ideal than real. Indeed we will go further. The public is positively imposed upon by an assumption of economy which has, in point of fact, no existence in these offices. Take, for example, the War Office. A good many clerks are reduced; a good many barrackmasters and outdoor functionaries are got rid of; the defence committee is dissolved; and we have one central department instead of several separate branches, such as store branch, contract branch, and so forth. And out comes Mr. Cardwell with the assertion that he has effected a saving in military expenditure alone of rather more than a million. But how stand the facts of the case? Not one functionary is reduced without receiving compensation—some of them extravagant compensation. The amount thus paid out does not indeed appear on the face of the army estimates; but look into other returns, and you will find it there, pretty well absorbing the million which a gullible public is persuaded to believe will fructify in its own pocket. Meanwhile other appointments are made, some costing from £2000 to £1000 a-year; others, such as non-commissioned officers hired to do clerks' work can fill, with salaries at £90, £80, and some of them as high as £130 a-year. Add up all these together, and you will find that there is no saving at all; none, at least, worth making a song about; certainly none such as to compensate to the nation at large for the privations to which individuals are subjected by it.

As we said before, however, far be it from us to object to any sav-

ing of public money which is honest in itself, and not fraught with mischief to the public service. It is possible enough that the excise may get in the assessed taxes at a cheaper rate, and to a larger amount, than the collectors heretofore employed in that duty; but we entirely condemn and object to Mr. Lowe's device for chousing us out of a quarter's payment, by the juggle of shifting the period in which our returns are to be made up from April to January. Observe how this scheme is to work. We are to consider the present arrangements as holding good up to April 1870. We are, however, to make our returns and pay a whole year's taxes in advance on the 1st of January in that year, and then on the 1st of April the expiring tax-gatherer is to wait upon us and to say, "You are still a quarter or a half-year in arrear to me. I am answerable for the amount, and though it be very true that you have paid already to the excise what the Government requires between January 1870 and January 1871, you must pay to me also the sums due on the old arrangement up to April 1870. If there be not in this a deliberate fraud on the tax-paying community, we should be glad to be told what a fraud is."

Mr. Lowe has a deficiency to make up, and this is his plan for doing so. The deficiency has arisen out of the excess in the expenditure on the Abyssinian expedition above what the estimates had made it. Now any other ministry than the present would have met the difficulty either by a small increase to the National Debt—which would have been the fairest method—or by a temporary loan, say for three, four, or five years, to be paid off by instalments. A policy so just and simple would not, however, have suited the views of our present rulers. They must cause each year, whether it be a year of peace or war, to pay its own expenses; and they take advantage of a present embarrassment to inaugurate the

financial policy of which Mr. Bright is the advocate. While they filch us out of a quarter's taxation, and raise the income tax from four to five pence in the pound, anticipating a whole year's collection, at the same time they remit certain duties which no human being felt to be a burden; and of which the only effect will be to put a shilling a quarter more into the pockets of the grower or the retailer than he would otherwise receive. Of course Mr. Bright will deny this, but he will scarcely deny that the repeal of the shilling duty is the first step towards the establishment of a free breakfast-table. And we have not forgotten either who it was that first raised that cry, or on what occasion and for what purpose he raised it.

A more direct attack—we do not say a more sure attack—upon property has been made by the support given to Mr. Maguire's motion to inquire into the tenure by which the city companies hold their estates in Ireland. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of that move, or the effect that it is producing upon the minds of the Roman Catholic population of Ireland. For years past the land-question was the only question in which they took the smallest interest, and the readiness with which Mr. Fortescue gave his assent to the proposition of the member for Cork has excited in them hopes which it will puzzle any government either to disappoint or to gratify. Nor can any one who is even partially conversant with the habits of thought prevalent among the Roman Catholic peasantry of Ireland, be at all surprised at the circumstance. Education, which in other countries usually operates as a corrective to superstition, seems in Ireland only to have deepened it. Observe that in so expressing ourselves we do not refer, at least exclusively, to the superstition which has its roots in religious belief. That is indeed strong enough with the Irish people

still, quite as strong as ever it was; for the priest is still master of the peasant's soul so long as he remains in the old country. But there is another superstition, or, if the term be preferred, another delusion, to which more than even to his belief in the priest's powers the Irish peasant gives himself up, and to which the education which he receives in school as well as in chapel ministers. It is his fixed persuasion that his country is, and has for centuries been, the most oppressed country in the world. Before he could read as he reads now, the Irishman entertained a vague idea of this kind. Tradition, handed down from one generation to another, told of the Saxon spoiler and the outraged Celt. Now all his literary researches are directed to authenticate and give force to such traditions, and to fix both the wrong and the suffering to be redressed on particular representatives of the rival races. There is in general use throughout the National Schools of Ireland, though its title does not appear in the list of authorized class-books, a history of Ireland, of which it seems to be the sole object to rouse in the minds of the scholars implacable hatred to England. That history has a chapter devoted to the settlement of Ulster, as well as frequent references to the spoliation carried forward at various epochs since the first arrival of Strongbow in the island. And we need scarcely add that these are all so expressed as not only to stir the fury of their Celtic readers, but to set the imaginations of the most imaginative people under the sun furiously to work. To ask why such a class-book should be suffered in schools where all power of management rests virtually with the priests, would be to ask a very silly question. It is but an epitome of the lore which these reverend gentlemen make it their business to dispense in their chapels and out of them day by day to their flocks. The Central Board, which transacts its business in Dublin,

may or may not know anything about this precious volume, and the use that is made of it; but the Board, if it be ignorant, convicts itself by its ignorance of total unfitness for the charge which has been intrusted to it. If it be cognisant of the facts as they are, yet either shrink from dealing with them or wilfully connive at such a flagrant breach of its own rules, it is still more disqualified from holding its present position by one or other of the two worst faults that can attach to a governing body—moral cowardice or direct treachery.

Besides this school history (which, by the by, was for a brief space smuggled into use in the army; but which having attracted the attention of the authorities, was immediately kicked out), innumerable other books, pamphlets, and newspapers are industriously spread through the length and breadth of the land, all of which tell a like tale, some of them with even increased minuteness and acrimony. As might be expected, the estates of the London companies, and the tenure by which they are held, furnish a rich theme for discussion. Nor are we treated exclusively in the publications of which we speak to arguments bearing upon these tenures, which, if they do not satisfy us, satisfy the bulk of the Irish, that the rule of England is Ireland's bane. We recommend Lord Hartington, being an active member of the present Cabinet, to study what is said of the manner in which certain lands in Ireland were acquired by the great house of which he is the hope. It strikes us that, whether he be able to refute the reasonings of these patriotic antiquaries or no, he will be very much horrified by the conclusions to which they lead. Prescriptive right to estates obtained originally by wrong is a sophism which they cannot admit. The heirs of the dispossessed chiefs still survive; and a title which rests on possession merely, whether it be for two hundred years or for five, cannot

bar the claims of those who have never assented to its justice.

Till the present administration came into office these legends served, in great measure, only to interest and amuse the masses, and to ensure to the priests, who were the chief circulators of them, their ascendancy, in things temporal as well as in things spiritual, over their flocks. Since Mr. Gladstone announced his determination to break in upon the right of the Established Church to its property, the legends have changed their character, and become great truths. They are now taken up and openly asserted in every parish throughout the country, and find their way, as we see, into the House of Commons itself. Mr. Maguire's motion is, when looked at from his point of view, a very politic one. He could not make a better beginning in the work of readjustment than by attacking these corporations. Corporate property has been pronounced, on high legal authority, to be no property at all. It is a mere usufruct, liable at any moment to be brought to an end, whenever the legislature shall come to the conclusion that a better use may be made of it. And the City companies are, even more conspicuously than the bishops and rectors of the Church established by law, sinners against the purpose for which they were incorporated. We don't want to settle Ulster, or any other portion of Ireland, now. They are all settled to the full, and it is a matter of indifference to the Government whether the settlers be loyal subjects or rebels in a state of enforced idleness. It is true that the City companies are admitted to be the very best landlords in Ireland; but what business have they to keep their lands now—now that the country is in the highest state of cultivation—now that the tenants thrive, and five-sixths of the rents, or thereabouts, are laid out in the improvement of their estates? It is an article in the Irish social creed that every farthing

of rent produced by an Irish landed estate ought to be spent in Ireland; and for this reason alone London companies, which can never, in the nature of things, become resident proprietors, must be deprived of their estates. But can we stop there? Surely not. The Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Derby, the heir and representative of Lord Palmerston, the Fitzwilliamses, with we know not how many other great English houses besides, are all the owners of enormous estates in Ireland. Do they spend five-sixths of their rentals, or anything like five-sixths, on the improvement of their lands? Do they not, on the contrary, spend three-fourths at least of their Irish rentals out of Ireland? Is there any reason why their estates should not be confiscated just as readily as the estates of the Irish Society? Is there anything to prevent this consummation being carried into effect after a beginning has fairly been made with the worshipful companies of Grocers, Skinners, and Fishmongers? And if the law requires that Ireland shall, in its soil, be given over absolutely to the Irish, or to those who are willing to become Irishmen by residence in the country, who will pretend to justify the non-extension of the same law to Scotland and to England? We shall thus arrive, first, at the conclusion that nobody shall possess two estates, one in England, the other either in Ireland or in Scotland; next, that nobody shall own two estates, one, say in Hampshire, the other in Norfolk; and finally, that the lands all cease to be a monopoly in few hands everywhere. Thus, what with the substitution of a system of direct for one of indirect taxation, and what by treating personal residence as the first of the duties which the possession of land imposes upon its owner, we shall give such a shock to all men's notions of social and political equity, that it will be hard matter for the best of us to determine whether

we are standing upon our heads or our heels.

2. It is not our intention to say many words about the Irish Church or the fate that is hanging over it. We could add nothing to what has been written and spoken on that subject both by ourselves and others over and over again. A greater moral wrong, a more monstrous political mistake, never was committed by any Government or any legislature than that which the present Government and the present House of Commons seems bent on risking. Even if Ireland were, like Canada or Australia, with us politically speaking, but not of us, the moral wrong and the political blunder would still be monstrous. Nobody will gain by the threatened change. Nobody till the other day desired it. Its immediate result will be the exasperation of the religious differences which were dying out, and the inevitable commencement of what may end ere long in a real war of races. But consider the inevitable effect, if Mr. Gladstone's measure be carried, upon the Churches in England and in Scotland. Already voices are heard contending that all religious establishments are a mistake. We have ourselves heard the question put at a dinner table, not by a Dissenter or a Roman Catholic, but by more than one professing Churchman, "Why should the Church own property? We have no authority for this in primitive times, why should it be so among us?" Now, though we put little comparative store on words loosely spoken at dinner tables, still, looking to what will surely follow if the Established Church in Ireland go, and the legislative union with that country be maintained, it is impossible not to feel that that which must come will come speedily. Whether the first attack will be made upon the Established Church of Scotland or upon that of England—the conditions of the empire remaining as we assume—is uncertain. Our own belief is, that on the Church of England the

storm will first break, and for these reasons. First, the Church of England is the backbone of Protestantism all over the world. This the Romanists know well; and therefore against the Church of England will that attack be directed at the beginning, of which they are the real leaders. If she falls, as fall she must, because the Parliamentary force arrayed against her will be irresistible, there is an end both here and everywhere to any effective opposition to the spread of Popery. As to the Church of Scotland, as she was too weak to direct the course of the late elections, when the principle of religious establishments was put fairly on its trial, so whenever Romanism thinks it worth while to turn upon her, her collapse will be the occurrence of a moment. She is already outnumbered by sects which have gone out from her, and which hate her with all the virulence which inflames family quarrels. She will not stand one hour longer after the Church of England shall have been severed from the State. Now, what we wish our readers to consider is, whether they honestly desire all this to come about? Will England gain by the dissolution of her parochial system, by the expulsion from their rectories of the incumbents of our rural parishes, by the removal from his place of the one man everywhere whom both law and custom used to accept as the centre round which all the relations of England's social life have from time immemorial turned? What are you to substitute for the old parochial system? where is to be among us the connecting link that binds high and low, rich and poor together? Who is to keep education going, to nurse the flame of charity so that it shall not go entirely out—to be the poor man's councillor, the rich man's opponent when, in the arrogance of his wealth, he seeks to grind the poor? What will our parishes do when our rectors' wives and daughters cease to be the ministers in them of gentle kindnesses to the sick and dying?

That we are not arguing at random, at all events that the views entertained by us are entertained by men not themselves political partisans, but sober-minded and rich in experience, the following extracts from a letter which appeared in the 'Standard' of the 31st of March last, and has since been republished, will show. It is only one of many similar protests with which the press has teemed.

The writer, after referring to Sir Roundell Palmer's demonstration that, in assuming a parallel between the ecclesiastical condition of the colonies and of the mother country, Mr. Gladstone falls into a great mistake, goes on to say:—

"But why, in considering so important a question, does Mr. Gladstone put out of view the entire disparity between the political conditions of these countries and that of Ireland? Canada and Australia are not integral portions of this old constitutional monarchy. They have their own legislatures, make their own laws, and no more interfere with the business of legislation here at home than if they were French, instead of English provinces. But is this the case with Ireland? No. Ireland has no legislature of her own. She sends a certain number of representatives to a united parliament, in order that they may help to make laws for England and Scotland, as well as for Ireland; and up to the other day every loyal subject of the Crown rejoiced that it was so. But observe with what we are now threatened. We are going to declare that in Ireland, being one section of this united monarchy, there shall no longer be a Church in connection with the State, nor a body of ministers paid by a peculiar burden on the land—or out of other endowments in land itself—for the purpose, under the direct sanction of the State, of dispensing to the people, whether they be willing or no to avail themselves of the benefit, gratuitous religious instruction. You will carry your point, if you do carry it, much to the disgust of Irish Churchmen, and in well-known opposition to the wishes of a large majority of English Churchmen. What follows? Ireland will return to the next Parliament, she may even show in the present, upwards of a hundred gentlemen, every one of whom you have constrained to

become a member of a voluntary Church, some obeying your behests willingly, if indeed it be possible to speak of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland as a voluntary Church; others burning with indignation at the wrong which they have suffered at the hands of English and Scotch constituencies. Can you expect that these men, or any of them, will vote for keeping up in Great Britain an institution which has been abolished as worse than useless at home? Will the Roman Catholic Members, hating Protestantism in every form, and especially the Church of England, as being the backbone of Protestantism all over the world, do this? Will it be done by Protestants, smarting under the sense of the utter disregard with which their rights, both religious and political, were treated? Certainly not. Both sections of the Irish representative body will seize the earliest opportunity that presents itself of demanding that the same measure of justice which was meted out to them shall be dispensed to the people of England and Scotland.

"Now when we remember how much English Dissenters and Scotch Presbyterians (not of the Established Church) did to swell the majority that carried the second reading, can any thinking man suppose that matters will rest, even for twelve months, as Mr. Gladstone's measure leaves them? No. The use immediately made of this first success will be, to make ready for a second struggle, in which the combination of one hundred and six Irish, with some fifty or sixty Scotch Members, will give such a superiority to Mr. Bright and the Liberation Society, that no efforts on the part of Churchmen, however strenuous and well sustained, will be able to avert defeat. And do not lay out of view this fact. If such a measure of success attend Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy as he counts upon, the more inevitable will be its application, sooner or later, to England and Scotland. For men who find that their own portion of the realm grows more moral, and, it may be, more prosperous than it was before the overthrow of the State Church, will be doubly impelled, without taking any account either of generic or social distinctions, to press a similar boon upon other portions. Thus the hope of rest to Ireland which the minister holds out to us as an in-

ducement to co-operate with him in his policy of disestablishment and disendowment in that island only alarms us the more for the coming fate of the Church of England. We do not—I at least do not—share in the hope which he bids us cherish; and the state of public feeling as it is evinced at all the public meetings which are now going on in Ireland appears to justify our worst apprehensions. But if I could hope as Mr. Gladstone hopes, the joy thence arising would be dashed by the conviction that the Church which I have served for wellnigh half a century, and from which so much of good is showered upon England, is to be offered up as a sacrifice to the tranquillity of Ireland.

"It seems to me that we Churchmen of England and Scotland are forced by Mr. Gladstone's policy between the horns of a dilemma. The difficulty of governing Ireland while she had a legislature of her own was enormous. The difficulty of governing her now, were a separate legislature restored to her, would probably be greater by a hundred-fold. But if I must choose between keeping Ireland within the legislative union after she has ceased to have an established Church in any shape, and giving her back with her Church disestablished a legislature of her own, I cannot hesitate to say, let the legislative union go.

"Sir, I assure you that I write words of sober and sad truth when I say that I look forward to the not improbable coming of the time when, old as I am, I shall be called upon to decide between giving my vote at the hustings only to gentlemen who will undertake to promote the dissolution of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, and tacitly assenting to the progress of events which must land us ere long in religious anarchy. How men professing to be Protestants, whether they call themselves Churchmen or Dissenters, can shut their eyes to the fact that the one religious body which will gain by all this is the Church of Rome, I confess myself unable to imagine." *

The writer of the above letter refers to Mr. Bright. He is quite justified in doing so. The real author of all our present difficulties is the right hon. gentleman whom Mr.

Gladstone has associated with himself, and her Majesty has accepted as a member of her Cabinet. Mr. Bright's visit to Ireland three years ago was not made in vain. The Irish people did not indeed appear quite to understand him at first; but the words uttered by him respecting the state of property in Ireland—in the Rotunda in Dublin, and still more explicitly at Limerick, made their mark on the Irish mind, and did so effectually. We believe that in the course of that visit an alliance was entered into between the Quaker politician and the chiefs of the ultramontanists of Ireland, with Cardinal Cullen at their head, of which we are now reaping the fruits. We believe, further, that Mr. Gladstone's rash declaration last year was not made except at the instigation of these allied powers. We also believe that the present Prime Minister is, at the time of our writing, as much beside himself with excitement as ever man was from whom Providence had not withdrawn the light of reason. That a terrible Nemesis awaits him we are fully convinced. He will awake some day to find the grandest constitution ever worked out by a nation falling to pieces over his head; and among the millions who mourn the catastrophe, not one, we venture to predict, will mourn more bitterly than he.

3. We come now to the last of the three points to which we proposed to turn the attention of our readers, the attack upon the rights of the House of Lords; and it is fair that we should confess, at the outset, that if that move, or a move analogous to it, had been made at any other time—and, let us add, from any other quarter—we should have looked at it differently from what we do. There can be no objection to life peerages for laymen any more than to life peerages for churchmen, provided the institution be founded on any just and intelligible principle. Great advantage, on the contrary, would accrue both to the nation and the

legislature, were it customary to call to the Upper House the judges of the land, or some portion of them. In this case the peerage would attach, not to the individual, but to the office; just as the rights of the peerage attach at this moment to the tenure of an English or an Irish see. But what we do object to is, that under the pretext of getting into the Upper House a constant succession of talent, the Minister of the day should have the power of making life-peers out of artists, authors, soldiers, sailors, gentlemen who have lost their seats in the House of Commons, Under-Secretaries of State, according to his own will and pleasure. To all that we entirely object. And through the bill which Lord Russell prepared, and Lord Granville, speaking for the Government, supported, contained clauses limiting the exercise of this power, we all know that clauses of this sort are never much valued. Remember how the admission of Roman Catholics to Parliament, and the repeal of the Test Act, were believed to be rendered innocuous by the enactment that the persons benefiting by the change should swear not to use their influence for the injury of the Established Church in its rights and property. And remember how the restraints thus imposed upon their freedom as legislators were first evaded, then inveighed against, and ultimately taken away. Who can doubt, that if Lord Russell's bill became law, Mr. Gladstone would discover good reasons next year—perhaps this very year—to evade its provisions, or, supported by his majority of 118 or 125 in the House of Commons, to compel the Lords to repeal it. No; to have read that bill a second time would have been fatal; and their attempt to get it so read we look upon as one more very significant token that while the nation sleeps its privileges are assailed by the very men to whom it has intrusted power, not in order to destroy, but to expand and consolidate its institutions.

As we have just said, no thinking man would object to render such offices as that of Justice of Appeal, the Master of the Rolls, the Chiefs of the Queen's Bench, the Common Pleas and the Exchequer, life peers. Their presence in the House of Lords would greatly enhance both the dignity and the value of that assembly as a final court of appeal; and their views on questions of general policy would not carry the less weight with them, that they might not, any more than the views of the bishops, be always in accord one with the other. Neither can we see any good reason why the full rights of the peerage should not be extended to every Scotch and Irish peer without exception. Or if it be necessary, in order to guard the Act of Union, that sixteen Scotch and twenty-eight Irish noblemen should still come to the House of Lords as Scotch and Irish peers, why might not the Crown leave the nobles of Scotland and Ireland to choose the sixteen and the twenty-eight peerages respectively which shall in all time coming enjoy that particular privilege and honour. But for all the rest there is ample room on benches, which even their admission to them would not fill. To any arrangement of this sort we should not only not object, but it would receive our heartiest concurrence, because there would follow upon it a provision that the Crown should cease in future to have the power of creating peers of Ireland, just as it has long ceased to have the power of creating peers of Scotland. But a parliamentary sanction to such an arrangement as Lord Russell proposed and Lord Granville supported, would be the first step, and a very wide one too, towards the conversion of the House of Lords into an elective senate. Never let us forget that the House of Lords is not an assembly representative of anything else. It is a distinct estate of the realm; and it is be-

cause of its peculiar character as such that it is able to interpose something like effective resistance to the constant encroachments of the Commons on the rights and privileges of the Crown. Change its character, and it will become in name what in fact it has of late too much been—less the reviser than the registrar of the decrees of the Commons. Observe that we are not averse to the occasional recruitment of the House of Lords from other classes than successful lawyers, soldiers, sailors, and statesmen. Differing as we do in many opinions from Lord Belper, we saw with great satisfaction his advancement to the peerage. For it is a wise thing, and a great defence for the constitution, in Queen, Lords, and Commons to make large manufacturers and wealthy bankers understand that to them, who cannot enrich themselves without benefiting their country at the same time, the way is open to the highest honours of the state. But if the day ever come when it shall be in the power of the Prime Minister to pitchfork, even by fours at a time, his toadies and sycophants into the House of Lords, our readers may depend upon it that the end of that august assembly as the constitutional bulwark of the throne is not far distant. And we do not hesitate to charge upon the present Government that, inspired by Mr. Bright, they contemplate such an issue with complacency. What did Lord Granville mean by objecting to Earl Russell's bill, that its chief fault was that it did not go far enough? Is he prepared, in case the necessity should arise, to swamp the Lords rather than lose his bill? And would he prefer, naturally enough, to swamp it with persons whose individual votes might serve his purpose, undashed by the reflection that possibly, having served him once, they might, in order to guard the rights of the peers, fall off from him on some future and,

perhaps, equally critical occasion. Be it so. For the present it is satisfactory to know that his views in this direction are for the present thwarted. The Lords are not as yet prepared to abdicate their own functions, and the Ministers must take the disappointment as well as they can.

It is not, however, in the House of Lords, but in the House of Commons that the battle of the constitution is at this moment going on. On the fate of the Irish Church hangs the issue of that battle. Our conservative champions do their work well, and they have reason and justice on their side; but what can reason, justice, and bravery combined effect against overwhelming majorities. Our champions, gallant and true, are few in number. Irish Romanists, Scotch voluntaries, and Welsh dissenters, prove, in combination, too strong for us, somewhat disunited as we were at the hustings; and let us not seek to hide the truth from ourselves,—we owe our present weakness almost as much to the disunion that prevails within our own ranks, as to the vigour of the enemy. Even now, to their shame be it spoken, there is a section of the English clergy—a small one, we admit, but still a noisy one, and an arrogant—which looks forward to disestablishment and disendowment here as well as in Ireland with satisfaction. These have done us immense harm. But, on the other side, there are not a few whom the attitude which they have been forced to assume in the House by no means pleases, and who need only a fair and honest reason for changing it. So long as the country is

quiet they will abide where they are. They are committed to a certain course, and cannot of their own free motion escape from it. But if the country can be persuaded to speak out, very many of them, being redeemed from hustings pledges, will be moved by it. Now, we do not hesitate to say that the country is bound to speak out, and that churchmen are especially called upon to awaken the laity to a sense of the danger which threatens. What are our bishops about? why do they not organise in every diocese such assemblies as have met, separately and in the aggregate, to deliver their minds in Ireland? Is it supposed that the English people will refuse to listen to the voice of reason if reasonable men appeal to them? We do not believe it. Let a beginning be made in every parish, in every rural deanery, in every archdeaconry, in every diocese—the rector appealing to his parishioners, the bishop to his people, lay not less than clerical. Let us have in London such aggregate meetings of English churchmen, as the Irish have had of Irish churchmen in Dublin. Would the Government be able to stand against such a gathering? No; it would shiver their majority in a day. At all events, it would encourage the Lords to do their duty; and the bill, if not thrown out, would be so modified as to render it comparatively harmless. On the other hand, if nothing of this sort be done, the bill will pass, either this session or the next, in its integrity, and England will discover, when it is too late, that she has ceased to be a great constitutional monarchy.

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LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

I.

It was dead low-water at Wansford Road Station. The tide of trains, express, ordinary, and goods, which dashed by between the hours of 8 and 10 A.M. (for but few of them stopped at that small roadside halting-place) had run out, and for the last three-quarters of an hour the precincts had been as silent and undisturbed as the aisles of a fashionable church on a weekday. Mr. Morgan—book-keeper, clerk, and superintendent, all in one—was immersed in a study of long ledgers, which seem to have been invented to keep the minds of the officials in such places from stagnating. Jem Dobbs, the sole porter and pointsman on duty, was occupying the horsehair seat invented by the company for the punishment of their passengers, sunk in that professional half-slumber which has still an eye and an ear open for any sounds of business. Seeing that he was on duty for an average fourteen hours a-day, it was very well for him that he had acquired something of the faculty ascribed to great military commanders,

of snatching an odd ten minutes of sleep whenever the movements of the enemy—in his case the “ups” and “downs”—would let him.

Suddenly Dobbs jumped up, and was out on the platform in a second. The distant rumble of the up-train from E—for London had mingled with his blissful dream of the tap of the “Railway Hotel,” and roused him to his duty of bell-ringing. Mr. Morgan had not heard the sound, apparently, though he was wide awake. But then it was not his special business.

“She’s before her time this morning, Jem,” said he to his subordinate when he re-entered, casting a look at the office clock as he spoke.

“It’s Buster as is driving,” said Jem; “he’s allus either afore his time or arter; he were brought up on the Westland Junction, where they does all their work on their own premises, and the platelayers makes the chronometers.”

“Ye’re early to-day, Joe,” remarked the porter, as the engine drew up at the platform.

“Well, I were late yesterday,”

replied Joe, with an air of entire self-satisfaction.

"You goes on the system of averages on the Junction, I suppose; we an't got to that pint yet on the main line. Well, you've got to wait, you know—two minutes and a half."

There was but one passenger for Wansford, and as he was a second-class, and appeared to have but a single carpet-bag, Jem Dobbs shrewdly calculated that he was quite equal to the weight of that himself, and resumed his own talk with the driver.

"Here's to-day's 'Telegraph' for you, Jem,—I suppose you han't seed it?" Coming from the rural metropolis of E—, the speaker was in a position to confer these kind of literary obligations on his friends at the smaller stations.

"I don't care for no Telegraphs," said the other, moodily. Indeed the newspaper, having passed through the hands of the driver and his mate during their half-hour of refreshment at E—, was not a tempting-looking object except to a very earnest politician. Jem held out his hand for it nevertheless. "I don't want no papers. What's the use of a newspaper to a man as is nailed to this 'ere platform fourteen hours out of every twenty-four? What odds can it make to him about politics? Lots of talking in Parlyment," he continued, glancing with an air of disgust either at the long speeches or at the dirty pages. "Ah! I des-say! much good they does a-talking."

"There's all about the H Irish Church."

"Bother the H Irish Church! What harm did the H Irish Church ever do me or you? If they'd take off the H Irish Mail, now, as keeps me out of my bed till one in the morning every other night, kicking my heels in this here soluntary hole, I'd say they did some good. I'm turned Tory, Joe, I am. I don't admire so much progress; it drives a man off his legs, and well-nigh off his head too. You've

heard of this Hact as this new Company's got passed?"

"The Millford and Ashwater? They're to have running powers over this line, I'm told."

"Ay—and we shall have lots more work here a-signalling, and no more pay, I'll be bound, for it. Running powers! I wish I'd my foot behind some of them directors, Joe, I'd give 'em some running powers—bless'd if I wouldn't."

"Time's up," said the station-master, issuing forth watch in hand. There was the usual whistle and shriek, and with a slow lumbering motion and much panting, like an unwilling monster, the train began its work again.

"Hold on there! hold on!" shouted the official suddenly, when they had scarcely yet got well under way. "Here's Sir Francis coming down the hill," said he to the porter. "Hold on!"

"Hold on!" echoed Dodds, frantically rushing to the end of the platform, and raising both arms with the due telegraphic motion. Glancing round, he saw the dog-cart rapidly nearing the station, with the driver's arm raised in correspondence. Quickened by the thought of a possible shilling, he ran some fifty yards along the line, still shouting and gesticulating after the fast retreating train. But the wind was contrary, and Buster did not, and the guard would not hear; and Jem returned panting to the platform to see Sir Francis jump down at the station-door—just one half-minute too late.

"How's this, Morgan?" said he, as the station-master came forward to express his regret. "Why, they're off before their time!"

"I think not, Sir Francis," said Mr. Morgan respectfully, glancing up at his clock. The baronet drew out his own watch, but it more than confirmed the station-master. He was evidently a good deal annoyed, but he was too much of a gentleman to blame others for punctuality.

"By Jove, Lizzie! we're too late,

after all," he said in a tone of vexation to a young lady who had accompanied him, as he went to help her down.

"How very provoking!"

"I've been here fifty times to meet this train, and never knew you all so sharp in my life before," said he, with an attempt to smile.

"Quite true, Sir Francis,—it is very seldom we are so exact to time: the train came in early, and had to wait a minute or two, but there was no one here, you see, and so—"

"Of course, of course, Morgan. There's no one to blame but myself; but it's very annoying to miss it by so little. I had an engagement I wished especially to keep to-day."

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure, Sir Francis," said the station-master, with a manner as if he meant what he said: for Sir Francis Hargrave, if not exactly popular, was generally respected in the neighbourhood, and had even once or twice sent Mr. Morgan a little present of game in acknowledgment of polite services in his department. But in the midst of explanations and apologies the station-door opened, and another would-be passenger appeared. It was a young man in the dress of a superior mechanic, carrying a small bundle.

"Train gone?" said he, almost breathless.

"Just gone," said Jem, with an emphasis on the first word, as though he congratulated himself and his questioner on having timed it so nicely. There was no malice, but only a general sort of civil misanthropy on the porter's part towards the general public. He saw a good deal of the weaker side of human nature. People were so stupid: coming late for trains, as if it was not quite as easy for those who had all the day before them to be ten minutes beforehand as two minutes behind (he should like to know what the company would say to him if he was two minutes late to signal in the half-

past five train these blessed winter mornings); bringing luggage with unreadable addresses, or no address at all; expecting it to go all right, even under the latter conditions; or, in cases where it was legibly directed, duly labelled, and put out on the platform, hovering over it to his, Jem Dobbs's, personal inconvenience (these were commonly lady-passengers), in the evident belief that the company would make away with it, leave behind, or otherwise unlawfully dispose of it if they were allowed the slightest chance. Then people asked such utterly needless and unreasonable questions; expecting him to know, and to be able to explain to the dullest comprehension the time-tables, not only of his own line, but of every line in or out of connection with it: to be able to give an exact guess, if a train were late in arrival, as to "how much longer" it would be; and, to crown their aggravations, standing at the carriage-doors when the train was just starting, to give some parting message that might just as well have been given ten minutes before, or insisting on kissing each other on tiptoe through the window.

"Gone!" echoed the young man, with a face of consternation—"why—"

He turned round to face a slight girlish figure which had entered close behind him.

"We're too late," he said—"too late."

"When does the next train go for London, sir?" asked the timidly of Mr. Morgan. There was great anxiety in her face, but seemed the more business-like the two.

"There's none till 1.25," said the station-master; "you'll have an hour and a half to wait."

"Have you a telegraph here?" interjected the young man rapidly.

"Telegraph? no," said Jem, in a tone which implied that they were not to that.

at

the time-table, running her fingers nervously along the lines.

"The express does not stop here," she said. "How far is it to Croxton, sir? it stops there. Is there any conveyance to be had that would take us on there in time?"

The young man caught at the idea eagerly.

"Yes," said he, "a fly, or gig, or anything—it is worth trying." And he began to count the coins in a purse which did not seem over-well filled.

But no conveyance of any kind was to be had at the "Station Hotel," unless by previous order from the little town of Wansford, which was two miles off.

"It's no use—it's no use," said the disappointed traveller, trying hard to suppress evident emotion, as he walked out upon the platform, where the girl quickly followed him.

There had been another more interested spectator of the scene than either of the railway officials. The young lady who had accompanied Sir Francis had marked with a woman's sympathy the look of distress in the face of the girl (who might have been a year or two younger than herself), and was now engaged in an earnest whisper with her brother—for such was the relationship between them.

The baronet turned round sharply. "Very well," said he. And he stepped out upon the platform where the other two were walking, —the girl clinging to her companion's arm, and looking up pitifully into his moody face. Sir Francis touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Is it really important to you, young man, to catch this express for London?"

"Oh yes, sir, yes!" said the girl, answering for him, as he turned round to his questioner with a somewhat bewildered and half-resentful expression. There was nothing to resent, however, in Sir Francis'

manner, though it was more business-like than sympathetic. Time and words were precious.

"Jump into my dog-cart, then, here at the door, and my groom will get you there in time. Look sharp, Johnson!"

The porter caught the baronet's decided tone, and the groom, who was walking the mare about, was summoned to the door again before the young man could half understand the offer, or express his thanks.

"Do you go with him?" said Jem to the girl, as she handed up the little bundle to her companion already seated by the groom's side.

"No, oh no!" said she; "make haste!"

Sir Francis stood at the door looking after the dog-cart for a minute or so, as it drove rapidly off. He had his watch in his hand.

"She'll do it in the time, Morgan," he remarked, as they turned a corner out of sight. He was more interested in his mare's powers than in the emergencies of a stranger.

"Oh, will they, sir, do you think?" said the young girl to him appealingly. Her eyes were straining after them too.

"Yes, yes; they're safe to do it," said the baronet, looking at her with some curiosity. He was half-amused and half-embarrassed by her earnestness. He was not much accustomed to these appeals from "young persons" in her station of life. But she had a very beautiful face, he saw now; and he had an artist's eye for faces.

"Yes, he'll be in time, my—good girl." He had almost said, "my dear;" but with a happy presence of mind he corrected himself. Then he walked back into the station to get out of the way of her thanks; for he saw tears in her eyes, and he did not care to see a woman cry—even a plebeian. Neither, to do him justice, was he a man to desire such impassioned thanks for a mere good-natured action. He had done it to oblige his sister; but when he

saw how pretty this other girl was, he felt very well satisfied that he had done her a kindness too.

"And what are you going to do yourself, Sir Francis?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"Oh! I should have had to wait here, I suppose, anyhow, for the 1.25 train. We're going to Moulsham, and the express wouldn't help us—don't stop there, you know. You won't mind waiting here, Lizzy? It's a great nuisance—I shall be late for that meeting; but, you see, Vernon will expect us to dinner all the same. I think we ought not to disappoint them. I'll just take a stroll about and smoke a cigar. Have you a book?"

She shook her head. "I shall do very well—don't mind me, pray."

"And I must have left the 'Times' in the dog-cart. How stupid of me!"

"Here's to-day's 'Telegraph,' miss," said Jem, producing the paper from the office window. "It isn't justly fit for a lady's hands, but it's only theingin black—perhaps if you was to take your gloves off, it wouldn't hurt." Jem had an idea that the little hands would wash, but the lilac kids certainly would not.

"Oh, thank you! never mind. Now, you see, Francis, I'm quite provided."

"Well, Mr. Morgan will take care of you, and I'll look in." He lighted his cigar, and was going out at the door opposite the platform. The girl who had accompanied the young traveller was still waiting in the office.

"She wants to thank you, Sir Francis," said the station-master, to whom she had been speaking. She came forward a step or two, but still seemed too shy to address him.

He turned to her good-humouredly. "Oh! it's not worth mentioning—it will do the mare good." It was wonderful what an expressive face this young person had—and there were tears in her eyes.

"Don't say a word," he said, in a very kind tone; "good-bye." It was not at all his habit to say good-bye to 'young persons' he encountered on railways.

At this moment a whistling scream was heard in the distance, and Jem Dobbs rushed frantically across the office, and out upon the platform.

"Only the down express, Sir Francis," said Morgan, in explanation.

What is the strange attraction which draws every one to see an express go by? It was a question which Jem Dobbs would have felt much relieved to have got answered satisfactorily. Why should he continually have not only to shout and warn and remonstrate, but to rush along the edge of the platform at his own personal risk, and push back the curious fools, young and old, who seemed to be always trying how near they could stand without the train touching them?

It was no wonder that the girl, to whom railway travelling was a novelty, should go to the door to look. Even the more aristocratic young lady was standing in the office window, and Sir Francis himself turned and went out to see. Certainly he had the excuse of having nothing better to do at the moment.

"Take care there!" shouted Jem from the points, which he had gone to attend to.

"Take care," said the baronet. But she was careful enough. Sir Francis did not seem to be so very much interested in the passage of the express, after all, for he turned his back to it as it came roaring up; it gave him the opportunity, at all events, of looking into her face again without rudeness, as she stood absorbed in watching its rapid approach. He dropped his cigar as he turned, and reached to pick it up almost at her feet. There was an iron clamp on the platform, fastening together two flag-stones which were somewhat worn. More than once Mr. Mor-

gan had written to headquarters to advise their removal as dangerous. The baronet's heel tripped on this as he recovered his cigar, and he staggered backwards right on the edge of the platform as the train came rushing up. Instinctively he put out his hand, and the girl clasped it. He was quite off his balance, and the strain was almost too much for her. There was a loud scream—from the window, not from her—as for one terrible instant the two swung together almost over the platform, so that the hindmost carriages brushed the person of Sir Francis as they flew past. The girl held on bravely, though she was dragged a step or two from her position. The station-master had rushed forward the moment he saw the peril; but the whole scene passed instantaneously, and by the time he had grasped the girl's dress with one hand the train had passed, the danger was over, and she had fainted and fallen on the rails. The fall was in a measure broken by the station-master's grasp; but when Sir Francis, who had recovered himself, by a spring forward, stooped to assist her, the blood was trickling from her forehead, and she neither moved nor spoke. She had struck her head against the rail.

"Good heavens! is she killed?" said he, in an agony.

Mr. Morgan was calmer. "Only stunned and faint, sir, I think; she did not fall heavily—I had good hold of her."

The two men lifted her carefully into the office, and laid her on the horsehair bench, which had never been found so convenient. The cut was not severe, so far as they could judge.

"Send at once for the nearest surgeon," said the baronet.

"I fear we can't be spared here," said the station master; "but I'll step across to the hotel, and get some one from there to run up to Wansford."

"I'll go myself," said the baronet;

"Lizzy, you see to her—get some water."

"Yes, yes," said his sister, "go at once; there's not much harm, I hope."

There came a sigh from the patient as she spoke, which the experience of Mr. Morgan pronounced an excellent sign. He was so far right, that before Sir Francis had been gone many minutes, the colour had partially come back into her face, and she had once or twice opened her eyes. The landlady of the little public-house close by—dignified by the name of "hotel"—came in, and though a vulgar fussy woman, she was some help to the others under the circumstances. She was anxious to have the patient carried over to her parlour, but this the station-master did not advise. "It's a noisy place, miss," he said, in an aside; "she'll be better taken up to Wansford, after the doctor has been."

"Who is she, Mr. Morgan? Do you know at all?" asked the young lady.

Mr. Morgan had no idea. Jem had no idea. He had seen the young man once or twice, he thought, about Wansford lately, but he was a stranger to the place.

There was consciousness in the eyes the next time they were opened, and they looked round with a mute and questioning distress at all the strange faces. Miss Hargrave signed to Mr. Morgan and Jem, who were hovering about and looking on with the kindly but troublesome helplessness common to their sex in such emergencies, to go out of the way. "We shall manage very well now," she said to them. "You are to lie still, dear, and be quiet; you've hurt yourself."

Apparently the sufferer gained confidence by what she saw in the gentle face which bent over her. She shut her eyes again, and lay quite still for some minutes. Then she looked up again and asked—

"Where is my brother?"

"He is gone to London, you know, dear, and I'm to take care of you till he comes back."

"Oh! I remember," said the girl, with a look of pained anxiety. "Can I go home now—to Wansford, I mean? I think I could go now," she said, half raising herself.

"We've sent for something to take you there—it will be here very soon," said Lizzy, with pious falsehood. "You're to be very quiet till it comes. You have had a fall, but you'll be yourself again in a very little while."

"I know—I know," said the girl. "Was he hurt?"

"My brother, do you mean? Oh no; it was you that fell—and you saved his life, I do believe. But you must not talk."

"Tell me the gentleman's name—I asked the clerk, but I was not sure what he said."

"Hargrave—but never mind."

"Sir Francis Hargrave?"

Lizzy nodded, as much as to decline talk.

"Are you his sister?" said the girl, springing half up, and looking wild enough, as her hair had come all loose while they were bathing her temples.

"Yes—but I'll tell you nothing if you won't lie still."

"Oh!" said the other, "forgive me! do forgive me! Oh, if I had but known! don't think hard of me!" Her pleading was piteous. She was wandering, no doubt, and Miss Hargrave was seriously alarmed. But she was a sensible girl, and kept her presence of mind.

"I'll go away," said she, stoutly, "if you will talk."

"Say only you'll forgive me, whatever comes of it!" said the sufferer, seizing her hand. But there was a hazy look about the eyes, and her voice grew weaker. Lizzy Hargrave promised forgiveness lavishly, and succeeded at last in calming her so far that she lay down again, still holding the hand she had taken.

She lay quiet after this, and sank

into a doze. Miss Hargrave sat and watched her, waiting anxiously for her brother's return with the surgeon. He was longer than she had hoped. But the patient was now breathing easily, and the doze seemed to have become a sound sleep, for the tightly-clasped hand was relaxed, and at last withdrawn altogether. She picked up Jem's 'Telegraph,' which had dropped on the floor, and glanced over its pages. There was not much in it to interest her, and she began mechanically, as people will do in such cases, to read some of the advertisements. At last she was struck by one in which a familiar name appeared.

"One Hundred Pounds Reward. Wanted, evidence of the marriage of Richard Hargrave with Mary Gordon, in or about the year 18—. The marriage took place in Australia—probably at Ballarat. The name of one of the witnesses is supposed to have been John Somers, who came from the neighbourhood of Wansford, in Essex. Apply to R. H., 15 Crown Court, Clifford's Inn."

The coincidence of names was at least curious, and she read it over more than once. A start from the sleeper, however, led her to drop the paper hastily, lest its rustle should disturb what she hoped might prove the best restorative.

The surgeon had not been easily found; but Sir Francis brought him at last, as fast as his horse and "trap" could carry him. He would not pronounce a very confident opinion as to the amount of injury his patient had sustained. The cut was nothing, and there was no external mischief. The symptoms which he did not like were the outburst of wandering excitement of which Miss Hargrave informed him, and the subsequent drowsiness which continued now, even in spite of the disturbing presence of so many strangers, of which indeed she seemed only partially conscious.

"She must be taken home at once, and put to bed," said he, "and we shall know more about it to-morrow. You said you had made some arrangement for her conveyance, I think, Sir Francis? I had better stay, perhaps, and see her safely landed."

"Very well," said the baronet; "yes, I have arranged about all that." He called his sister aside, and whispered a few words. Miss Hargrave's face brightened, and she quietly pressed her brother's hand. The three stood together by the fire in the office, interchanging an occasional commonplace remark in a low tone, Mr. Morgan having retired to his insatiate ledgers. Sir Francis was thoughtful and silent. For want of some better subject of conversation, his sister took up the 'Telegraph,' and pointed to the advertisement she had noticed. Her brother glanced at it, made no remark, but after a minute or two took it up and read it again.

"Curious, is it not?" said his sister.

"Yes," said the baronet, "I've seen something like it before. It's an old story."

He dropped the paper on the ground—indeed it was not tempting to handle more than one could help. Then he turned and looked out of the window.

"Here's the carriage at last, thank heaven! We're going to send her up to the Hall at once," he said

to the surgeon, in brief explanation; "she'll have more chance there than in her own lodgings; and Mrs. Hargrave, as you know, doctor, is a first-rate nurse."

He had found out, while hunting the surgeon up and down the little town of Wansford, that two persons, answering to the description of this young man and his sister, had been occupying some very humble lodgings there for the last few days, though his informant did not know their names.

The girl, still only partly conscious, was carefully lifted into the carriage, in which all necessary preparations had been made, and Miss Hargrave found a corner there for herself. With the surgeon seated on the box, they set off at once for Wanscote Hall.

"I shall wait here till Johnson comes back, Lizzy—he can't be long now. We must give up the Vernons to-day, of course—you must write and explain."

It was not above three miles to the Hall, and in less than half an hour the sufferer was safe in bed in a darkened room, with Mrs. Hargrave, that aunt of aunts, as her niece called her, sitting in her kingdom by the bedside. She had seen plenty of trouble of all kinds; but to look at her placid face now, you would have said that in all her life she had never even known a care. Trouble had refined, not corroded her.

II.

The mare meanwhile had covered her seven miles easily within the three-quarters of an hour allowed her, and Croxton station was reached before the express for London came in sight. Johnson, the groom, had vainly tried to engage his companion in conversation during the drive. Beyond replying—judiciously enough—to his remarks upon Brown Bess's good qualities, the young stranger had been abstracted

and silent. When he jumped down, however, he thanked the man warmly, and offered him a half-crown.

The groom looked at the money sheepishly. "No, thank you," said he; "you're very welcome, for my share of it, sir." He added the "sir" almost involuntarily.

"Take it, my good fellow," said the other; "this lift may be worth many half-crowns to me."

But Johnson looked at the little bundle tied up in a handkerchief, and thought there were not many half-crowns' worth there, at any rate.

"No, sir, thank you," he said, not moving his hands from the reins; "Sir Francis wouldn't like it." The man was not selfish: not so many men of his class are, as their masters are apt to think. "I wish you a good journey, sir," he added, as he turned round, "and I hope no offence."

"That chap's a gentleman, I do believe," said the groom to himself, as he drove round to the inevitable 'hotel' to wash out the mare's mouth and his own before returning. "He don't talk altogether like one, nor he don't wear no gloves, but he's got a gentleman's ways."

The object of these remarks reached London in due course, thanks to Sir Francis' help, not an hour after the train which he had missed. Taking a cab from the terminus, he drove straight down to the London Docks.

"Whereabouts would the Diana Vernon lie, for Port Philip?" he inquired of the first respectable-looking seaman he could find.

He was directed to the vessel at once—not a hundred yards distant. She was not off yet, then. "When do you sail?" he asked a boy who was carrying something on board.

"At six this evening. Are you a-going?"

"No. Can you tell me if Jack Winter is on board?"

"Ay; he was, howsumever, a quarter of an hour since."

He brushed past the lad on the narrow gangway, thereby drawing out rather a large oath from so small a blasphemer, and in another minute had the object of his search pointed out to him. It was a bluff greasy-looking man, sitting on a barrel, with a short pipe in his mouth, apparently not over-sober, to whom he was directed.

"Are you John Somers, formerly of Painter's Ridge, Victoria?" The speaker asked the question quickly

and decidedly, but in a low tone of voice. He read the true answer in the seaman's face in a moment, greasy as it was. There was no mistake; he had found his man.

"Well," said the person addressed, with an oath, and a laugh which was not meant to express pleasure, "you take liberties with my name, mate. Anything else as you'd like to know?"

"Yes," said the other quickly, "a good many things, which I think you can tell me. You are John Somers?"

"I an't called so on board the Dirty Diana; you can call me so, if you like—or by any other name, if it strikes your fancy, youngster." And he stuck his pipe into his mouth again, and his hands into his pockets, with what might have been either defiance or contemptuous indifference.

"Look here," said the younger man, "never mind about the name—I may be wrong; but I will make it worth your while to listen to me, if you'll step ashore anywhere with me for ten minutes."

"You be blowed!" said Jack Winter, or Somers; "we're off in a hour, and I've no time to listen to your business." He spoke with some hesitation, however, for he saw the other's tremulous eagerness.

"You've nothing to fear from me," resumed the stranger, "and everything to gain. I want you as a witness; and I say again, I'll make it worth your while." And feeling nervously in the old purse, he slipped something into the sailor's hand.

Casting a glance round the deck of the vessel to assure himself that no one was watching them, Jack Somers looked into his hand stealthily. The colour of what he saw there was enough. Calling to the boy as he passed, he charged him to tell the captain, if any inquiries were made, that he should be back "in no time," and motioned to his new acquaintance to follow him. He led the way to one of those

common resorts for seamen which abounded in the neighbourhood.

"Ask for a private room, youngster, if you've any magging to do as you don't want made too common. They'll give you a parlour, if you pay for it."

The pair were soon seated in a low close room, redolent of stale tobacco and worse odours.

"Now, John Somers," said the younger man (he quietly assumed the identity, and the other did not now seem inclined to dispute it), "you see I know you—but I'll call you Jack Winter for the present if you prefer it. I've no objection," he added, with a half-laugh, "to a fancy name, if it suits a gentleman's purpose; I've hailed by more than one myself of late. But you were John Somers when you saw Richard Freeman married."

"John Somers it was," said the man sententiously, though with some surprise. He was quite at his ease now; for whatever doubtful points there were in his previous history, Richard Freeman's name was in no way connected with them.

"You saw him married?"

"Well, I did."

"You remember the name of the—lady?"

"Well, she wasn't that much of a lady; but I remember her well enough—Mary Gordon; she were some sort of a cousin o' mine."

The young man slightly flushed, and spoke rapidly.

"You witnessed the marriage. Did you know Richard Freeman well?"

"Better than I know you."

"Was that his real name?" Did you know him go by any other?"

"Well, there was few of us as went by our Sunday names out there, you know. I don't suppose as his name *was* Freeman. I've heard he left another name behind him in England. I can't justly say as I remember it."

"Was it Hargrave?"

"Hargrave? I do believe it was! I've got a paper somewhere, as he

gave me to keep, with his marriage lines on, and I count that's the name as is on it."

"You've got his marriage certificate? Then it's worth a hundred pounds to you, my good fellow, that's all, if you'll come with me," said the younger man, excitedly.

"The devil it is! Are you in sober earnest, mate, or have you been a-lushing it?"

The other hastily drew out a small pocket-book, and produced a scrap cut from a newspaper. It was the same advertisement which had attracted Miss Hargrave's attention at the station.

"Who'll go bail for the truth of this here?" asked Jack Somers, prudently.

"If you'll come with me at once to my lawyer's, and bring the paper you spoke of, and tell him what you've told me, you shall have part of the money down, and the rest when you give your evidence."

"I don't like lawyers," said Jack, shaking his head. "I allus give them sort as wide a berth as I can."

"If your story be true—as I have no doubt it is, mind—I'll make it two hundred."

"You're flush of your promises, youngster. Now let me ax you a question—you've axed me a pretty many. What's Dick Freeman, or whatever his name might be, to you?"

"He was my father," said the young man.

"D— me if you don't favour him, now I look at you. You've a considerable spice of his ways about you, too. Well, Dick was a good pal to me; I liked Dick. And you're Dick's son? I don't know as I'd ha' gone near a lawyer again, of my free will, for the chance of the hun'ed pounds you talk about; but I were always a soft chap, and I'll go with you, if I miss my trip. You'll have to see me through with the cap'n, mind you—you and your lawyer-chap. He's good for that much, I suppose?"

The two men got into a Hansom, and drove rapidly to a small court near Clifford's Inn. They were shown into a room almost as close and dingy as that which they had left. Mr. Brent, the lawyer, whom they found there sitting at his desk, went far to justify, in his outward appearance, Jack Somers's prejudice against the profession generally—which, however, it is only fair to say, was founded on certain personal experiences not of a favourable kind, connected with what he himself termed "a spree on shore," but which was known in the jargon of the law as "assault and battery," and which had led to his shipping himself on board the *Diana* under his present *alias*. He had been assured, however, in the course of his drive from the Docks, that the law at present had no terrors for him, but rather a prospect of considerable advantage; so that when he was presented to Mr. Brent by his lawful surname, he made no difficulty on the point.

"So we've got our witness, Mr. Hargrave," said the lawyer, when the introduction had been duly made. "I knew Furrirt was right. Never knew him fail, sir,—that is, when properly paid. Always pay a man well, Mr. Hargrave, when you want your work well done. That's a maxim of mine. I'm sure you'll agree with me, Mr. Somers?"

Jack Somers indicated his assent to so sound a principle.

"You'll be well paid for your work, sir, as you'll find; it's Mr. Hargrave's wish—excuse me if I call you so for the present," he added, turning to the younger man—"it's Mr. Hargrave's expressed wish to act in the whole of this business on the most liberal principles. Do I represent you correctly, sir?"

"Yes, yes," said the one whom the lawyer called Hargrave, in a tone of some impatience. "But we have no time to lose, Mr. Brent; the vessel of which Mr. Somers is mate sails this evening."

"She must sail without Mr. Somers, then, my dear sir; we cannot possibly spare him, now we have him. The law must lay an embargo on you, Mr. Somers. But we'll make that all right," said the lawyer, as he saw signs of restlessness on the sailor's part. "I'll send down my clerk at once." He rang the bell, and gave his instructions to a squinting young man who answered it. "We'll serve a subpoena on you in due form in the course of the evening," he continued; "we could not part with you, sir, on any account: and, as I observed just now, you will be more than satisfied for any inconvenience. He knows of the reward, Mr. Hargrave?"

"I knows," said Somers, with a wave of his hand, perhaps implying that such things were not necessary to discuss between gentlemen—"I knows; but I'm not sure I'd ha' come here at all, but as he says he's a son of Dick Freeman's. I liked Dick."

"You witnessed the marriage of Richard Freeman—we'll call him so, you know—with Mary Gordon, in March 18—?" said the lawyer, referring to some notes.

"Month o' March, was it? Well," he said, after some calculations of his own personal movements, "I pritty well think it was; leastways, when they were married, I saw the job done, that's sartain. And I promised Dick I'd remember it."

"At Ballarat, were they married?"

"Quite right," said Jack.

"There was a fire there, some two or three years after? The wooden church was burnt?"

"The whole town were burnt, as you may say."

"Then the registers were burnt. It's all right, it's all right," said the lawyer, eagerly; "that corresponds exactly with Furrirt's information. Capital fellow, Furrirt; never wrong. Mr. Somers, you're the man that has given us a deal of trouble—and ex-

pense; but we're very glad to see you. You're the 'missing link,' Mr. Somers, that we read about in the—in the—"

Mr. Brent was not sure it was in the Scriptures. In his natural exultation at having caught his witness, he was wandering out of the safe paths of law into the thorny thickets of literature; so he wisely pulled up with a cough which covered his retreat.

There was no doubt, however, that they had got the very man they had long been looking for, and that Mr. Furrith, of the "Private Inquiry" Office, had done his work quite successfully. The particulars of the sailor's evidence were very soon committed to writing by Mr. Brent, read over, and duly signed with Jack Somers's mark.

"Most complete case," said the lawyer: "I don't suppose Sir Francis will go into court against it. We've got the marriage certificate, the only surviving witness in person, the baptism certificates; in fact, there's not even a legal doubt. I propose to reopen negotiations with the other party at once. Compromises are against our interests, of course, but as an honest lawyer I always recommend them, especially in family cases, you know, Mr. Hargrave—especially in family cases, where feelings have to be considered. Mr. Somers will stay with you, or where we may easily find him, I conclude?"

Young Hargrave had drawn out his pocket-book, and had a bank-note in his hand.

"Here, Somers," he said, "there's the fifty I promised down. It's about the last of the lot, Mr. Brent," he added, with a half-bitter laugh. "They were hard got. I hope they won't be wasted."

"You hand this to me in trust for Mr. Somers," said Brent, looking significantly at the younger man, and arresting the note on the way across the table. "This is in part payment of the reward offered, and I am authorized to hand it over to

Mr. Somers immediately on his evidence being given in court to the effect of this deposition?"

"You're a precious cunning old duffer, you are," said Jack Somers. "Suppose I says as I won't squeak till you hands me that over—eh? two can play at hold-fast, I'd have you remember. But if there's any slice o' luck coming to Dick Freeman's son, as I count there is from your talk, I arn't the man to balk him of it. You may keep the flimsy till I axes for it, lawyer; mind it don't stick to your fingers, though. And now, Mr. Hargrave, I'm getting dry."

Hargrave was considerably embarrassed what to do with his witness, now he had caught him. He looked at his legal adviser in some dismay; but that gentleman, in no way offended by the sailor's uncomplimentary address, after quietly securing the note, recommended them both to a house in the immediate neighbourhood, where he assured them they would find every accommodation in the way of board and lodging. He called young Hargrave aside before they parted.

"I think, with all submission, Mr. Hargrave, I'd keep him within reach, though I don't think he's inclined to bolt; but safe's safe, you know. And I propose to go down myself to-morrow or next day to make a last offer to Messrs. Hunt, Sir Francis' people. They'll listen to reason now, if they are the wise men they pass for."

"I don't want hard terms, Mr. Brent, remember: I don't seem to make you understand the one thing I care for—establishing the marriage. I won't forego my rights in one way; but it's not a matter of money with me, remember that. I want no accounts of the estate, as you call them, or arrears of any kind. It's hard enough on him as it is."

"Pooh! he had enough of his mother's, without the baronetcy. The Wanscote estates are not above half his income."

"So much the better. But I want

no back-reckonings—let by-gones be by-gones."

"You really are the most unreasonably reasonable client that I ever fell in with in the course of my profession," said Mr. Brent; "however, they can hardly fail to close at once with such terms as you insist on offering; except that your very liberality might seem, perhaps—we lawyers are suspicious, you will say—to imply a doubt of the strength of our case."

"You don't think there is any doubt?"

"Not a shadow. I'm risking a good deal on its validity, you know, Mr. Hargrave; if I don't call you

'Sir Richard,' it's merely that I don't wish to seem obtrusive."

"You don't risk much," said Hargrave, bluntly.

"Time and brains are money, sir. And the case, remember, was not so promising when our terms were made. I'm getting an old man, too, and your annuity won't have to run over many years."

"I'm not grudging you what I agreed to—not at all. We'll look in to-morrow, shall we?"

"Early, if you please—or rather, this evening. I'll get this, Mr. Somers's, evidence into proper shape; and to-morrow, as I said, I shall go down to Wansford."

III.

When Sir Francis Hargrave reached home, he found the medical report of the patient not wholly satisfactory. Evolved from the professional cloud in which the surgeon thought fit to wrap his information, the plain truth was that he feared some injury to the brain. The baronet was very urgent, first, that further advice should be had; and secondly, that the surgeon should not leave the house for the present: and when the first was pronounced wholly unnecessary, and the second all but impossible, seeing that there were cases in and about Wansford which were considered quite as interesting by the parties immediately concerned, Sir Francis reluctantly compromised matters by getting from him a promise to return that evening to the hall to dine and sleep. A *tête-à-tête* dinner with Mr. M'Farlane was rather a high price to pay as a retainer for his services, no doubt; but in his present mood, the owner of Wanscote was inclined to be liberal.

"Rest and quiet are worth all the doctors in the world for the next four hours," said M'Farlane, honestly; "and I'll be with you at seven, if that case goes at all as it should."

He returned in due course, and pronounced his patient to be going on admirably; in fact, he found her comfortably asleep. The dinner passed—so well, that the surgeon, who had never dined at Wanscote before, even pronounced the baronet in his heart to be "not a bad fellow;" a large concession on his part, since he had imbibed the modern doctrine that peers and bishops and baronets, and suchlike, were utter anachronisms in an age of realities. He enjoyed his dinner and his wine none the less, rather the more; it was diverting some small part of capital to the interests of labour. He was leisurely sipping his coffee with the same pleasurable feeling, and Sir Francis had taken out his watch, and begun an apology about having letters to write which would oblige him to leave Mr. M'Farlane to amuse himself for an hour or so, when a message from Mrs. Hargrave summoned the surgeon upstairs.

The patient had awoken, at first apparently much revived, and perfectly sensible. She had asked with some natural surprise where she was, and when informed, had begged in a very excited manner

to be allowed to see Miss Hargrave alone. The elder lady had humoured her, but had re-entered the room very soon on a slight excuse, entertaining a prudent suspicion that it might be desirable, for the patient's sake, to cut such an interview short, if she continued to betray excitement. The result seemed quite to justify the interruption; for she found her niece in a sad state of bewilderment. The girl was now insisting on getting up, and returning to what she called her home, after puzzling poor Lizzy with fresh entreaties for forgiveness for some imaginary wrong. Yet there was more than method in her madness, if such it was. She inquired anxiously whether her brother had caught his train to London, showing a perfect recollection of all the circumstances of his journey. They did not know at all how to deal with her, and Mr. M'Farlane was requested to give his advice.

The surgeon felt her pulse, and asked the ordinary questions.

"You think I am wandering, sir," said she; "I know I am not. I was shaken a good deal, but I am quite recovered now. I can walk to Wansford quite well, or you can send something for me, as it is so late—but I cannot stay here. Pray, *pray*, don't keep me!"

"My dear young lady, you are in my hands, if you please. I'm absolute here—monarch of all I survey—and I can't allow you to leave this room to-night. But I'll do anything else for you, and I daresay you'll be well enough to go to-morrow. Can I write to any one for you, or do anything for you in Wansford? Would you like any of your friends sent for?"

"Yes, yes," said the girl, "if I only knew where to write to for him. I'm not sure of his address."

"Well, let it all alone till to-morrow; you'll be better then. I'll give you something now that will do you good."

He went out of the room with Miss Hargrave, leaving the elder lady still in attendance.

"She's got something on her mind," said he. "Her pulse is all right, and she's rational enough. The cut on the temple is quite superficial. It's on her mind, and she may worry herself ill. Perhaps she said something to you?"

Miss Hargrave hesitated. Her own idea had been that this strange girl had escaped from a lunatic asylum, but that her brother, or husband, or whatever he was, would hardly in that case have left her so unceremoniously at the station. "She has been talking to me rather strangely," she replied; but she had a delicacy in repeating all that had passed.

"Well, we'll give her a composing draught to-night—quite innocent—but it's not a case for medicine. She's in trouble, poor thing."

There was a complaint called *love*, which admitted of all manner of complications, and for which there was no known remedy in the old or new pharmacopœia—*nullis medicinalis herbis*, as Mr. M'Farlane said when he found himself in classical company, quoting the Latin grammar of his boyhood. He had not the smallest doubt in his own mind that this was a virulent case of the disease, but he was not quite sure whether he could venture upon a joke on that subject with a baronet's sister. Was the young man whom she called her brother, any brother at all? Had they run away together, and had she or he repented? Well, he was not called upon to settle these questions. He went down to the drawing-room, but Sir Francis was still in his library, and Miss Hargrave soon pladed fatigue and retired. So Mr. M'Farlane, having had a long day's work and a good dinner, and never being over-fond of his own company, wished himself good-night, and went off to bed.

There was nothing whatever to detain him the next morning. Be-

yond a trifling scar on the forehead, his patient was none the worse for the accident. Sir Francis begged him to call again; but it was not without remonstrance—he was very honest in his work—that he consented to look in the next day. The girl's excitement had considerably subsided, and the pain which Lizzy Hargrave showed whenever she talked of leaving the Hall without the surgeon's permission—which that young lady had privately begged him not to give—seemed to have overcome in some degree her reluctance to remain. Her protest grew more feeble, and the tears she shed now were rather those of gratitude to her kind hostesses than of distress.

Miss Hargrave was perhaps rather of an impulsive nature. She had been her brother's companion from her earliest years, and could hardly be said to have a friend of her own sex. It might be these circumstances, combined with a little love of patronage, which made her take so very decided a fancy to this stranger, moving apparently in so totally different a sphere from her own.

There was something specially attractive about the girl, too. She had not all the conventional manners of polished society, it was true; but she had been brought up, as Mrs. Hargrave soon gathered from her, in Australia—and the probable manners and customs of society there left a large margin for allowances. In gentleness and delicacy of feeling, which are the same in one continent as the other, the guest was the equal of her entertainers—in intelligence, certainly not their inferior.

"She is a very remarkable girl this Miss Freeman," said Mrs. Hargrave, after a long conversation in the drawing-room on the first occasion of her appearance there.

"She's a darling," said the more enthusiastic and less logical Lizzy. "What do *you* think, Francis?"

What the brother thought he did

not say. He had said very little the last two days. But in the evening, when they were assembled again, the talk happened to turn on Australian scenery. A casual remark made by their young guest betrayed that she had some of the tastes, at least, of an artist. Water-colours were Sir Francis' passion, and he had a very fair share of skill in that accomplishment. He did what he could not always be induced to do to oblige his visitors—he went to the library, and produced a portfolio of rough but very clever sketches. People were generally so stupid, as he said, pretending to admire what they knew nothing at all about. But it was not so this evening. The admiration of his new friend was very quiet and subdued; but the few remarks she made were quite enough, to the ear of the initiated, to betray a very considerable proficiency in the art.

"Oh! show her that pretty sketch you made for me of the two ponies," said Lizzy; "that's the best of all."

He turned over the portfolio, and found what she wanted. "It's a wretched thing, Lizzy, as I've often told you," he said, as he threw it out.

"I like the rougher sketches better," remarked Miss Freeman, quietly, after a glance at it; for she was evidently expected to say something.

"Exactly," said the baronet, turning it on its back—"you are quite right; I can't draw animals—I always wish I could. You are quite right—and honest. I dare say you can do a great deal better than these things."

"My father was considered to draw well," she replied; "and he took great pains with me—at one time; and I was very fond of it—that's all."

She seemed to speak under very great restraint, and Sir Francis, with the tact of a gentleman, soon put the drawings away. He tried

to draw her into conversation on other subjects, but she became very silent, and soon asked leave to retire.

Sir Francis had obtained more particulars about his guest than the rest of his household were aware of. He had found out the widow with whom young Freeman and his sister had been lodging at Wansford for the last four or five days, and had perfectly satisfied himself as to their entire respectability, to say the least. He had also ascertained that the young man had been searching registers, and making very particular inquiries as to the Hargrave family. The advertisement which had caught his sister's eye had brought to his recollection an old report, to which his legal advisers gave no credence whatever, of a marriage contracted by a deceased uncle in Australia, and of a claim set up, or proposed to be set up, by the children of such marriage, to the baronetcy and the Wanscote estates. But this story had been set afloat a few months after his own succession to the estate, now fully three years ago, and the matter would hardly have been allowed to sleep so long had the claim rested on any plausible foundation. Richard Hargrave, an elder brother of Sir Francis' father, at a time when his own prospects of succession seemed utterly remote, had gone off to the colonies (to the considerable relief of his relatives) and had died there. He had formed a discreditable connection in England before he left, and very probably the woman had followed him to Queensland, and passed herself off as his wife; but that he had any legitimate heirs was highly improbable. Were these Freemans the claimants? Sir Francis had even taken the trouble to call on his lawyers, and drawn their attention to the repetition of the old advertisement in the newspapers. Mr. Hunt, the shrewd old senior partner, laughed.

"It's old Brent at it again; I

know by the address. He's getting money out of some poor devil, but he can have no case. Mr. Richard Hargrave had a natural son, no doubt—possibly two or three; but he never married that woman, unless it was within six months of his death. And that would be perfectly immaterial to us, you know, Sir Francis."

Mr. Hunt was the family adviser and friend of many years, and his voice was to the young baronet as the voice of an oracle. It was rather disagreeable, however, even this shadow of a claim; more especially if, as he began strongly to suspect, he had one of the claimants now in his house, connected with him by this new and singular obligation. He would like exceedingly to do something for this young man and his sister, and it would interfere very unpleasantly with his intentions if they or their advisers should be inclined to regard his offer in the light of a bribe or a compromise. The baronet was in a very uncomfortable state of mind altogether—a fact which did not entirely escape his aunt's observation. He treated his reluctant guest with scrupulous kindness and attention, but he left her entertainment almost entirely in the hands of his sister and Mrs. Hargrave. Miss Freeman had so far yielded to that lady's arguments as to consent to remain at Wanscote until her brother returned from London; and Sir Francis had left instructions at Wansford that the latter, on his arrival, should be fully informed of his sister's whereabouts, and the circumstances which had brought her to Wanscote; or that any communication received from him should be forwarded to the Hall at once by special messenger.

"You pain us all considerably, Miss Freeman," he said to her, on almost the only occasion they happened to be left alone, "by your extreme eagerness to leave us; but you have the right, and we submit."

"I am very sorry to seem so ungrateful—indeed I am."

"Nay, excuse me, it is not a question of gratitude on your part; and that's just what I can't understand. Philosophers tell us (and I am cynic enough to believe) that people hate the sight of those who have laid them under an obligation; so that, if I were anxious to get rid of *you*, it would be all quite in accordance with our delightful human nature. But when a man has done another a real service, it is said he feels kindly disposed to him—feels a sort of property in him, you see—ever afterwards. I suppose the rule don't apply to a woman."

It was difficult to say whether he spoke more in jest than in earnest, though it was with a laugh of badinage that he uttered the words, and he looked out of the window as he spoke. She made no immediate reply: and when he turned round he felt sure she was in tears, though she held her face down close over some pretence of work which Lizzy had found for her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, gently—"really I beg your pardon; there is something I do not understand about it all, I see. I am very unlucky. I won't say anything more on the subject. When you get back to your own friends, perhaps you will so far forgive me as to let me know if there is any possible way in which I can further your brother's views in life. I owe *him* nothing, you know," he added, laughing, "so perhaps he won't be proud; indeed, I did so nothing for *him*."

"Oh! you have all been most kind to us from the first—that makes it so—so—"

"So very disagreeable?"

She was only a girl of nineteen, though her self-dependent life had given her much of the experience of a woman; and the absurdity of the conclusion made her laugh, just a little laugh, in spite of her real distress. It was the first time she had done more than smile.

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He came nearer to her, and spoke earnestly and quietly enough.

"Is it because we are rich and you are poor, that you should be too proud to accept our gratitude? Is that quite as it should be?"

"No," said the Australian, looking him full in the face for a moment—"no, it's not that, Sir Francis; I've seen men living like princes one week and beggars the next. I don't think very much of money. I've known what it is to want it, too—a want I suppose you cannot even understand. But money's a miserable thing—a miserable thing, I mean, for people to quarrel about."

He thought he began partly to understand her; but Mrs. Hargrave came into the room at the moment, and he went out for his morning's ride. When he returned to luncheon he found his aunt waiting for him.

"This young thing's brother's come, and he's in the library—a rather impetuous young man, it seems to me. He wishes to see you before he takes his sister home; so if you were to go to him at once it might perhaps be as well."

Sir Francis found his visitor awaiting him; Miss Freeman was with him, but left the library as he entered. He put out his hand frankly; the young man had the bearing of a gentleman, and was in more presentable costume than when they had last met.

"Mr. Freeman, I think? though our last meeting was rather a hurried one."

The young man bowed. "I have to thank you, Sir Francis Hargrave, as I have only lately learnt, for your great politeness—kindness I should say—to a stranger. I do thank you—though I could almost wish that kindness had not been done. Still more I thank you for your goodness to my sister."

Sir Francis interrupted him. "You have been misinformed entirely, Mr. Freeman. I am the person to offer thanks, if thanks could

repay, or were desired. To Miss Freeman's bravery, under God's providence, I owe it that I am here alive."

"Pooh! the girl put out her hand, she tells me, as any one would, and you caught it. There is no obligation. We don't think much of such things where we came from. And most of you English gentlemen, I take it, would have sent a poor girl home with a ten-pound note, perhaps, to pay the doctor, and called next day. You have dealt with her as if she were one of your own, she tells me; and I say again, I thank you for it."

He spoke somewhat roughly, but there was heart in his tone and words.

Again Sir Francis warmly disclaimed the other's interpretation.

"I say," he continued, "you and yours have treated my sister as if she were one of your own blood. You were right, sir—she is a Hargrave by birth and name."

"Indeed," said the baronet. He saw now pretty well what was coming.

"I am come on an unpleasant errand, and I want to get it done. My name is Richard Hargrave, son of Richard Hargrave, your father's elder brother."

Sir Francis bowed. "You claim to be his lawful heir?"

"I do. Not exactly in the sense you put it, however. I came to England to make out my right to this baronetcy, and this place, I suppose," said he, looking round him; "but more than all, I had a fancy to prove I was not the bastard your lawyers chose to call me. I have done it, sir. I have full proof—your lawyers have admitted it—of my mother's marriage, and my own legitimacy. But I offer you terms—fair terms, I think. Acknowledge me as my father's son; give me enough for a fair start in the new country—it suits me better than the old; buy me a farm, and stock it—I leave it to

you; and I'll never trouble you about the title or the estates."

Sir Francis smiled and shook his head as the other ran on.

"I know what you think—you think the claim's a bad one, or you think I'm a fool. Perhaps I am that last; my lawyer tells me so, however. But I can see the loss to you will be far greater than the gain to me; you were brought up to this sort of thing, you see, and I wasn't. Nor I don't altogether hold with your primogeniture laws. I don't see why my father should have had all the estate, just because he happened to be born a year or two before yours. And a handle to a man's name is no great use in a new country. And the long and short of it all is this: it's more than likely I might not have made my case so clear but for your help; and I think I should expect this old house to fall down and smother me if I turned you out of it."

"My good sir," said the baronet, as soon as he could get room for a word, "these things are all best left to our lawyers. No doubt you are well advised, but we won't discuss it here."

"Look here," said the other, producing a small packet, and, after hastily unfolding it, throwing it on the library table; "there are my proofs. Show them to your lawyers, if you will. I quarrelled with mine this morning before I could get them from him. Or you and I could settle it. Read them, and if I'm wrong, I'm wrong. If not, you'll do what I ask of you, and you may keep them, if you will."

"Pardon me, sir," said Sir Francis, somewhat haughtily; "I dispute your claim because I believe it to be unfounded, but you mistake me if you suppose I would keep or take what was not my own." And he pushed the papers back to their owner.

They were interrupted by the entrance of a servant.

"Mr. Hunt, Sir Francis, wishes to see you."

"Show him in."

The stail man of business would have started, but that he never allowed himself such an indiscretion, when he saw the visitor with whom the baronet was closeted.

"I came, Sir Francis——"

"You came just when you were wanted, Hunt. Mr. Freeman wants me to act as my own lawyer, and his too, I believe—a responsibility which I decline."

"What is it, Sir Francis?" said the lawyer, taking a seat—he was quite at home in that house; "what is it?"

Sir Francis shortly explained the claim, and the proposal which had been laid before him.

"This young gentleman was so good as to show me these papers this morning," said the lawyer. "I glanced at them at his special request, though, as I told him, it was quite out of the course of business."

"And you admitted these certificates were all right," said the Australian.

"I told you I saw no reason to doubt that they were genuine," said the lawyer. "Of your own baptism certificate, indeed, we have a copy in our office, and the existence of the marriage I always thought very possible."

Sir Francis Hargrave could not check a half-exclamation of surprise. Mr. Hunt, however, was perfectly composed.

"I also told you, if you will be good enough to remember, that we had a complete answer to the case. A certificate of baptism, sir, is unfortunately no evidence as to birth. I did not expect to find you here, but I can have no objection to show you what I brought to show Sir Francis, as soon as we heard of the revival of this claim. Here is the registrar's certificate of the birth of one Richard Hargrave Gordon, son of Mary Gordon, single woman, of Wansford, in 18—. (Just one year previous to the marriage at Ballarat, you will find.) And I have this morning, since you called on me,

seen the woman Lester—you remember, Sir Francis—who is prepared to give evidence of the birth."

"I don't want to enter into any particulars that might be painful to you," continued the lawyer to the young man, who stood silent and perturbed, and had turned very pale, with one hand laid heavily on the library table; "but the subsequent baptism of a Richard Hargrave by the chaplain of the *Nemesis* at Geelong is, you see, quite compatible with his birth as Richard Gordon two years before. That you were aware of this I do not for a moment assume," he added, hastily, as the other made a sudden exclamation.

"Mr. Freeman," interposed the baronet, "you made me a proposition just now in the way of compromise; it was a handsome one. I accept it. Name the locality where you would wish to settle, and Mr. Hunt has my instructions at once to——"

"No!" shouted the Australian; "I wanted justice, not charity. No, Sir Francis Hargrave—I beg your pardon, I ought to thank you, but I'm taken aback; you've rather knocked me down, you see. Your tale's all right, I daresay; it's what I've heard before at times, when my mother was in a passion with me. Let me see the paper.—Ay, it's all right enough, no doubt. And this isn't worth a rush," said he, taking up the marriage certificate. He tore it passionately in two, and threw it on the floor.

"Stay, sir," said Hunt, quickly picking it up; "young men are hasty. That paper concerns others besides yourself. You have a sister: unless I much mistake, that proves her the legitimate daughter of the late Mr. Richard Hargrave."

"Ah," said Sir Francis, with considerable interest; "there seems some complication in this case, Mr. — Hargrave. I say again, I accept your first proposal; it will be fair enough for us both, and less than you thought your just claim."

"No," said the new claimant; "I'll go back to the diggings. I'm young enough to make a fortune yet, and I won't spend it on lawyers, you may be sure."

Sir Francis Hargrave walked round the room, and laid his hand on his cousin's shoulder.

"Richard Hargrave," said he, "we are blood relations. Your sister has saved my life. Let me do a kinsman's part by you.—Mr. Hunt, kindly leave us to have a talk together. Come back to dinner, will you? and we'll have some of your sound advice then."

"I'll give some now, gratis," said the old lawyer. "Don't throw away friends, young man; they are not picked up so easily as gold is." Then he bowed and took his leave.

Sir Francis followed him civilly to the door, and closed it carefully after him. The young Australian stood silently looking at the torn certificate, which Mr. Hunt had laid on the table.

"You must take your own course as to your future life," said the baronet. "I will say no more now on that head, except that I sincerely feel for your disappointment, and I shall always remember the generous proposal you made to me. But in this at least you will indulge me—be my guest for a few days."

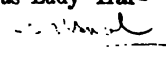
The other shook his head.

"You owe me a kindness," said

the baronet. "I have a selfish and personal reason for what I ask."

He gave way, though with evident reluctance. Grasping his hand, Sir Francis thanked him warmly; then he took him at once to his sister, and left them together. It was not long, however, before Lizzy Hargrave interrupted them. Her brother had told her at least enough of the state of the case to let her into the secret that she and Madeline Hargrave were first cousins, and that he very earnestly desired that they should be good friends. Mr. Hunt's presence at the dinner-table saved, perhaps, some embarrassment to all parties; and before he left, late in the evening, the young Australian's scruples had been in a great measure removed. His sister, it was plain, was considered no intruder in the family; and for her sake he was content to remain a week as a guest at Wanscote. Sir Francis' quiet kindness won the young man's heart before that week was over; he had known most of the rougher side of life hitherto. He went with the baronet to London, and in another month he sailed to take possession of one of the best "runs" in Victoria.

But his sister Madeline only accompanied him as far as the steamer which carried him out; and she returned to Wanscote as Lady Hargrave.



NO. XI.—THE SCEPTIC.

is not attractive, nor does it appeal to those higher human sympathies which are called forth by manifestations of such qualities as faith, loyalty, and self-devotion; but yet it is a real personality, and not unworthy of attention among the many different types of intellectual life.

The character of the true sceptic was never more clearly exhibited than by David Hume, the philosopher and historian, whose name is so well known and firmly established among the greatest of his century, and whose works and influence have produced as much effect upon men's minds and beliefs as it is possible for a perpetual negative to produce. He is not only a born representative of the class, but even to a great extent of his time, which was an unbelieving age, full of profanities, great and small, and an immense and astonishing indifference to everything spiritual and unseen. He was one of the most clear-sighted men of his day—keen in pursuit of truth, not moved by any throes of mental anguish because of his inability to believe one dogma or another, but still far from setting himself up an authority above other authorities or arrogating a superior judgment. He was no profligate, eager to his sins by the abrogation of laws—no revolutionary, bent upon satisfying his own ambition by the overturn of all things. It was his spirit affected by gloomy nothingness of the sphere he believed. He was an honest, cheerful, comfortable, unexcitable soul, full of steady power of long patience, good-humour, a certain sober light-heartedness which was his fortune. The devoutest believer, the most conscientious

presence of death; nor is the sober quiet of his life less remarkable. He was good to his friends, not ungenerous to his opponents. He took success quietly and misfortune undauntedly. Pope Innocent's musings, in Mr. Browning's poem, over the strange and woeful fact that "the Christians in their panoply" do no greater deeds than those performed by "the instincts of the natural man"—could not have had a more remarkable proof than is furnished by this unbeliever. He was in his way a good man, as good as anybody round him. He was a cheerful human creature, quite undaunted by the darkness in which his being was shrouded; accepting life with all its inevitable penalties just as bravely, good-humouredly, and patiently as if the rewards of heaven awaited him at the end, yet believing in no rewards of heaven. The problem is one which it is right to consider on its own merits, and with as little prejudice as we may.

David Hume was born in the year 1711, of a good Berwickshire family, well thought of in the country-side, though without any apparent distinction but that of rural gentility. His mother, to whose sole charge he was left at a very early age, was "a woman," as he tells us, "of singular merit, who, though young and handsome, devoted herself entirely to the rearing and education of her children." He "passed through the ordinary course of education with success"—though his name, we are informed by Mr. Hill Burton, his biographer, from whose full and able narrative we chiefly quote, does not occur in any list of graduates of his university.

His earliest letters are full of a clumsy precocious philosophy, quaintly mingled with familiar gossip. "Greatness and elevation of soul," he writes, "are to be found only in study and contemplation; this can alone teach us to look down on human assailants;" and then he proceeds to inform

his correspondent that "John has bought a horse; he thinks it neither cheap nor dear. It has no fault, but boggles a little." This junction of the lowly and the sublime belongs to the year 1727, when he was sixteen. By that time he had gone through his university career, according to the curious habit of Scotland, and had returned to Ninewells, his ancestral home, there to reflect upon himself and his thoughts, and make unconscious soundings in the yet shallow waters on which his boyish boat was launched. Even at this early period the character of the man had already formed itself; a ponderous thoughtfulness, moved by no special sympathy for his kind, nor high-placed ideal, fond of fact and certainty, uninfluenced even by that superficial imagination which belongs to youth, shows itself in him. One of the most remarkable indications of his curiously unexcitable fancy is a "Historical Essay upon Chivalry and Modern Honour," which was found among his early papers. "It is written with great precision and neatness," we are informed, and is "no despicable specimen of calligraphy;" which is a pleasant reminder that the boy-philosopher was still a boy, fond of his young productions, and almost as much interested in the fineness of his up-strokes as in the solidity of his conclusions. But even this subject, generally so dazzling to the unsophisticated mind, has no effect on the imagination of our young sceptic. The theory he forms in respect to it is about as disparaging to chivalry as anything which could have entered the *blasé* brain of a prosaic old man of the world. He tells us that the whole system was but a barbarous attempt to imitate the graces of the ancient civilisation—the device of a *savage* to replace the majestic and beautiful models of antiquity by heaping together a mass of fantastic ornaments. A similar impulse, he says, carried into the regions of art,

produced "that heap of confusion and irregularity" known as Gothic architecture! As the latter was a barbarous effort to copy the beauty of ancient buildings, so the former was a frenzied attempt to imitate the classic splendour of manners and morals. Seventeen years or so old, with the blood of knights in his veins, living in a historic country full of tales and tokens of wild feudal devotion and heroism, the boy could find no better nor profounder explanation of a system so strangely powerful that (in theory at least) it made the least worldly of all codes dominant for centuries over a self-seeking world. Even his youth, which might have been of some use in such an emergency, gave him no better aid than his maturity did in after times; and thus it will be seen that from the very beginning of his career, his want of imagination baffled the very clearness of his insight, and made him morally incapable, as the sceptical intelligence always must be, of penetrating into the deepest secrets of that human nature which he professed to plumb and fathom with impartial severe logic to its most intimate depths.

This essay, which was never published, belongs to the prefatory period of his life which he spent at home—a period of about seven years between the conclusion of his formal education and his first start in life. This was a long time to be wasted by a Scotch lad of thrifty enterprising race, as well as of unusual mental powers; but probably the development of his genius was not of a kind to impress the little audience surrounding him. "Our Davie's a fine good-humored crafter," his mother is reported to have said of him, "but uncommon wake-minded;" and although he showed no lack of energy and resolution in later life, it is evident that to all outward appearance he was passive in this opening chapter; brooding much on himself and his capabili-

ties, and bent on his own way, yet offering no demonstration of active will, or strong inclination to those who supposed it lay in their hands to decide the tenor of his life. His family, which, like so many families of Scotch gentlefolks, was largely connected with lawyers, destined him for that profession—for he was a younger brother, scantily provided for. "My studious disposition, my sobriety, and my industry, gave my family a notion that the law was a proper profession for me," he says; "but I formed an insurmountable aversion to everything but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning." His mother and brother, sagacious, homely observers, thinking of nothing beyond the ordinary course of existence, and such occupation as might become the son of a good house, made their plans for him as they would have done for any other younger son. It was no evil lot to which they devoted him. He might have become Baron Hume, like his nephew. He might have risen to the bench, and added a Lord Ninewells to the list of the family honours. The career was honourable and familiar, and scarcely even precarious—not to be mentioned in the same breath with its only alternatives—the position of a travelling tutor or "governor," or the doubtful success of trade. The Scottish reader will easily call up before him the picture of the country house, half mansion, half farm, the acute leddy, with her undisguised Scotch and practical views, and John the laird, who thought of no other love so long as his mother ruled the frugal house, and kept the old family bonds intact. But while they discussed and rediscussed "our Davie's" fortunes, he himself was occupied with the matter in a very different way. Such a crisis as forms the turning-point in the lives of so many notable men, had come upon the lad in the strangest unfamiliar shape. The form it

took was not of that struggle between the great moral and spiritual forces which we understand so little, out of which he might have come *converted*, to use the ordinary phraseology, and conscious of new motives and a changed life. It was not a supreme crisis of the heart, rent asunder by human passion. But yet something had come upon him which he could not explain, which brought him to a dead stop in his career, and was beyond his control; and the strange boy perceived by instinct the gravity of the crisis. Inspecting himself with critical eyes, he saw that the moment was one which must determine his future existence. His heart and his soul had come to a pause, and he had to explain the reason to himself. He does this in a letter to a physician, which, long as it is, is too characteristic to be passed by. In this curious composition he sets down every detail of his case with calm interest and composure: it does not occur to him to attribute it to any influence from heaven or hell. That God should be likely to take any trouble in the matter is not within his conception of possibilities; neither is there any terrestrial creature who has been instrumental in producing the strange tumult and prostration which he feels within him. Passion has nothing to do with it; his affections have received no check, his hopes no disappointment. Having maturely considered all things, he concludes naturally that it must, after all, be his body that is to blame. He must be ill, though he does not know it. Thus, in an age which had not begun to form any dogmas about the influence of the digestion upon the mind, that modern theory is anticipated by a lad of twenty, in whom one would naturally suppose a thousand fantastic reasons for these mental disturbances would present themselves, sooner than that simple stomachical explanation which saves so much

trouble. The strongest evidence of a mind already full of energy and activity, in the truest and liveliest action, and of heart, soul, and imagination totally unawakened, is to be found in this letter, which was written apparently not later than his twentieth year:—

“SIR,—Not being acquainted with this handwriting, you will probably look to the bottom to find the subscription, and not finding any will certainly wonder at this strange method of addressing you. I must here, in the beginning, beg you to excuse it, and to persuade you to read what follows with some attention, must tell you that this gives you an opportunity to do a very good-natured action, which I believe is the most powerful argument I can use. I need not tell you that I am your countryman, a Scotsman; for without any such tie, I dare rely upon your humanity even to a perfect stranger, such as I am. The favour I beg of you is your advice, and the reason why I address myself in particular to you need not be told, as one must be a skilful physician, a man of letters, of wit, of good sense, and of great humanity, to give me a satisfying answer. . . . Trusting, however, to your candour and generosity, I shall, without farther preface, proceed to open up to you the present condition of my health, and to do that the more effectually, shall give you a kind of history of my life, after which you will easily learn why I keep my name a secret.

“You must know, then, that from my earliest infancy I found always a strong inclination to books and letters. As our college education in Scotland, extending little further than the languages, ends commonly when we are about fourteen or fifteen years of age, I was after that left to my own choice in my reading, and found it incline me almost equally to books of reasoning and philosophy, and to poetry and the polite authors. Every one who is acquainted either with the philosophers or critics knows that there is nothing yet established in either of these two sciences, and that they contain little more than endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles. Upon examination of these, I found a certain boldness of temper growing in me which was not inclined to submit to any authority in these subjects, but led me to seek out some new medium by which truth might be established. After much study and reflection on this, at last, when I was about eighteen years of age, there

seemed to be opened up to me a new scene of thought which transported me beyond measure, and made me, with an ardour natural to young men, throw up every other pleasure of business to apply entirely to it. The law, which was the business I designed to follow, appeared nauseous to me, and I could think of no other way of pushing my fortune in the world but that of a scholar and philosopher. I was infinitely happy in this course of life for some months, till at last, about the beginning of September 1729, all my ardour seemed in a moment to be extinguished, and I could no longer raise my mind to that pitch which formerly gave me such excessive pleasure. I felt no uneasiness or want of spirits when I laid aside my book, and therefore never imagined there was any bodily distemper in the case, but that my coldness proceeded from a laziness of temper which must be overcome by redoubling my application. In this condition I remained for nine months, very uneasy to myself, as you may well imagine, but without growing any worse, which was a miracle. There was another particular which contributed more than anything to waste my spirits and bring on me this distemper, which was, that having read many books of morality, such as Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, and being smit with their beautiful representations of virtue and philosophy, I undertook the improvement of my temper and will along with my reason and understanding. I was continually fortifying myself with reflections against death, and poverty, and shame, and pain, and all the other calamities of life. These, no doubt, are exceeding useful when joined with an active life, because the occasion being presented along with the reflection works it into the soul, and makes it take a deep impression; but in solitude they serve to little other purpose than to waste the spirits, the force of the mind meeting with no resistance, but wasting itself in the air, like our arm when it misses its aim. This, however, I did not learn but by experience, and till I had already ruined my health, though I was not sensible of it. . . . Thus I have given you a full account of the condition of my body; and without staying to ask pardon, as I ought to do, for so tedious a story, shall explain to you how my mind stood all this time, which on every occasion, especially in this distemper, have a very near connection together. Having now time and leisure to cool my inflamed imagination, I began to consider seriously how I should proceed in my philoso-

phical inquiries. I found that the moral philosophy transmitted to us by antiquity laboured under the same inconvenience that has been found in their natural philosophy, of being entirely hypothetical, and depending more upon invention than experience; every one consulted his fancy in erecting schemes of virtue and of happiness, without regarding human nature, upon which every moral conclusion must depend. This, therefore, I resolved to make my principal study, and the source from which I would derive every truth in criticism as well as morality. I believe it is a certain fact, that most of the philosophers who have gone before us have been overthrown by the greatness of their genius, and that little more is required to make a man succeed in this study than to throw off all prejudices either for his own opinions or for those of others. At least this is all I have to depend on for the truth of my reasonings, which I have multiplied to such a degree, that within these three years I find I have scribbled many a quire of paper, in which there is nothing contained but my own inventions. This, with the reading most of the celebrated books in Latin, French, and English, and acquiring the Italian, you may think a sufficient business for one in perfect health, and so it would had it been done to any purpose; but my disease was a cruel encumbrance on me. I found that I was not able to follow out any train of thought by one continued stretch of view, but by repeated interruptions, and by refreshing my eye from time to time upon other objects. Yet with this inconvenience I have collected the rude materials for many volumes; but in reducing these to words, when one must bring the idea he comprehended in gross, nearer to him, so as to contemplate its minutest parts, and keep it steadily in his eye, so as to copy these parts in order,—this I found impracticable to me, nor were my spirits equal to so severe an employment. Here lay my greatest calamity. I had no hopes of delivering my opinions with such elegance and neatness as to draw to me the attention of the world, and I would rather live and die in obscurity than produce them maimed and imperfect.

“Such a miserable disappointment I scarce ever remember to have heard of. The small distance betwixt me and perfect health makes me the more uneasy in my present situation. It is a weakness rather than a lowness of spirits which troubles me, and there seems to be as great a difference betwixt my distemper and common vapours, as betwixt vapours and madness.

I have noticed in the writings of the French mystics, and in those of our fanatics here, that when they give a history of the situation of their souls, they mention a coldness and desertion of the spirit which frequently returns; and some of them, at the beginning, have been tormented with it many years. As this kind of devotion depends entirely on the force of passion, and consequently of the animal spirits, I have often thought that their case and mine were pretty parallel, and that their rapturous admirations might discompose the fabric of the nerves and brain as much as profound reflections, and that warmth or enthusiasm which is inseparable from them."

That the subject of this curious piece of analysis should himself perceive the resemblance between his own condition and that of the "French mystics" and "fanatics" at home, is one of the strangest features in the strange narrative. And that it should never occur to him to attribute it to a mental or spiritual cause, is more remarkable still. The idea of any conflict for him between the powers of light and darkness—of any rising up of nature within him, to resolve once for all the inevitable problem on which side his life was to be ranged, would have simply amused the young man. He was too good-tempered and genial by nature to have treated the supposition with a sneer; but the unheroic boy would have laughed at the notion with unintentional humility. The letter we have just quoted was, it appears probable, never sent to the eminent physician for whom it was destined; but remained among his papers, to throw its homely revelation upon a youth unlike the youth of other men: an early morning without dew or mist, or signs of the recent aurora—calm in colour as a leaden sky, sober as a day in autumn, quiet as the silence of the fields; yet so divorced from all natural metaphors, that there is no sense of infinitude, no mystery of space or distance about it, but all toned down into a universal calm.

"I would not quit my preten-

sions to learning but with my last breath," he adds, while discussing the chances of "a more active life" which were before him; but something had to be done to break the spell which no doubt the quiet existence of Ninewells rather strengthened than interrupted. In the brief and succinct biography which he entitles "My own Life," the story is told in half-a-dozen words. "My very slender fortune," he says, "being unsuitable to this plan of life (that of a student and philosopher), and my health being a little broken by my ardent application, I was tempted, or rather forced, to make a very feeble trial for entering into a more active scene of life. In 1734 I went to Bristol with some recommendations to eminent merchants, but in a few months found that scene totally unsuitable to me." This was all that came of the attempt to throw his life into a new channel. In the same year he seems to have finally made up his mind to yield to his inclinations and let fortune and the world go by. Such a man was qualified, as few men are, for the austere effort of frugality which enables a poor scholar to live on a pittance out of love for his books. Imagination, it is evident, would never lead him astray; and though he was always kind and friendly, and ready to share with his intimates, yet his range of sympathies was too limited to move him towards any of the foolish generosities which we pardon to youth. Then he had the training of his careful Berwickshire home to fortify him in his new career. The amount of the income upon which he ventured to embrace a life of philosophical research is not mentioned; but as he afterwards assures us that he has acquired a competence when he manages to scrape together £1000, and at a much later period of his life thinks £150 a-year a sufficient provision for life in London, it must have been

scanty indeed. His first start in life was attended by an entire separation from home and all its associations. "I went over to France," he says, "with a view of prosecuting my studies in a country retreat; and I then laid that plan of life which I have steadily and successfully pursued. I resolved to make a very rigid frugality supply my deficiency of fortune, to maintain unimpaired my independency, and to regard every object as contemptible, except the improvement of my talents in literature."

It would be against all the traditions of literature not to respect and glorify this determination—which was, there is no doubt, in its way a noble one. But yet there is something in the picture of the young Scotchman retiring to the dismal quiet of a French provincial town—of all solitudes the most restricted, and of all conventional places the most conventional—separating himself without any profounder cause from his ancient associations, which chills out the sympathy from the mind of the beholder. This is another proof of that strange good-humoured indifference to all the deeper wants of humanity, which was always one of his leading characteristics. He paused for some time in Paris—a more natural shelter for all the busy thoughts that were germinating in his mind—and went about in that new strange world attracted by matters very little likely, one would have thought, to secure the attention of a young man setting out in the world. Instead of affording us a glimpse of the picturesque old capital which now exists no longer, he tells us of the miracles performed at the tomb of the Abbé Paris; recording with peculiar significance and secret irony the "incontestable" proof of miraculous cures wrought by that holy personage. His mind, it is evident, was more occupied with the different trains of thought gradually growing to

completion within himself, than with the external novelty around him, notwithstanding the favourable impression which French life, manners, and dispositions had made upon him. He proceeded to Rheims on leaving Paris, and there established himself. It "is to be the place of my abode for some considerable time," he writes, "and where I hope both to spend my time happily for the present, and lay up a stock for the future." This curious choice of an obscure French country town, possessing, no doubt, a university, but not of any special distinction, is one of the least comprehensible things in the history of the time: in which we constantly find travellers of note, and young noblemen with their governors, established in the French provinces, in towns now fallen into complete obscurity, and at no time more remarkable, except, perhaps, for the beauty of their churches, than an English county town of corresponding size. And that one attraction, the glorious Gothic cathedrals of France, was little appreciated by the eighteenth century.

The first piece of contemporary observation which Hume offers us is marked, like everything else, by his peculiar modes of thought. The difference of manners in France and England struck him as it does every stranger, not, however, with unreasoning enthusiasm, but with a more characteristic impulse to examine the matter: and the result of his careful analysis was the conclusion that the French were indeed more polite and obliging at heart, but that the English had a better method of expressing it—an opinion totally opposed to the ordinary theory.

"By the expressions of politeness," he says, "I mean those outward deferences and ceremonies which custom has invented to supply the defect of real politeness or kindness that is unavoidable towards strangers or indifferent

persons even in some of the best dispositions in the world. These ceremonies ought to be so contrived as that, though they do not deceive or pass for sincere, yet still they please by their appearance, and lead the mind, by its own consent and knowledge, into an agreeable delusion. One may err by running into either of the two extremes—that of making them too like truth or too remote from it—though we may observe that the first is scarce possible, because whenever any expression or action becomes customary it can deceive nobody. Thus, when the Quakers say ‘your friend,’ they are as easily understood as another that says ‘your humble servant.’ The French err in the contrary extreme—that of making their civilities too remote from truth—which is a fault. . . . Another fault I find in the French manners is that, like their clothes and furniture, they are too glaring. An English fine gentleman distinguishes himself from the rest of the world by the whole tenor of his conversation more than by any particular part of it; so that, though you are sensible he excels, you are at a loss to tell in what, and have no remarkable civilities or compliments to pitch on as a proof of his politeness. These he so smooths over that they pass for the common actions of life, and never put you to the trouble of returning thanks for them. The English politeness is always greatest when it appears least.”

This would seem a sufficiently trivial subject to occupy the thoughts of the young philosopher, but it displays the penetrating acuteness and analytical power of his mind as well as if it had been more intrinsically important. Indeed, the very slightness of the occasion shows more completely his mental habit of sounding to the depths and tracing every superficial indication back to its origin in the unseen recesses of human nature: a habit quite compatible with his incapacity for comprehending that nature’s holier secrets. He seems to have remained about a year at Rheims, and from thence went on to La Flèche, where, with a curious delight in the society of the ecclesiastical caste of which he was the professed enemy, he hung about the Jesuits’ College, picking up odd bits of information, and en-

gaging in many a strange discussion, full on the one side as on the other of mental reservation and half-conscious sophistry. “I was walking in the cloisters of the Jesuits’ College,” he relates on one such occasion, “engaged in a conversation with a Jesuit of some parts and learning, who was relating to me and urging some nonsensical miracle lately performed in their convent, when I was tempted to dispute against him; and as my head was full of the topics of my Treatise of Human Nature, which I was at that time composing, this argument” (his afterwards celebrated argument against miracles) “immediately occurred to me, and I thought it much gruelled my companion; but at last he observed to me that it was impossible for that argument to have any solidity, because it operated equally against the Gospel as the Catholic miracles, which observation I thought proper to admit as a sufficient answer. I believe you will allow that the freedom, at least, of this reasoning makes it somewhat extraordinary to have been the produce of a convent of Jesuits, though perhaps you may think the sophistry of it savours plainly of the place of its birth.”

The last suggestion comes oddly enough from the young philosopher who has just owned that *he thought proper to admit* as a sufficient answer an argument which in reality had no weight whatever with him, as his correspondent was aware. Greek had met Greek in this fine encounter; and notwithstanding the proverbial subtlety of the Jesuit, one doubts if the priest under his convent cloisters was a whit surpassed in frankness or undermatched in finesse by the burly young foreigner in his laced clothes who paced about those courts of learning by his side, breathing the same air as once Descartes breathed, and looking on with acute, unsympathetic, yet good-humoured eyes at the

curious pieces of human mechanism around him, on whom he could try the success of an argument or point the edge of a theory. In the profound retirement of La Flèche, cut off from everything but books and Jesuits, Hume composed his 'Treatise of Human Nature,' the first of his works. It would be unnecessary to enter at length into the scope and meaning of this book, which made a new step in the ever-turning treadmill of philosophy, and wound another confusing coil of thought round the philosophical observer. In a recent sketch of this series we did our best with unskilful hand to trace for the unscientific reader the progress of mental science (so called) up to the period of Berkeley. Locke had recognised the existence of mind and matter, two grand and universal abstractions, in the world, the one being to us the interpreter of the other. Berkeley, coming after him, boldly denied the abstract existence of matter at all, and affirmed mind, spirit, ideas, to be the only real existences. Hume, in the beginning of his labours, went beyond Berkeley. To him mind itself, the final principle of existence, was, like everything else, a doubt and uncertainty. It had been apparent to Descartes that he lived because he thought; but even this consciousness gave to Hume no philosophical conviction of his own existence. He is careful, as we would also be, to discriminate clearly between this philosophical doubt and the instinctive trust of the common man in common circumstances, his sense, beyond all power of reason to shake, that he himself is, and is surrounded by conditions which must be observed and heeded. It is only in philosophy that he ventures to assert the strange doctrine that mind itself is an existence as improbable as matter. Neither the mighty spectre of a world which seemed to surround him, nor the imagination

called mind with which he seemed to comprehend it, could prove themselves. Shreds of truth floating in the air, and here and there caught and secured—incomprehensible sequences and necessities which could not be disputed, yet could not be explained—were all his keen intellect acknowledged in the universe. "Locke," says Mr. Lewes, in his 'History of Philosophy,' "had shown that all our knowledge was dependent upon experience. Berkeley had shown that we had *no* experience of an external world independent of perception, nor could we have any such experience. He pronounced matter, therefore, to be a figment. Hume took up the line where Berkeley had cast it, and flung it once more into the deep sea, endeavouring to fathom the mysteries of being. Probing deeper in the direction Berkeley had taken, he found that not only was matter a figment, but mind was no less so. If the occult substratum which men had inferred to explain material phenomena could be denied because not founded on experience, so also, said Hume, must we deny the occult substratum, mind, which men had inferred to explain mental phenomena. All that we have any experience of is of impressions and ideas. The substance of which these are supposed to be impressions is occult, is a mere inference; the substance in which these impressions are supposed to be is equally occult, is a mere inference. Matter is but a collection of impressions; mind is but a succession of impressions and ideas. Thus was Berkeley's dogmatic idealism converted into scepticism."

The system of Hume, if that can be called a system which is the pulling down of all systems, and even of the very foundation upon which scientific methods of thought may be built, is still more clearly set forth as follows in his own words:—

"Men," he says, "are carried by a

natural instinct or prepossession to repose faith in their senses. When they follow this blind and powerful instinct of nature, they always suppose the *very images* presented to the senses to be the external objects, and *never entertain any suspicion that the one are nothing but representations of the other*. But this universal and primary opinion of all men is soon destroyed by the slightest philosophy, which teaches us that nothing can ever be present to the mind but *an image or perception*. So far, then, we are necessitated by *reasoning to contradict the primary instincts of nature*, and to embrace a new system with regard to the evidence of our senses. But here philosophy finds herself extremely embarrassed, when she would obviate the cavils and objections of the sceptics. She can no longer plead the infallible and irresistible instinct of nature, for that led us to quite a different system, which is acknowledged fallible, and even erroneous; and to justify this pretended philosophical system by a chain of clear and convincing argument, or even any appearance of argument, exceeds the power of all human capacity.

"Do you follow the instinct and propensities of nature in assenting to the veracity of the senses? But these lead you to believe that the *very perception or sensible image is the external object*."—(Idealism).

"Do you disclaim this principle in order to embrace a more rational opinion, that the perceptions are only *representations* of something external? You here depart from your natural propensities and more obvious sentiments; and yet are not able to satisfy your reason, which can never find any convincing argument from experience to prove that the perceptions are connected with external objects."—(Scepticism).

"The answer to the question, 'What knowledge have we of an external world?'" says Mr. Hill Burton, in his account of the same work, "resolved itself into this: that there were certain impressions and ideas which we supposed to relate to it—further we knew not. When we turn, according to this theory, from the external world, and, looking into ourselves, ask what certainty we have of separate self-existence, we find but a string of impressions and ideas, and we

have no means of linking these together into any notion of a continuous existence. Such is that boasted thing, the human intellect, when its elements are searched out by a rigid application of the sceptical philosophy of Hume." And such, we add, were the conclusions of the young man in blooming Anjou, among the quiet of the convent gardens, and under those very cloisters where Descartes, doubting and pondering too, had taken a joyful leap into certain existence from his identification of the process going on in his mind as thought. "I think, therefore I am," the French father of modern philosophy had exclaimed to earth and heaven in a burst of human satisfaction a century before. And now when the hundred years with all its revolutions was accomplished, the musing Scot paces the same pavement, revolving the same difficulties, and ends in a conclusion as different as heaven is from earth. He, too, *thought*, devoting his life to that pursuit; and in addition possessed as rude a personality as falls to the lot of most men; yet he takes himself to pieces in the silence as if he had been a puzzle, and shakes his head over the many-cornered morsels which he knows he can fit together if he tries. But can all his fitting, all his trying, make one thing of them—an existence, a unity, complete and real? The spectator, even at this distance, cannot look on at the spectacle but with a certain strain and unconscious thrill of sympathy. To be driven to so blank an ending, how dismal must it have been! And all the more that the discovery was made by a young man scarcely six-and-twenty, in the absolute stillness of the silent foreign place, with grass growing in its streets, and its time measured out by the unfamiliar tinkle of the convent bell. He had given up home and youth, and all the profits and attractions of prac-

tical life, in order to have time and leisure to complete his theory. And this was the best he could make of it! But the reader may spare his sympathy, and assure himself that David never ate an ounce the less, or felt his personal happiness in the smallest degree diminished by the negation of all things to which his thoughts had brought him. Not his was the nature which admires and envies and longs after a faith it cannot share. He was no amateur or dilettante in his ways of thinking, but a born sceptic, clad in impenetrable panoply of spiritual indifference and personal satisfaction, and fortified by good-humour and good digestion against all the fanciful troubles known to man.

The utter solitude in which this work was accomplished is another curious mark of the man's personal identity. He did his work alone, without aid of counsel or sympathy. "While he was framing his metaphysical theory," says Mr. Burton, "Hume appears to have permitted no confidential advisers to have access to the workings of his inventive genius; and as little did he take for granted any of the reasonings or opinions of the illustrious dead. Nowhere is there a work of genius more completely authenticated as the produce of the solitary labour of one mind." He tried the edge of his argument, smiling in his sleeve the while, upon his Jesuit companion, and he communicated the 'Reasonings on Miracles' to his namesake Henry Home; but the latter is the only instance in which he seems to have sought anything resembling sympathy in his work. And yet he was a social being, fond of the convivialities of the time, not in the least averse to society or shy of ordinary intercourse. Wherever he went he made friends, and kept them, and was warm in all superficial charities. But the soul of the man dwelt apart, not loftily so much as indifferently, having no need of close communion or fellow-

ship with any other soul. A certain unexpressed good-humored contempt for his kind, mixed, as such a sentiment often is, with much benevolence and amiable feeling towards them, was no doubt at the bottom of this indifference; but its real origin was in the self-sufficing nature of the man, which demanded no support of human fellowship, but could keep its standing without love, without faith, without sense of dependence, requiring no earthly paradise, hoping for no heaven.

And yet there is a struggle to be recorded, though it is not of any very passionate description. The human nature of the young man sometimes stirs within him notwithstanding all his constitutional calm. Now and then there bursts from him a cry of half-stifed pain. In one of his moments of weakness he gives vent to the following reflections, combating them all the while with his own pitiless common-sense and practical sobriety. His theory itself is not half so curious as the amazing power with which consciously he employs his external existence and senses to smother and make an end of such faint outcries and protestations as may arise in his imperfectly-developed heart.

"The intense view of these manifold contradictions and imperfections in human reason has so wrought upon me," he says, "and heated my brain, that I am ready to reject all belief and reasoning, and can look upon no opinion even as more probable and likely than another. Where am I or what? From what cause do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return? Whose favour shall I court, and whose anger must I dread? What beings surround me? and on whom have I any influence, or who have any influence on me? I am confounded with all these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness, and utterly deprived of the use of every member and faculty.

"Most fortunately it happens that since Reason is incapable of dispelling

these clouds, nature herself suffices to that purpose, and cures me of this philosophical inslanchoy and delirium either by relaxing this bent of mind, or by some avocation and lively impression of my senses which obliterate all these chimeras. I dine, I play a game at backgammon, I converse and am merry with my friends: and when, after three or four hours' amusement, I would return to these speculations, they appear so cold and strained and ridiculous, that I cannot find in my heart to enter into them any further. Here, then, I find myself absolutely and necessarily determined to live and talk and act like other people in the common affairs of life. . . . I may, nay, I must yield to the current of nature in submitting to my senses and understanding; and in this blind submission I show most perfectly my sceptical disposition and principles; but does it follow that I must strive against the current of nature which leads me to indolence and pleasure? . . . No; if I must be a fool, as all those who reason or believe anything *certainly* are, my follies shall at least be natural and agreeable. . . . These are the sentiments of my spleen and indolence; and, indeed, I must confess that philosophy has nothing to oppose to them, and expects a victory more from the return of a serious good-humoured disposition than from the force of reason and conviction. In all the incidents of life we ought still to preserve our scepticism. If we believe that fire burns or water refreshes, 'tis only because it costs us too much pains to think otherwise; nay, if we are philosophers it ought only to be upon sceptical principles, and from an inclination which we feel to employing ourselves after that manner. When reason is lively and mixes itself with some propensity, it ought to be assented to; where it does not, it never can have any title to operate upon us. At the time therefore that I am tired with amusement or company, and have indulged a reverie in my chamber or in a solitary walk by the river-side, I feel my mind all collected within itself, and am naturally *inclined* to carry my view into all these subjects about which I have met with so many disputes in the course of my reading and conversation."

Surely so strange a piece of personal revelation was never made. The philosopher takes his own intelligence in hand and tunes it like an instrument. When a human sentiment of dismay at the nothingness and desolation with which he

has surrounded himself creeps into his mind, he seeks out his friends, is merry, plays his game of backgammon, and lets himself go upon the current of nature which leads to indolence and pleasure, sagaciously calculating upon the period of revulsion which is sure to come. Then, after the desire for pleasure and ease has been satisfied, he indulges in a reverie, or takes a solitary walk, and thus getting back his inclination towards his work, follows it "on sceptical principles" with an inconceivable philosophical calm. And he was but six-and-twenty when he thus regulated the stops of his own being, regarding it, one cannot but feel, with something of the same partial contempt with which he regards the rest of humankind—not disdainfully nor harshly, but good-humouredly, as at best a poor creature capable of little, which it is best not to drive or coerce, but humanely leave to pursue its own way. We know no other writer who has thus condescendingly, apologetically, patronised and humoured himself.

The 'Treatise on Human Nature' was published in 1738, on terms not disadvantageous for such a work, and probably more favourable than a young unknown aspirant in the same strain would find possible now. He had fifty pounds "and twelve bound copies of the book" for one edition of a thousand copies. Its success was not of an encouraging kind. "Never literary attempt was more unfortunate," he says, in his autobiography. "It fell dead-born from the press, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots." This, however, seems too strong a statement of the case, though it shows how intensely he had felt the disappointment. His anxiety about its reception was evidently great; he was anxious to leave town, thinking it would "contribute very much to my tranquillity, and might spare me many mortifica-

tions to be in the country while the success of the work was doubtful. . . . If you know anybody that is a judge, you would do me a sensible pleasure in engaging him to a serious perusal of the book," he adds, feeling, as so many have done, that to be but known was all he wanted. "The success of my philosophy is but indifferent, if I may judge by the sale of the book, and if I may believe my bookseller," he writes afterwards from Ninewells, where he had taken shelter. "I am now out of humour with myself, but doubt not," he continues, with the doleful playfulness of the disappointed, "in a little time to be only out of humour with the world." Better luck, however, awaited him. In the three or four years following, two other volumes—viz., the third part of the 'Treatise of Human Nature,' and the first volume of 'Essays, Moral and Political'—were given to the world; the latter with anxious anonymity. "The work was favourably received," he says, "and soon made me entirely forget my former disappointment." "The Essays are all sold in London," he writes to his friend Henry Home, with natural satisfaction, in the summer of 1742. It was some compensation to him for the mortification of his beginning. He had by this time returned home to his mother, brother, and sister, who still kept house together at Ninewells, an undivided family; and for six or seven years thereafter remained in this retirement, renewing, he tells us, his acquaintance with Greek, making new friends, and beginning various correspondences which went on during his whole life.

This period of quiet was not, however, one of repose or satisfaction with his position. On his return from France he had confessed to his friend Home "a certain shamefacedness I have to appear among you at my years, without having yet a settlement, or so much as attempted any,"—a sentiment

which is in the highest degree characteristic of his race and country, and in which every Scotsman will at once concur. To come back without having made any mark in the world, without having even planted his foot on steady ground, and, in short, no better than he went, must have been a humiliation even to a philosopher. "No alteration has happened to my fortune, nor have I taken the least step towards it," he writes to another friend. The success of his Essays no doubt was consolatory; but even that was no "settlement," and his practical eyes were fully open to the necessity of making a career for himself. He made an attempt to get a professorship in Edinburgh University; but failed, and with some reluctance seems to have adopted the idea of becoming "travelling governor" to a young man of fashion and wealth, could such be found. The appointment which he at length obtained was perhaps the most strange ever conferred upon a philosopher. It was that of companion to the Marquess of Annandale—a young lunatic, full of literary and other frenzies—in whose strange household he found, as might have been expected, a most uncongenial home. His squabbles with the official guardian, and his persistent claim for a sum of money to which he considered himself entitled when at last dismissed from this uncomfortable situation, are of no importance to our story. The mistake seems to have been his acceptance of the position at all; and it certainly affords the observer a very poor idea of the condition of the age, as respects literature and science, to find a man already distinguished in both, and, at the same time, a gentleman of family as good as that of his "patron," consenting to become the butt of a young madman, and the companion of his tedious noisy days. "What a scene is this for a man nourished in philosophy and polite letters to enter into all of a

sudden and unprepared!" Hume himself exclaims. "But I ever laugh, whatever happens," he adds, with rueful pleasantry. "I lived with him a twelvemonth," is the brief record in the autobiography. "My appointments during that time made a considerable accession to my small fortune." Let us hope these "appointments" somewhat eased the smart inflicted upon his dignity and *amour propre*, though his tenacious grasp upon the last scrap of salary to which he had a right, is not a lofty ending to a very uncomfortable episode in his career.

A more honourable, though at first sight scarcely more suitable, office for a philosopher awaited him. These were the days in which literary men received and expected pensions and honours; and yet it is but too apparent that, except in the rare case of one who could be made Secretary of State, or gentleman usher, there was in reality nothing in the busy world for a man of letters to do. The second employment which fell in his way was that of secretary to General St. Clair, then about setting out on "an expedition, which was at first meant for Canada, but ended in an incursion on the coast of France." "The office is very genteel," he says in a letter; "ten shillings a-day, perquisites, and no expenses. . . . As to myself," he adds to a second correspondent, "my way of life is agreeable; and though it may not be so profitable as I am told, yet so large an army as will be under the General's command in America must certainly render my perquisites very considerable. I have been asked whether I would incline to enter into the service? My answer was, that at my years I could not decently accept of a lower commission than a company. The only prospect of working this point would be to procure at first a company in an American regiment by the choice of the colonies. But this I build not on, nor indeed am I very fond of it."

The idea of David Hume in a soldier's coat has a curious incongruity, which will make the reader smile. He was by this time thirty-five, and had already begun to acquire the bulk which afterwards distinguished him. The fat philosopher, with his round chubby cheeks and succession of double chins, smooth as a woman's, must have been a curious spectacle in the rakish uniform of the time; and though he was never a soldier, he afterwards wore uniform, and at one time held the rank of aide-de-camp. The expedition was one of those purposeless schoolboy raids which distinguished the time. It landed on the coast of Brittany, fluttered the dovecots in a few helpless seaside villages, and pretended to be about to take the town of L'Orient, "the seat of the East India trade." However, after a siege of six days, and much ineffectual artillery, the expedition thought better of it, and turned back again, having "lost only ten men," as it fortunately happened, "by the enemy." In Hume's personal experience, the period was identified by the suicide, in his own quarters, of a Major Forbes, one of his friends—a scene sufficient to make a vivid impression on any mind, but which is noted in Hume's history only by one matter-of-fact record of the occurrence. The account he gives of the entire expedition is curiously and unintentionally ironical. It was "detained in the Channel until it was too late to go to America," and was then sent "to seek adventures on the coast of France." The general and admiral were both totally unacquainted with the coast—without pilots, guides, or intelligence of any kind, and even without the common maps of the country. They were "entirely ignorant, except from such hearsay information as they had casually picked up at Plymouth," of the strength of the town and garrison they attacked. "There never was on any co-

casion such an assemblage of ignorant blockheads" as the engineers of the little army. Under such circumstances there was nothing for it but to turn back again; and though Hume says their discomfiture was "without any loss or dishonour," it is a curious example of those deficiencies which have always hampered the British army, and which came to their climax in that uncomfortable age.

The short duration of this employment left the philosopher once more in a state of uncertainty as to his future life. An interval of "idleness and a gay pleasurable life" rewarded him for the brief labours of his campaign. And he thus discusses his prospects in a letter to one of his friends, giving us an incidental glimpse into the new projects which had begun to awaken in his mind:—

"I have an invitation to go over to Flanders with the general, and an offer of table, tent, horses, &c. I must own I have a great curiosity to see a real campaign, but I am deterred by a view of the expense, and am afraid that, living in a camp, without any character, and without anything to do, would appear ridiculous. Had I any fortune which would give me a prospect of leisure and opportunity to prosecute my *historical projects*, nothing could be more useful to me, and I should pick up more literary knowledge in one campaign, by living in the general's family, and being introduced frequently to the duke's, than most officers could do after many years' service. But to what can all this serve? I am a philosopher, and so, I suppose, must continue.

"I am very uncertain of getting half-pay, from several strange and unexpected accidents, which it would be too tedious to mention; and if I get it not, shall neither be gainer nor loser by the expedition. I believe if I would have begun the world again, I might have returned an officer gratis, and am certain might have been made chaplain to a regiment gratis; but . . . I need say no more. I shall stay a little time in London, to see if anything new will present itself. If not, I shall return very cheerfully to books, leisure, and solitude in the country. An elegant

table has not spoiled my relish for sobriety, nor society for study; and frequent disappointments have taught me that nothing need be despaired of, as well as that nothing can be depended on."

Two years later, when the proposed campaign had changed into a peaceful embassy, Hume once more left England in the train of General St. Clair; and the interval of retirement, which seems to have been spent at Ninewells, in country quiet and seclusion, had evidently impressed on his mind the conception of his after-work.

"I got an invitation (he repeats) from General St. Clair to attend him in his new employment at the Court of Turin, which I hope will prove an agreeable if not a profitable jaunt for me. I shall have an opportunity of seeing courts and camps; and if I can afterwards be so happy as to attain leisure and other opportunities, this knowledge may even turn to account to me as a man of letters, which, I confess, has always been the sole object of my ambition. I have long had an intention, in my riper years, of composing some history; and I question not but some greater experience in the operations of the field, and the intrigues of the Cabinet, will be requisite in order to enable me to speak with judgment upon these subjects. But, notwithstanding of these flattering ideas of futurity, as well as the present charms of variety, I must confess that I left home with infinite regret, where I had treasured up stores of study and plans of thinking for many years. I am sure I shall not be so happy as I should have been had I prosecuted these. But, in certain situations, a man dares not follow his own judgment, or refuse such offers as these."

His position in this mission was again that of secretary. "I wore the uniform of an officer, and was introduced to these courts as aide-de-camp to the general," he says. We have no space to follow the narrative of his journey, which he sent home to the little domestic party at Ninewells, still united, though the children were growing grey, in that close union which sometimes exists with special force

in the family of a widow. There is nothing very remarkable in the narrative, except an ingenuous surprise on the part of the writer to find Germany a habitable country, with some appearance of comfort and wellbeing among its people. "Tis of this country," he says, "Mr. Addison speaks when he calls the people

'Nations of slaves by tyranny debased,
Their Maker's image more than half
defaced.'

"Be assured," he adds, with some warmth, "there is not a finer country in the world, nor are there any signs of poverty among the people. But John Bull's prejudices are ridiculous as his insolence is intolerable." This last utterance, however, so often repeated since then, arose from no superiority on Hume's part to the prejudices of his race, but from the much more vivacious sentiment of national indignation and disgust at the same John Bull, who was then falling into a frenzy fit of prejudice against everything Scotch, as it was Hume's lot to ascertain by experience. There is also in the account of this tour a sober appreciation of natural beauties not common to the age. The Rhine, the Maine, the broad fertile country, the picturesque villages and palaces (as he curiously entitles the feudal castles of that wonderful district), are all commented on. It is true he finds the houses in quaint Nuremberg to be "old-fashioned and of a grotesque figure," though he allows they are "solid, well built, complete, and cleanly;" but that was the fashion of the time. "I confess I had entertained no such advantageous idea of Germany," he says, with benevolent satisfaction; "and it gives a man of humanity pleasure to see that so considerable a part of mankind as the Germans are in so tolerable a condition." This was written not much more than a hundred years ago,

and of a region now as familiar as Bond Street to crowds of people whom Hume would scarcely have admitted within the lowest circle of intelligence. Such strange changes does time alone, without the help of any more startling agent, work upon the external world.

While Hume was at Turin he was seen by Lord Charlemont, who has left us the following unfavourable, but, we fear, true description of his aspect and appearance:—

"Nature, I believe, never formed any man more unlike his real character than David Hume. The powers of physiognomy were baffled by his countenance; neither could the most skilful in that science pretend to discover the smallest trace of the faculties of his mind in the unmeaning features of his visage. His face was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility. His eyes vacant and spiritless, and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman than of a refined philosopher. His speech in English was rendered ridiculous by the broadest Scotch accent; and his French was, if possible, still more laughable; so that wisdom most certainly never disguised herself before in so uncouth a garb. Though now near fifty years old he was healthy and strong; but his health and strength, far from being advantageous to his figure, instead of manly comeliness, had only the appearance of rusticity. His wearing an uniform added greatly to his natural awkwardness, for he wore it like a grocer of the trained-bands. Sinclair was a lieutenant-general, and was sent to the Courts of Vienna and Turin as a military envoy, to see that their quota of troops was furnished by the Austrians and Piedmontese. It was therefore thought necessary that his secretary should appear to be an officer, and Hume was accordingly disguised in scarlet."

While Hume was absent on this mission, his 'Inquiry concerning Human Understanding' was published in London. He explains its nature and intention with his usual brevity in his autobiography. "I had always entertained a notion," he says, "that my want of success in publishing the 'Treatise of Human Nature' had proceeded

more from the manner than the matter, and that I had been guilty of a very usual indiscretion in going to press too early. I therefore cast the first part of the work anew in the 'Inquiry concerning Human Understanding.' His desire was that the 'Treatise of Human Nature' should now be treated as a work blotted out of literature, and that the Inquiry should be substituted in its place," Mr. Burton tells us; but this was, of course, an impossible hope. In the new form his principles were not altered, but their expression was softened; and, naturally, his opponents were little likely to accept the less pungent and forcible statement. Such new views, or developments of his principle, as he insisted upon more fully in the new volume, did but carry out the conceptions of the other. The doctrine of necessity, as opposed to that of free-will in human action; of the uniformity and sameness of human impulses; and those opinions on miracles which had first occurred to him at La Flèche—all branches of a thoroughly sceptical philosophy—were prominent in the book,—in which, indeed, the theory in respect to miracles was first given to the world. Of these, each, it will be seen, is, if possible, more destructive of any innate dignity in human nature than the other; that men, like atoms of matter, are moved by periodical waves of impulse to do the same thing in a certain severe arithmetical sequence, of which they understand nothing; that the races of humanity bear the same monotonous resemblance to each other as do the stones in a river-bed, dragged up or down by the greater or lesser force of the current; that human testimony, however enthusiastic or however multiplied, is never to be allowed even a hearing, when it contradicts the regularity of natural laws;—these are the developments of his doctrine, which Hume now gave to the world. At every

step as he advanced the great negation grew. The man who, under his teaching, no longer could call his mind his own, or put any faith in its existence, had now to give up his will as well, and recognise himself as a creature

"Dragged round in earth's diurnal course
With stocks, and stones, and trees."

Individual character, great aspirations, generous sentiments, were alike denied him. He did but what he could not help doing, thought but as certain vague natural influences moved him, was not to be believed at his highest strain of feeling, or credited with any independent sentiment.

Such was the theory of the philosopher. It did not depress his own mind, so far as there is any evidence on the matter; but he *was* depressed by what would seem on the surface of much less immediate importance. "This piece was at first little more successful than the 'Treatise of Human Nature,'" he says—a practical disappointment much less easy to bear than any theory. "On my return from Italy I had the mortification to find all England in a ferment on account of Dr. Middleton's 'Free Inquiry,' while my performance was entirely overlooked and rejected. Such is the force of natural temper, that these disappointments made little or no impression upon me," he adds, with, no doubt, partial truth. His mother's death, which happened at the same period, and which he heard of on his return from Italy, probably took the edge off the less severe misfortune. He was found "in the deepest affliction and in a flood of tears," we are told, when the melancholy news was communicated to him; and a good-natured friend improved the occasion with exemplary faithfulness. "My friend, you own this uncommon grief to having thrown off the principles of religion," said the comforter, "for if you had not, you would have been consoled by the firm belief

that this good lady, who was not only the best of mothers but the most pious of Christians, was completely happy in the realm of the just." To which, as the story goes, David replied, "Though I throw out my speculations to entertain the learned and met physical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of the world as you imagine."

This anecdote, it is evident, however, must be received with caution, for there is no appearance of any such scientific hypocrisy in his life. He was never a virulent, but what is much worse, an indifferent unbeliever. Religion was no necessity to him: he could live without it, and be as virtuous as his neighbours; and he could die without it. In short, it was not, nor did he ever pretend it to be, a want of his soul. Such beings are; and it would be vain to imagine that the unbelief of such a man was necessarily accompanied either by remorse or despair.

In the mean time Hume returned to Ninewells, to his brother and sister, with whom he remained until the marriage of the former in 1751, composing his political and other essays. During this interval of quiet, success came upon him all at once. What his philosophy could not do, his heresy and anti-Christianity did, by rousing the attention of controversialists, who then abounded in the world. "My bookseller informed me that my former publications were beginning to be the subject of conversation, that the sale of them was gradually increasing, and that new editions were demanded. Answers by reverends and right reverends came out two or three in a year; and I found by Dr. Warburton's railing that the books were beginning to be esteemed in good society." It was with this comfortable assurance that at last he had made his mark in life, and attained his object, that Hume removed into Edinburgh. His modest pretensions and contented

temper, as well, alas, as a state of affairs much different from the present, are indicated in the following account of his means and desires:—

"While interest remains as at present," he writes from Ninewells in the summer of 1751, "I have fifty pounds a-year, a hundred pounds' worth of books, great store of linens and fine clothes, and near a hundred pounds in my pocket, along with order, frugality, a strong spirit of independency, good health, a contented humour, and an unabating love for study. . . . As my sister can join thirty pounds a-year to my stock, and brings an equal love of order and frugality, we doubt not to make our revenues answer."

Thus the little celibate household set itself up in a "flat" suspended between heaven and Edinburgh, high up in one of the stately houses which still overlook the Earthen Mound, upon an income not exceeding £80 a-year. They had an unrivalled landscape before them; but probably neither the brother nor sister made much account of that; and were surrounded by the cheerful, social, familiar circle of Edinburgh, in which was mingled an unusually large proportion of clergymen. This interval of leisure and work seems to have been one of the happiest periods in his life. He even became frisky in the quiet, and amused himself laboriously with the heaviest of ponderous jokes, about which he writes long anxious letters, more concerned for its success than he ever shows himself about one of his serious works. While at Edinburgh he published the 'Political Discourses,' "the only work of mine," he says, "that was successful on the first publication. It was well received abroad and at home. In the same year was published at London my 'Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals,' which, in my own opinion (who ought not to judge on that subject), is of all my writings—historical, philosophical, or literary—incomparably the best. It came unnoticed and unobserved into the world."

Thus, with a certain mild irony, he records his successes and failures, feeling, as many a writer has done before and since, that curious mixture of disdain and satisfaction with which it is but natural to observe the indiscriminating preferences of the crowd. They let his best drop listlessly from their hands, and conferred a triumph on the secondary production, of which he himself thought so much less highly. The philosopher shrugs his shoulders as he sits at his lofty windows looking over "the gallant Forth," with Miss Katie by his side, and all his kindly friends and correspondents making a little luminous homely circle round him. There were Adam Smith and Ferguson at Glasgow; Blair and Robertson in Edinburgh at his doors; John Home, his namesake, coming in by times from Athelstaneford, with the MS. of his first tragedy in his pocket, which the philosopher thinks may probably not deserve success, since the dramatist admires Shakespeare and has never read Racine! and close by him such an afflicted soul as poor Blacklock the poet, penniless, learned, sensitive, and blind. When Hume, after another unsuccessful attempt upon a vacant chair in the University of Glasgow, accepted the appointment of Librarian to the Advocates' Library, it is said to have been to Blacklock that he devoted the proceeds of his office. It was but £40 a-year, but that was no small addition to the means of a man who was possessed of but £50 *pour tout potage*. "In 1752," he says, "the Faculty of Advocates chose me their librarian, an office from which I received little or no emolument, but which gave me the command of a large library. I then formed the plan of writing the 'History of England.' This great work, as has been seen, had already vaguely visited his dreams for years before; and when at length he found himself at the very fountain-head of

information, with an admirable collection of books at his disposal, and undisturbed quiet to plan and execute as he pleased, he began his undertaking with such care and pains as sometimes even provoke a smile. For it is not a historian's scrupulous exactness as to fact which appears foremost in the history of his work, so much as a curious anxiety—sometimes growing quite painful in its intensity—about the "correctness" of his English, and the careful elimination of every Scotticism from its pages. He writes letter on letter on this subject, and, it is evident, worked with a diligence scarcely comprehensible in these slipshod days, eliminating every doubtful expression from his work. Scotland was then, as his biographer reminds us, a kind of *quasi*-foreign country, with a dialect full, not only of changed words, but of different idioms from those of pure English. All this trouble seemed, according to his own account, to have received but a poor recompense at first. He narrates his renewed disappointment as follows:—

"I commenced with the accession of the House of Stuart, an epoch when, I thought, the misrepresentations of faction began chiefly to take place. I was, I own, sanguine in my expectations of the success of this work. I thought that I was the only historian that had at once neglected present power, interest, and authority, and the cry of popular prejudices; and as the subject was suited to every capacity, I expected proportional applause. But miserable was my disappointment; I was assailed by one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation; English, Scotch, and Irish, Whig and Tory, Churchman and sectary, freethinker and religionist, patriot and courtier, united in their rage against the man who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford; and after the first ebullitions of their fury were over, what was still more mortifying, the book seemed to sink into oblivion. Mr. Millar told me that in a twelvemonth he sold only forty-five copies of it. I scarcely, indeed, heard of one man in the three kingdoms, considerable for rank or letters, that could endure the

book. I must only except the Primate of England, Dr. Herring, and the Primate of Ireland, Dr. Stone, which seem two odd exceptions. These dignified prelates separately sent me messages not to be discouraged.

"I was, however, I confess, discouraged; and had not the war been at that time breaking out between France and England, I had certainly retired to some provincial town of the former kingdom, have changed my name, and never more have returned to my native country. But as this scheme was not now practicable, and the subsequent volume was considerably advanced, I resolved to pick up courage and to persevere."

Two years later the second volume of the History was published, and "was better received." In another interval of three years the history of the House of Tudor followed, and the work was concluded in 1761. It had thus been about nine years in the composition. And notwithstanding the discouraging character of its beginning, Hume, by the time it was completed, had become one of the most famous and popular authors in Europe. His renown, as will shortly be seen, rapidly crossed the Channel, and was almost greater in France than at home; and profit and honour flowed upon the philosopher. "Notwithstanding," he owns, "this variety of winds and seasons to which my writings had been exposed, they had still been making such advances that the copy-money given me by the booksellers much exceeded anything formerly known in England: I was become not only independent, but opulent. I retired to my native country of Scotland determined never more to set my foot out of it; and retaining the satisfaction of never having preferred a request to one great man, or even making advances of friendship to any of them. As I was now turned of fifty I thought of passing all my life in this philosophical manner."

This expectation, however, was not realised. His life, so far as the excitement of popular adoration and applause went, and all the

show and outward apparel of greatness, was indeed only about to begin.

But before he shoots away a new star into the firmament of French fashion, there is a certain pleasure in watching the bulky, ponderous philosopher, with his clumsy jokes and friendly moderate enthusiasms. A certain rustic minister, called Wilkie, had composed a poem professing to be a translation of a supposed early production of Homer, and called the *Epigoniad*, which Hume, with outbursts of praise, declares to be "the second epic poem in our language." Of Home's 'Douglas' he writes that "I am persuaded it will be esteemed the best, and by French critics the only, tragedy of our language!" His interest in Robertson's History, which he might even have been excused for thinking a rival of his own, is lively and honest, and he seems to have omitted no opportunity of helping the writer forward. And no man ever took up more contentedly the rôle of comfortable obscurity. When, anticipating a change of residence to London, he wrote to his friend Dr. Clephane of his desire to secure "a room in a decent, sober family, who would not be averse to receive a sober, discreet, virtuous, regular, quiet, good-natured man of a bad character;" and informed the doctor that "I shall then be able to spend £150 a-year." Adam Smith's first work, the 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' a book also to some extent a rival of his own, he hails with the same anxious plaudits, spreading its fame wherever he goes. Never was a more friendly, unaffected, good-humoured, self-denying, self-indulgent soul. He is so kindly and so friendly that one scarcely likes to note how characteristic of a nature never moved to any supreme passion or effort, or deeply acted upon by anything outside himself, is all this homely amiable submission to the subdued colours and humdrum routine of declining

life. He accepts, nay, even fore-stalls it, liking nothing better than the loose-robed comfort of the chimney-corner, the elephantine pointless jokes, the subdued pleasurable sentiments of a life from which avowedly all the disturbing vigour and restlessness of youth has departed. Comfort was sweet to him, and he had it. What could such a man desire more?

The change from this quiet scene to the brilliant Court of France, with all its fine ladies and fine gentlemen, its princes and wits and *savans*, precipitating themselves at the feet of the good humoured but surprised philosopher, is the strangest that can be conceived. It was in the year 1763, when Hume was fifty-two, and perfectly disposed to give himself over to the quietude of age, that this extraordinary revolution occurred in his life. The Marquess of Hertford had been appointed ambassador to France, and by some strange impulse of public spirit, or other unlikely motive, fixed upon Hume, with whom he was not even acquainted, to be his secretary. The invitation was so startling that the philosopher hesitated; but finally moved by the thought that he had resolved to "give up his future life to amusements," and attracted by the charms of French society, which he had always admired, at length decided upon accepting it. "The decorum and piety of Lord Hertford occasioned men to wonder," says Horace Walpole, "when, in the room of Bunbury, he chose for his secretary the celebrated freethinker David Hume, totally unknown to him; but this was the effect of recommendations from other Scots who had much weight with Lord and Lady Hertford." Hume himself, however, informs us that "the idea first came into my patron's head without the suggestion of any one mortal." The effect of the patronage of so orthodox a man seems to have had the immediate effect of rehabilitating the unbelieving

philosopher. "I was now a person clean and white as the driven snow; and were I to be proposed for the see of Lambeth, no objection could henceforth be made to me," he says, with a chuckle of amusement and humorous satisfaction. Yet his anticipations were not always of a pleasurable character. "I repine at my loss of ease, and leisure, and retirement, and independence," he says; "and it is not without a sigh I look backwards, nor without reluctance that I cast my eye forwards." These melancholy thoughts, however, disappeared when he found himself in the gayer atmosphere of France, and suddenly discovered that he was the fashion, and found all the world at his feet. He had been prepared for the fact of his own popularity to some mild extent. "No author ever yet attained to that degree of reputation in his own lifetime that you are now in possession of at Paris," Lord Elibank had written to him in the spring before his arrival there. "When you have occasion to see our friend David Hume," writes another of his acquaintances, "tell him that he is so much worshipped here that he must be void of all passion if he does not immediately take post for Paris." Helvetius also conveys to him the same flattering announcement; and so, in still softer strains, does Madame de Boufflers, whose correspondence with him had commenced two years before. He had scarcely arrived when he was overwhelmed by evidences of this unbounded popularity. Ten days after he reached France, he wrote to Adam Smith: "I have been three days at Paris and two at Fontainebleau, and have everywhere met with the most extraordinary honours which the most exorbitant vanity could wish or desire. The compliments of dukes and marshals of France, and foreign ambassadors, go for nothing with me at present. I retain a relish for no kind of flat-

tery but that which comes from the ladies." "During the two last days, in particular," he adds, "I have *suffered* (the expression is not improper) as much flattery as almost any man has ever done in the same time—" He protests that "it makes no difference to him;" but it is evident that Hume was far from displeased by these demonstrations of regard. It is true that by times he gives vent to an exclamation of weariness. "I wish, twice or thrice a-day, for my easy-chair and my retreat in James's Court!" but yet the manner in which he dwells upon all the compliments made to him, is not that of a man dissatisfied or annoyed by the sweetness of his life. Here is a little sketch, made by his own hand, from which it may be perceived how easily a man can habituate himself to any amount of worship:—

"Do you ask me about my course of life? I can only say that I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers! Every man I meet, and still more every lady, would think they were wanting in the most indispensable duty if they did not make a long harangue in my praise. What happened last week when I had the honour of being presented to the Dauphin's children at Versailles is one of the most curious scenes I ever passed through. The Duc de B., the eldest—a boy of ten years old—stepped forth and told me how many friends and admirers I had in this country, and that he reckoned himself among the number, from the pleasure he had received in reading many passages in my works. When he had finished, his brother, the Count de P., who is two years younger, began his discourse, and informed me that I had been long and impatiently expected in France, and that he himself soon expected to have great satisfaction from the reading of my fine History. But what is more curious, I was carried then to the Count d'A., who is but four years of age. I heard him mumble something, which, though he had forgot in the way, I conjectured, from some scattered words, to have been also a panegyric dictated to him. . . .

"All this attention and panegyric was

at first offensive to me; but now it sits more easy. I have recovered in some measure the use of the language, and am falling into friendships that are very agreeable—much more so than silly distant admiration. They now begin to banter me, and tell droll stories of me which they have either observed themselves or heard from others; so that you see I am beginning to be at home. It is probable that this place will long be my home. I feel little inclination to the factious barbarians of London; and have ever desired to remain in the place where I am planted. How much more so when it is the best place in the world? I could here live in great abundance on the half of my income; for there is no place where money is so little requisite to a man who is distinguished either by his birth or personal qualities. . . . However, I cannot help observing on what a different footing learning and the learned are here from what they are among the factious barbarians above-mentioned."

Contemporary French writers are not wanting to confirm these wonderful tales, with touches at the same time of gentle pleasantry at the "*gros philosophe Ecossais*," the "*grand et gros historiographe d'Angleterre*."

"C'est un excellent homme que David Hume," says Grimm; "il est naturellement aerein, il entend finement, et quelquefois avec sel, quoiqu'il parle peu; mais il est lourd, il n'a ni chaleur ni grace, ni agrément dans l'esprit, ni rien qui soit propre à s'allier au ramage de ces charmantes petites machines qu'on appelle jolies femmes." Another amusing glimpse shows him playing elephantine pranks for the amusement of the same ravishing but difficult audience in one of the dramatic amusements of the time, in which "on lui avait destiné le rôle d'un sultan assis entre deux esclaves employant toute son éloquence pour s'en faire aimer; les trouvant inexorables il devait chercher le sujet de leur peines et de leur résistance; on le place sur un sofa entre les deux plus jolies femmes de Paris, il les regarde attentivement, il se frappe le ventre et les genoux à plusieurs reprises et ne trouve jamais autre chose à leur dire que, '*Eh bien—mes demoiselles—ah bien—vous voilà donc—eh bien, vous voilà—vous voilà ici?*' Cette phrase dura un quart d'heure sans qu'il pût en sortir. Une d'elles se leva d'impatience. '*Ah,*' dit-elle, '*je m'en étais*

bien doutée—cet homme n'est bon qu'à manger du veau !' Depuis ce temps il est relégué au rôle de spectateur, et n'en est pas moins fêté et cajolé."

It was nearly two years after his arrival in Paris and discharge of all the duties of the secretaryship before Hume really obtained the situation and its emoluments. "The matter is concluded and the king has given his consent," he writes in June 1765, after many exhortations to his friends to aid him, and vicissitudes of fear and hope; "so that, in spite of Atheism and Deism, of Whiggism and Toryism, of Scoticism and Philosophy, I am now possessed of an office of credit, and of £1200 a-year." However, this was but a momentary gleam of prosperity. A month had scarcely passed before the home administration changed, Lord Hertford was recalled, and Hume's good fortune became a thing of the past. For several months he remained "Chargé d'Affaires" in Paris until the new ambassador arrived, and finally left France in the beginning of 1766, not much more certain of any future provision than he had been at his outset. A pension of £400 a-year was, however, eventually settled upon him, and thus his diplomatic career came to a close.

The curious episode of his connection with Rousseau need not be here entered upon in detail. After making the Continent too hot to hold him, the great sentimentalist made what he was pleased to call a flight from the secret yet enthusiastic worship of Paris, under the protection of Hume when he returned to England. Everything that our philosopher could do to promote the comfort of his guest and find a suitable refuge for him, was, it is evident, done with zeal and almost devotion, and called forth Rousseau's intensest gratitude, which was often displayed in a way which the sober Scotsman must have found somewhat embarrassing. On one occa-

sion when they had partially quarrelled over a very small matter, Hume records: "After passing near an hour in this ill-humour, he rose up and took a turn about the room. But judge of my surprise when he sat down suddenly on my knee, threw his hands about my neck, kissed me with the greatest warmth, and bedewing all my face with tears, exclaimed—'Is it possible you can ever forgive me, my dear friend?' . . . I hope you have not so bad an opinion of me as to think I was not melted on this occasion. I assure you I kissed him and embraced him twenty times with a plentiful effusion of tears. I think no scene of my life was ever more affecting. We fear the reader will be more disposed to smile than to weep at the grotesque picture of the little bearded Swiss on the fat knees of *le gros philosophe Ecossais*, and of the mutual embracing which followed. This sweet accord, however, was far from permanent. After Hume had procured him a pension, and given himself endless trouble in establishing him according to his inclinations, Rousseau suddenly turned upon him with the most causeless and meaningless insults. The quarrel, with the letters it drew forth on both sides, was made into a pamphlet, and published in France under the advice of Hume's friends there. *Cette sottie bête appelée le public* was thus called in to judge the matter; and so far Hume's wrongs may be said to have been fully avenged.

While this quarrel was going on, Hume received his last public appointment as Under-Secretary of State under General Conway, the brother of Lord Hertford. Once more he speaks as if he grudged a little the employment which kept him from retiring to his beloved leisure. He had plenty of money; and with his usual curious contemptuous regard for himself "was desirous," he says, "of trying what superfluity could produce, as I had

formerly made an experiment of a competency." This experiment, however, was postponed for a year or two, and in the mean time his life is thus described :—

"My way of life here is very uniform, and by no means disagreeable. I pass all the forenoon in the secretary's house, from ten till three, when there arrive, from time to time, messengers that bring me all the secrets of the kingdom, and, indeed, of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I am seldom hurried; but have leisure at intervals to take up a book, or write a private letter, or converse with any friend that may call for me; and from dinner to bedtime is all my own. . . . I only shall not regret when my duty is over; because, to me, the situation can lead to nothing, at least in all probability; and reading, and sauntering, and lounging, and dosing—which I call thinking—is my supreme happiness,—I mean my full contentment."

Thus the man's identity and his philosophy go together through every change in his existence. He does not pretend to feel any satisfaction in the thought of doing his duty by his country, though no doubt he did it according to his lights. The same curious limit which nature seems to have built around him, betrays itself in matters which might have been supposed of the strongest personal interest. Even in respect to correcting the imperfections of his History, he asks, "Were it not an amusement, to what purpose would it serve, since I shall certainly never live to see a new edition?" It would appear that he felt no need even of that terrestrial immortality which tempts the most humble of mortal creatures. He held office not more than three years, and thus describes his retirement from public life, and entrance into the full ease and luxury of which he wanted to make experiment, for the rest of his existence :—

"I returned to Edinburgh in 1760, very opulent (for I possessed a revenue of £1000 a-year), healthy, and, though somewhat stricken in years, with the

prospect of enjoying long my ease, and of seeing the increase of my reputation."

"I had taken one of Allan Ramsay's houses," he adds,—and everybody who has ever seen Edinburgh, and remembers the glorious position of Ramsay Gardens, on a line with the Castle, and commanding all the country round; the Forth, and distant Fife lying blue, with its Laws and Lomonds, on the horizon, will approve of his selection; but the situation was thought too cold, and he retired eventually to his old habitation in James's Court, which commanded the same fine prospect; though, perhaps, its size and pretensions, which had suited the homely philosopher setting up an establishment on £80 a-year, might scarcely answer all the requirements of the pensioned diplomatist and statesman with £1100 a-year to spend.

"I am glad to have come within sight of you, and to have a view of Kirkcaldy from my windows," he writes to Adam Smith, surely with some fresh sense of pleasure in the familiar landscape thus restored to him after all his wanderings. "I have been settled here two months," he writes a little later, "and am here body and soul, without casting the least thought of regret to London, or even to Paris. I live still, and must for a twelvemonth, in my old house in James's Court, which is very cheerful, and even elegant, but too small to display my great talent for cookery, the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life. I have just now lying on the table before me a receipt for making *soupe à la reine*, copied with my own hand: for beef and cabbage—a charming dish—and old mutton, and cold lamb, nobody excels me. I make, also, sheep-head broth in a manner that Mr. Keith speaks of it for eight days after, and the Duc de Nivernois would bind himself apprentice to my lass to learn it." In conjunction with his cookery he took to building, and made himself a house, like so many men, to die in. It was

the commencement of the street leading southwards from St. Andrew's Square to Princes Street, and certainly was far from an improvement, in point of position, upon the mount of vision he had left. Before the new street had received any name, "a witty young lady chalked on the wall the words *St. David Street*." Hume's *lass*, judging that it was not meant in honour or reverence, ran into the house much excited to tell her master how he was made game of;—"Never mind, lassie," he said, "many a better man has been made a saint of before." Perhaps there are few people, even among those who traverse the locality daily, who are aware that St. David Street, still existing in Edinburgh, thus commemorates, not Bruce's royal successor, but the unsaintly David, the *gros drôle*, who won fame without caring for it, and desired no grace of remembrance even among his townsmen. The many-trodden stony street, careless as his own soul of the thousand interests, sorrows, and loves that move about it, is the sceptic's fitting shrine.

And yet one cannot look at the calm of his declining years without a certain sympathy. He is so cheerful, so easy, so contented with himself and everything about him; so ready to interest himself in other people; to advise, and applaud, and good-humouredly criticise—so far from all personal anxiety about his own health or future prospects. There are, no doubt, many who will think that these last were more terrible than consolatory. But we have succeeded very poorly in placing Hume before them if they do not perceive that such was his nature, and that solicitude about the future existence was a matter entirely impossible to him. He had enjoyed almost everything that life could give to such a man. He had never in his life loved enough or sorrowed enough to feel any want of that compensating hereafter to which the most of us poor mortals turn longing eyes. His nature was

complete without that postscript in which we put so pathetic a trust. He had nobody whom his heart refused to part with either waiting for him on the other side or retaining him on this. There would seem to be, let us say it with reverence, no sufficient reason why such a soul should not be gently extinguished on its exit from a world in which it had found all it desired—not puffed out like a half-burned candle, leaving chill suggestions of a might-have-been, but allowed to die down in its socket, and consume itself away and be no longer. Such an end would have had no terrors for Hume—would, indeed, have been a characteristic conclusion. All along it had been in his nature. It is the heart, and not the intellect, which insists upon living, and it was intellect which was Hume's chief possession. So far as the other part of him went, the body, which had attained such unwieldy proportions, he had made that very comfortable in his day. He had given it all it desired—food, and wine, and employment, and exercise, and rest—and his accounts were very well balanced so far as that went. And as for his mind, it surveyed all things, and measured the pain and pleasure, the good and evil chances, the long succession of mortal existence, in which it found so little spontaneous impulse, so much monotonous pendulum work of necessity, one race following another through the world; and, doubtless, having thus fathomed the secrets of existence, felt no need of further experience, or of a new sphere to enter upon. The ordinary observer looks on with amaze at a spectacle which contradicts so many theories. The quiet death-bed, the cheerful spirit, the courageous steadfast composure with which the sceptic went through those last lingering days, are a mystery to us. But such problems, like most other mysteries in heaven and earth, must find solution elsewhere than here.

There are one or two points, however, which we may pause to note, in which the Sceptic's nature and philosophy baffle, as we have already said, even the keenness of his intellect, and deprive him of the power of perception which men, probably less gifted than himself, possess by intuition. Such an example shows us how genius itself may strike against the limits of nature, and be stopped short by them. For instance, in all his much intercourse with France, and the love he had for it, it never seems to have been apparent to Hume, as it was to Chesterfield, a much inferior thinker, that everything around was darkening towards some great catastrophe. Neither, though he lived in his youth in the very heart of the country, and must have seen many such scenes of peasant oppression and distress as those which took the very power of speech from Berkeley, does he ever seem to have been impressed by, or even to have noticed them; which is a curious evidence of that supreme want of sympathy with his race which distinguished his mind, though in external particulars it was constantly concealed by a certain natural amiability and inclination to be friendly and helpful. This deficiency neutralised at once his sagacious mind, his political knowledge, and his genius. He knew human nature so little, even while knowing it so much, that the signs of the times were a sealed book to him. There is another very notable instance in which the same want of sympathy leads him to advise a transgression of one of the first principles of honour, an accusation which no doubt would have much surprised him. A young clergyman, whose mind seems to have been unsettled by Hume's works, applied to him, through his friend Colonel Edmonstone, for advice as to what he should do; that is, whether or not he should remain in the Church. The philosopher answers, without appa-

rently a moment's doubt or hesitation, "It is putting too great a respect on the vulgar," he says, "and on their superstitions, to pique one's self on sincerity with regard to them. Did ever one make it a point to speak truth to children or madmen? If the thing was worthy of being treated gravely, I should tell him that the Pythian oracle, with the approbation of Xenophon, advised every one to worship the gods, *νομῶ πολλῶς*. I wish it were still in my power to be a hypocrite in this particular. The common duties of society usually require it, and the ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation, without which it is impossible to pass through the world." Thus his incapacity to understand the heights and depths of the soul, his indifference to his race, and the contempt for it which is involved in all his philosophy, leads a man, otherwise honest and straightforward, to a sophistry worse than anything fabled of a Jesuit, and to direct encouragement of the worst and most debasing of all falsehoods.

But when we return to the old man dying placidly in his new Edinburgh house, we forget how superficial are his affections, and how mortal his soul. Here is one of the last letters he ever wrote, than which it would be impossible to produce anything more quietly dignified or affecting. There is a certain Socratic calm of anticipation in it which moves the spectator to uncover and stand aside as in the presence of a great being, be its nature what it may:—

"DEAR BROTHER,—Dr. Black tells me plainly, like a man of sense, that I shall die soon, which was no disagreeable news to me. He says I shall die of weakness and inanition, and perhaps give little or no warning. But though I be growing sensibly weaker every day, this period seems not to be approaching; and I shall have time enough to improve you and to desire your company, which will be very

agreeable to me. But at this time your presence is necessary at Ninewells to settle Josey and comfort his mother. Davie will be also very useful to you. I am much pleased with his tenderness and friendship. I beg therefore that neither he nor you may set out, and as the communication between us is open and frequent, I promise to give you timely information."

Never Christian fronted death more bravely, nor with a more peaceful calm.

He died on the 25th August 1776, a fortnight after writing the above letter, at the age of sixty-five, leaving behind him the highest philosophical reputation, a host of kind and friendly recollections, and abundance of vulgar condemnation. Perhaps it is one of the weaknesses of this age that it is unable to condemn with the frank and hearty vigour of its forefathers. We cannot blame Hume for his utter in-

difference to the spiritual consolations, hopes, and blessings of which his limited spiritual nature could form little conception, and felt no need. Nor can we even feel that imperfection in his existence which strikes us so forcibly in almost all the lives which have been brought prominently before the world. There seems nothing left to be made up to him, no injustice to set right, no disappointment to soothe, no lost to restore. He had his immortality, his consolations, his happiness, such as it was, within the limits of this world. The imagination declines to follow him into any other. Such a man with such a life may be permitted—so far as our judgment of him is concerned—in a certain solemn heathen calm and still atmosphere, hushed but not discouraged by the thought, to end and die.

A YEAR AND A DAY.—PART II.

CHAPTER VII.—ENEMIES.

ALL that day the cousins spent together; but nothing, not even the persuasions of Rose, could induce Arthur to remain at Grayport over the next. He had got hold of a good grievance, and was determined to play out his rôle of persecuted genius to the full. Besides, he would not run the risk of having to meet Brandon in the friendly manner which he must have assumed in his uncle's presence. He would, at least, have been expected to express gratitude for the letter of introduction; and so, to preserve his dignity, he ran away the very next morning, and was in London by the time that Brandon was well engaged upon the *noix de veau*.

Rose was more than sorry when he went, for the departure of her cousin was the departure of whatever real living interest belonged to her life; and, after seeing him carried off by the coach which made daily journeys between Grayport and the nearest railway station, her eyes were too dim to watch his progress very far along the road; and her tears were all the more painful for springing as much from anger as from sorrow.

Arthur was certainly to be congratulated on having left behind him so brave and thorough-going a supporter, supposing that any further danger was to be apprehended. Not once did it enter into the mind of Rose that after all it was nearly, if not quite impossible that any man, no matter how jealous, treacherous, and energetic he might be, should go to work in such an absurd manner in order to get a supposed and possible rival out of the way. But then she looked upon life through glasses of her own. Firstly, and not unnaturally, she believed implicitly in her cousin's overwhelming genius, even more than

he himself believed in it, if that were possible. To say that she classed him with the greatest in the history of art would be to speak but feebly; he was art and intellect to her, and art and intellect were to her only other names for Arthur. Again, she had learned from him to believe that he was the victim of a conspiracy of rivals who had sworn to keep him down. No one who knows anything of unsuccessful or impatient artists of any kind is unaware of this strange but common delusion, which, in some cases, attains almost to the dimensions of a monomania. Of all classes of artists, actors are perhaps the most prone to it, but painters and poets do not come very far behind; and Arthur Corbet never lost an opportunity of complaining of the imaginary persecutions that he had to suffer at the hands of an equally imaginary clique of jealous rivals. Apart from his really believing it, it was only too useful a fiction to keep up at Grayport in order to account for frequent failures, the result of his own want either of talent or industry; and if his uncle was not altogether taken in by it, Rose, at all events, fully accepted the theory, and treated her cousin as he wished to be treated to his heart's content. Lastly, it must be remembered that, besides art and intellect, he represented to her knowledge of the world—a world in which she thought, like most of those who are ignorant of its ways, that active malice, conscious unscrupulousness, premeditated treachery, and energetic jealousy are far more common than they really are.

In spite, however, of her intense feeling of dislike for Brandon, or more probably in consequence of it, she could not avoid a very decided feeling of nervousness when she

donned her armour for what she intended should be the first passage of arms between the heroine and the villain of her new romance. For she was by no means a passive ally. When her feelings were once aroused in a person's favour or disfavour, it did not occur to her that there was anything but fighting to be done. She therefore put on her company clothes—she was given to affect the romantically simple style of white dresses and single flowers in her hair—and, what did not become her so well, her company manners also, which were as yet rather shy and constrained. While engaged in putting the last of an infinite number of finishing touches to her panoply, she heard a ring at the door, and the rather deep voice of a stranger. Rightly thinking that this was Mr. Brandon himself, instead of hurrying down to receive her uncle's guest, she seated herself resolutely on the sofa, and, taking up a book, was soon immersed in pages turned the wrong end upwards.

After no long interval, however, she heard the impatient voice of Paul Corbet calling her name; and, as her present feelings of hostility towards the world in general did not extend to a desire that her uncle should have to wait for his dinner, she just gave herself a very last touch, and slowly and gravely went down-stairs.

Her uncle and his guest were already in the parlour, where dinner was just served; so that Rose was saved from any appearance of having hurried to welcome Brandon, without, on the other hand, having rendered herself liable to be scolded for being late. The success of this little manoeuvre, utterly thrown away as it was upon every one but herself, gave her, nevertheless, no little satisfaction; though it is more than probable that this satisfaction, in her heart of hearts, arose in a very great degree from her having thus escaped the terrible ten minutes before dinner, when

the brilliant are stupid and the shy are on thorns—for, if there was one thing for which Rose almost hated herself, it was the horrible fit of shyness that *would* come over her whenever she most wished to be self-possessed. But her satisfaction was short-lived. She had only postponed the evil moment; and when she entered the room she knew too well that she was blushing all over. But she did not know that that shy blush fully atoned by its beauty for the misery that it occasioned her.

Brandon, who had already been placed at the table, rose. One may be sure that that careful toilette, that studied entry, that conscious blush, were not thrown away upon his practised eye, even though he very naturally misinterpreted them altogether.

"Mr. Brandon, this is my niece, Rose—Arthur's cousin. And now let us begin; for we have lost at least half a minute, and the soup has been on the table for more."

And so the captive princess and the false knight met face to face.

It must be confessed that, considering that the party consisted of one of the most garrulous of old gentlemen,—of a man who, having known most kinds of society, had learned—for he was not a talker by nature—that to talk as well and as pleasantly as one can is a social duty only second to that of listening well,—and of a naturally amiable girl pretty enough to make silence on her own part permissible, the conversation was not lively. For, garrulous as was old Corbet, he was too true a *gourmet* to run the risk of spoiling the effect of a single mouthful by speaking himself, and his absorption in the great business of the day was far too deep to encourage his guest to speak. The latter soon saw that in the house of his host true politeness lay in eating and letting eat. He therefore set himself to obey that golden rule of table-talk which has never been sufficiently developed, but of which, in practice, the ob-

servance and non-observance have respectively made and marred more conversational successes than any other cause—to resolutely refrain from saying more than one is absolutely compelled until one cannot help talking, whether one will or no. If that period fails to come, the dinner is bad, and does not deserve the compliment of conversation at all.

At last Corbet spoke a whole sentence. "I forgot to thank you for the introduction to your friend at Frankfort."

"I was very glad to give it," said Brandon, "and hope it will prove useful. Pleasant I am sure it will prove—I can answer for Werner to that extent. When does your nephew think of leaving?"

Rose was looking at her plate consciously and uncomfortably when the letter of introduction was mentioned. Her uncle answered,—

"He is gone; at least he left for London this morning. What do you think of the *noix de veau*? But don't answer now—take your time. I'd rather you'd tell me tomorrow, when you've slept on it. And your candid opinion, mind; for I'm not sure but that the dish is a little behind the age—that it would not be better for just a touch more sharpness in the first flavour. It would give a finer contrast to the softness of the general effect. But I don't know; the combination would be new and striking, but there might be loss of delicacy. What do you think?"

"Really it seemed to me unimprovable. I must congratulate you on being the inventor of a masterpiece."

"I thought you would. But don't praise in a hurry. Blame can never come too soon, but any time does for praise. What is this friend of yours at Frankfort? Not an artist, I hope."

"Did I not tell you? No, he is not an artist—except that, like a sculptor, he carves limbs."

"Yes, I remember—a surgeon.

Why, Rose, we shall have Arthur taking to medicine next—by the Lord, the only thing except common-sense that he has never yet gone in for. But no, he won't. Medicine is just the only thing that he can never possibly take up. Do you know why?"

"Why?" asked Brandon.

"Because he will never be a physician at forty—eh, Rose?" answered Corbet, laughing at his own joke.

Brandon saw that this talk about her cousin annoyed Miss Arnold; so, in order to turn the conversation, he began to speak about Grayport. But this was not a fertile subject—at least the young lady did not seem to find it so; for she did no more than just answer his questions in as few words as she possibly could, and made no remarks of her own whatever. She certainly seemed either remarkably dull or remarkably out of spirits. Charitably taking the latter view, for which he fancied he could find a cause in the sudden departure of her cousin, he thought it best, as she did not seem to be in a mood for talk, to leave her to her own thoughts. That she was incapable of talking if she pleased, Brandon did not suppose for an instant; he held that every woman who is both young and pretty can talk quite well enough, *jure divino*.

In fact the evening turned out dull enough for all but the host, who was never out of humour after dining well. He lectured much upon gastronomy, considered both as an art and as a science: much about Paul Corbet as its exponent: a little about politics, but local rather than national, and connected much with Farleigh Castle: and the whole was mixed up with continual digs at the absent Arthur, which Rose had to bear as his substitute. To her, the evening was not only dull, but an utter failure. Whatever vague ideas she may have entertained as to what she was going to do when arming herself *cap-à-pie* as for a combat, had all been scat-

tered to the winds, or rather swallowed up in a fog, long before she laid aside her armour for the night; and when she lay down to sleep, it was with the not unreasonable feeling that she had somehow been behaving more like a goose than a swan. It was altogether very disappointing, and none the less that she had not expected anything definite, after all.

Brandon had been simply bored. That he had not been attracted by the good looks and the clear soft voice of his young hostess was certainly not the case; but he had his full share of at least all ordinary kinds of vanity, and no man, whether vain or not, can well feel any very great admiration for a woman when he has just conspicuously failed in rendering himself agreeable to her. There may be exceptions to this rule, but, at all events, Brandon was not one of the exceptions. It was with a feeling of luxurious relief that, on regaining the Dolphin, he threw himself on his uncomfortable sofa, pulled off his boots and his coat, and filled the bowl of his largest pipe. So absorbed was he in this process that it was a minute or two before he saw a letter upon the table addressed to him, and two or three minutes more before he could exert himself sufficiently to get up and see what it was. It proved to be an answer to the long letter which he had written to Werner, and was as follows:—

“FRANKFORT—A.—M.

“DEAR MAURICE,—I lose no time in answering your letter. It was indeed bad news for me to find awaiting me on my return here from Tannenheim, your account of your sudden change of circumstances. I know that you too well understand how much I feel with you in your good and ill fortune alike to expect me to say how much any blow to your prospects is felt by me also—that I have always taken, and shall always take, the

same interest in what must still and in spite of all difficulties, be your great career as in my own small one. You are at present ill, you say; but that is no reason why you should be guilty of intellectual cowardice. It is to say this that I write far more than to express barren sympathy. Why should you of all men be afraid for your future, and even of losing the power of living out the higher part of your life in the way that you have always intended? That you may now find this rather more difficult, of course no one who knows the difference between competence and want of means can deny; but that the difficulty is so great as you seem now to imagine it, I, at the risk of your considering me unsympathising, deny, *tole cælo*. Unless you are very much changed from what you used to be, you will do better, ay, and more successful work, even in the most worldly of senses, as a poor than as a rich man. I believe in my heart that, though it is better to be rich than to be poor, even as, with all deference to your views of marriage, it is better to be married than single, riches are a clog upon the life that you have always hitherto proposed to lead, and upon the work in the world that you have always proposed to do, even as you speak of marriage as being a clog upon them. You are the man of all men for whose misfortunes I should always be most grieved; but you are the last man who *ought* to be pitied. As I know you will understand what I mean, I will say no more of this.

“And now to be practical, as people call it. Can I help you at all? You know my means; and I can easily give you the use of a couple of hundred pounds, if you want any money immediately. Pray let me know. That you may not think I cannot spare so much, or even more, if necessary, with ease, I must tell you that I am getting quite prosperous—at least what I call prosperous. Everything seems

to have gone well with me since my engagement to Fräulein Reinhold, and I am continually meeting with little bits of good luck—so much so, that I almost begin to think there must be something in me. At all events the sun shines at present so brightly that I live in continual expectation of being found out for an impostor—for, when I look at so many better and older men than myself utterly neglected, I cannot but feel that my success is premature. But the sun does shine, and so let us make all the hay we can—I say ‘us’ and ‘we,’ for you have helped me so often that not only friendship but common gratitude also makes you interested in the harvest, and I shall really be sorry if you take any other view. I’m sure I always used to borrow of you without the shadow of a scruple, thereby doing unto you as I would have you do to me in the most literal manner possible.

“When you write next I suppose you will have formed some plan or other. Let me know what it is. Of myself, I have but very little to say but what I have said already. Things are monotonous, but pleasant. I am not a man to have adventures, as you know; but I have one thing to tell you that may interest you. I have come across a friend of yours—a woman, and a beautiful woman too. I happened to be at Tannenheim lately for a few days, when I received a message from one of the chief surgeons of this place, to return at once and see for him a patient of his, the Countess de Marsay by name—do you remember her? So I came back at once, and made my visit the next day. She was staying at an hotel and travelling by herself towards Paris; and, being a fine lady and rather knocked up by a long journey, had taken it into her head that she was going to be ill, though there was about as little really the matter with her as with any one I ever saw. I even came to suspect

that she wanted an excuse either to herself or somebody else for staying on at Frankfort, and she insisted on my coming to see her daily. Not having as yet got rid of the dregs of what you would call my unprofessional conscience, I assured her it was unnecessary; but when she only answered, ‘I choose to see a doctor daily for the present, and you will suit me—if you cannot come I shall be obliged to go to one who will suit me less,’ what in the world could I say or do? Altogether I cannot quite make her out—can you? Is she a real countess or not? At all events she told me one very evident falsehood about herself—that she is French by birth and education. A very little experience of national characteristics, and a very little skill in pumping, were enough to lead me not only to the conclusion that she was not French, but that she is either a Pole or a Russian—I imagine the latter. I have seen her in a temper, and saw the Tartar underneath the French polish. Besides, she seems to have the true Russian mania for travelling—there seems no place in Europe unknown to her, especially in Germany. (You, it seems, she met in London.) But, nationality apart, she puzzled me considerably, for I suspect she belongs to a class of which I have read much but seen little in the course of my quiet life—to the aristocracy of the Quartier Bréda rather than to that of the Faubourg St. Germain. Please enlighten me. How it was that your name came up I cannot exactly call to mind; but I fancy it was from my mentioning that I had been at Jena, and from her then asking if I had known a Herr Brandon there. You ought to feel flattered at having lived so long in the memory of a beautiful woman, who, if I mistake not the signs of her character, has not the best of memories, while she has a very wide circle of acquaintance. But do not be alarmed—I was very silent about

you, and very discreet. Let me know how I am to act if your name crops up again, for I can see she is interested in you, and you may, or may not, be interested in her.

"But the oddest thing about her I have not yet mentioned. It is very odd, and not at all pleasant. When the Countess came into the room where I was waiting for her I thought I must be dreaming. I have often seen strong and strange likenesses between strangers; but had I not known that Bertha Reinhold was many miles away, I, who am almost her husband, should have thought I saw her now. There was the very same figure, the same in height and shape and size—the same contour of face and feature, the same colour of the hair, the same black eyes, the same curve of the lips—nay, even the same expression. It was not till she spoke that I woke up again, and even then the voice was not unlike, though the tones were sharper and more artificial. Such as the difference was, however, it was enough to show me other differences that were invisible at first sight. Thus I could see that the Countess was at least three or four years the elder, and very likely more, as she evidently owed something of her complexion, at least, to art; and that she had a much more decided manner. The first impression, in fact, soon passed away altogether; and I doubt if the two could really be mistaken for one another for more than a minute or two by any one—at least I hope not, for I cannot say that, on the whole, I admire your friend. Still, she is just the style of woman you would have gone in for studying; and I should be glad of the result of your study. How she does talk, by the way—and not always the greatest sense, it appears to my slow brains, though she evidently means it for such. She positively bristles with paradoxes, and they are generally inconsistent with each other.

"And now, my dear fellow, good-bye. I wish that instead of writing we could have talked over your position and difficulties. We are now not only friends, but fellow-adventurers in the search for El Dorado, and for something better, too, I hope. If I have been able to pick up a few stray pieces of ore, what will you not be able to achieve? For the present, all I want is, that you will let me help you to weigh anchor; and I hope you will see that I offer my little help as much for my own sake as for yours, that I may have a stake in your enterprise. I know it will be fortunate. Only leave port with a stout heart, and believe me, thy friend and brother,

"MAX WERNER."

If the chance thoughts that pass through the mind of a weary man over a midnight pipe could be expressed in connected words, those of Brandon would have to be set out in something like this manner:—

"Madame de Marsay—that is strange indeed, my hearing of her again just now, and from Max. I don't wonder she puzzled the poor fellow: she has puzzled a great many people who know her far better. I wonder whether the old Count is still alive? He can't be, though—age and Ida together would not keep him going very long. I should rather like to see her again, though I don't know why I should. If there is anything in physiognomy, Max had better take care how he marries a second Madame de Marsay. I shouldn't have thought, though, there were two Idas in the world. What a good fellow he is! He will really be put out when I don't take his money, though he knows that I know how much he wants every penny just now. I wonder what Fräulein Reinhold would say to his offering to his friend what he must have been saving for his wife? What an old bore old

Corbet is. I must take care and not let him absorb me, as he seems much inclined to do. But his niece is certainly a pretty girl. Is she stupid, I wonder, or only shy? The latter, probably. It might not be bad amusement at this quiet place to help her to get rid of a little of her shyness. Bah! That isn't what I'm here for. Besides, I can read her like a book already. A pretty country girl, with all the instincts of the coquette but none of the arts of one, save what nature gives to every woman—so afraid of any stranger who comes straight from the mysteries of London that she dare not exercise her natural weapons upon him, though longing to do so with all her soul: the type is not uncommon, and has but little variety. I wonder whether Max will thank me for sending the genius to him—another common type, I fancy. Well—I couldn't help being civil, and if Max doesn't like him—and I expect he won't—he can cut him or drop him, and I can write and explain. It wasn't a bad dinner,

in point of cookery, by any means. I am certainly better, even the few days I have been here. I wonder how long one could stay here without being bored to death. How I wish one could look into the future just a year ahead. So far as I can see there is no place in the world where I may not be, and nothing that I may not be doing. No—I don't by any means leave port with a stout heart. I wish I could get up a little more belief in myself—that I had a little of the patient enthusiasm that would have made Max a great man if he were not going to throw himself away, and will make him a happy and successful man even as it is. I shall be able to live, of course—but what is life without room to live in?—and so—

"But, as I don't want to get a fit of blue devils if I can avoid it, I will go to bed and dream of the El Dorado to which that of the far West was poor and easy to discover—the El Dorado of dreams fulfilled."

CHAPTER VIII.—COMPLIMENTS.

Before proceeding farther it may be as well to make a formal announcement that it is Maurice Brandon who is to be considered the hero of this drama: and this announcement is advisable for two reasons, one being that he has not as yet said or done anything in the least worthy of his prominent position; and the other, that it here becomes necessary for the present to follow the fortunes of that persecuted genius, Arthur Corbet. It need hardly be said that a considerable number of the bank-notes with which he was provided when he set out escaped from his pocket long before he entered the train which carried him from London to Folkestone, and not in payment of any of the debts of which his uncle complained. It need certainly not

be said that, clear of London, he did not exactly hurry through Paris—in fact he remained there until, in order to reach Frankfort at all, he had to borrow the requisite sum for his fare from some acquaintance who was more good-natured than prudent. When at length he did succeed in arriving at the city of his destination, he did not dare to advertise his uncle of his late arrival; he thought it more prudent not to write at all, resolving—if such a word as "resolving" may be used under any circumstances in connection with Arthur Corbet—to say that he had written and posted the letter, but that it had miscarried, in case he should ever be taxed with his neglect.

In the ordinary course of things he would have let some days elapse

before presenting himself at the *bureau* of the correspondent of the firm of Corbet & Freeman; but, being in immediate want of cash, he did so the very day after his arrival, and, with his handsome face and frank and easy manners, made no bad impression in Herr Nordheimer's rather dingy place of business—an impression which was shared to the full by Madame Nordheimer and the demoiselles Louise, Flora, and Esther Nordheimer, four ladies who, in common with the head of the family, were evidently not very remotely connected with that more celebrated than pleasant part of the town which is known as the *Juden-Gasse*. To their fair society he was introduced in the evening, and entertained it with talk of Paris and with singing his own songs to his own accompaniment on the guitar till he was set down as quite a Crichton—so different from the Hanses, and Peters, and Wolfgangs, who were to be his fellow-clerks. Herr Nordheimer might perhaps shake his head a little; but what is the private opinion of a husband and father against the loud chorus of a wife and three daughters? Besides, was not Arthur certainly the future partner in a flourishing English firm, and probably the heir of Paul Corbet?

"We are going to a ball on Thursday," said Mademoiselle Flora; "would you like to come with us?"

"In such company, to the other end of the world."

"Oh, it will be quite charming!" said Mademoiselle Esther. "There will be all the officers, and all the prettiest girls in the place." Mademoiselle Esther was the beauty of the family, and so could afford to speak patronisingly of other girls.

"I see already that the prettiest will be there," answered Arthur.

"Ah! if I were a man I should so like to be an officer—an Austrian officer!" sighed Mademoiselle Louise. "They waltz so divinely."

"Why are you not an officer?" asked Mademoiselle Flora.

"Because until to-night I have never found a service to which I could devote myself heart and soul."

"Have you found one at last, then?" asked Mademoiselle Esther, making great play with her long heavy eyes.

"Can one of their majesties ask their poor lieutenant?"

And so it was arranged, the new Crichton claiming the hand of Mademoiselle Louise, who was the eldest, for the first waltz.

In suchlike interesting and sensible conversation the evening passed rapidly by, and when Thursday came, Arthur duly presented himself at the house of Madame Nordheimer to act as part of the escort of her and her daughters. There were three or four other young men also in attendance; one, a rich young merchant, who had lately been betrothed to Mademoiselle Louise; one who seemed to pair off with Mademoiselle Flora; and one, a fellow-clerk of Arthur, whom the fair—or, more accurately, dark—Esther rendered madly jealous by openly discarding him for the handsome Englishman. They all set out in two carriages, the first containing Mademoiselle Louise and Flora with their attendant cavaliers; and the second, Madame Nordheimer, Esther, and the rival clerks. They entered the ball-room, and Louise was soon whirling round the room in the arms of Arthur, to whom she admitted—to the glory of England be it spoken—that he waltzed as divinely as the best officer in the service of his Imperial-Royal Majesty himself.

"That is because I have entered the service of an empress," said Arthur; and the fair *fiancée* blushed and smiled.

In like manner did the new favourite dance with each of the three ladies, and rose in the good graces of each, more especially in those of Mademoiselle Esther, until his un-

fortunate fellow-clerk had to leave the ball from the effects of the champagne, in which he had tried, not unsuccessfully, to drown his jealousy. To Madame Nordheimer, too, the successful rival thought it good policy to make himself extremely civil.

"You are to be congratulated," he said, "Madame, on bringing with you the three queens of the ball. You yourself must be considered, therefore, as more than its queen—even if there were no other reasons."

"I am afraid you have learned how to flatter while you were in Paris. Do not go and turn my girls' heads," she added, with a smile that might fairly be interpreted as "Do." "But," she continued, "do you not admire that lady standing there?"

Arthur looked round the room deliberately. "Where?" he asked.

"There—to the left."

"She wears beautiful diamonds, and her get-up is worthy of all admiration."

"It is very ill-natured to be sarcastic. She is very much admired."

"Do not you and your daughters go out much, then? But who is she?"

"Ah! I thought you would ask. She is a French Countess passing through Frankfort—the Countess de Marsay."

Arthur had, in reality, noticed her long before, though he had not chosen to say so. "The Countess de Marsay? Indeed?" he asked, as though he were perfectly familiar with the name, and looked again.

She was certainly worth looking at, for she was, without doubt, the most beautiful woman in a room where many were beautiful. But even while he was looking she rose, and saying that she was tired and had a headache, left the room upon the arm of the officer to whom she was speaking.

But, after another dance had been finished, he fancied he saw her again: but this time in company with an elderly lady and a young man in

plain clothes. The fancy, however, was barely even momentary, for the new-comer was so completely differently dressed, and looked so certainly younger, that he was surprised at the mistake he had made. The gentleman who accompanied her came up to Madame Nordheimer and spoke to her. After a few moments' conversation,—

"Herr Corbet," said Madame, "I want to introduce you to my good friend Herr Doctor Werner. This gentleman," she added, turning to the latter, "is an Englishman, and this is his first experience among us Frankforters."

The name did not strike Arthur—in fact it had quite dropped from his memory. "I am glad to make your acquaintance," he said, "and I can assure you and Madame Nordheimer that my first experience of Frankfort society is about the pleasantest experience I ever had."

Doctor Werner bowed. "Most people find it a pleasant place," he answered. He was a grave-looking man, in spite of his youth, and apparently not used to compliments.

"And who," asked Madame Nordheimer, "is that pretty girl you came with? The other lady is your aunt, Madame Müller, is she not?"

"That is Madame Müller. She goes out very seldom, as you know—in fact she is as seldom at public amusements as I am: but she is come to act as *chaperone* to Fräulein Reinhold, who is on a visit to her."

"She is a very pretty girl," answered Madame Nordheimer, critically. "And oh, Herr Corbet," she added, "is she not like the Countess de Marsay?"

Arthur said he had seen the likeness also. Werner frowned, and said nothing.

"Your aunt must come and see us," continued Madame Nordheimer, "and bring the young lady with her. Is she a relation of yours?"

"No," answered Werner. "But, if you would be so kind as to help my aunt to-night, I should be most

grateful!—you know Madame Müller is out of her element at balls, and I should like Fräulein Reinhold not to want for partners."

"I am sure she will not," replied Madame, "but I will see to that for your sake, Herr Doctor." She had seen at a glance how matters stood, and that the Fräulein was not likely to stand in the way of her own girls. "Here is a partner for her at once," she continued, turning to Arthur, "and an excellent one, too."

And so very soon Arthur found himself making the tour of the room with the Rose of Tannenheim.

It was a very different thing from the pleasant rounds that he had made with Mademoiselle Louise or Mademoiselle Flora or Mademoiselle Esther. Absurd as it may seem to those of us whose sole idea of what is meant by the words "to dance" is drawn from the solemn or listless formalities of ball-rooms on the one hand, and the unnatural and hideous contortions of ballet-girls on the other, the Greeks knew what they were about when they placed the patroness of the dance among the nine, and crowned her with laurel. There is such a thing as a sublime sort of dancing, given to few to understand, which is neither an excuse for conversation or flirtation, nor a means for showing what wonderful deeds the human leg is capable of doing. Although those who are able to express artistic beauty by means of the simple element of motion are necessarily rare—even more rare, perhaps, than those who can express it worthily by means of sound, or words, or form, or colour—yet, rare as they are, some few are, as it were, born for proof that to assert nature in repose or in some special and arrested aspect of motion to be proper art-material, and at the same time to deny that nature in actual and continuing motion is so likewise, is to take but a narrow and arbitrary view of what is meant by the word Art. Most certainly no one would deny this who, with a true ear,

a firm foot, and a steady eye, had been privileged, like Arthur Corbet, to guide and support Bertha Reinhold while she expressed all the beauty that could be expressed by the rhythmic movements of a perfectly graceful form directed by a passionate sympathy with every pulse of the music that carried her away. Such a man would be cold indeed who did not very soon catch some of her own fever and even something of her own grace—just as one who looks on a great picture or reads a great poem is for the time raised nearer to the level of the poet or painter himself—and who did not feel what a glorious thing it was to float with her through the sparkling or dreamy music that may be found in the commonest waltz tune when it is thus interpreted among lights and bright colours. Arthur, always sufficiently susceptible of every kind of sensuous pleasure, felt its full intoxication; and all the more because he did not consciously attempt to read what was concealed within the dark eyes that sparkled and dreamed far more than the music itself. Brandon would have made the attempt, and so have failed—supposing that he, who never danced except on compulsion, had put himself in so false a position as that of being her partner would have been for him: but Arthur was in full harmony with her; and when, moved by some touch of her hair or breath, or by some closer trembling of her hand, he instinctively met her eyes, he unconsciously read them far more deeply and truly than Brandon, with all his penetration and experience, could ever have succeeded in reading them had he tried for years instead of minutes. Werner, as he looked on—for he, being a rather bad and uncomfortable dancer, preferred, like Brandon, not to attempt what was not in his line—felt, though as free from jealous weaknesses as any man living, and only caring that Bertha should enjoy herself, something more than a little

like envy of Arthur, and was glad when the turn at last was over.

It had been indeed a terrible pleasure to her. It was then that she woke—she had only slept in the clear, healthy air of the Thuringian hills. She needed the sweep of rich, sensual music, the blaze of lights and jewels, the artificial perfumes, the grasp of an arm strong with sympathetic passion; and she had never known them until now. But now she knew them, and they revealed her own nature to her. Had Werner really seen everything he would have frowned still more deeply when he thought of her likeness to Madame de Marsay. And yet, had he seen everything, what more could he have thought it than the excitement of a girl at her first real ball?

"Thank you indeed!" was all that she said; but Arthur read a whole speech in her tone and in her whole manner. He answered with his eyes rather than his lips; but he too made himself fully understood. Giving her his arm, he led her to seek for coolness, which both of them needed in more senses than one.

"And so this is really your first ball?" he asked, on the principle that people never say such commonplace things as when they feel most strongly and have no available outlet for what they feel.

"My first."

"But surely you have danced often before?"

"At Tannenheim? Oh, that is nothing."

"Then you do not live in Frankfort?"

"No—but—" she paused.

"But——?"

"I suppose that I shall."

"I am sure I hope so."

"Why?"

"Can you ask, when Frankfort is to be my home also for a long time to come?"

She looked down.

"I never thought," he went on,

"that I should be glad to be in Frankfort before."

"Why? It is a very pleasant place."

"To-night it is, at all even's.—Are you staying here long?"

"Not for long. I leave in a day or two, and go home again."

"To Tannenheim? Is that far from here?"

"A long way."

"But you will be here again, you said? And you know the Nordheimers, do you not?"

"Do you know them well? I believe they are very pleasant people."

"You do not know them, then?"

"No."

"Well, I like them well enough—I should be ungrateful if I did not, as I should not be now talking to you but for them. Then I may not hope to meet you again soon?"

"Why should you hope? And why should we not meet, some day, if you care about it?"

"Then I will live in hope." He took her bouquet, which she held lightly, and drew from it a flower. "This shall be both a relic of to-night and an omen," he added.

The music again began, and she saw Werner approaching to look for her. "Will you take me back to Madame Müller?" she said; and so ended the whole of the conversation that passed between her and Arthur that evening, for he did not dance with her again. But the Nordheimers were somehow not so cordial with him on the return journey as they were before, and Mademoiselle Esther even condescended to look round for the missing clerk, who, had it not been for the champagne, would probably have been revenged upon his rival. So it is, in small things as in great, that despair is a man's worst enemy; though that clerk, the next morning, certainly thought, and not altogether without reason, that a headache is a worse enemy still.

CHAPTER IX.—A FOREST EXCURSION.

There are two classes of men who are about equally blind in matters of the heart, thus illustrating the proverb that treats of the meeting of extremes. The first consists of those who err from overmuch study, and exercise of too subtle an acumen. These are the long-sighted people who see the horizon clearly, accurately, and distinctly, but are unconscious of what is passing immediately around them and lying at their very feet; who are able to take wide views of things, to generalize, to prognosticate eclipses, and to follow and explain the courses of the stars. But they are apt, on the other hand, to apply general rules too universally, to lose sight of exceptions, and, like the philosopher whose eyes were upon the heavens, to tumble into the ditch. If Maurice Brandon belonged to the number of these, Max Werner belonged to the other class, that of those who, in all singleness of heart and purity of principle and purpose, do not speculate at all, but apply the same practical rules which they use in their unconscious judgment of men to their unconscious judgment of women also; who, losing sight of all intellectual and moral distinction between sex and sex, and between type and type, regulate all their notions of the honour, truth, passion, and motives of others by the same high and simple standard by which they regulate their own—for to this class the best and most honest of men for the most part belong. Thus, when Werner had been assured, by her own lips, that his love for Bertha Reinhold was returned, he was incapable of feeling doubt or jealousy; he could no more imagine a breach of faith on her part than on his own.

While Brandon, therefore, was apt to be thrown off the scent by simplicity of character, Werner was thus unfitted to deal with one whose

nature was in any way more complex than is usual. Bertha Reinhold was the last woman to whom he ought to have given his heart, for he was the last man who was capable of satisfying her. Such women often make good enough wives even for men like him in the long-run, but only if circumstances keep them straight until youth has left them and they settle down into the natural coldness that is brought by the experience of years. At present the man most qualified to attract her was one who should neither study nor love her in the full sense of the word, but should simply feel with her and love her in the simplest sense—certainly not as an artist loves his picture or a devotee his saint.

Nothing, therefore, could possibly be more dangerous than the intercourse—all the more dangerous because it was unfrequent—that grew up between her and Arthur Corbet from the time of their first meeting. He, on his side, was not one to be hindered by any feeling of honour from coming between his friend and his friend's betrothed bride; and she, in her heart, knew nothing whatever of that unselfish loyalty in matters of love which is always less in proportion as the capacity for passion is stronger. On both sides it was playing with fire, and no one saw the danger—Werner least of all.

Meanwhile the latter and Arthur, as indeed was only natural between men so widely different from one another, became intimate associates. They mutually liked each other, and Arthur certainly did not avoid a companionship through which alone he could, for the present, hope to hear of or meet with Bertha Reinhold. Hear much of her, indeed, he did not, for Werner was not one of those men who are given to talk of their love affairs or engagements; but he saw her several

times when she came to Frankfort to stay with Madame Müller—almost, indeed, as much as Werner himself saw her; for the surgeon had other things to attend to besides making love, and, without ever neglecting her, never neglected his patients either, while Arthur never allowed the business of Herr Nordheimer to interfere with his own. At last his friend, whose reticence on the subject of Bertha did not prevent his expatiating upon the beauties of the forest in which she lived, asked Arthur to accompany him in an excursion to Tannenheim, promising him much hospitality and a little practice in buck-shooting. The invitation was accepted only too readily, and one fine afternoon the two set out.

It was late the next day when they arrived at the door of the Herr Pastor, whom they found, as usual, at home. They were not expected, and Bertha was not there to receive them. In fact she did not know of their arrival until she saw them both, and her surprise betrayed her into a state of agitation that promised Arthur even more than he as yet had dared to hope. She soon concealed it, however, and began to busy herself more actively than usual about the entertainment of the visitors. After they had eaten and drunk, coffee was set out in the garden, and the four sat down together in full view of the brown-green circle of Schneekopf, to which the setting sun had added a golden warmth.

"Welcome to Thüringen, Herr Engländer," said the Pastor, kindly, as he filled his china bowl. "You are the first of your countrymen that has found his way among us."

Arthur was not a good German scholar; but he had dabbled in the language, as in so many other things, and his natural quickness had enabled him to learn a great deal, conversationally, during the short time he had been in Frankfort, so that with a very little ingenuity he was able to hold his

own. With Werner and Bertha he was in a still better position, as he could meet them on the common ground of French, and, with the former, on that of English also.

"More shame for them, then," he answered. "It is a glorious country. I wish I had brought my materials with me; it would be a paradise for sketching—as well as in other ways," he added, looking at Bertha.

"I find it so," said Werner, thinking of Bertha, but with his eyes fixed on the end of the cigar that he was lighting.

"You must see more of it than you will find here," continued Herr Reinhold, "and more of it than I have seen myself. As you sketch, you ought to get as far as Eisenach and Reinhardsbrunn at least."

"I expect I shall find ample attraction without leaving Tannenheim. Here, where we are sitting, it is delightful."

"Yes, I love this garden of mine," said the Pastor. "When you have lived as long as I have, you will prefer seeing the same peaceful view day after day and all day long, and knowing that it will never change during one's own life, to all the grand scenes in the world." He sighed, buried his head in smoke, and went on: "But you are young, and would soon find Tannenheim pall on you. How do you like Frankfort?"

"Oh, well enough."

"You ought to like it," said Werner. "He is the rage, I assure you," he added, turning to Bertha and her father. "I know for certain that five of the prettiest girls are over head and ears with him already; and no doubt there are many secret attachments of which I know nothing."

Arthur smiled and shook his head deprecatingly. Bertha turned her large eyes full upon Werner in a manner that seemed to say, "I am going to take things seriously to-night, and am not in a humour for jokes; so mind what you say."

Werner began to count upon his fingers with mock gravity. "*Madamina, il catalogo è questo.*" There is Louise Nordheimer, who is dying to turn off Herr Kraff, for the sake of variety. There is Flora Nordheimer, who has quite changed her mind about the merits of officers, Austrian and Prussian, for his sake. There is Esther Nordheimer—Queen Esther—who——"

"*In Lamagna ducento e trent'una!*" sang Arthur. "Come, I will excuse you the rest. I am afraid, then, I shall have to leave behind me exactly that number of broken hearts."

"Monster!" said Werner; "that is treason to the ladies of Almain, whom, as a good knight, I will uphold with my lancet to be the fairest and best in the world—whereto there lies my glove." He took up a glove of Bertha's that lay on the table near him, and laid it down again. Arthur in turn took it up, with a glance at Bertha.

"There, I accept your challenge," he said, and placed the glove in the band of his cap. "I will support the quarrel of my countrywomen as a good knight, and maintain them to be the best and fairest, with the exception of one."

"Do not talk such nonsense, both of you," said Bertha, who was getting uneasy; "and give me back my glove, please."

But Arthur pretended not to hear. He only took it from his cap in an abstracted manner, and, when unobserved by her father and lover, placed it, as romance-writers would say, next his heart—that is to say, in the breast-pocket of his shooting-jacket.

"Come," said Werner, "let us have some music. So gallant a knight as the Ritter von Corbet ought to

be something of a minstrel as well; and in fact both I and the Lady Esther know it."

Arthur was never unwilling to show off his tenor voice, which, though badly trained, was naturally true and pleasant. But he first called upon Werner, who, without waiting, sang in good style, though in rather a rough bass voice, a lively student-song that he had learned at Jena.

"There," he said, "that is an old friend of mine and Brandon's. I daresay you have heard him—I dare not say sing it, for his ideas of tune were always peculiar to himself—but chant it, all on three notes. And now do you go on. We must keep Fräulein Bertha for a *bonne bouche*."

So Arthur sang a sentimental French *chanson* about *feu* and *yeux*, and *vie* and *mamie*, and *four* and *amour*, and then said,—

"And now will Fräulein Reinhold favour us?"

"I am not in voice, I am afraid."

"Don't believe her, Corbet," said Werner; "she is always in voice. Come, Bertha, for the honour of Thüringen."

"So be it, then," she answered.

"What shall it be?"

"Can you ask? The *Lied des Thüringens*."

The evening was growing dark, and Schneekopf had changed from green and golden brown to a uniform twilight shade. The stars had already begun to appear, the moon was rising, and the perfumes of the garden had given place to the fragrant odour of the pine-woods that was shed over Tannenheim nightly by every wind that blew. All was in accord, even her own heart, when, with her clear and pathetic voice she began to sing:—

"In Thüringen wood, in Thüringen wood,
There it is good to dwell;
On the green hill-side in Thüringen wood
The heart sings out right well.

"When song is glad, and when life is young,
And hearts are light and true,

In winter e'en the hills are green,
And snowy skies are blue.

"Ah, heart so heavy, so full of tears,
Ah, voice so sad and low—
How sing'st thou here but of dying years,
And summers of long ago?"

"The winter days in Thüringen wood
Are as summer days were then;
For to love is sweet, and to live is good,
'Mid the hills of Thüringen.

"And grow'st thou old, and grow'st thou cold,
'Tis even good to die,
Amid the peace of Thüringen wood,
Under its quiet sky."

When her voice fell, all sound fell also. Had there been more light, her father's eyes would have been seen to be full of tears, and Arthur, who was far more influenced by the singer than by the simple music and the simpler words of her song, had received every note into his heart. Werner, too, had felt its full influence, but was the first to break the spell.

"But as I am a physician," he said, "and do not think it 'good to die,' even in Thüringen wood, I advise that we now move into the house, for to sit like this in the night air is just now more pleasant than wholesome."

But the rest of the party were no longer in a mood to amuse, or be amused by, each other. Arthur was subdued by his growing passion, which had received fresh fuel from Bertha's voice, which he now heard for the first time in song; and she by the thoughts and dreams to which his sudden presence in Tannenheim had given rise, and which had become even more vivid by the new expression which they had given to the music of her song. The very words, inappropriate in themselves as they might seem, had now acquired a new and mysterious meaning as they reached her lips. Werner, whose calm and equable temperament never suffered him to be under the influence of any special mood for long, noticed his friend's

unusual silence as they walked back together to the inn.

"I see you are becoming one of us already," he said. "Moonlight singing seems to have developed a new vein of sentiment in you. But to be really one of us you must mix your liquors. It is not late—come, let us look in at the singing club, and have some more music; not such voices as Fräulein Reinhold's, indeed, but voices that have the merit of meaning to do very well, and of doing not very badly. Besides, as you have never been to such a place before, it will amuse you to see how we mix our sentiment with *knaster* and the beer of Bavaria—I beg its pardon, of Tannenheim. I am glad I did not make such a slip before a Tannenheimer. Sentiment and laughter are by no means bad companions—in fact I prefer them mixed myself."

Arthur shook himself together, made some vague answer or other, and allowed himself to be led; but he longed to be alone, and soon made the tobacco-smoke, which was so thick in the room to which Werner led him that it was barely possible to see across the table, an excuse for leaving. Werner remained to enjoy his mixture of sentiment and laughter; and it is to be hoped that he did enjoy them, for the sentiment was rather such as is evolved from the consumption of infinite beer and the emis-

sion of interminable smoke, and such fun as there was of a local and not very lively or brilliant sort. But Arthur, though he had the bad taste to retire just as four fat men were struggling through the several parts of "*In der Heimath ist es schön*" for about the tenth time, interrupted by their conductor at every bar, did not retire to rest. He was young enough to practise the piece of sentiment, which has been repeated sufficiently often to have acquired enough of the character of a joke to call forth the approval of Dr. Werner, of going back to gaze at the house of the Herr Pastor, and to wonder which window—but there is no need to finish the sentence. There was a light in one of the windows, however, which led him to hope—and he was not wrong—that the Rose of Tannenheim had not yet folded her leaves for the night.

It was late when he knocked up the sleepy porter at the Red Horse, and, as he went to his room, he heard his friend snoring most unromantically. But Werner found the reward of his unromantic slumbers when, rising with the sun, as was his constant summer habit when in the country, he enjoyed the morning air among the pines while gathering a forest-bouquet to present to Bertha on meeting her; and, had his heart been laid open, sentiment of a far truer, even more romantic kind would have been found therein than Arthur would ever be able to know or understand. His was of the morning: Arthur's of the night; and the latter lay awake with passionate thoughts until he fell into a feverish sleep, with the bright morning sun shining full upon his bed.

He was awake by Werner coming rather noisily into his room. "I seem abominably unfortunate," said the latter; "I can never take a holiday without being sent for the very next day. Last time it was a fine lady with the vapours; now, it is a more serious case, I fear,

and I must be off as soon as I can. So I will say good-bye to you now, just run over to the Reinholds', and be off in an hour. You will stay where you are, of course, till you are tired of your quarters. Perhaps you may see me back again in a day or two. And I will tell you some news before I go—I had some talk yesterday evening with the Herr Pastor, the result of which is that I shall probably be a married man in less than three months' time. Good-bye, old fellow, and enjoy yourself."

They shook hands, and he hurried off. Arthur rose, pale and languid, dressed himself slowly, and soon afterwards strolled over to the Pastor's. He found Bertha in the garden. She received him exactly as Brandon, had he been present the evening before, would have prophesied on the principle of action and reaction—that is to say, stiffly and coldly.

"So Werner has left us, it seems," said Arthur.

"Yes," she answered carelessly, "he left us about half an hour since."

"I saw him before he left. It seems that I have to congratulate you both." Arthur was one of those who rejoice in wounding where they love.

She threw her head back, and compressed her lips. "Thank you indeed! Why?"

"You are cruel to ask why," he answered, in a lower tone.

"Cruel!" she exclaimed suddenly, the colour rushing into her face. "I wish—but I must go in, if you will excuse me; I have so many things to do this morning."

She moved towards the house, and he walked a few paces by her side in silence.

"And so it is true," he said at last, "that you are going to be married in three months' time. Well, I am glad to be the first to offer my congratulations, and to wish you all manner of happiness."

He had certainly succeeded in wounding her, if that was his object. She did not answer, but only increased her pace. Arthur began to feel that he had at least as much power over her as she over him; and though the power that is given by passion is not lasting, it is none the less real while it does last. With the sense of power, even when produced by passion, come calmness and strength to resolve; and Arthur resolved, once for all, to yield to the influence that was upon him, now that the opportunity was his own. He was now the weak man, suddenly finding himself for once unnaturally strong; that is to say, he felt no scruples of conscience, no loyalty to his friend, no mercy for Bertha; all he felt was the unaccustomed excitement and the hitherto unknown delight of for once calling into action all the power of passionate self-will, reckless of all consequences whether to himself or to others.

They were now not far from the house, but were not visible from any part of it. Arthur chose his ground advantageously, and ~~then~~ suddenly stopped.

"Bertha," he said, using her Christian name as if by accident, "I also return to Frankfort to-morrow, perhaps to-day; and then, no doubt, I shall return to England."

He looked at her steadily. She stood still, but made no answer.

"And before I say good-bye to you, I wish——"

This beginning was not quite in the programme, but he altered the turn of speech, and continued abruptly,—

"Bertha"—this time with no pretence of accident—"Bertha, you are about to marry a man whom you do not love."

Brandon could not have done it better—no, nor so well, for this sudden way of going to work was not his line. It had its full effect, for Bertha became really angry.

"How dare you ——" she began, but he interrupted her at once.

"Yes, I dare tell you so, Bertha. You must choose between us, now or not at all. You know that I love you"—this rather passionately than tenderly—"as well as I know it myself—as well as I have known it from the first time I ever saw you. Bertha, you know that you are mine, as well as that I am yours, body and soul. See, I claim you as mine for ever."

He took her hand in his, and threw his arm round her. As for her, she made a momentary struggle, and then yielded—and Schneekopf looked down upon one more in the long list of broken vows that he, like every other hill, has seen and laughed at in his time.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.—PART III.

HIS VICEREGAL CAREER.

THE principal events of the viceroyal career of Sir John Lawrence by no means represent the vast importance of that career alike to the governing and the governed. For in India the great, and perhaps altogether the most difficult, part devolving upon a Governor-General, especially in matters of foreign policy, is not to incite but to restrain. This was emphatically the case during the five years which have just passed away. The great merit attaching to the administration of Sir John Lawrence appears to us to lie in the fact that he secured for the empire five years of prosperity and of nearly unbroken peace, and that he took full advantage of that peace and that prosperity to carry out the great works initiated by his predecessors, to initiate others of scarcely less magnitude, and to place the tenure of land in provinces, long subject to arbitrary and despotic rule, on a sound and satisfactory basis. But for the peace which he, with two slight exceptions, maintained, he could not have accomplished any of these great undertakings. His internal policy bears thus to his foreign policy the relation that effect bears to cause. It is the latter, then, that in the first instance we must be prepared to consider.

No clear or distinct view can be taken of the foreign policy of Sir John Lawrence unless we connect it with the reappearance of Russia as an Asiatic power. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of Sir John's policy, that policy has been decided upon and carried out with a full knowledge that Russia has been and is making rapid strides in the conquest of Central Asia—that she has occupied Samarkhand, and is marching by the route which

Alexander followed when he aimed at the Indus. The policy adopted by Sir John Lawrence has been variously described according to the views and inclinations of those who have written or spoken of it. By those who believe that it is the destiny of England to move onwards—that a long continuance of the *status quo* will be the signal for the decline of her power—it has been stigmatised as a policy of inglorious and fatal inaction. By others, who believe in its wisdom, it has been spoken of alike as a policy of “masterly inactivity,” and as a policy of “defence and not defiance.” Now this is a most important question. It is not too much to say that the future of British India depends upon the policy we may adopt with reference to the action of Russia in the East. The system initiated by Sir John Lawrence has, it is true, given India already five years of peace and material prosperity. But if that system be a wrong system—if it be clogged with all those inherent vices to which its enemies are constantly drawing attention—if it be inglorious to the British name and fatal to British interests—if it has sunk us to the lowest depths in the estimation of the people of Central Asia and our own subjects and tributaries, as its opponents say it has—then it will be impossible to deny that those five years of prosperity have been dearly purchased, and that a continuance of the system must end in our ruin. It is thus, we repeat, a most important question—a question that demands the most careful consideration. Before, then, we pronounce an opinion on the policy adopted by Sir John Lawrence, we propose to review very briefly the progress made by the Russians. Proceeding,

then, upon the idea that the progress of Russia in Central Asia has for its ultimate object an attack upon British India, we shall proceed to inquire as to the courses we might have adopted, which we might adopt still, to check them; and to examine in some detail the system inaugurated and steadily pursued by Sir John Lawrence.

The Cabul expedition of 1839-41 had been undertaken to act as a counterpoise to the supposed aggressive designs of Russia upon that country. Although that expedition resulted in defeat, disgrace, and loss of prestige to us—a loss of prestige which the occupation of Cabul by Generals Pollock and Nott in 1841 did not entirely remove—yet for many years after its conclusion but little was heard of the designs of Russia in the East. There can now be no doubt that, whatever hopes may have been entertained by the Emperor Nicholas prior to 1839 on the subject of an eastward extension of his empire, he abandoned or suspended them subsequently to that period, deeming, possibly, either that the time had not arrived when a blow for the possession of Hindustan could be struck with success, or that the previous possession of Constantinople would increase tenfold the resources at his disposal for striking such a blow, and would in itself be more easily attainable. His efforts in an easterly direction were confined, therefore, to breaking down the barrier presented by the heights of the Caucasus, by the subjugation of the race of warriors by whom those heights had till then been held and defended.

These efforts were continued with greater or less vigour till the breaking out of the Crimean war. On the whole the Russian attacks were not very successful. The strongholds of the Caucasus were held by the mountaineers, and in many a sharp contest the illustrious Schamyl could boast that he had put the Russian legions to flight. The Russians, on their part, accounted

for their scanty success by alleging the dislike of their generals to bring to a speedy conclusion a war at once so profitable to themselves, and so fruitful in appointments to those concerned in it. Under the actual circumstances it was regarded by Europe without jealousy, being looked upon rather as a means of affording a convenient exercise-ground for the Russian army, than as being likely to open out new fields of aggrandisement.

In 1854, the Emperor Nicholas, deceived by the aspect of affairs, and holding too cheaply the position acquired by the Emperor he regarded as a *parvenu*, struck his blow for Constantinople. It failed. But though it failed, the results of the war were not altogether disastrous to Russia. The capture of Kars more than balanced, in the minds of the people of Persia, Arabia, and Central Asia, the effect of the loss of Sebastopol. From the peace negotiations the Russians drew still greater advantages. Whilst the representatives of the French Emperor exhausted courtesy and compliment to make of the enemy with whom they had been so lately contending a sure and fast friend, England, incapable of looking beyond Europe, abandoned the trans-Caucasian provinces to the mercy of Russia, and left to that power an unchecked and uncontested supremacy in the waters of the Caspian.

The results of this policy soon made themselves abundantly manifest. Freed by the peace of Paris from the Crimean war, abandoning avowedly her designs upon Turkey, Russia almost as avowedly declared her intention thenceforth to labour at extension in the direction of the south-east. Nearly simultaneously with this demi-official avowal, about 150,000 troops were hurled against the passes of the Caucasus.

This time there was no mistake. The troops were inured to war; the generals had been tried in the then recent campaign of the Crimea,

and the *mot d'ordre* had been passed from St. Petersburg that there was to be no playing at soldiers. Under such circumstances the result was never for a moment doubtful. Less than three years after the conclusion of the peace of Paris, Schamyl was a prisoner, the strongholds of the Caucasus had been stormed, and the mountaineers who had so long bidden defiance to Russia, to avoid submission to the conqueror, had fled from their native homes and sought refuge in the dominions of the Sultan.

All this time Russia had been gradually, almost imperceptibly, working her way across those low undulating plains which lie between the Alatan range and the river Syr or Jaxartes. Creeping up gradually to the banks of this river, she prepared in 1863, or, as Prince Gortschakoff declares, she was forced by circumstances, to make a spring beyond it. The Khanate of Khokand, with a population of three millions, was the first object of her attack. The capture of the important city of Cheurkend brought her into collision with the troops of Bokhara—a collision which resulted in the defeat of the latter and the capture of Tashkend. For the moment Russia was satisfied with these conquests; but in 1866 the war was renewed, the town of Khojend, the key of the Jaxartes, captured, and the Khanate of Khokand entirely subdued—one half of the conquered country being at once incorporated by the conqueror, the remaining moiety placed under the administration of a native chief, dependent upon Russia.

That country had now become the nearest neighbour to Bokhara. Under the pretext of protecting his recently-acquired territories, the newly-appointed commander, General Kaufmann, established a fortified post at a point almost within reach of Samarkhand. This constituted a challenge which the Amir of Bokhara could not refuse without sacrificing his independence. He

accepted it and was beaten. The consequence has been, the occupation of both Samarkhand and Bokhara by the Russian troops. By the latest accounts the Russian outposts were within two hundred and sixty miles of Balkh. The distance by road from Balkh to Peahawur *via* Cabul, is less than four hundred miles. The events of the last few years, the aggressive Russian policy which has for the moment culminated in the capture of Bokhara, has reduced the distance between the British and Russian outposts to less than seven hundred miles.

This, at least, is the actual numerical distance, but practically it is much less. For the districts of Balkh and Kunduz, which lie between Bokhara and the frontier of Afghanistan, would follow without a struggle the fortunes of Bokhara. The invader who possessed Bokhara would have little difficulty in establishing himself in all the countries which were tributary to, or dependent on, that kingdom. Practically, then, the only country between the Russian outposts and the British frontier which would offer opposition to the foreign invader is the country bounded on the north by the Hindoo Koosh, on the east by the Suliman range, on the west by Khorassan and Persia, on the south by Beloochistan—and that is the country known as Afghanistan.

This consideration invests Afghanistan with very great importance, and imposes upon us the necessity of reviewing the affairs of that country during the past four years, with special reference to the action taken by the late Viceroy of India in dealing therewith.

Six months before Sir John Lawrence assumed the government of India, Dost Mahomed, the able ruler whose firm and energetic character had imposed his will on the people of Afghanistan, and whose stern justice had gained their confidence, died at Herat. He was succeeded by his third surviving

son, Shir Ali Khan, then forty years of age. This succession was at once recognised by Sir William Denison, then acting as Governor-General, pending the arrival of Sir John Lawrence.

We will not complicate the story of the events that followed by the introduction, more than we can avoid, of names foreign to an English ear. It will suffice to state that, although all the brothers of the new Amir acknowledged at the time the validity of the act by which he succeeded his father as ruler of Afghanistan, many months did not elapse before, one after another, they rose in rebellion against him. The contest that followed may be said to have raged without any material intermission from the month of April 1864, three months after the arrival of Sir John Lawrence in Calcutta, to the month of December 1868. It has therefore been contemporaneous with the rule of Sir John Lawrence. In fact, during the entire period of his holding the office of Viceroy, Afghanistan—the only important kingdom between our frontier and the Russian outposts—has been subjected to all the horrors of a desperate and bloody civil war.

It is scarcely necessary for us to state more than the result of this war. Shir Ali Khan at first succeeded in striking a severe blow at the rebels by defeating them in the decisive battle of Kughbay on the 6th June 1865. But the loss of his favourite son in this battle "clouded all the joy of victory," and plunged the Amir in such a state of lethargy that for months he paid no attention to his affairs. In this state he remained at Candahar, indifferent to all around him; not roused to action even by the intelligence that his enemies, regathering heart, and reinforced by levies from Toorkistan, were marching upon Cabul, and that his own friends were falling off from him on every side. But at last, when his lethargy had seemed to have attained the condition

almost of confirmed lunacy, the news of the occupation of Cabul by the rebels excited him to action. He levied troops, marched towards Cabul, occupied Kelat-i-Ghilzi and Ghuzni, and then advanced to meet the Toorkistan army. On the 10th May he assaulted it with great vigour in its intrenchments at Shekhabad. Though several times repulsed he returned again and again to the assault, and it is stated his perseverance was on the point of being crowned with success when his Candahar followers suddenly went over to the enemy. This decided the battle, and Shir Ali fled towards Ghuznee followed only by 500 horsemen.

The result of this defeat was to place upon the throne of Afghanistan the eldest brother of Shir Ali, Mahomed Afzul Khan, then about fifty-six years old. Shir Ali, however, by no means acquiesced in his elevation. Fleeing to Toorkistan, he managed to levy a force of about 24,000 men, and with this threatened to march upon Cabul. But his nephew, the son of the Amir in actual possession, with a true military instinct deserving of success, advanced against the vanguard of the invading army, separated by a day's march from the main body under Shir Ali. He encountered it on the 13th September 1867 at Killa Alladad, and completely defeated it. Shir Ali, utterly disheartened, fled into Toorkistan.

But his brother, Mahomed Afzul, did not long survive his victory. He died on the 7th October following it. Nor although the next brother in order of birth, Mahomed Azun Khan, succeeded to the supremacy, did he hold it long. In January 1868 Shir Ali left Toorkistan for Herat, advanced on Candahar in the month of June following, and was received by the people as a deliverer. On the 21st August the Bala Hissar was stormed by his generals, and he was proclaimed ruler of Afghanistan. He himself

shortly took up his residence in the capital, and the most recent accounts inform us that he has succeeded in inflicting upon the only remaining adversary possessed of power and influence a complete and crushing overthrow. Indeed, the next claimant to the throne has since taken refuge in British territory. All the authorities combine in believing that the power of Shir Ali may now be regarded as firmly established in Afghanistan.

The five years' civil war in that country have thus resulted in consolidating the power of the chieftain originally nominated as the successor to Dost Mahomed, and in either ridding the country of his rivals, or in satisfying the feudal lords of their incapacity for the office of supreme ruler. The Shir Ali of 1869 is thus stronger, more influential, more to be dreaded as an enemy or to be courted as an ally, than the Shir Ali of 1864. It is requisite for British interests that the ruler of Afghanistan should be strong, that he should possess a dominant influence over his nobles, and that, fulfilling these conditions, he should be friendly to us. Now, apparently those conditions have been fulfilled. Shir Ali is strong and influential. It is for us now to inquire whether the policy of Sir John Lawrence towards Afghanistan in her nearly five years of anarchy and civil war has been of such a nature as to make it the interest of the ruler of Afghanistan to be our friend or our enemy.

For, in whatever light we may regard the progress of Russia in Central Asia, this is the all-important consideration. With a friendly power on the Hindoo Koosh, occupying the mountainous country intervening between that range and our frontier, any invasion of India by Russia could have but one result. We do not believe that any other result would ensue if that power were gained over for the

moment by Russia; yet undoubtedly, such an alliance would enormously increase our difficulties. It is our interest, therefore, so to act with reference to Afghanistan, that the ruler and people of that country may be brought to regard their interests with respect to Russia as identical with our own, as governed by the same principle, and standing or falling according as they may or may not be identified the one with the other.

Now, to secure this great result, it is obvious that the first end which it should be the aim of our policy to accomplish is to instil into the Afghan mind complete confidence as to the purity of our intentions. It is essential that they should be absolutely certain that, under no circumstances, will we be tempted to advance our present frontier, to annex one rood of their territory. So long as the faintest suspicion is implanted in their minds that we intend to repeat, even on the smallest scale, the policy of 1839, they will continue to distrust us. They will judge us according to our acts. We may protest as much as we like about the purity of our intentions, and those intentions may be as pure as the driven snow, but if we advance even a mile beyond our present frontier, confidence will be impossible. We have already shown* that when, in February 1857, in obedience to the instructions of the Governor-General of the day, Sir John Lawrence, then Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, met the Amir, Dost Mahomed Khan, at Peshawur, the Amir distinctly refused to allow an English embassy to proceed to Cabul, stating that the fact of his sanctioning such a scheme would most certainly undermine even his great influence with his chiefs. He added that nothing lay more at the heart of the Afghans than that we should abstain from all interference in their internal affairs, and that nothing would

* Vide Part I., p. 436.

more surely rouse the nation as one man than any such interference. He with difficulty consented to allow a mission to proceed to Candahar; and it is a fact that, during their residence in that city, the officers of the mission were in imminent danger of their lives. The Affghans, in fact, recognise our present frontier as our rightful frontier; but nothing would so surely convince them of our intention to extend it as any move, even the slightest, material or diplomatic, in the direction of Central Asia.

This being the case, we will now proceed to examine the policy of Sir John Lawrence during those five years. We shall take the opportunity of adverting specially to the temptations by which he was assailed, by which, in all probability, his successor will still be assailed, to act otherwise—to act, in fact, in a manner which, by identifying us with one or other of the rival parties, would force us to interfere in the internal affairs of the country.

When Sir John Lawrence assumed the viceroyalty of India, British interests were represented at the Court of Cabul, in accordance with the treaty of 1857, by a native agent. After Sir William Denison had recognised Shir Ali, that Amir transmitted to our Government, through our native agent, the following propositions:—

1st, That he should be furnished with six thousand muskets.

2d, That his eldest son might be alluded to in correspondence as the heir-apparent.

3d, That a certain Mohammedan, who had been sentenced in Calcutta to seven years' transportation for receiving stolen property, and whose brother was a high official at the Court of Cabul, should be pardoned.

These propositions were brought to Peshawur by our native agent in person, accompanied by a chief in the confidence of the Amir. Our Government refused the muskets, but granted the two other condi-

tions. Our agent did not then return to Cabul, but remained at Peshawur, leaving the British agency at the capital in charge of a Moonshi or secretary.

When the civil war broke out, the strictest instructions were given by the Governor-General that whilst in no case an asylum should be refused to political refugees, yet that care should be taken that no plots were hatched in our territory against the existing Government. In fact, the principle was to be enforced of combining hospitality to men who had been unfortunate, with the strictest loyalty towards the actual Government of our neighbour. This principle was strictly acted upon throughout the war.

When, in the beginning of 1866, affairs began to look bad for Shir Ali, and his son, Meer Ibrahim, was actually being besieged in the Bala Hissar, the Moonshi attached to the British agency was sounded by that prince as to the probability of Shir Ali obtaining material aid from the British. The question was put in the most astute and diplomatic manner. Meer Ibrahim assumed that the force then besieging Cabul, and which had been raised in Toorkistan, was secretly supported by the Amir of Bokhara and the Russians; and he asked whether that circumstance would not induce the British Government to come to the aid of Shir Ali. The Moonshi prudently replied that his instructions did not allow him to discuss the question. He transmitted it, however, to the British Commissioner at Peshawur. A few days later and Shir Ali's cause was apparently lost for ever. The Moonshi, at an audience to which he had been summoned by the victorious brother, congratulated that prince on the part of the British Government on his success. This act on his part was at once disavowed by the Governor-General, who thus wrote: "It should be our policy to show clearly that we will not interfere in the struggle;

that we will not aid either party; that we will leave the Affghans to settle their own quarrel; and that we are willing to be on terms of amity and goodwill with the nation and their rulers *de facto*." Sir John did not, at this period, regard the cause of Shir Ali as lost.

About the same time the chief of the family of the late Shah Soojah, on whose behalf we had entered Afghanistan in 1839, applied to the Government of India for a loan to enable him to endeavour to recover possession of that country, or, in default of that, for permission to undertake an expedition for that purpose whilst he still remained a British pensioner. He based this request on the rumour which had reached him that our treaty with the ruler of Afghanistan had lapsed. It is almost needless to state that this petition was not listened to by the Government of India. The heir of Shah Soojah was, amongst other things, informed that any interference on his part, or on the part of any member of his family, in the internal affairs of Afghanistan, would lead to the cessation of his pension.

Meanwhile the cause of Shir Ali having been apparently lost—that prince having fled to Toorkistan—and Mahomed Afzul Khan having obtained complete possession of Afghanistan, Candahar and Herat for the moment excepted, the Moonshi in charge of the British agency at Cabul was authorised to present himself to that prince, and to offer him the usual congratulations. Encouraged probably by this, Mahomed Afzul wrote to the Governor-General to notify his accession to power, and to express a hope that the British Government would continue to manifest towards himself the friendship it had formerly shown to his father. The reply of the Governor-General was characterised by the same determination not to embroil his Government in the internal affairs of Afghanistan by which his previous minute had

been marked. He expressed his sorrow for the calamities which had befallen the great house to which the Amir belonged, and the wish of himself and his Government that the country should constitute itself under the strong rule of a representative of that house. But he added that, having already recognised Shir Ali, who still maintained his position in Candahar and Herat, it would be inconsistent with the fame and reputation of the British Government to cancel its recognition of that prince. He concluded by stating that if the course of events should bring the whole of Afghanistan under the sway of Mahomed Afzul, he would be at once recognised as *de facto* ruler by the British Government.

It would not appear that this letter was altogether satisfactory to the Amir, for we find him during the year, either by himself or through his brother, endeavouring to press his claims upon the British Government. First he strove to cast all the blame of the recent proceedings upon Shir Ali. When the Governor-General declined to act as arbiter in such a case, he then held before the British agent the certain prospect of a Russian invasion of Afghanistan. To this the Governor-General replied, that Russia and England being friends, Russia would certainly not attack a country allied with the British. In the course of the following winter Shir Ali was defeated and fled to Herat. Thereupon Mahomed Afzul again renewed his application to the Government of India. In complete accordance with his previous policy, Sir John Lawrence, after expressing his sorrow for the continued dissensions in Afghanistan, stated that so long as Shir Ali held Herat he must recognise him as ruler of that district, but that he was equally prepared to recognise Mahomed Afzul as ruler of Cabul and of Candahar. He also proposed to replace the Moonshi by a Mohammedan gentleman of rank.

This was carried out a little later in the year, although, in consequence of the death in the interim of Mahomed Afzul, the agent was accredited to his successor, Mahomed Azim Khan.

When, after a brief struggle, Mahomed Azim was overthrown, and Shir Ali, on the 11th September 1868, made a victorious entry into Cabul, the policy of the British Government continued to be regulated by the same cautious and guarded principles. The Amir himself expressed no dissatisfaction at the recognition accorded to his rivals when they actually had possession of the kingdom, but repeatedly urged his strong desire to renew friendly relations with the British Government. On one or two occasions, indeed, he complained that we had not assisted him in his contest for empire, and had shown him no sympathy in his misfortunes. But these complaints were of a sentimental and informal character. They were invariably accompanied by references to the friendship that had of late years so happily existed between the two Governments, and by emphatic declarations that he had never swerved from that friendship, nor looked to any other power for support. To prove the truth of these asseverations, and to cement still further a good understanding between the Governments, he gave the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab to understand that it would be to him a matter of great pleasure if the Viceroy would accord him an interview on the frontier.

To a wish so freely and so spontaneously expressed Sir John Lawrence at once responded, and a letter from the Viceroy to that effect

was despatched to Cabul. But before it reached its destination the face of affairs in that capital had altered. It had become clear that Shir Ali would have to fight one more battle before he could consolidate his authority. Once again recruited in Toorkistan, the nephews of the Amir were marching on Cabul from the westward, and his presence was indispensable to insure their repulse. He felt he could not, at such a crisis, make a journey to Peshawur, without risking his recently-acquired authority. He therefore was compelled, unwillingly, to decline the interview.* The negotiations which preceded it brought about, however, a better understanding than had before existed between Shir Ali and the British Government; whilst the events of the preceding five years satisfied him that under no temptation would that Government avail itself of the internal feuds prevailing in Afghanistan to advance beyond its own frontier, or to do more, whilst those feuds continued, than recognise the *de facto* ruler of Afghanistan, whoever he might be.

This, then, was the policy, the generous and common-sense policy, pursued towards Afghanistan during the five years when Russia was pushing her conquests towards the south-east, and whilst Afghanistan was torn with anarchy. This was the policy pursued, in spite of taunts from the party of action that it was an inglorious policy, in spite of opinions expressed by men acquainted with the India of twenty years ago that it was a feeble policy. Many and various have been the alternatives proposed. Some have advocated the extension of our own frontier, and

* This interview, as our readers will remember, actually took place a few months ago with Lord Lawrence's successor. Lord Mayo, with that tact and courtesy for which he is so remarkable, conducted it to a successful issue; and, under his auspices, our relations with Afghanistan promise to be placed upon a most friendly and secure basis. The reception which Lord Mayo has received in India from all classes has been warm in the extreme. The dignity and ability with which he has conducted his viceregal duties there have won for him general approbation and regard.—ED. B. M.

the occupation of the valleys of Khost and Khurram, a position which would virtually command Cabul. Others, again, have insisted that we should supply Shir Ali with European officers, guns, small-arms, ammunition, and a large subsidy. Others, that we should accredit a European envoy to the Court of Cabul. Others, that we should establish, at any cost, a dominant position at Cabul, so as, by diplomatic means, if possible, to bring about a quasi-protectorate of the country; to cover our western frontier by the occupation of Quetta; to recover our lost ground in Persia, by sending our capital into that country, and drilling and officering her armies. In fact, the burden of all the amendments to the course adopted by Sir John Lawrence is that we should interfere, in some shape or other, in the internal affairs of Afghanistan.

Now, the principle of Sir John Lawrence's policy has been non-interference. Knowing, from the mouth of the late Amir, Dost Mahomed, the shrewdest and most experienced Asiatic ruler of the present century, how bitterly the princes and people of Afghanistan would resent any interference in the internal affairs of their country, that the very suspicion of such interference would reawaken long-buried animosities, and would annihilate all confidence in the disinterestedness of our motives, Sir John Lawrence had tried the effect of an honest and loyal conduct, announced to the Affghans beforehand and steadily adhered to under all circumstances, and in spite of every temptation to act differently. The civil war consequent upon the death of Dost Mahomed had been predicted by that Amir himself, and foreseen by every one familiar with the past history of the country. But no one could foresee (it has only recently been indicated at all certainly) which of the rival candidates would obtain the supremacy. It is

easy to see, then, what a store of troubles we should have laid up for ourselves if we had assisted any one of the contending parties during their desperate struggle. If, for instance, we had sent material aid to Mahomed Azim when Shir Ali was a refugee in Toorkistan, that aid might indeed have enabled Mahomed Azim to repulse, for the moment, the attack made upon him by his brother, but it would have shown him to the Affghans as a man resting upon the support of infidels, and this alone would have sufficed to insure his fall; it would have invested the name of Shir Ali with a halo of popularity, and have had the certain effect of turning the eyes and hearts of the people of Affghani-tan towards Russia as their deliverer. The same effect would have been produced had we assisted any one of the brothers. It would have cut off the possibility of friendship between the Affghans and ourselves. Any such interference, in fact, would have recalled vividly to the minds of the Affghans the days of Shah Soojah. Nor, if we had only deputed a British envoy, would their suspicions have been excited to a less degree. For no maxim has become more familiar to Asiatic minds than this,—that the arrival of an envoy is but the prelude to the despatch of an army; nor would the Affghans have failed to recall the fact that the peaceful mission of Burnes was followed, after a very short interval, by the warlike preparations of Sir John Keane.

Sir John Lawrence, moreover, had no great faith in the stability of character or capacity for ruling of any of the sons of Dost Mahomed. The eldest, Mahomed Afzul, showed himself, during the brief period of his rule, utterly incapable of controlling the nobles or of conciliating their support. He was devoted to the forbidden pleasures of the wine-cup, and devoid of all real capacity. The second son, Meer Azim, by his oppressive exac-

tions and tyranny, managed, in a few months, to alienate all classes from his rule. The third son, Shir Ali, the reigning Amir, is a man of no steadiness of character; he is liable to sudden impulse, and is a slave to his caprices. The lethargy, amounting almost to insanity, into which he fell after his first victory, lost him for the time the kingdom; whilst his subsequent harshness towards his ablest followers drove them to conspire against him. It is true he is for the moment victorious, and, the country being exhausted by a five years' contest, the chances are in favour of the premanency of his rule. But we have seen how he, when seemingly crushed, rose again from the dust; and, considering the number of brothers and nephews who still decline to recognise his supremacy, no one dare predict that he may not be hurled from power as rapidly as he gained it. Looking to these chances, to his character, to the character of his brothers, the conclusion seems unavoidable that the British Government would have been mad to identify itself with the cause of any one of them.

What, we may ask now, has been the result of the policy actually pursued,—the policy of non-interference? It has certainly gained for us the confidence of the Affghan people. They cannot help admitting that, at a period when every temptation was offered to us to do what we liked in their country, we have scrupulously adhered to our engagements. They are convinced that we are satisfied with our present frontier; that our professions of a disinterested regard for their independence and friendship are so far sincere, in that we look upon their independence as the best guarantee for the safety of our own frontier, and their friendship as the surest mode of hindering and defeating any designs that Russia may harbour against ourselves.

Whilst our policy of non-inter-

ference has thus been appreciated by the Affghans, from the three armies who have by turns ruled in Cabul during the last five years to the mountaineer to whom freedom is life, it has not less benefited ourselves. Instead of squandering our resources, as we must have squandered them had we interfered, they have been zealously hoarded. All the possible routes by which an invading army could enter the Punjab have been carefully scanned, and the position of our arsenals, magazines, and fortresses has been regulated accordingly. Lahore, which, in the course of the current year, will be in direct railway communication with Calcutta, and—except for a space of 161 miles—with Bombay likewise, will be joined also to the Indus and Peshawur. The campaign of last October in Hazara showed how quickly a force could be concentrated for mountain warfare on the frontier, even without a railway, and the completion of the line from Lahore to the Indus will render this still more feasible. We have, besides, on the frontier, troops inured to fighting in the passes; we have mountain-trains and mule-batteries; we have men acquainted with every inch of the country. These men, these troops, these batteries are ready for action on the ground which they know, and which an enemy must pass over before he can invade Hindustan. Every one of these advantages would have been lost by interference in the affairs of Afghanistan.

Even if we were prepared to sacrifice the friendship of the Affghans, and to extend our frontier by occupying the valleys of Khost and Khurram, we should still lose by the arrangement. We should greatly extend a frontier already 800 miles in length; we should plunge into an enormous expenditure for new cantonments and new forts; our native troops would not appreciate the long absence from their families thus entailed upon them; and

though we might command Cabul, our troops would be positively cut off from employment on those other invading lines, which, under such circumstances, a Russian enemy would probably take.

In another manner, likewise, our resources have been greatly husbanded. Sir John Lawrence's policy of non-interference has secured peace and prosperity to the empire. The full extent of the advantages thus reaped by the people of Hindustan, and by the English and foreign traders dwelling in the country, will be more fully detailed when we come to discuss his internal administration. It will suffice here to indicate that if we had become embroiled in a frontier war, not only would internal reforms and the construction of remunerative public works have been postponed, but confidence would have fled from the bazaars and the money-markets, the Government would have been driven to borrow at high rates of interest; the value of all property would have fallen; and encouragement would have been afforded to all the plotters and discontented in the country.

We may then, not unreasonably, conclude that a policy which has given the country five years of almost unbroken peace, which has succeeded in convincing the most suspicious nation in Asia of the sincerity of our non-aggressive professions, and has thus given cause to that nation—itsself the only independent barrier between us and the Russian outposts—to feel that in case of an attack from the north they can identify their cause and their interests with our own—we may, we say, conclude that such a foreign policy, tested by its results, has been a prudent policy—a policy which, far from lowering the *status* of England, has immeasurably raised it in the eyes of the people of Central Asia.

The policy displayed towards Afghanistan will appear the more sound when we recollect the oppo-

site policy pursued towards the peoples of Central Asia during the same period by Russia. In 1864 the Khan of Khokand send an envoy to the Governor-General, demanding aid against the Russians. To entertain such an idea would have been madness, for Khokand is watered by the Jaxartes, and was conterminous with the Russian frontier. The Khan was accordingly informed by letter that his country was too distant to be aided, and he must look to his own resources for the maintenance of his power. In 1866 Khokand had virtually ceased to exist as an independent power. The next country on the route to India is Bokhara. The Amir who ruled it was, in the same year, brought into hostile collision with Russia, and was defeated. He then applied to us for aid, though reluctant to do so in consequence of the base murder, nearly thirty years before, of our envoys, Stoddart and Conolly, a murder yet unavenged. But if we could not aid Khokand, neither, for the same reasons, could we assist Bokhara. We could do neither without embroiling ourselves in the affairs of Central Asia, without engaging in a war with Russia, a war in which all the advantages would be on the side of our enemy. We were compelled, therefore, to refuse the assistance asked for. Since that period Bokhara has virtually succumbed. We could not aid those powers, on account of their distance from our frontier, by reason of the fact that their preservation was not necessary to our welfare, and because, likewise, if we had been foolish enough to waste the resources of Hindustan to save them, we probably should not have succeeded. But it is far otherwise with Afghanistan. That country is on our frontier; it is our advanced post; we dare not allow it to fall into the hands of Russia. And who can doubt that, with the examples of Khokand and Bokhara before it on the one hand, and the proofs, the

positive proofs, of our non-absorbing policy on the other, Afghanistan would not hesitate as to the side on which, in the event of a Russian invasion, she would cast the weight of her power?

For the benefit of those who may care to note the precise opinions of Sir John Lawrence himself on the subject of our frontier policy, we extract a passage from the speech he made on the occasion of the farewell dinner given to him by the civil and military services in Calcutta, in which he fully expressed his own views on this important question:—

"I have been taunted," he said, "with maintaining a policy of inaction and supineness, and with indifference to the progress of events in Central Asia. I emphatically deny the allegation. I have very carefully watched all that has gone on in these distant countries. It is true that I have resolutely set my face against any proposal which, in my judgment, appeared to have a tendency to draw the Government of India into active interference in the affairs of Central Asia. I feel sure that it will prove, unless circumstances change entirely, a cardinal error, if we take such a step. Such interference must, sooner or later, involve us in hostilities there, either with the people or with their enemies—probably with both. Our true policy is to avoid such complications; to consolidate our power in India; to give to its people the best government we can; to organise our administration in every department on a system which will combine economy with efficiency; and so to make our Government strong and respected in our own vast territories. On the Western frontier we should be specially strong and ready, but without interfering in the internal concerns of the adjacent hill tribes, except when it becomes necessary to do so, in order to maintain peace and security. Active interference in the complications of Central Asia would almost certainly lead to war, the end of which no one could foresee; and which would involve India in heavy debt, or necessitate the imposition of additional taxation, to the impoverishment of the country, and to the unpopularity of our rule. On the other hand, by standing fast as long as may

be possible on our own border, we can be ready to meet invaders with advantage. Invasion may never come, but if it do come, it should find us well prepared to repel it. If we send agents into remote countries where the government is rude, and the people bigoted and lawless, we subject them to ill-treatment and insult, which we must be prepared to punish by force of arms. I know how strong and how admirable is the spirit of enterprise and devotion which would prompt hundreds of my countrymen cheerfully to incur such risks: but we must look to the national consequences that may result, and I for one cannot say that they justify sanction to such undertakings."

The great merit we claim for the foreign policy of Sir John Lawrence with respect to Afghanistan is this: that, without wounding the national pride of that suspicious people, whilst even soothing their susceptibilities, and holding firm throughout to the pledged word of the British Government, he has made it abundantly clear to them that, in the event of an invasion from the north, their independence as a nation is bound up with the cause of the British; that only by a faithful adherence to their alliance with us will they be able to preserve that independence intact. We are ourselves satisfied, and we think the candid reader who has followed us so far will admit, that under none of the alternative plans favouring interference, diplomatic or otherwise, in the affairs of the Afghans, would such a result have been possible.

We have devoted so long a space to the explanation of the foreign policy of Sir John Lawrence on our north-west frontier, not only because that policy has been, as it were, the key to his internal administration, but because we are confident that the retirement from office of one so firmly pledged to that policy, with whom it was a conviction not to be shaken, will give encouragement to the party of action to renew their efforts. We must now turn for a brief period to the consideration of the working

of that policy on other points of the empire.

When Sir John Lawrence arrived in Calcutta in January 1864, he learned that an envoy had been despatched by his predecessor to the Government of Bhootan, a mountainous country lying to the north of the extreme eastern possessions of British India, in order to negotiate for the cessation of the frequent kidnapping of British subjects carried on by the Bhootanees on the frontier. Three months later, intelligence arrived that the mission had failed, that our envoy had been grossly insulted in open durbar, and only allowed to depart on the condition of signing a treaty whereby a portion of the British territory adjacent to their own should be made over to Bhootan.

This was a result always to be expected from the despatch of a mission to a barbarous or semi-civilised nation. The envoy is always liable to be killed, as were Stoddart and Conolly at Bokhara; to be imprisoned, as were Mr. Rassam and his fellow-captives in Abyssinia; or to be grievously insulted, as were Mr. Eden and his companions in Bhootan. Any one of these results entails on the Government employing the envoy very serious consequences. They must either put up with humiliation and disgrace, or they must go to war. Those who are so clamorous in favour of the despatch of a European mission to Cabul, would do well to remember the contempt that was heaped upon us by the inhabitants of Central Asia for failing to avenge the deaths of Conolly and Stoddart, and the expense, trouble, and in one case the loss of life, entailed by the expeditions to Bhootan and Abyssinia.

With respect to Bhootan, Sir John Lawrence exhausted every expedient to avoid hostilities, and at the same time to redeem British honour. He suspended the annual payments or rents theretofore made

on behalf of certain lands at the foot of the Bhootan range held by the British Government, declaring those lands to be forfeited; and he gave the Bhootan durbar three months to consider whether they would comply with the terms of which the insulted envoy had been the bearer, failing which, further measures would be taken.

The Bhootan Government continuing indifferent to the threats of the Governor-General, and offering no satisfaction or apology, Sir John Lawrence was forced, towards the close of the year, to carry into execution the alternative he had announced. He accordingly sent a force into the country in four columns, to occupy the four points commanding the fertile ranges whence the Bhootanees drew their supplies. The occupation had been successfully accomplished, and the expedition triumphantly concluded, when the commander of one of the columns allowed himself to be driven by a contemptible force of the enemy from the position he occupied. This mishap, however, only delayed the day of reckoning. In a few months the recaptured post was stormed at the point of the bayonet, and before the end of the year the Bhootanees, dispirited and humbled, had agreed to all our terms, had restored the treaty they had forced from our envoy, and had given material guarantees for their good behaviour for the future. From these material guarantees, consisting of the low lands which supplied them with food, we agreed to return them a certain percentage of the produce in money, to enable them to live. By this arrangement, which was ignorantly carped at at the time, we retained in our hands the power of at any moment bringing them to their senses by stopping their supplies. We should here state that so determined was the Governor-General to leave in the hands of the Bhootanees no trophies of their temporary triumph over our troops, that, against the

advice, it is said, of more than one member of his Council, he insisted on the restoration of the guns which had been abandoned by our soldiers in their retreat from Dewangiri. When military red-tape seemed to magnify the difficulties attendant upon the carrying out of this course, he wrote with his own hand a letter to the officer commanding our most advanced party—an officer whom he knew well, and upon whose energy and daring he felt he could rely—and authorised him to act. An advance was at once made, and in a few days the guns were restored. On no other point of our enormous frontier has any decided political action been called for during the past five years. In British Burma, however, an opportunity has been offered of carrying out on a smaller scale, and on a less important frontier, the principle of non-intervention by which the policy on our north-west frontier has been characterised. In 1866, two years after Sir John Lawrence had assumed his office, a rebellion broke out in Mandalay, the newly-built capital of the independent Burman Empire. This rebellion was headed by two of the King's sons. They, with their followers, suddenly surrounded the Summer Palace, and put to death the Crown-Prince, with two other princes and one of the ministers found therein. The King, for whom the same fate was intended, had made a timely escape on foot, accompanied by some of his queens, to the large palace within the city walls. The success of the rebels was, however, but temporary. Their first act was to besiege the city palace, but the arrival of a body of loyal troops compelled them to raise the siege. They then seized the royal steamer, and proceeded in it to within eighty miles of the British frontier, hoping to raise fresh troops. Being attacked *en route* by two Burmese steamers which had just arrived from Rangoon, they continued

their course into the British territory, and surrendered to the British Chief Commissioner, Sir Arthur Phayre. It is a curious illustration of the anarchy which underlies all Eastern despotism, that the son of the murdered Crown-Prince, on his father's death, took up arms at once, not against the murderers, but against the King, hoping, doubtless, to reap some profit from the general confusion. He was, however, after some time, defeated, captured, and finally, on the failure of an attempt to release him, executed in 1867. Our agent at the Court of Ava, Captain Sladen, succeeded in rescuing from the same fate others who had been implicated in the revolt. The King of Burma had been, apparently, so far sensible of the loyalty of the conduct of the British Government during the insurrection, that in November 1867 he acceded to a proposition, repeatedly and vainly urged upon him by Sir A. Phayre, and again pressed upon him by that able officer's successor, Colonel Fytche, to reduce all the frontier duties to a uniform rate of five per cent, and to abolish all royal monopolies, except those on earth-oil, timber, and precious stones. He at the same time gave his sanction to the deputation of Captain Sladen, and other officers to the Chinese frontier, to endeavour to reopen the trade between China and Burma, estimated some years ago at half a million sterling, but now quite extinct. In both these instances the King has acted like a faithless barbarian. He has not adhered to the commercial treaty, almost all the old monopolies having been retained. The expedition under Captain Sladen left, indeed, Mandalay for Bhamo in a royal steamer, on the 13th January 1868. It reached Bhamo in due course, and after a vexatious delay of a month proceeded to Poosee, within eight miles of the frontier Shan town of Mauwye. Here all sorts of obstacles were placed in the way of its

further progress. These, however, having been overcome, the party advanced through the Shán states to Momein, their journey through these states resembling an ovation. At Momein they remained a month and a half. We might pause, had we time, to dwell for a brief space on the tempting description of this town and the surrounding country, given by one of the non-official members of the expedition. But we must confine ourselves to state that the prospects of the renewal of the trade are described as being most encouraging, provided only that the opposition of the Burmese authorities can be overcome. It is broadly asserted that all the obstacles met with by our officers, the attempts even to murder them, can be traced to the direct authority of our ally, the King of Burma. The expedition has just returned to Rangoon, rich at least in experience and sanguine as to the future. The duty of making full use of that experience will now devolve upon the Earl of Mayo. Indeed, a great Burman question may now arise at any moment, for it is the opinion of those best qualified to judge, that the death of the King will be the signal for widespread anarchy and rebellion, and on that frontier we are bound, in the interests of humanity, to maintain order.

On the extreme west of our possessions in India, in the Persian Gulf, some complications have indeed ensued, but they have one and all been brought to a satisfactory termination, thanks to the loyal policy of our Government. The threatened raid by the Wahabee Amir on our ally the Imaum of Muscat, has yielded to the attitude taken up by the British Resident, Colonel Pelly; and though it may be said that Muscat has passed through two revolutions during that period, one of its sovereigns having been murdered and the other dethroned, our relations with it were suspended only for the period when the complicity of one of its tempor-

ary sovereigns in the murder of his predecessor and father was generally believed. Our alliance with that State has for its object the protection of commerce and the suppression of piracy and the slave-trade in the Gulf. These objects have been steadily adhered to. Indeed, so lately as 1867, some important chiefs who had engaged in a predatory attack on a neighbouring province, were punished by heavy fines, and the forced surrender of all their armed boats. It may be truly asserted that never was British supremacy in the Persian Gulf more recognised than at the present moment. The operations against the slave-trade have been distinguished by equal activity, the Sultan of Zanzibar having, under the auspices of the British Government, taken the most stringent measures for its suppression.

We have described at some length the more salient points of the foreign policy of the past five years; because, we repeat, the foreign policy of Sir John Lawrence has been the key to his internal administration. By this we mean that the reforms he accomplished in the administration of the country would have been impossible had he followed any of the aggressive lines of policy which were thrust upon him from so many and such influential quarters.

Prominent amongst those administrative reforms may be mentioned the settlement of the land-tenure question in the important provinces of Oudh and the Punjab. Sir John himself evidently regarded this settlement as the crowning measure of his viceregal career. At the public dinner given to him prior to his departure from Calcutta, he thus alluded to the subject: "It is," he said, "a source of much satisfaction to me to feel that the important questions connected with the tenure of land in Oudh and the Punjab have been brought to a settlement." That settlement was a source of satisfaction to Sir

John, because it was a means of blessing to hundreds of thousands of our native fellow-subjects. We do not propose to enter at any length upon a subject which has been the cause of much acrimonious controversy. The object we have in view will be better attained by a recital of the bare facts, leaving it to the unprejudiced reader to draw his own conclusions therefrom. With regard to Oudh those facts may thus be briefly stated:—

When, in 1858, the capture of the city of Lucknow had placed the province of Oudh at the feet of Lord Canning, that nobleman, to punish the large landowners for their rebellion, authoritatively declared that they had forfeited their title to the soil. In order, however, to establish in the province a landed aristocracy holding directly from the British Crown, Lord Canning subsequently restored the confiscated estates, for the most part, to the ancient holders, called talúkdars, but upon the entirely new tenure of direct and complete dependence on the British Crown. In this way the act of confiscation, intended originally as a punishment, became the means of attaching the talúkdars of Oudh to the British Government.

When, towards the close of 1858, the greater part of the talúkdars had tendered their submission to the British Government, and received back their estates, Lord Canning set himself to devise such a settlement as would secure the property to the talúkdars, and at the same time preserve the village occupants from extortion. In the first instance, what is called a summary settlement was made, to be in force for three years, by which time, it was hoped, the regular settlement might be effected. All the subordinate rights in the land were reserved to be dealt with by the regular settlement.

It so happened, however, that the Chief Commissioner of Oudh for the time being, anxious to calm the

minds of the talúkdars, fearful lest the reservation of any rights whatever might breed discontent and mistrust, believing too that the summary settlement had been conducted with the greatest possible care and in accordance with the principles laid down by Lord Canning, on the completion of that settlement in six months, declared it to be final; he declared, that is to say, that no one should be considered to have any right in the soil of Oudh whose title had not been recognised under the summary settlement. It could not but happen, and it did actually happen, that a settlement intended only to be temporary, carried out in the brief period of six months, and suddenly on its completion declared to be permanent, should perpetrate some injustice. But it was declared to be law, and the reason for not reopening it for a rehearing of undoubted claims was thus summarily stated by the Chief Commissioner: "The Chief Commissioner cannot see the use of giving the village proprietors hopes of a rehearing at next settlement, if, after having then ascertained, what every one knows already, that they are the rightful proprietors of the soil, we are to tell them that our policy will not permit us to recognise their claims."

It will thus be seen that Lord Canning, anxious to raise up a landed aristocracy dependent on the British Government, and owing their titles to it, had issued instructions, to that effect; but that these instructions, too hurriedly carried out, had in several instances dispossessed those who had owned the soil for centuries, and whose claims in equity were far superior to those of the talúkdars. These latter were not slow to perceive the value of the boon thus unexpectedly thrust upon them. Yet, almost sceptical of their good fortune, fearing lest it might prove to be but a bright illusion, they took immediate steps to have its authenticity placed beyond

doubt. They begged, through the Chief Commissioner, or rather that official begged on their behalf, that a distinct promise on the part of Government might be inserted in their title-deeds, to the effect that the proprietary rights granted by the summary settlement were granted for all time. To this Lord Canning refused in the first instance to agree absolutely, without the insertion of a clause reserving the rights of the inferior landholders and village occupants. He finally acceded to it, however, though with the express stipulation that those holding under the talúkdars should be secured in the possession of all the subordinate rights formerly enjoyed by them. But notwithstanding this stipulation, the Chief Commissioner at once issued a circular, wherein he declared that the act of confiscation carried out during the rebellion annulled all rights of property, and that in the estates which had actually been confiscated and conferred on others, none but the talúkdars had any rights at all. It is true that Lord Canning disallowed this interpretation, and called the attention of the Chief Commissioner to the orders of the Home Government for the protection of the sub-proprietors, and it was finally agreed, with the consent of the leading talúkdars, that the sub-proprietors should be maintained in the possession of the rights in the soil held by them during the twelve years prior to the annexation of the province by the British—*i.e.*, since 1844. An inquiry was directed to be made into this question.

The inquiry that followed showed clearly that the claims of the sub-proprietors could in few instances be sustained as an absolute right. But the same inquiry brought to light the necessity of regulating the relations between the talúkdar and the actual cultivator of the soil. Now, there were two descriptions of actual cultivators; the one, the hereditary tenants, transmitting their rights from generation to generation, who

were entitled to hold at the rates fixed at the time of the original settlement; the other, the tenants-at-will, whose rates could be raised, and who could be ejected at the pleasure of the landlord. Now, a large class of men in India, amongst whom was the then Chief Commissioner of Oudh, had regarded the existence of hereditary tenants with disavour, as constituting an obstacle to the improvement of the property by the landlord, and they would have looked upon the abolition of this class as a blessing to the country. Advantage was then taken of the omission of all reference to either class by Lord Canning, to declare, when the time arrived for recording the rights of the several classes, that no distinction should be made between the hereditary tenants and the tenants-at-will. The Governor-General of the day, Lord Elgin, had already expressed a doubt whether a ruling of this nature might not be unjust to the former class, but he died before any formal decision was arrived at. The question was at this stage when Sir John Lawrence landed in Calcutta as Viceroy.

Sir John early directed his attention to the subject. He found that while Lord Canning had conferred large rights on the talúkdars, he had expressly stipulated that all existing rights should be respected. It appeared clear to him that this stipulation would fail to be carried out if the hereditary tenants were, by a stroke of the pen, deprived of their hereditary rights, and placed in the position of tenants-at-will. It appeared to him, in fact, that it would be a monstrous injustice. Almost the first question he put to the Chief Commissioner had for its object to ascertain what measures had been adopted for the preservation of the rights of the hereditary tenants. To this question the Chief Commissioner replied, in the first instance, by stating that the tenants in question had only a sort of

modified right which the talúkdars would not object to maintain; but, about three weeks later, he wrote to say that his former letter had been founded on a mistake, for he had ascertained that the *status* of hereditary tenant was unknown in the province of Oudh—that, in fact, no such rights existed. Upon this reply, Sir John Lawrence, not satisfied that any sufficiently searching inquiry had been made on the subject, and convinced that the previous action of the Oudh administration had prevented any claimants from coming forward, directed that provision should be made for the “impartial hearing of all such claims.”

Such was the beginning of what is known as the Oudh controversy. It originated, we have seen, in a determination on the part of Sir John Lawrence to do justice to all classes, to slur over the claims of none. Many hard things were said of him at the time; but if we reflect that all he ordered was “inquiry”—inquiry as to the validity of certain rights—we shall be unable to resist the conclusion that he was most unjustly abused. For, either the inquiry was necessary, or it was unnecessary. If it was necessary, that is at once a justification for having entered upon it; if unnecessary, then the views of those who opposed him would receive by its failure the stamp of indisputable correctness. One thing at least is clear, that it would have been highly unjust to adjudicate regarding the claims of thousands without full and sufficient inquiry.

We do not propose to follow, step by step, the course of the inquiry; it will suffice if we state the result.

It was ascertained beyond a doubt, that whilst, under the old regime, the power of the landlord was absolute—the tenant possessing no power of appeal against enhancement of rent—yet that, practically, fixity of tenure very generally ruled with respect to a

certain class of tenants. These were the descendants of ex-proprietors, the clansmen of the talúkdars, Brahmins, and Rajpoots, and long-established and substantial cultivators. But although these classes enjoyed for the most part hereditary privileges, it was made abundantly clear that these privileges were based in no way upon the law of the land, but were due to the favour of the landlord and to the custom of the country. At the same time, it had to be taken into consideration that, under its native sovereigns, the province of Oudh was subject to continual anarchy, and it appeared legitimate to conclude that privileges long enjoyed, though only by the favour of the landlord, in an almost lawless society, ought now, when an order enforcing rule was inaugurated, to be secured by law to those who had enjoyed them. This, at least, was the view taken by Sir John Lawrence, and he determined that, so far as lay in his power, justice should be done to all classes.

It was not, however, till the middle of 1867, and after much recrimination on the part of the advocates of the talúkdars, that the matter was finally settled. In the beginning of 1866 a new Chief Commissioner had been appointed to the province, and by the exertions of that gentleman a settlement was arrived at on the following terms:—1st, That no new rights were to be created by the Government of India; 2d, That the privileges heretofore allowed as an indulgence to all cultivators who had once been proprietors of lands, should be confirmed and placed on a legal footing. It was, moreover, declared that all cultivators should be entitled to consideration on account of improvements made by them, if any attempt were made by the landlord to oust them or raise their rents.

This, then, was the result which Sir John Lawrence obtained for the cultivators of Oudh, by his

energy, persistence, and strong sense of justice, in spite of the opposition of the servants of his own Government, and, for a long time, of the talúkdars themselves. It was a result which insured the goodwill of the poorer classes and the tranquillity of the province, which preserved to men who had once held, and, under the anarchical native government of Oudh, been dispossessed of, large properties, the smaller privilege of still renting a portion of those lands at a fixed rate, not liable to enhancement, and made them free in their own persons from all fear of ejectment; which promoted the best interests of the land, by securing to all cultivators, even to the tenants-at-will, compensation for the improvements they might effect in the land held by them from the landlord. This last security constitutes undoubtedly the groundwork of a system, advantageous alike to landlord and tenant, to the land and to the Government, and which might be advantageously extended over the country. But for his energetic action and determined perseverance one-fifth of the cultivators of Oudh, the ex-proprietors, would have been reduced to the *status* of tenants-at-will, and no encouragement whatever would have been held out to cultivators of any class, liable as they were to enhancement of rent or ejectment, to spend any portion of their hard-earned gains in the improvement of their holdings. The policy of Sir John Lawrence, whilst confirming to the talúkdars the rights guaranteed to them by Lord Canning, has given new life and fresh energy to the cultivators of Oudh, and has, at the same time, renewed and refreshed their soil.

In the Punjaub, a similar policy, though starting from an opposite point, has been pursued. It had happened that when the first regular settlement was made in the Punjaub, as soon as possible after the annexation of that province,

the rights of the hereditary tenants had been recognised with the full consent of the landlords. But, meanwhile, under the fostering rule of the British, the value of land increased, and by degrees the old landlords came forward to claim the right to the absolute disposal of their own lands. The question culminated in 1868. The claims of the landlords were supported by many of the officials of the Punjaub, and there can be little doubt that if they had been brought forward twenty years earlier, they would in many cases have been substantiated. But it appeared to Sir John Lawrence and to those who thought with him that it would be highly unjust to disturb a settlement which had lasted for twenty years, which had guaranteed certain rights to the occupier, and on the faith of which the occupier had made those improvements in the land which had so greatly augmented its value. The landlord himself had spent no money on the land. Under the Sikh rule, and at the time of annexation, he regarded the question of occupancy as a question of minor importance. It was only after we had guaranteed to the cultivator, with the landlord's consent, a right of permanent occupancy, under certain conditions, and after the fulfilment of those conditions, that the landlord came forward and preferred claims to the absolute disposal of the land. The landlord, in fact, previously careless and indifferent, came forward to claim the right of reaping the fullest advantage from the labour of his tenants, and from the money spent by them on the land. Because Sir John Lawrence resisted this monstrous demand—because he showed himself determined to continue to the cultivators the rights guaranteed to them—he was charged with a design to sweep the landlords from the face of the earth. It is clear, we think, from the foregoing brief narrative, that such a charge could only have been pre-

ferred from a non-appreciation of the point at issue. Sir John made no attack upon the landlords; he simply defended the cultivators, the thews and sinews of the country, from being reduced to the position of serfs; he protested against their being handed over *en masse* to the tender mercies of the landlords, after having for twenty years enjoyed a certain limited right in the soil. According to his position, the *status* of the landowners was not worse than at the time of the annexation, whilst that of the cultivators has been greatly improved. For our parts, we cannot too much admire the firmness and sense of justice which successfully resisted the very serious and retrograde attempt to reintroduce the worst evils of the feudal system into our frontier province. That Sir John had no hostility to landlords as landlords, is proved by the fact that almost the last act of his Government was to place in the hands of the talukdars of Oudh the easy means of effecting improvements in their property, and to restrain, in the interest of the whole body, the power unadvisedly granted to the head of a family, of alienating his whole property for the benefit of unworthy favourites.

His action with respect to the land was not confined to Oudh and the Punjab. Before he left, a bill was with his sanction introduced into the Council to grant to the cultivators in the North-West the power of effecting improvements in their holdings, and to insure them compensation for such improvements in the event of their being ejected. In the present state of the law, no tenant, even in times of drought and distress, has the power even to sink a well without obtaining first the express permission of his landlord.

Amongst other principal measures by which the administration of Sir John Lawrence has been strongly marked, we may mention irrigation - works, military and other

works, railways, telegraphs, the cultivation of cotton, sanitation, education, and the elevation of the poor. To these, as well as to his financial policy, we shall now briefly refer.

Perhaps in no country in the world is there a greater absolute necessity for irrigation-works than in India. There are, all over the country, vast tracts of soil naturally arid, intersected by no river, and dependent for their power to produce a crop upon the regular downfall of the periodical rains. In the event of a deficient fall of rain, or of its early cessation, the inhabitants of these districts are reduced to distress, often even to famine. Visitations of this nature, when they have come, have led to the most terrible calamities. The loss of revenue to the State thereby caused, great as it has sometimes been, sinks into utter insignificance when contrasted with the enormous amount of mortality, of suffering, and of misery which has resulted from them. Of late years, the impossibility of entirely warding off such results, after the rainfall has proved deficient, has become apparent, and Government has been forced to seek for other means of providing beforehand against the chances of such deficiency. Such means obviously suggested themselves in irrigation. Before the time of Sir John Lawrence, the necessity for introducing a scheme of this nature throughout the country had never, apparently, been fully appreciated by the Government of India. It is true that under the rule of Lord Dalhousie the Ganges canal had been completed and brought into operation. The Ganges canal, however, even if its construction had been as correct as in some respects it was faulty, would have benefited only one narrow strip of the country, and that not the part of it in which artificial irrigation was most required. In point of fact, however, owing to the nature of its construction, the benefits derivable

from the Ganges canal are as yet only to be attained in a small proportion. The Jumna canal, the work of the Moguls, is very useful to the districts through which it passes, but to those alone. In the Punjab, the Baree canal, the work of Sir John Lawrence when Chief Commissioner of the province, has been fruitful of advantage to the cultivating classes. But these were isolated cases. Before the time of the viceroyalty of Sir John Lawrence no system of irrigation for the whole country had been decided upon.*

It is only fair to those who preceded Sir John to state that in their time the subject had been thoroughly discussed, and the ground cleared for action. It happened, moreover, that, about the time of his assuming power, the influential parties who had long and noisily advocated the formation of private companies, to undertake great works of irrigation, suddenly collapsed. The Orissa Irrigation Company, the commencement of whose operations had been heralded as the foundation of a new era, an era which should welcome the introduction of British capital into the country, suddenly confessed that the small amount of British capital with which they started had been exhausted, and that, unless the Government would assist them with funds, they must stop their works. No true friend of the people of India ever regarded this collapse as a subject for real regret. It is obvious that so important a matter as the supply of water to millions should not be left to the mercies of a joint-stock company hungry for dividends. No scheme

would more surely lower the people to the position of bond-holders to men who could give or refuse the first necessity of life. The collapse of the supporters of so-called British enterprise was therefore in more ways than one an advantage. It cleared the ground for the action of Government, and it helped that Government to the resolution that thenceforth it would retain a question so important and so vital in its own hands alone.

The action of Sir John Lawrence in the matter was likewise further stimulated by the terrible famine which occurred in Orissa in the year 1865-6. To his personal responsibility for the terrible results of that famine we shall refer further on. It must suffice to state here, that if there ever was a spectacle which would have induced a government to seek out, as promptly as possible, some means of providing for a deficiency of the rainfall, it was a spectacle of nearly three-quarters of a million of human beings dying of starvation, dying before the very eyes of the Government, without it being possible for that Government to save them from a fate so terrible.

But whatever may have been the intentions of his predecessors, whatever may have been the stimulating action by which he was influenced, the credit of devising, partially carrying out, and leaving for his successor to finish, a grand scheme for generally irrigating the country, and thus rendering future famines impossible, belongs entirely to Sir John Lawrence. After a long correspondence with the Home Government he at length succeeded

* We think the writer here hardly does justice to the magnitude of the efforts made in this direction by Lord Dalhousie. Under his administration were constructed or repaired the Ganges canal of 449½ miles, the East and West Jumna canal of 445 miles, the Punjab canals of 425 miles, besides the irrigation-works in the Madras Presidency—tanks, reservoirs, and dams—in connection with the Caverry, Godavery, and Kistnah rivers. It seems to us that Lord Dalhousie paved the way for Lord Lawrence's irrigation system in exactly the same way as Lord Lawrence did so for his successor, Lord Mayo, in regard to the interview with the ruler of Afghanistan and his policy towards that State.—ED. B. M.

in forcing his views upon the Secretary of State, and he did not rest till he obtained the sanction of that high official, 1st, to extend irrigation to every part of India liable to seasons of drought; 2dly, to carry out the necessary works by the direct agency of Government; and, 3dly, to provide, by loans, all sums required to meet the outlay in excess of the amount available from the surplus revenues.

To carry out his scheme a separate branch of the Public Works Department has been organised, large additions have been made to the establishment of engineers, and the most careful discrimination has been exercised as to the part of the country to which the operations should extend.

It would be tedious to follow, step by step, the course followed by the new department in all its branches. At the end of three years we find the arrangements completed for cutting a new canal to water the arid country between Agra and Delhi; Rohilkhund surveyed for irrigation purposes, repairs and improvements being carried out in the Ganges and Western Jumna canals without any interference with their actual power of supply; a new canal designed for the tracts of country west of the Jumna canal; a remodelment of the Baree Doab canal projected; a project considered for utilising the waters of the Beas, the Chenab, and the Indus; arrangements completing for intersecting the province of Oudh by canals, to communicate on the one side with eastern Rohilkhund, on the other with the North-Western Provinces, and uniting with the canals of Tirhooh. Arrangements have likewise been considered for establishing lines of navigable canals, communicating with one another, on the whole series of works projected in Oudh, the North-West Provinces, and the Punjab. In this manner continuous canal communication will eventually be established along

a length of more than eight hundred miles.

Nor have the other parts of India been omitted. Arrangements are greatly advanced for the purchase from the Irrigation Company of the works commenced in Orissa, and projected on the river Soane; several great works have been carried out in Bombay; an extension of the canals derived from the Godavery, Kistnah, and Pennair rivers, in the Madras Presidency, has been projected; works have been restored in Mysore, and commenced in the Central Provinces; whilst in the well-watered provinces of Bengal and British Burma, arrangements have been made for the erection of embankments to secure the country from the river floods. All over our Indian possessions, in fact, the foundations have been laid of a system of which it has been truly said, that it will be hereafter regarded as among those which have been most fruitful of good to this great country, and with respect to which it will be remembered that it was only possible to lay those foundations because the resources of the country were not squandered and wasted in useless wars, but were wisely husbanded to be spent for the permanent benefit of the people whom Providence for its own wise purposes has placed under British rule.

If we turn now to military works, we shall see the same vigour and energy the same determination to produce useful rather than showy results, by which the irrigation scheme is characterised. At seven of the principal stations in India, new barracks for the troops of two and three stories have been erected; at almost every other station they have been planned or are in progress. These barracks have been designed on one uniform plan, the object being to procure for the men the *maximum* amount of light, air, comfort, and, consistently with the usages of military life and the requirements of military discipline, of space like-

wise. They do not consist merely of sleeping-rooms; the ground-floors—in India the coolest floors, and always salubrious in the day-time—are designed as recreation-rooms, workshops, prayer-rooms, &c. The recreation-rooms are provided with newspapers, books, billiard and bagatelle tables, and with innocent diversions of every kind. Nothing, we are confident, has tended so much to the improved health of the soldier as the erection of these fine barracks supplied with the rooms we have described. The soldier has work, reading, recreation, everything a reasonable man can require, without, unless he be on duty, exposing himself to the rays of the tropical sun. Outdoor amusements are equally available whenever they can be enjoyed with impunity. Arrangements have been made likewise for lighting up all these barracks with gas—in itself a most appreciable boon for men obliged to turn in at an early hour. In some barracks this reform has already been carried out.

Nothing proved more fatal to the lives of our women and children during the Mutiny than the want of some fortified place to which they could repair on the first signal of alarm. Few who recall to mind the terrible catastrophe of Cawnpore will fail to imagine how different would have been the fate of our countrywomen had a stronger place been open to receive them than the two thatched barracks, in the midst of an open plain, to which they actually repaired. There are none, then, we may safely affirm, who will not rejoice to learn that, under the auspices of Sir John Lawrence, the recurrence of such a catastrophe has been rendered impossible. At almost all the stations occupied by British troops, especially at those in the vicinity of railway stations, small fortified posts have been planned, to which the sick, the women, and the children can betake themselves during an emergency. At larger stations,

containing magazines or important stores, the-e fortified posts assume to a greater extent the character of a regular fortification.

Other important buildings, such as new powder manufactories, adapted to the improvements effected in that article, bullet manufactories, tanneries, and even, in some instances, quarters for officers, have been built or planned. An arrangement, originally introduced by Lord Strathnairn, for employing European soldiers on road-making in the Himalayas, has likewise been carried out, to the great benefit of the troops, whose remarkable health and good conduct whilst so employed are unique in the history of India.

Amongst the civil works to which great prominence has been attached during the past five years, we may especially mention the roads in Rajpootana and Central India, the improvements effected in the prisons, in the navigation of the Hooghly, and in the Calcutta port; the encouragement given to the plan for bridging the Hooghly, the sanction to the project for tunnelling the Indus at Attock, and the erection of lighthouses on the eastern part of the Bay of Bengal. The question of river embankments, already referred to, is included under this head. And it deserves to be remarked that all the works that have been accomplished, including the non-productive military works, have been pushed on when there was every temptation to a Governor-General to economise, when our finances were at a low ebb, and when even the Secretary of State endeavoured to persuade the Government to slacken their energies in this particular. But Sir John knew too well the great need of India in this respect to listen to delay. Everything has therefore been pushed on with the utmost haste consistent with efficiency of workmanship.

We turn now to the railways. In this department, the main credit that can accrue to any Viceroy must be due to the vigour and energy

with which the works in progress may be pushed on, and the sagacity he may evince in determining the direction which new lines ought to take. The railways in India are provided for by a capital subscribed by the public, but on which interest at the rate of five per cent per annum is guaranteed by the Government. This system had been found in some respects inconvenient, and under the rule of Lord Canning an attempt had been made to substitute for it a system of subsidies. But the difficulties of raising money in this way were found so great, that in 1866 a return was made to the guarantee system, and this will, doubtless, remain undisturbed for the future. Under the operation of this system, it will devolve upon the Government to provide the interest of the money laid out on all the lines for several years to come. Only when the profits of any line exceed five per cent will any attempt be made by that line to reimburse the Government for the sums thus advanced. The great lines in India are, however, so remunerative, that the reimbursement in full will be merely a question of time. The system, too, has this advantage, in that it enables Government to exercise a certain control over the several companies, the want of which, in a country like India, might have led to serious complications. It must be admitted, however, that this control is not so complete as might be desired.

The principal events connected with the railway administration of Sir John Lawrence may thus be stated:—In 1865, 116 miles of the Great Indian Peninsula line, connecting Bombay with Calcutta, were opened. There are now only 161 miles of roadway between the metropolis of India and its chief port on the western coast, and it is believed that in the course of 1870 the whole line will be available for traffic; in 1865, the line connecting Lahore with Mooltan, 208 miles in length, was opened to the public; in August 1867, the line, 223 miles

in length, connecting Allahabad with Jubbulpore; in 1867, 54 miles, and in 1868, 120 miles, of the Delhi railway, were opened, thus connecting by rail Calcutta and Umballa, a distance of nearly 1200 miles. In the course of the current year it is hoped that this line will be extended to Lahore and Mooltan, thus uniting Calcutta to the most important fortress on our north-western frontier. In 1867, Cawnpore was joined by rail to Lucknow, whilst before Sir John left India a chord line of the East Indian railway, joining the main line on the northern side of the Rajmahal Hills, was partially opened. The Eastern Bengal railway, leading towards the sanitarium of Darjeeling, and to the rich tea-countries of Assam and Cachar, has likewise been authorised to extend its line to a distance of 45 miles. The railway connecting Calcutta with the new port of Canning has been taken over by the Government.

To the many projects discussed we have not space to refer. Under the instructions of the Secretary of State, received in 1867, a line connecting Benares with Oudh and Rohilkhund was sanctioned, and the operations on it have already commenced. On the recommendation of the Government of India this line has been likewise extended to Allygurh, a station on the East Indian railway. Sanction has also been accorded to the construction of a line connecting Calcutta and Lahore with Peshawur. The advisability of this line in preference to others which were proposed was questioned at the time. Sir John himself was strongly in favour of completing, in the first instance, the connection between Mooltan and the great seaport of Kurachee, by constructing a railway from the former place to Kotri on the Indus, right through the province of Sindh. He argued that it was far more necessary to open out a land-locked province like the Punjab to the sea than to

construct a railway which could never pay—which would only be useful in the event of Russian aggression. He did not believe in the probability of Russian aggression, at least for many years to come, and he thought it would be wiser, in the first instance, to attempt to develop the resources of the noble province he had so long ruled over, and the extent of which no one knew so well as himself. But those who see in every action of Russia a settled design to invade Hindustan carried the day, and the Secretary of State gave the preference to the frontier line, stipulating that this line was to be the property of the Government. The operations upon it have already begun.

We have made no allusions to the series of noble bridges spanning rivers beside which, in breadth, in depth, and in volume of water, the finest rivers of Europe assume the proportions of streams. We well recollect how it was confidently asserted, before railways were introduced into India, that it would be impossible to erect bridges over the Ganges, the Jumna, and the Soane, especially over the latter, with its extreme breadth in the rainy season, and its constantly shifting sands. There are now three magnificent bridges over the Jumna, and one over the Soane. There has been no reason yet for spanning the Ganges; but an attempt will shortly be made to bridge her principal arm, the Hooghly, near Calcutta, and there can be no doubt of its success. In every part of India the art of the engineer has asserted its triumph over the obstacles of nature.

This, of course, would have happened under any Governor-General, and we only allude to it by the way. For Sir John Lawrence, however, and undividedly for him, we claim the merit of carrying out a great and most necessary reform in the system of railway travelling, affecting the health, the comfort, and convenience of the poorer millions

of our native fellow-subjects. Prior to his arrival in India, the harsh treatment and want of consideration for the third-class passengers had been most marked. They were huddled into their carriages as cattle are huddled into their pens, with this difference only, that in the case of the natives, no care was taken to ascertain whether the carriages could hold all the number thrust into them. The Government of India had no power actively to interfere in such a matter, such subsidiary arrangements being left by law in the hands of the railway company. The urgent remonstrances of Sir John Lawrence had, however, very great weight; and by the introduction of a new class of carriage called the intermediate class, inferior to the second and superior to the third, which cannot be overcrowded, the comfort of natives travelling by rail has been greatly increased.

To sum up. During Sir John's five years' incumbency of office 1556 miles of railway have been opened, and about thirty millions of capital have been spent; the number of passengers has increased from a little over nine millions per annum to nearly fourteen millions. In 1863 the gross earnings came to £1,720,000, the net receipts to £780,000; in 1868 they had swollen respectively to £4,487,112 and £2,337,300, whilst the net annual payments had been reduced in the same period from £1,400,000 to £800,000. In fact everything connected with the railways speaks of efficiency and progress.

Turn we now very briefly to the improvements effected in forest management. These may be said to date from the month of March 1864, when rules were for the first time laid down for the management of all forest business under the Government of India. The necessity for forming a separate department in connection with forest-management had been proved by the enormous consumption of wood required by the railway in the

upper provinces for fuel, and by the very sensible diminution of the supply in consequence. The most energetic measures were required to introduce a scientific system for the planting of young trees to supply the places of those that had been cut down, and to organise a regular method of supply. For this purpose an inspector-general of forests was appointed; trained foresters have been imported from Europe; permission has been granted to officers on leave to study forestry in Europe, and young men have been sent from England to the Continental forest-schools to be trained for employment in India, a plan which the Government of India has requested may be continued annually. At the same time, young men inured to the climate have been apprenticed in this country.

If the progress during the last five years has not been so rapid as might have been expected, and if the financial results have not, as yet, fully realised the expectations of the authorities, it must be remembered that the more accessible forests had been indented upon to so great an extent that, when the new department commenced its labours, they were much impoverished, and that it will be necessary to nurse them for some years to come. The principles of forest management were, moreover, new to all, and had to be learned *ab initio*. The foundations of a successful system have, however, been laid, the principles of forest management are better understood, and the necessity of exercising a control over the forest resources has been generally acknowledged. It only requires the exercise of the same judgment and energy on the part of the forest officers, and of patience on the part of the authorities, to secure in a few years a forest revenue that shall be by no means contemptible, and a supply of wood for all purposes such as may be considered practically inexhaustible.

The telegraph is another of those great departments in which the progress during the past five years has been unprecedented. In this case, moreover, the progress has not been the result of the general progress of the country, but is the consequence of the care and attention paid to the department by the Government. When Sir John arrived in Calcutta, perhaps no other department was in so unsatisfactory a condition as this; when he left, no department was more efficient. The change has been made noiselessly, without any show of introducing a grand reform; it has followed the simple practical measures of reform introduced by Sir John Lawrence. The success of those measures is but another proof of the plain practical bent of his mind, of the directness of his purpose, of his preference of the useful to the showy.

The improvements during the last five years may thus be summed up. Whilst the increase in the length of lines comprises only 505 miles, the total length of wire has risen from 11,661 to 22,567 miles, or nearly double. The cumbrous tariff, which varied with the distance to be travelled over, has been replaced by a simple system, according to which a message can be carried from one end of India to the other for one rupee, or two shillings; the average time of transmission has been greatly reduced; practical facilities have been offered to the public for sending messages to any part of the world; whilst the errors in the delivery of Indo-European messages has fallen from 33 per cent in 1863 to 3 per cent in 1868, at the same time that for Indian messages they do not average more than 1 per cent.

The civil war in America had given a great stimulus to the cultivation of cotton in this country, and great efforts had been made by the mercantile community and others to induce the cultivators of the soil to apply all their energies to the improvement of the Indian

crop. Many facilities had also been afforded by the Government for the experimental sowing of the best sorts of foreign seeds in various soils. The result of these experiments was duly reported to the Secretary of State. But it appeared in the course of time that something more was required; that it would be desirable to constitute a link between the cultivator and the purchaser, and so to systematise the transactions between both. In a vast country like India it is always difficult to find out what is doing in every part of it, and communication between districts is often so uncertain that it is possible that abundant crops of the same article should prevail in parts of the country not very distant the one from the other, without the inhabitants of either being aware of it. To remedy this defect—to bring the principal lands where cotton was cultivated under the survey of one mind—Sir John Lawrence appointed a Cotton Commissioner for the Central Provinces and the Berars in 1866. This appointment proved so useful in its results, that two years later the cotton-fields of the North-West Provinces were brought under the superintendence of the same gentleman. Sir John Lawrence has been sometimes accused of being hostile to the mercantile interests of the country. Yet we see him here giving his sanction to an appointment which, more perhaps than any other, opened out opportunities of legitimate enterprise to the merchant, and which foiled the plans of the speculator. Those who have had any experience of the extent to which gambling in cotton was carried on in the earlier days of the civil war in America, how many fortunes were gained and lost in the speculation, will scarcely regret that Sir John should have, by the appointment we have referred to, limited the action of the mere speculator, and, whilst encouraging that of the legitimate trader, have insured to the culti-

vator some share in the benefits of a rising market.

It may with truth be affirmed that prior to the arrival of Sir John Lawrence in India its sanitary condition had been entirely neglected; the country had been left, in that respect, without legislation. The consequences of this neglect were an utter unconcern on the part of high as well as low respecting a matter of vital importance to the lives of all. In the metropolis itself, the markets, the jails, the hospitals, the conservancy arrangements, had reached a condition below which it was impossible to fall. Nor was this all. In one of the principal hospitals of the city the spectacle had been allowed to pass unnoticed of a naked lunatic chained to a post in the very centre of the building, among the wretched sick, whose agonies were further disturbed by his unchecked howlings.

These and similar horrors had been passively suffered under the rule of the local government, without, apparently, one single effort having been made to bring about a better order of things. The very Sailors' Home, the only place in the town in which our seafaring countrymen could find a decent refuge, was situated in the worst part of the town, surrounded by dens of panders and prostitutes, of drink and debauchery, to whose owners the local government had granted licenses to carry on their infamous trade. But Sir John had not been two months in India before he laid the foundation-stone of a better system. It is true he embroiled himself thereby with the local government; but that was simply because he carried out at the moment a reform pressed upon them for years, and even then not entertained. He established a new Sailors' Home in the best part of the town,—the money being provided partly by private subscriptions, to which he contributed magnificently; partly by the proceeds of the sale of the old Home;

partly by a grant from Government. He directed the formation in the three presidencies of Sanatory Commissions for the special object of searching out abuses such as those we have described, and proposing measures for their reform. These Commissions, existing in one form or another during his tenure of office, have been indirectly of the greatest advantage. Possessing no executive power, they have nevertheless brought to the notice of the authorities evils which had long been unchecked—a state of insanitation affecting Europeans as well as natives which had even been fostered. At their suggestion a scientific examination of the drinking water at all the stations has been instituted, and this has already borne abundant fruit. It has been proved beyond a doubt that the carelessness prevailing as to the use of water for drinking purposes had been a prolific—perhaps the most prolific—cause of disease. Every sanatory question is now forwarded for their opinion, and the fruits of their counsel has been manifested in the decrease of sickness and mortality, alike in the barrack and in the jail, in the town and in the cantonment.

Another important subject to which his peace policy afforded him leisure to turn his attention is the education of the masses. It has been stated, and we believe it to be true, that the increased grant on this account during his tenure of office amounted to about £50,000 per annum. We have not space to state in detail all that he accomplished in this respect. It will suffice if we indicate the direction in which his efforts tended. It was his great wish, in this as in all other acts of his rule, to reach the masses of the people. None knew better than he, from bitter experience in bygone days, how those masses are tyrannised over, alike by the landlord and the petty trader. Uncultured and uneducated, they commence their course of life in bondage of the former, and end it

loaded with the chains of debt to the latter. From such a vassalage no amount of legislation could raise those poor men. It was education alone that could elevate their condition, physical as well as moral, and it was to education accordingly that he had recourse.

Nor was this advantage confined only to the men. Female education was subsidised first in the Punjab, and afterwards in the other provinces of the empire. Perhaps of all measures affecting the permanent good of the higher class of the natives of India this is the most important. So long as the wives of opulent landlords and rich merchants remain uneducated, so long will the husbands make no effort at all to break the bonds of obsolete customs. In an Indian household the wife is all-powerful. Though she may not appear in public, she pulls the strings which regulate the conduct of the husband. He dare not attempt any strange course, or adopt any new device, without consulting her and obtaining her approval. Even though he may have renounced for his own part the superstitions of Hindooism, he is always careful, when he returns to the threshold of his house, to conform to its rites and tenets. This it is which has made the progress of the European reformer in India so slow; but it may be accepted as an undoubted fact, that if the wives were once gained, the husbands would only be too glad to follow.

Acting, we do not doubt, on this conviction, Sir John Lawrence has encouraged, as far as he could, the cause of female education. In 1864 he authorised a grant of £800 a-year for that purpose in the Punjab. This grant was increased the following year by another of £1000; but the attention of the officers concerned was drawn to the necessity of endeavouring rather to lead than to drive, of acting quietly and unostentatiously, and, in no case, of exercising their influence to cause an official pressure upon the natives such as they could not resist. In

1867 a circular was addressed to all local governments and administrations on the subject. In this the Supreme Government declared it to be unadvisable for it to assume the entire responsibility of initiating and carrying out measures for this object, but announced at the same time its readiness to grant liberal assistance, to an indefinite extent, to any scheme based on the general co-operation of the native community. This offer has been eagerly accepted by most of the local governments and administrations, and efforts have been made, in the first instance, to provide normal schools for female teachers. In the following year the sum of £1200 per annum for five years was placed at the disposal of each of the local governments to establish such schools in the three presidency towns. The work is at least well started, and requires now only to be vigorously maintained.

Whilst female education has been pushed on in this manner, every other branch of the department has felt the effect of the energetic influence at the head of the Government. The department has been reorganised all over India; a branch has been introduced into Burma; scholarships have been sanctioned, and great efforts have been made to induce the people to interest themselves in a cause fraught with so much benefit to themselves and to their children.

Amongst other matters of prominent interest which have been pushed forward during the past five years, but for separate comment on which we have no space, we may mention:—the reorganisation all over the country of the police; the establishment of charitable dispensaries and civil hospitals in British Burma; the complete reorganisation of the subordinate judicial department; the establishment of a Chief Court of Justice in the Punjab, and the appointment of Recorders in Burma, a Judicial Commissioner in Sindh, and Government law-officers in various

parts of the country; the organisation of a system of meteorological observations along the coast of the Bay of Bengal and at the port of Calcutta. The list is by no means exhausted; many other reforms have been carried out, which, though in themselves important, may perhaps be regarded as possessing minor interest for the general public.

We proceed now to notice the financial operations of Sir John Lawrence's administration. During this period of his rule, whilst the revenue has increased by about five millions sterling, the expenditure has been augmented only by four. This, in itself, may be regarded as a satisfactory result; but it will be seen to partake very much of that nature, when we state that the increase of expenditure has consisted in a great degree of an increase of salaries, consequent on the fact that the value of every article of necessity in the country has greatly increased. The sound basis on which the financial condition of the country rests may be inferred from the fact that, after charging the whole expenditure for barracks, irrigation works, special fund works, new transport ships, and the construction of the India House in London, against the ordinary revenues, there has been a net deficit of little more than two millions and a quarter. But the expenditure for the past three years on account of irrigation and special fund works has alone reached nearly two and a half millions; whilst the construction of Indian transport ships has amounted to more than a million; the payments on account of the India House to nearly half a million; and upwards of four millions six hundred thousand pounds have been spent in the five years on behalf of barracks. All these constituted extraordinary expenditure. Deducted from the grand total, they would leave £6,300,000 as the amount constituting the excess of income over ordinary expenditure in the five years just elapsed.

During the same period many schemes of taxation have been discussed. A large party has eagerly pressed upon Sir John the expediency of imposing taxes which would reach all alike, their imposition being apportioned according to the consumption of each, rich as well as poor. In the eyes of these men, an increase of the salt tax and an imposition of the tobacco tax have found the greatest favour. But in the East salt is an article of the first necessity to the poor man, and tobacco is his solitary luxury. Ground down in many parts of India by his landlord, compelled to unremitting labour to support his life and the lives of those dependent upon him, the increase of taxation upon articles so necessary, the first to his existence, the second to the enjoyment of the few minutes of relaxation open to him, would, it seemed to Sir John Lawrence, have legalised oppression of the kind least to be borne. He knew these men well; he had seen the difficulties against which they had to struggle, the privations to which they were subjected, and he determined to protect them against a legislation ruinous to them, ruinous, therefore, to the best interests of the country. It appeared to him that the imposition of such taxes was not justified by a solitary political consideration. For, whilst these wretched peasants were staggering along under a load of taxation such as nearly bent them to the earth, the wealthier middle classes, thriving under our rule and because of our rule, were absolutely untouched. They did not contribute a single stiver to the general revenues of the country, and only in the large cities were they assessed in a small amount for the payment of the police who protected their persons and their property. It was upon these men, in the opinion of Sir John Lawrence, that any new taxation ought to fall. He always contended that for India the perfection of direct taxation was an income tax, attended with

exemptions below a certain income. During his five years of office he struggled to introduce such a measure. He wished that the incidence of this tax should be extremely light, but that its machinery, adapted to the people, should be working, so that, in the event of pressure, or in times of emergency, it could be increased at once to the desired extent. He strove, we repeat, throughout his entire term of office, for such a measure, but he strove in vain. His councillors, and especially his finance ministers, looked at the matter from a different point to that from which he regarded it. It was only, in fact, in the last year of his rule that the Home Government appointed as his financial councillor a man after his own heart, one of his trusted subordinates of the Punjab. And it is believed that the scheme of which he most highly approved will be produced in the financial statement of the current year, under the auspices of his able successor, the Earl of Mayo.

We think we have now exhausted the list of the principal measures which his firm maintenance of peace enabled Sir John Lawrence to carry out during his five years' tenure of office. But for that peace all those great measures of irrigation, military and remunerative public works, the education and elevation of the poor, the protection accorded to the cultivators, the opening out of new lines of railways and telegraphs, the encouragement of cotton cultivation and sanitation, would either not have been attempted, or they would have obtained a very much smaller degree of attention. Any effort made to extend the frontier of the empire in the north-west would most decidedly have claimed the undivided attention of the Governor-General and his Council. They would have had no time to attend to internal improvements. What is of even more consequence, they would have had no money. The carrying out of the least in magnitude of the schemes

of the advocates of action—the occupation of the valleys of Khoast and Khurram—could not have been accomplished at a smaller annual rate than two millions sterling. The money thus spent in five years would more than have swallowed up the amount laid out in great works of irrigation, railways, telegraphs, and the others we have enumerated. The uncertainty consequent on a state of war would have penetrated likewise to all the marts of India, and would have given encouragement to the disaffected everywhere. It would, whilst increasing our expenditure, have diminished our revenue. And, we may ask, for what? The answer is plain. To bring about a state of affairs on the frontier less secure, less durable, in every respect less satisfactory, than that which now exists. And to accomplish this result we should have sacrificed all that internal material progress which we have endeavoured to describe.

It is not that Sir John Lawrence was ever neglectful of the honour of his country. The policy of his predecessor forced him into the necessity of chastising the insolence of the rulers of Bhootan, and most thoroughly did he lower their pride. He was a warm advocate of, he assisted so far as lay in his power, that expedition into Abyssinia which the pseudo-Liberals of England would have backed out of, but which, carried out by a Tory Government, remains a monument of splendid foresight and masterly handling. Even towards the close of his career as Viceroy, he directed an expedition against some of the tribes on our frontier, which might have led, which all engaged in it hoped would lead, to a repetition of the Umbeyla campaign—that is, to hard fighting and much loss. Even in this Sir John displayed his usual prudence. He made our force so strong that the enemy were paralysed, and fell back without fighting, giving in to all our demands. It surely argues a greater conviction

of our supremacy in the mind of an enemy when he yields without fighting, than when, as at Umbeyla, he makes constant and repeated assaults on our position, deeming himself in those wild regions our equal. The result of that campaign, though almost bloodless, cannot be doubted. Those who best know the frontier, civilians as well as soldiers, declare that its effect on the offending tribes cannot fail to be lasting.

It has been our object in the foregoing narrative to show the uses which Sir John Lawrence made of the peace which he maintained. No account of his viceregal career would, however, be complete without some reference to the great calamity by which the country was visited in the early part of it. We allude naturally to the famine in Orissa. Into the details of it we shall not enter. It will suffice merely to state that Orissa is a province on the eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal, under the administration of the Lieutenant-Governor of the province of that name. Towards the close of 1865, the press and the missionaries had declared that famine, or at least great scarcity, was inevitable in Orissa, and hard pressed upon the local government the necessity of importing grain. The members of the local government did not, however, believe in the famine, and being most of them pseudo-Liberals and pseudo-political economists, they pinned their faith in the axiom that a demand would always create a supply. No arguments could shake their faith in this great doctrine, although, having spent all their lives in Bengal, they must have been aware that for eight months of the year the south-west monsoon prevented all traffic with Orissa by sea, and the rains for four months by land. Sir John Lawrence, who by no means shared their opinions, felt a vague sort of anxiety on the subject, notwithstanding the assurances of the local government, based upon reports from the spot, that his fears

were groundless. At last the Lieutenant-Governor himself visited Orissa. He returned in the month of March 1866, and reported to the Supreme Government that there was no prospect of famine; that there would be local scarcity and distress; but that to meet this special measures of relief had been carried out; that there was no necessity even for advancing money to the Orissa Irrigation Company; and that the natural fluctuation of prices had been sufficient to attract food to the districts in which it was scarcest.

This opinion, formed on the spot by the functionary responsible for the condition of the province, was of so decided a nature as to permit Sir John Lawrence and his councillors to proceed to Simla, free from any very great anxiety with respect to Orissa. But they had scarcely reached that place before Sir John's doubts returned, and he again mooted the question of the importation of grain. Letters in the various newspapers, which appeared about this time, aided to shake his confidence in the information he had received from the Lieutenant-Governor. His anxiety, however, was not shared by his councillors. These saw, on the one side, the vague and instinctive fears of the Governor-General, who had never visited the province, and who personally knew nothing of it; on the other, the positive assurances of the Lieutenant-Governor, who had recently visited the province, and who was receiving daily reports from the officers in it. The result was that the views of the Lieutenant-Governor were sustained.

Those views were held by the Lieutenant-Governor up to the moment when it became impossible to doubt the famine, and when it was too late to throw in grain in any quantities. Up to the 10th June, the Lieutenant-Governor had persisted that there would be no famine, and yet famine was even then in the land. The fact was, the Supreme Government was mis-

led by the ruler of the province in which the famine occurred, and who had given them all along the most positive assurances, based upon personal knowledge, that the famine was a myth. If we condemn Sir John for not acting on his instincts, we must affirm the proposition that no Governor is justified in accepting the reports of his subordinates. The fears based upon his instincts by Sir John were not felt by any of his colleagues. Had he acted arbitrarily, had he overridden his Council, he would have acted in direct opposition to the opinions of all the men of special experience in the country,—and yet the event showed that he would have acted rightly. As it is, while we may lament that he did not follow the dictates of those instincts, we cannot blame him for not doing so; condemnation is rather due to the Lieutenant-Governor whose report led the Government into error, and who persisted in his confidence up to the moment when famine was upon the population. We believe, however, that Sir John himself always regretted, to the end of his career, that he had not overridden his Council, and directed the importation of grain at an earlier period. It was his conviction as to the mode in which Sir John would have acted had he borne upon his own shoulders the entire responsibility of the Government of India, that drew from Lord Cranbourne the remark that the Governor-General would have done better had he had no Council. This remark will be endorsed by all who paid any attention to the unsatisfactory mode in which the cumbrous machine of Governor-General and Council has worked during the past five years.

The fact is, that the Supreme Council in India requires in the Governor-General rather a master than a colleague. It has, however, been too much the tendency of recent legislation to place the Viceroy and his councillors more on a level of equality. This plan was not found to answer badly when

the Governor-General was a nobleman, supported by a powerful political party at home; but under plain John Lawrence, who had risen from the same level as themselves, who had risen so high above them all, it caused oppositions and dissensions such as were felt far beyond the circle of the Council itself. It was just the sort of opposition that would have been looked upon as natural if Sir John Lawrence had been the immediate successor of Warren Hastings. Like that illustrious Governor-General, he, too, was brought into contact with men who, springing from the same level, though outstripped in the race, too much regarded themselves as his equals. Men who base their opinions upon the experience acquired by themselves in a long career in India, are always unwilling to resign or to modify those opinions in deference to convictions founded upon the similar experience of another. And as in India there are at least two schools of thought, holding principles in every respect opposite the one to the other, it follows that, when the disciples of these opposite schools meet at the same council board, there can be no common ground between them, their principles being *ab radice* opposed. When the Governor-General belongs to one of these schools, and some of his councillors to the other, the difficulties of unanimity are increased. It has often been said that Sir John Lawrence is the last Anglo-Indian Viceroy. It may be so; and indeed, if ever there should arise from the ranks of the noble Indian services a statesman whose merits shall entitle him to sit in the seat of Hastings and of Lawrence, we can well believe that he himself would pause, and weigh, and ponder, ere he committed himself to accept a position which would most surely expose him to the half-hearted support, nay, even to the strenuous opposition, of some of those, at least, with whom he would be called upon to sit in council.

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If physiognomy afford any insight into character, then is Sir John Lawrence indeed one of the highest order of nature's nobility. It is impossible to look at that square head, those deep-set eyes, the capacious forehead, the kindly smile lending an air of graciousness to features in themselves stern and rugged, without being greatly impressed in his favour. It is a head which expresses power, sincerity, deep convictions, thorough earnestness of purpose. This feeling is immensely strengthened when you enter into conversation with him. His views may not, indeed, be always your views, but they evidently express the deep convictions of the speaker, and they are invariably supported by reason and argument. If the subject be India, you see how completely he is acquainted with every detail connected with its political situation—the position of the native princes, of the army, of the frontier how thoroughly all the arguments offered in opposition to his own policy have been examined; what a deep conviction there is in the mind of the speaker as to the correctness of the course which he, after long consideration, has adopted. You see before you, in fact, a most honest, conscientious, experienced, and able Indian statesman, possessing greater experience of the mode of governing Asiatics than any living man; you see him provided with a reason—and though you may not agree with it, it is always a solid reason—for the line of conduct he has pursued in every particular, and you rise from that interview impressed with a conviction of his knowledge and sincerity, satisfied that you have been talking with one of the grandest men that ever lived,—with one to whom, looking at his entire career, posterity will assign one of the loftiest pedestals in the temple of fame.

As a politician and an administrator, we believe Sir John Lawrence will always be regarded as

one of the greatest men India has ever trained. Socially—and it is this which has made him so many enemies—he did not always raise himself to the level of his position—that is to say, with the best will in the world he made social mistakes such as those to whom they referred rarely pardoned. He forgot men's names and faces; he shook hands with the wrong man, and gave a distant bow to him to whom he should have been cordial. He did not mix with the crowd at his parties, but generally spent the evening in talking with any one who had the assurance to address him. The fact is, he disliked large parties; he was naturally shy and reserved, and he was too glad to allow people to do exactly as they liked under his roof. But these social mistakes were never forgiven—nay, in some cases they were treasured up against him to the hour of his departure. Then, again, although he was the most liberal of men—although he entertained munificently, and spared no expense in his household arrangements—although the amount expended in charity was enormous—yet his refusal to give a cup to the races, and some mistakes made by the members of his earlier staff, of which he himself had no knowledge, gave to the grumblers and cavillers an opportunity of which they eagerly took advantage. The mistakes alluded to were remedied at the earliest opportunity by a change in the personal staff, but their effect long survived. In so far as they personally affected Sir John Lawrence they were utterly baseless. He himself cared nothing for the pleasures of the table, and cared little for wine. But in catering for the public, his instructions were that the best of everything should be provided. We unhesitatingly assert that these instructions were literally carried out. And yet some men, who probably knew nothing of the real quality of wine, thought it fine to pretend that they could not drink what was

offered them at Government House. The same individuals could not be loud enough in praise of the wines tendered to them on the occasion of their first dining with Sir John Lawrence's successor. And yet, it is a fact that the wines were the same—the remnant of the stock left behind by Sir John.

It is strange that the greatest enemies of Sir John, himself a civilian, should exist in the ranks of the covenanted Civil Service. As a body, these grudge him alike the opportunities he has enjoyed and the honours he has gained. They are heartily glad that he has gone. This feeling is strong in Bengal proper, but it exists in greater or less intensity all over the country. We can only attribute it, on the whole, to the jealousy entertained by men generally of those who rise from their own level to a superior position, of which we have in England a striking example in the malignity with which the literary world has attacked the career of Mr. Disraeli. In the case of Sir John Lawrence it is perhaps not remarkable that the members of his own service who have shown towards him the least sympathy are, in some cases, men whom he has himself advanced, and advanced in spite of the public opinion hostile to their claims.

In the ranks of the army Sir John has many more admirers than in the body of the service to which he belonged. It is not that he has gone out of his way to do anything for the army. On the contrary, perhaps no previous Governor-General has endeavoured so much as he to divert the higher political appointments to the Civil Service. This has been keenly felt. It has not, however, been resented in a paltry spirit. On the contrary, even those who have seen the claims of inferior men preferred to their own, have done full justice to the conscientious motives of the Governor-General. They have recognised his absolute right to de-

cide in such matters according to his own convictions of what was befitting, rather than according to their fancies. And even when they have personally suffered, they have not failed to admire the determination to act according to his own lights, without favour or affection, which has been one of the most marked characteristics of Sir John Lawrence's career. They have detected, moreover, in all his actions, that quick *coup d'œil*, that power of acting on the moment, of grasping a plan embracing many simultaneous operations, which so strongly marks a great military commander. His strong sense of justice has not less commended itself to their admiration; and they have appreciated to the full that superiority to petty routine which prompted him to ask the advice of a junior officer, surrounded though he might be by the dullest mediocrities in the country.

By the native landowners Sir John, though really their greatest benefactor, was not appreciated. They regarded all his efforts to educate and raise the *status* of the cultivators as attacks upon themselves. They did not correctly appreciate the fact that to improve the condition of the masses was indirectly to benefit themselves. They adopted, therefore, that shibboleth so common among Anglo-Indians—"What has he done for us?" and although he had in reality given them peace and prosperity—although he had taxed them but lightly—although he had opened out to the best amongst them opportunities of public service—yet, because he had refused to tax the masses to their advantage, they replied, "Nothing," and condemned him.

It is necessary, to a complete conception of the character of the late Viceroy, that we should allude to one particular feature of it, which is not generally known. We allude to the manner in which he regarded the criticisms of the public. We

do not hesitate to avow that Sir John was extremely sensitive to the attacks of the press. This is easy to account for. He had not been trained in that rough public life through which an English statesman has to hew his path. As a young and rising civilian the press had never referred to him but to praise him. As Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub he had been held up by the press to the public as a pattern administrator. After the terrible events of 1857, the English press vied with the Anglo-Indian in endeavouring to do him honour. It was only after he had become Viceroy, after he had reached the highest point to which a subject could rise, that the tone of the Indian press changed. Then he was attacked; then he was loaded with abuse; then the merit of his past achievements was rudely plucked from him; then he was told that it was not he who had saved the Punjaub in 1857, but his subordinates in spite of him. These attacks were made, it is true, after he had refused to tax the masses rather than the rich; after he had expressed his determination to protect the coolie labourer against ill usage from his employer, the planter; after he had pronounced against an aggressive policy in the North-West, and in favour of a limited measure of tenant-right in Oudh. Sir John felt these attacks, and winced under them; they annoyed and vexed him; but not one of them affected his policy. No prospect of their cessation, and of a torrent of praise in their stead, altered a single measure in favour of which his convictions had been enlisted. A memorable instance of this occurred in 1867. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal had introduced into the Bengal Council, and that Council had passed, a measure called for by the European tea-planters, regulating the service of the coolies imported from Bengal into the provinces of Assam and Cachar. The measure was strongly recommended.

by the Lieutenant-Governor, by several members of his own Council, and by the press. Sir John had only to pass it, and his popularity with the European community of Calcutta was insured. But he did not like it. He thought it forged the chains of servitude on the unfortunate coolies, and, after long and anxious consideration, he refused to it his sanction. Instead thereof, however, he ordered a commission, the members of which were to be nominated by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, who was in favour of the Bill and convinced of its equity, to traverse the two provinces and to report as to the probable effect which the Bill would have on the coolie population. They traversed the two provinces accordingly; but all the evidence they took, all that they saw, convinced them of the tyrannical nature of the Bill, of the justice of the objections taken to it by Sir John. Yet, because Sir John refused his assent to a measure thus proved to be tyrannical and unjust, he was attacked incessantly by the press. On this, as on all occasions, he preferred his conscience to popularity.

And yet, notwithstanding this, when the day arrived for his departure from the country in which he had served with so much honour—which he had been, under Providence, the means of saving in 1857—a feeling of compunction seemed to steal over very many for the manner in which they had opposed him in his viceregal office. Some few, indeed, held as much aloof, as they could consistently with the position they occupied, preferring to make their court to the rising sun; but the heart of the mass of the European population turned towards him with affection and reverence. The hearty cheers which greeted him as he stepped on board the vessel that was to convey him to the steamer, told him that he had earned the respect which was not to be bought, that all calcula-

tions of self-interest had given way to a reverence for the honest sincerity by which his rule had been characterised. Calcutta has seldom echoed back a more enthusiastic cheer than that which responded to the generous call of the new Viceroy, as the yacht upon which his predecessor stepped was unmoored. There were few dry eyes on the landing-place; there were few who did not feel that a greatness, purely Anglo-Indian—a greatness in which they as Anglo-Indians could sympathise, in which they had a share—had departed from them.

This, we are confident, was no transitory feeling. It will increase with every year of his absence. Never will the memory of his long and varied career be forgotten. It will serve for ever as an example to those whom he left behind—to those who may follow him, an example to do their duty. And if, in the course of time, either by changes which cannot now be foreseen, or by a departure from that sure and steady line of policy with which his name will ever be associated, our North-West frontier should become the seat of war, or the fate of India should depend on the result of a battle at Candahar, at Herat, or on the Hindoo Koosh, the thoughts of all will recur to the memory of the Anglo-Indian civilian under whose rule our resources were husbanded, our position maintained though not extended, and who was able, in the five years of his viceroyalty, to lay the foundation of a system of advancement, moral as well as material, such as cannot fail to knit together, and ultimately to unite, the interests of the two branches of the great Aryan race, and to open out to the people of Hindustan a prospect of general education and enlightenment such as will give them the knowledge, and with the knowledge the power, which alone can guarantee them effectually against the oppression under which they and their forefathers have been ground down for centuries.

AMERICAN REASONS FOR PEACE.

THE Radical faction in the United States has become somewhat too rampant. Having conquered the South, and monopolised the favour of the North, it seems to think, with its large Congressional majority at its back, that there are no limits to its power; that it can snub and humiliate Great Britain, annex the whole of British America, and take possession of Mexico, Cuba, and the West Indies, without let or hindrance, or more than a gentle protest from the states and kingdoms that may be aggrieved by its rapacity. This arrogance, which might be amusing if it were not disgusting, is not without its dangerous side. Were it only displayed in the newspapers, it would be bad enough; but it becomes much worse when a man like Mr. Charles Sumner lends it the authority of his name and position, and when other senators follow his lead and let loose their tongues to stir up strife between England and America. The Mr. Chandler who curtly insists that England shall be made to give up Canada to the United States whether the Canadians approve or disapprove, and who boasts that 60,000 "Michiganders" are ready to overrun Canada at the shortest notice, is or was lately a linen-draper at Detroit. It is no disparagement of him, even among the Americans who know him best, to say that he is a man without education, manners, or sobriety; and that he is of no more political account than Daniel O'Sullivan, the Cork butter-merchant and ex-mayor and magistrate, who thinks that assassins may be honourable men. As such, Mr. Chandler may be dismissed as an unfavourable specimen of the class of men that universal suffrage and the political system of the Great Republic sometimes elevate into public position. Mr. Charles Sumner is a politician of a higher order

of intellect, and, by virtue of his office as Chairman of the Committee of the Senate on Foreign Relations, is a far more influential person. In some respects he is superior to a Secretary of State, whose nominations he can reject, and whose policy he may thwart. In fact, Mr. Sumner is one of the leading men of America. He is an accomplished speaker—somewhat too much addicted to "high falutin," "spread-eagleism," and long poetical quotations, but eloquent, nevertheless, and well trained in the higher departments of public life. He is a native of Boston in Massachusetts, and a lawyer by profession, though he does not live by his practice, but upon his salary as a senator. He has long been noted for his anti-slavery opinions, which he has advocated through evil as well as through good report, but always without much temper or discretion. Eleven or twelve years ago he wantonly charged the Southern ladies with being "unvirtuous," and created thereby a social commotion in Washington which has seldom been equalled in that city. Called upon to retract and apologise, he reiterated and intensified the slander at the first available opportunity. A Southern member of Congress, named Brooks, called him personally to account; and Mr. Sumner refusing to give him the satisfaction of the *duello*, or any other, the champion of the South took occasion to administer personal chastisement, by beating the senator over the head with a stick. For this act the Southern ladies presented Mr. Brooks with a gold-headed and jewelled cane. The consequences to Mr. Sumner were serious. By the advice of his medical attendants, who dreaded mental as well as physical injury to their patient as the result of this savage onslaught, he retired for

some years from the excitement of public life, and travelled in Europe. He was cordially received in England, and admitted into the highest society, leaving behind him the impression that he was the ardent friend and admirer of this country. Whether the cane of Mr. Brooks has left its impression on the mental state of Mr. Sumner, is a question which physicians alone are competent to discuss, though it may well be asked by the sober politicians of England who have read his recent speech on the depredations of the Alabama.

That the Senate, in secret session specially summoned for the purpose, had, under Mr. Sumner's leadership, rejected by a majority of 54 against 1 the treaty negotiated between Mr. Reverdy Johnson and Lords Stanley and Clarendon, was a fact made known to the European public more than a month ago by the Atlantic cable; but that Mr. Sumner had brought so formidable a bill of indictment against the British Government was not suspected until the regular ocean mail furnished the whole document, together with the comments of the American press. Never in the history of nations has such a claim been set up by any responsible statesman against a friendly Government; and that Mr. Sumner is not exactly a responsible statesman, is the only favourable circumstance connected with his manifesto. The senator, doubtless, desired to make a sensation; and he made one. His claim is almost enough to make timid people hold their breath, and quite enough to make the judicious grieve, in spite of an all but irresistible tendency to laugh, at such malignant drivel. The damages inflicted by that pestiferous Alabama upon the commerce of the North are but molehills compared to the multitudinous Alpine summits of Mr. Sumner's demands. He considers the conduct of Great Britain, in recognising the belligerency of the South—a proceeding which Presi-

dent Lincoln himself was the first to inaugurate, and which was followed not only by Great Britain, but by France and every maritime power of Europe—to have doubled alike the duration and the cost of the Civil War. He makes no accusation against France, or Spain, or Russia, or Italy; but against unsympathetic England he discharges all the vials of his wrath, and insists that the British people ought, in equity as well as in common law, to pay at least half the charges of the war—a little trifle of three or four hundred millions of pounds sterling! Nay! The senator will not be satisfied even with this comfortable solation to the wounded dignity of the United States, unless (hear it, heaven and earth! hear it, men and angels! hear it, above all, ye spouters of buncombe!) Great Britain shall humbly acknowledge herself to have been in the wrong, and make a satisfactory apology! This would be exquisite fooling if Mr. Sumner had it all to himself, but it ceases to be fooling whenever any considerable portion of the people to whose judgment it is addressed accepts it as true ground of quarrel. We on this side of the Atlantic may think such demands insane; but on Mr. Sumner's side of the Atlantic, their enunciation has made him the hero of the day, and marked him out prominently as the most available candidate for the Presidency, in succession to General Grant. All accounts agree in representing Mr. Sumner's speech as a great success. Perhaps, as the Rev. Sydney Smith said of a popular book which he was not inclined to read, the speech will "blow over." Trusting for the sake of the United States as well as of Great Britain, that the common-sense of the Americans will, when the first wonderment has subsided, repudiate such unreasoning and unreasonable insolence towards a great and friendly country as Mr. Sumner and Mr. Chandler have displayed, we proceed to show, as calmly and deliberately as we can,

the fatal error into which the Government of the United States will fall, if, in the progress of the disagreement with regard to the Alabama, and any other questions that may hang upon that like beads upon a string, it underrates the power or the spirit, or insults the honour, of this country.

It is unfortunately but too apparent that every one who reviles or depreciates England is certain of a favourable hearing in America. Whether he be a fiery Fenian or a down-east Yankee native born, such a text and such a commentary are certain of applause. Every one, on the contrary, who praises England—*tests* the fate of Mr. Beverdy Johnson—is certain to draw upon himself the censure of American politicians. These facts are notorious, though not their underlying reasons. Nor are they entirely of recent growth, although, no doubt, the questions arising out of the Civil War have intensified the ill feeling.

Long before the outburst of the South, this "tall talk" on the subject of war with England was common throughout the States, though least of all in the South, where the planters were proud of their English and Scottish descent, and cherished pleasing memories of the old country, which Washington himself was accustomed to speak of as "home." But in those comparatively quiet times, when no question of any real importance was pending between the two countries, this blustering arrogance, though it pleased the utterers and the listeners, did no particular harm. Vanity and jealousy, rather than hatred, were at the bottom of it; and the professors of "buncombe," as is their wont, spoke daggers without the slightest intention of using them. But even in that remote period, it was apparent to thoughtful men, that such angry words had a tendency to provoke angry feelings; and we all know that angry feelings, if too persistently exasperated, have a ten-

dency to produce angry action. In England, our politicians and public writers, strong in the consciousness of national power, never condescended to retort, but listened to the hard words of our discontented cousins with more amusement than indignation. But the case is different at the present time. A maniac with a lighted brand may do no mischief if he whirls it upon the ice; but the same maniac, with the same brand, becomes a very different person at the door of a powder-magazine.

That the maniacs and the kindlers-up of strife may not have it all their own way in America, we proceed to show, with all possible good feeling, that were such an unspeakable calamity as a war to befall the two countries, it is just possible that America might suffer most. However this may be, there are two principal reasons why the United States should desire to maintain friendly relations with all the world. In the first place, whatever their Fenian or other mob-orators may say or think, and whatever irritation of feeling may exist against this country, the business men of America, who govern the statesmen in the long-run, know perfectly well that their country is not in a position to provoke a war even with Spain for the possession of Cuba, much less with a power so formidable as Great Britain. They are bound over in heavy penalties to keep the peace, not only by their huge debt, but by the fact that the Union, as restored by the strong arm of military power, is not exactly the Union that it was twenty or even ten years ago, and that an immense work has yet to be done before the North and South can be truly called a united, homogeneous, and cohesive people. These two circumstances, together or separately, are great, if not all-sufficient, reasons why the Government of the United States will not undertake any war which can be honourably avoided, and, above all, why it will not put forward insane demands like

those of Mr. Sumner. In the height and frenzy of the Civil War the Americans spoke contemptuously of the debt they were incurring—called it a flea-bite, said it would be paid off in ninety days, and boasted that the millionaires of New York and the patriots of the West could raise among themselves the money to wipe it off. A national debt an evil! “Not so,” said Mr. Seward; and “Not so” said all the bankers and contractors who were profiting by the war expenditure and the inflation of the currency. These gentlemen affirmed that debt and irredeemable paper were no evils and no loss, but a positive benefit and enrichment. But these ideas prevail no longer. Philip was drunk at the time, and Philip is sober now, and has a headache as the result of his debauch. The joyous day of spending has passed, and the night of payment has set in gloomily and stormily. The labouring classes find, for the first time in their experience, that a large debt means heavy taxes to be wrung out of their pockets; and see themselves, in the great cities, brought face to face with pauperism and crime, or involved in such hard struggles for bare life as were once thought the peculiar curse of the over-peopled countries of the Old World. All classes but the very wealthiest feel the pressure, and will feel it more severely when the Government has discovered the means of stopping the evasions and defalcations on the part of the taxpayers, which are rather the rule than the exception. Throughout the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and New England, whatever the capitalists and rich manufacturers may think of the burdens which they bear, the labouring classes may exclaim, in true Milesian style, with the Irish bookseller in Fleet Street, in the days of William Pitt and the war against France:—

“These are those dreadful taxing days of
yore
Which our forefathers never saw before!”

In short, the burden of the debt is so severe as to incline all the true statesman-hip of the nation to peace. The Americans have discovered that war is a very expensive luxury, and are not likely to indulge in it during this generation, unless it be forced upon them by considerations higher than those of money or the extension of their territory.

But while of opinion that the “tall talk” of the Sumners, the Chandlers, and other American fire-eaters and braggarts, on the subject of a war against Great Britain, means little or nothing, we are also of opinion that the “small talk”—or, we should say, the very mean talk—of certain unpatriotic Englishmen encourages in America a feeling, with reference to Great Britain, which is dangerous to the stability of amicable relations. There is amongst us a pusillanimous party, the members of which are always crying “Peace! peace!” when there is no peace, and who do their utmost, by the loudness of their vociferation and the poltroonery of their reasoning, to persuade the world that, come what will, Great Britain will fight no more; that any great power may insult her with impunity; and that, provided her merchants thrive and her manufacturers flourish, the people of this proud and ancient realm will be content to abandon the first place, which they have so long held in the councils of the world, and descend into the second or third rank. It was this party, with Messrs. Cobden and Bright as its oracles and prophets, that deceived the late Emperor Nicholas, and led him in evil hour to imagine that, as their principles and opinions had prevailed in the matter of Free-Trade and the repeal of the Corn-Laws, they would also prevail in the matter of peace and war, and that consequently he might transfer his seat of government from St. Petersburg to Constantinople without let or hindrance from Great Britain. Every one knows what came of that

huge mistake, and that, had the misguided Emperor been aware of the real temper of the British people and the policy of their Government, and had as thoroughly appreciated as he ought to have done the fact that we were not wholly a nation of shopkeepers, with no other thought than to buy cheap and sell dear, he would not have risked their opposition to his favourite project, and the Crimean war, with all its cost of blood and treasure, would have been avoided. This stupid party is as active as ever. Carried away by its admiration of American democracy, the workings of which it does not understand, it is constantly exaggerating the strength of the United States, and as constantly deprecating any dispute with that Government, as one that must be fraught with the most dismal consequences to ourselves. It does its best or worst to educate the British people into the notion that, should a war ever arise between the two, we should inevitably be defeated; and that common prudence, in default of any nobler motive, should warn us to be very civil and soft-spoken to our trans-Atlantic kinsmen, and avoid saying anything distasteful to them about their ways, their manners, or their institutions. Above all else, they recommend their countrymen to yield on every point on which there is now, or may be hereafter, a dispute with the object of their admiration. There is a certain class of Americans who greatly relish this depreciation of England by Englishmen, and who devoutly believe that the unfavourable estimate is true. It is part of their national faith that the day of England's glory has departed—that she is effete and rotten to the core—that her palsied right hand can no longer grasp the sword—and that she has

grown so fat and lazy, and so indifferent to all things but the till, “that,” to use the words of a favourite Yankee orator, “she cannot even be kicked into a war.”* So prevalent is the notion of the decadence of England, even among Americans who do not encourage any feelings of animosity on the Alabama question, or any other, that some of them, in the excess of their kind zeal, look forward to the day when America shall exercise a paternal guardianship and protectorate over its old “grandmother.” “Nothing,” said a very distinguished American general who won his knightly spurs in the war against Mexico, “would give the American people greater pleasure than to see poor old England beset by a coalition of the European powers, and reduced to the last extremity. In such an emergency it would be the duty and the glory of America to come to the rescue—to save the land of their forefathers from conquest, and take her under American protection thenceforth and for ever”! It is the talk of our peacemongers that fills the minds of bumptious and ignorant Americans with ideas like these, which, were they not counterbalanced by the sound common-sense of the great bulk of the people, might lead some day to a serious misunderstanding, if not to the war which the peacemongers are so over-anxious to avoid.

Lord Stanley, whose good sense never fails him, whatever may be the subject on which he speaks, took occasion, in an after-dinner address at Glasgow on the day of his inauguration as Lord Rector of the University, to state, *apropos* of the Alabama question, “that he had great faith in the American people, and did not think that they would wish to increase their difficulties by

* We would recommend any Yankee believer in England's decay to take his stance in Fleet Street, or in any of our great thoroughfares, and ask himself whether it would be wise to meddle with any member of that busy and strenuous crowd. Let the same Yankee go into the country: where will he find men who look more like fighting, if unfairly jostled?

getting into fresh quarrels." Like the honourable member who said "ditto to Mr. Burke," we say "ditto to Lord Stanley;" and having shown, we think satisfactorily, that the United States will not provoke a war with Great Britain, we proceed to give reasons for the belief which we entertain, that if, forgetful of their debt, and of the unsettled condition, and the smouldering and unextinguished rebelliousness and discontent, of the Southern States, they should, under the influence of passion, jealousy, ambition, or lust of territory, rush into war, which Great Britain will never seek, but which on due provocation it could not refuse to accept, the United States would be exposed to greater dangers than this country.

The Americans erroneously think that our American colonies are virtually indefensible. The error is gross, and might be fatal. This country stands upon a high ground of vantage with regard to its North American colonies, in all possible quarrels with the United States. Great Britain has nothing to ask of the Union but the good neighbourhood which all States and all individuals should encourage towards each other. It wants no increase of territory on the American continent, having already more than it well knows what to do with. Its American colonies, so far from being a source of weakness, are a source of strength. In the great Canadian Dominion, destined, to all appearance, to become at no distant day one of the most substantial powers in the world, there exists no dissatisfaction against the mother country. Great Britain leaves the Canadians, and all her other colonists, free to govern themselves. Their allegiance is nominal; and if they wished to sever the connection, and be as independent in name as they are in fact, there is not a party nor a statesman in England who would say them nay. Moreover, they have no desire to cast in their lot with the United

States, which they might do, if they chose, without British opposition; but a strong desire to maintain their own independence, and the integrity of their soil, with the aid of Great Britain, if possible—but without that aid, if from any circumstance it should prove to be unattainable. The Americans, who might not perhaps attach much weight to the expositions or opinions of a British statesman upon this subject, will possibly give more heed to the opinions of an eminent Canadian, the honourable Mr. Galt, who has, in an admirable speech, taken occasion to administer a dignified rebuke to the Yankee filibusters, who think, with Mr. Chandler and the "Michiganders," that they could annex Canada without the consent of the Canadians. Doubtless, in the event of war, the Americans would speedily overrun that part of Canada which borders upon the great lakes and the Niagara river, take possession of Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, and other cities incapable of defence, and make a dash upon the great fortress of Quebec. Unless the feelings of the Canadian people should undergo a remarkable change, and pass from affection towards the mother country to hatred, the United States, even if their armies took possession of Canada, would not succeed without a hard struggle, and would not be able, if they did succeed, to hold the country against the wishes of the inhabitants, except at a very serious cost of men, money, and time. Great Britain would send reinforcements of troops to Canada *vis à vis* Nova Scotia; and should the Americans, as would be most likely, endeavour to intercept them at sea, the war would assume a maritime aspect, and each country would try conclusions upon the ocean. The United States might no doubt prove very strong at sea; but there is nothing to lead any reasonable person to believe that they would be stronger than, or even as strong as, Great Britain, or that they could put upon the waters a fleet so

powerful or so thoroughly well manned as we could. Our superiority in the first instance, at all events, would be enormous; and we are a people of mariners, and they are not. The best sailors they now possess are Britons allured to the American navy by no love for America, but by high wages; and if we paid higher than the States, or as high, these temporary truants might, in nine cases out of ten, prefer to fight the battles of their native land, and remain true to an allegiance which they never permanently intended to renounce. But while defending Canada directly, and making Quebec a Sebastopol, we should also defend it indirectly, by making a diversion on the other side of the continent. One of the defences of Canada is California, three thousand miles from Halifax. A British fleet and an army from India, such as made an end of poor King Theodore of Abyssinia, might invest the California coast long before assistance could reach the Californians. The United States have but small force in California, and cannot afford to maintain a large one in view of a contingency that may never arrive; and Great Britain might either take possession of the Golden Land, to which its own colonies of Vancouver and Columbia adjoin, or declare the independence of the Pacific States, under British protection, throwing in Vancouver and Columbia as *addenda* to that splendid empire. The United States would find it, under the circumstances, extremely difficult either to retain or defend California, Oregon, and the sister States on the Pacific, even though the Atlantic and Pacific Railway remained open for the conveyance of troops from the one ocean to the other. A railway in war is only of

use if every part of it—every half and quarter of a mile of it—is in the safe keeping of friends; and on such a line as the Atlantic and Pacific, a large army would be necessary, from end to end, to prevent the dislocation of the rails and the obstruction of the traffic. The Indian tribes of the prairies, who are always at war with the United States, would, under these circumstances, become useful allies to Great Britain, if they rendered no service more effective than that of tearing up the rails. Twenty Red men could do more damage in a night, at any part of such a line, than a thousand white men could repair in a week; and it is certain, if the United States attacked Canada, and Great Britain attacked California, that the United States would be placed in a very difficult position—more especially if California should approve of the idea of independence, and receive the boon with thankfulness.

During the Civil War, California yielded but cold allegiance to the North; and had the fortune of war gone with the South, as it might have done—had the Southern people been wise enough to give freedom to all negroes who would fight for the Southern cause, and to all other negroes born after a certain date—it would undoubtedly have declared its independence of both parties to the strife. This connection is not to be lost sight of, and will not be lost sight of, by such reflective Americans as wish to let well alone, and cement the Southern Union before rushing into European wars that might perhaps shatter it into fragments.*

Under all the circumstances, it is likely that such a war as is supposed would be for the most part confined to the ocean and the North American continent. If, however,

* "Have you ever thought what the Californians would do, in case of a war with Great Britain, if Great Britain landed a force in California to proclaim the independence of the Pacific States?" inquired the writer of a very eminent and influential Californian. "Yes, I have," was the reply; "California will be independent sooner or later, and if Great Britain should help us to the boon, all I can say is, we should be very grateful for the assistance."

the United States should endeavour to transfer some portion of its horrors to Europe by an attempt to effect a landing in Ireland, and to co-operate with a Republican or Fenian party in that country, it would become the duty of the British Government, while defending Ireland—partly by British troops, and partly by the aid of the loyal Irish, who are now, notwithstanding all that Fenian Americans hope and allege to the contrary, the bravest, boldest, and most energetic part of the Irish people—to effect a diversion in favour of Ireland by an analogous attempt to revive the dormant fires of Southern patriotism; and if backed by a rising in the South, to acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy. In such an emergency, the South would rush to battle without the “Old Man of the Mountains,” in the shape of negro slavery, sitting upon its shoulders. It would have nothing in its cause to repel the sympathy of Europe, but much to enlist it; nothing in its objects to make any European power averse to the recognition of its independence; and might find even in the Northern States many friends and supporters. With the South in arms, and a British auxiliary force in California and Texas—with the Southern ports accessible to the navies and fleets of Great Britain, and with the stoppage of those great supplies of Irish and German immigration which gave the North so many soldiers during the Civil War—it is very clear that the Government of the United States would find itself in a difficulty both in Canada and on the high seas—both in the South and the West—both with its own citizens and with foreigners; and that it might peradventure be roughly awakened from its day-dream of conquest, to learn by the cruel logic of facts that it was engaged in a struggle not so much for victory as for existence.

There are other considerations

on which much might be said, but for obvious reasons we have touched on the whole subject but lightly. We are not peacemongers, but we love peace, and write in its cause. We desire to say nothing, and hope we have said nothing, to hurt American susceptibilities. It is right that all nations should see themselves as others see them. It is possible, if such a war arose (may heaven avert it!), that the United States might break up the British Empire, though we do not think the result very probable; but, at all events, it is equally possible and infinitely more probable that Great Britain might break up the American Union, and establish such a balance of power on the North American continent as would free Europe from all future danger from that quarter. And certainly it will be time enough for the United States to think of foreign war after they shall have, by a wise course of domestic government, rendered a new civil war impossible.

Cool-headed and practical Americans may see, from this rapid *résumé* of the situation, that the United States are very greatly interested in the maintenance of peace with all the world, and especially with Great Britain. Let them be assured that while Great Britain deprecates war with America as the greatest of all the scandals and evils that could befall either country, it is not afraid of such a war, if rendered necessary for the assertion and vindication of its honour and dignity. The British people want nothing of America but friendly intercourse. The feelings with which all classes of our people regard America are not only favourable but kindly. A large section of our labouring population looks to the United States as the land of hope and promise, whither poor but enterprising men may betake themselves, if things go wrong with them at home, to build up their log-cabins, sit under the shade of their own trees, and achieve inde-

pendence by their honest labour. Our commercial classes see in the extension of trade and intercourse with the United States the surest guarantees for the increase of their own wealth; while our statesmen, philosophers, and thinkers, studying, as they cannot fail to do, the tendency of modern society in Europe to democratise itself in a greater or lesser degree, look with curiosity towards America to discover the means for the possible solution of many social problems that often puzzle the wisest Nestors of our old civilisation. But while such are the feelings of our people and of our Government, whether Radical or Conservative, the Americans commit a fatal mistake when they believe, on the authority of blatant demagogues like Mr. Sumner and our own idiotic peacemongers, that the ancient spirit has died out of our land. Whatever the rank and file in America may think, and however much their semi-Irish and Fenian press, or even Mr. Sumner, may threaten and bellow, the governing minds of the North—such men as Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, Mr. Hamilton Fish, Mr. Adams, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, Mr. Horace Greeley—all the men who commenced their political careers with brains in their heads, and who have cultivated their brains by the study of the world—know full well that Great Britain is neither effete nor insensible to the goad of honour. All Englishmen who remember the commotion of indignant feeling that was excited among all ranks and classes of our people when the news arrived of the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, on board of the British steamship the *Trent*, are perfectly aware that, had the Government of the United States not delivered up the envoys so outrageously intercepted, a war would have been declared which would have been as ardently supported by the people as any in which this country was ever engaged. Upon this point there is no doubt; and it

augured well for the prudence of the American Executive, in a time of great difficulty and peril, as well as of popular passion, that it yielded, though not, we must say, with a good grace, or in a courteous spirit, to the just demands of a friendly power.

Notwithstanding Mr. Sumner's bluster, the Alabama question will, we think, be amicably settled. The reasons that governed this country in the case of the *Trent*, in which it was the plaintiff, govern it in the case of the Alabama, in which it is the defendant. The wrong that the Americans did in the matter of the *Trent* was palpable, and the Americans acknowledged the fact, although in a somewhat insulting manner. Nevertheless they acknowledged it, and made the amends demanded, finding, as Mr. Seward unofficially confessed, and as Mr. Lincoln publicly repeated, "that one war was enough at a time." If England in the case of the Alabama has done as much wrong to the United States as the United States did to England in the case of the *Trent*, England will make amends, and has offered to do so, when the wrong and the amount of it are made clear. There is not the slightest obstinacy or ill feeling on the subject in this country. If it be shown that our Government, by its unfriendly negligence—which is scarcely provable—in allowing the Alabama to escape, has injured America, it has been unwittingly. And two successive Administrations—that of Lord Derby and of Mr. Gladstone—have not only expressed their willingness to abide by a fair award, but to place the whole question of privateering on such a footing, as far as the two nations are concerned, as will not only atone for past error and wrong, if error and wrong there were, but prevent all future dispute and complications, and render maritime warfare, if wars must unfortunately arise between Christian nations, as little

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unchristian as it is possible to make them.* To this issue, doubtless, the question will come at last; but

* We might add much upon the Alabama question, pure and simple, but content ourselves, by way of finale to the many reasons why the United States should be on their good behaviour towards this country, with quoting the history of a similar transaction in which the Americans themselves were engaged when Portugal was the party aggrieved by the depredations of American Alabamas. It was first made public in this country in 1864, in a letter which appeared in 'The Times,' of the 18th of March in that year, and merits at this moment far more attention than it did even then:—

"As the 'little bill' to be presented to Great Britain, when opportunity serves, for the depredations committed upon American commerce by the Florida, the Alabama, and other craft in the service of the Confederate Government, continues to be very generally debated, and finds much favour in the Chamber of Commerce and other bodies that aspire to lead public opinion in this country, it may be useful to show how the Federal Government met a similar claim when it was brought forward against the United States by one of the Powers of Europe. The House of Representatives, on the 7th of August 1850, and the 17th of December 1851, passed resolutions requesting the President, Mr. Fillmore, to communicate the particulars of the several claims of the United States against Portugal, as well as the amount and nature of the claims of Portugal against the United States. Mr. Fillmore accordingly transmitted a message to the House on the 28th of January 1852, accompanied by all the necessary documents, extending from so early a period as the year 1814. The claims of the United States against Portugal need not now be discussed, as they have no bearing upon the point which the British Government will one day have to consider, if the Federal Government be unwise enough to urge it. The claims of Portugal against the United States are, however, so nearly the same as those which Mr. Seward has avowed his determination, when it suits him, to prefer against Great Britain, under the penalty of war if they be not conceded, as to merit not only Mr. Seward's particular notice, but that of the British Government. Letter No. 5 of the series, or page 165 of the Congressional Report, contains the pith of the Portuguese claim. In the year 1816 Portugal was at war with the insurrectionary Government established in Buenos Ayres, and certain persons in Baltimore and New York, all of them American citizens, fitted out privateers, manned them with American seamen, and, hoisting the flag of Buenos Ayres, scoured the seas in search of Portuguese merchant vessels. M. Joseph Corrêa de Serra, Ambassador of Portugal to the Federal Government, writing under date of the 8th of March 1818 to Mr. John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, gave a list of three Portuguese vessels—the *Senhor de Olívio*, the *Marquis of Pombal*, and the *St. John Protector*—that had been captured in 1816 and 1817 by these Baltimorean and New York privateers, and expressed the hope of the King his master that the Federal Government 'would be willing to give satisfaction and indemnity for the injury done to his subjects, and the insult offered to his flag, by these unworthy American citizens.' Mr. Adams replied two days afterwards, stating that 'the Government of the United States, having used all the means in its power to prevent the fitting out and arming of vessels in their ports to cruise against any nation with whom they are at peace, and having faithfully carried into execution the laws enacted to preserve inviolate the neutral and pacific obligations of the Union, cannot consider itself bound to indemnify individual foreigners for losses by capture over which the United States have neither control nor jurisdiction.' Nothing further appears to have been said or done on either side until the 15th of October in the same year, when the Portuguese Minister notified Mr. Adams that he had received intelligence that a ship was fitting out in the Patuxent (Maryland) to cruise against Portuguese commerce, and that the captain, an American, had just left Baltimore to take command of her. In reply, five days afterwards, Mr. Adams said that if the Ambassador would furnish a list of the names of the persons chargeable with a violation of the laws of the United States in fitting out and arming a vessel within the United States for the purpose of committing depredations upon Portuguese commerce, and of the witnesses by whose testimony the charge could be substantiated, 'directions would be given for their prosecution before the proper tribunal.' This was, it appears, both a slow and ineffectual remedy,

until it comes, this country will not suffer its *bona fides* to be pugged, or its honour to be brought into debate before any tribunal

for on the 14th of November the Ambassador felt himself compelled to address the Secretary of State, and to say: 'Obliged by my duty to inquire into the nature of the armed ships that have of late insulted the flag of my Sovereign, and committed incalculable depredations on the property of his subjects, I have found with sorrow multiplied proofs that many of them are owned by citizens of the United States, and have been fitted out in ports of the Union.' In another letter, dated the 17th of March 1819, he says of the Artigan flag, under which these American privateers sailed: 'The Artigan flag, which has not a foot-length of sea-shore in South America where it can show itself, is freely and frequently waving in the port of Baltimore;' and asks Mr. Adams what his and the world's astonishment would be 'if a Swiss flag and Swiss privateers made their appearance on the open sea, and began to attack the commerce of any other nation.' Mr. Adams made no reply; and as far as the published correspondence extends, it would appear that the Portuguese Government never obtained any compensation whatever from that of the United States, for under date of the 25th of May 1850, or thirty years afterwards, we find the new and present Portuguese Ambassador, the Commander de Figueira é Morao, reiterating in a letter to Mr. Clayton the demands made by his predecessor. 'As these unlawful depredations,' says M. de Figueira (letter No. 21, fol. 179) 'were committed by the citizens of the United States in vessels owned, fitted out, commanded, and mostly manned by said citizens, notwithstanding the flag they hoisted or the commission they purported to bear of the unacknowledged rebel chief Artigas, the Government of Portugal has always held that of the United States bound by well-known principles of the law of nations to redress the said wrongs committed by its citizens upon the subjects of a friendly power with which the United States have ever been at peace, and had continued commercial intercourse. The said Government of her Most Faithful Majesty has consequently directed the undersigned, Minister resident of Portugal, to have the honour to address the Hon. John M. Clayton, Secretary of State of the United States, for the special purpose of renewing these important negotiations, and urging the final settlement of these claims by the Federal Government.' M. de Figueira added that the negotiations had only been interrupted in consequence of the many political vicissitudes through which Portugal had unfortunately passed for many years. Mr. Clayton only took five days to frame his reply, and dismissed the claim in a style which it is not likely he would have considered it prudent to employ towards such Powers as Great Britain or France. 'The undersigned,' he said, 'is surprised at the appearance of these obsolete reclamations, accompanied by the renewal of the ancient proposition to appoint a joint commission to determine and assess damages—a proposition which was rejected at the time upon substantial grounds; and without the Minister's personal assurance to that effect, the undersigned would not have supposed it credible that Portugal seriously cherished any intention to revive them. In reply, therefore, to the note which the Minister of her Most Faithful Majesty has presented in the name of his Government, the undersigned must now, by the President's order, inform him that he declines to reopen the proffered discussion.' Portugal never obtained redress or apology, or even the scant courtesy of a friendly reply; and to this day her claims remain unpaid and unacknowledged.

"Mr. Seward may think himself wiser in the matter of the Alabama and the Florida than Mr. Quincy Adams and Mr. Clayton were in the matter of the Baltimore and New York privateers, and may deem it prudent the first time that Great Britain is, or seems to be, in a difficulty, to prefer such claims upon the British Government as the Portuguese preferred in vain against the United States. In this not at all improbable case it is well for the British people and Government to be supplied with an answer to Mr. Seward out of the mouths of two such eminent American statesmen as Mr. Adams and Mr. Clayton. Perhaps, however, under all the circumstances, the present or the next Secretary of State may think it wiser to let the matter rest, and refer American citizens to their own Treasury for payment of losses incurred in the progress of a war which Great Britain neither originated or could prevent, if the Federal Government cannot more speedily settle the personal side of the account by the capture of the vessels which do its citizens so much damage, and the infliction of such punishment upon the captains and the crews as the laws of the civilised world will permit."

whatsoever. As for apology, and payment of half or any part of their war debt, or the cowardly abandonment of our colonies,—the mere suggestion is lunacy, and if made by an Englishman, would be as bad as treason—if not more despicable. This is the A B C of the subject; and if the dispute had occurred with any other country in the world except the United States—in any country where there was a government not carried away, or even diverted from its course, or likely to be so diverted, by popular passion—no question of war, after such concessions as Great Britain has made for the sake of amity, could possibly arise. But America is not like other countries; and there is constantly a danger, more or less serious, that a party placed in power by the popular vote, and desirous to retain power by the same agency, will truckle to popular clamour, and consent to injustice for the sake of office. We are troubled overmuch with similar parties at home; but we put up with the inconvenience as best we may, because we know their existence to be inseparable from a popular form of government.

If it were possible that President Grant should accept Mr. Sumner and Mr. Chandler as true exponents of American opinion and policy, and proceed to act upon their suggestions, war would undoubtedly result in spite of all the multifarious reasons which the United States have for preferring to be at peace. Such a war so provoked would have one great advantage for England. It would render our people unanimous, and would, if need were, turn every able-bodied man into a soldier or a sailor. Moreover, it would enlist upon our side the sympathies of the whole civilised world; and in great as well as in little war sympathy goes for much. "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just" is not a merely poetical fancy or figure of speech, but a sentence which expresses a mathe-

matical truth. The sympathies of the world flow towards the rightful cause, like waters that seek their level in the sea; and the man or nation who not only feels and knows that he is in the right, but who is supported in that feeling and that knowledge by the sympathy of the onlookers, is actually made physically stronger than he would have been had no such feeling entered his mind and that of his neighbours. And part of the soreness that has been created in America towards this country arises less from the depredations of the Alabama than from the alleged want of sympathy with the North during the Civil War that was exhibited by Great Britain, or at all events by many leaders of public opinion in and out of Parliament.

And as regards this great question of sympathy, it is possible that if Great Britain were forced into a war with the United States by the United States, and after having done her utmost to avert the catastrophe, something more than the sympathy of the great European powers would be ranged on her side. As if it were a voice from the grave speaking to the world with all the solemnity of an oracle, there surges up before us, as we write, the hitherto unpublished opinion of the late Prince Talleyrand on the subject of the complications that may be caused in Europe by the power and pretensions of the United States. Writing more than forty years ago, this sagacious statesman, in a passage in his Autobiography, shortly to be given to the world, remarked in the true spirit of prophecy, or rather of that astute calculation which deals with events as mathematicians deal with figures, that the United States would sooner or later become dangerous to Europe. "On the side of America, Europe must always have her eyes open, and not furnish any pretext for re-creminations or reprisals. America is increasing every day. She will become a colossal power, and a

moment must arrive when, having more easy communication with Europe by means of new discoveries, she will wish to say her word in our affairs, and have a hand in them. Political prudence, therefore, imposes on the governments of the old continent the care of scrupulously watching that no pretext shall be offered for such an intervention. From the day when America shall plant her foot in Europe peace and security will be banished for a long time."

For the last twenty years, and long after the wily statesman was in his grave, his prediction has been verifying itself; and more especially since the close of the Civil War, the United States—not, we must say, by sanction of their government, but by the printed and spoken sympathies of the people, and by some, though possibly a minority, of their statesmen—have been endeavouring to "plant a foot in Europe," and to rest that foot upon Irish soil by means of Fenianism, and the establishment, quixotical as it may appear to us, of an Irish Republic, affiliated to and partly maintained by the United States. In view of these circumstances, and of others that preceded and followed them, and notably of the recent legislative sanction given to President Grant to recognise the independence of Cuba, even though such recognition should produce a rupture with Spain, the words of Prince Talleyrand become, as we said, prophetic, and may possibly find echoes in more European countries than one. But Will, fortunately, is not the same as Power; and it is likely that if Spain were in a position to make the recognition of the independence of Cuba a *casus belli*, the Government of President Grant might consider the particular game to be not worth the candle, and would hold forth the resolutions of the Senate or the House of Representatives to recognise the Cuban insurgents as the "buncombe" of individual mem-

bers of the Legislature, and never intended for the adoption of the Executive.

Though it may seem like child's-play or a useless waste of words to answer all Mr. Sumner's absurdities, indorsed or unindorsed by the American people, or attempt to prove a set-off against his little bill, it is possible to amuse ourselves with a calculation of the set-off which Great Britain might plead against the United States as represented by Mr. Sumner. *Item*, cost of the war for the maintenance of the integrity of the British Empire, imperilled by George Washington, a rebel;—two hundred millions sterling; *item*, cost to Canada of the volunteer force to repel the continually-threatened inroads of the Americans;—fifty millions sterling; *item*, cost to the Imperial treasury for the defence of Ireland against Fenian movements organised in America;—fifty millions sterling; *item*, to the prolongation of the rebellious feeling in Ireland occasioned by American sympathy, three hundred millions sterling, *et cætera, et cætera*. This, of course, is all bosh, but no more bosh than Senator Sumner's claims against Great Britain. There is no other specific against Sumnerism and Chandlerism than contempt, and no one need be surprised if, in the long-run, as much of that wholesome medicine shall come from America as from England.

To conclude. Is it not time that all the heats and animosities engendered by the great Civil War should cool down? The North has won its cause, and ought to be reasonable. If it fancies it has a complaint to make against Great Britain for want of written and spoken sympathy during the struggle, it ought to reflect upon the fact, that the most powerful of European monarchs was ready to acknowledge the independence of the South, and that the Government of Great Britain, with unexampled forbearance, refused to join him in the

enterprise. The Americans, who feel "bitter," as they call it, against England, for want of sympathy—a sympathy, by the way, which the people and Government of the United States never felt or expressed for England when she was engaged in quelling the Indian Mutiny, or fighting against Russia at Sebastopol for the maintenance of the Turkish empire, or on any occasion whatever, either foreign or domestic—would do well to remember what would have happened had England agreed to the suggestions of the French Emperor. We were strongly of opinion then, we are still more strongly of opinion now, that France was right and England wrong on that occasion. Had it not been for the fear entertained in Lord Palmerston's Cabinet that the anti-slavery pro-American and Exeter Hall influence would have placed it in a Parliamentary minority on the question, it is highly probable that so sagacious a statesman and thorough a man of the world as Lord Palmerston would have seen the obvious advantage of uniting with the French Emperor in the recognition of the Confederate States—a recognition that would have saved the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, made a firm friend of the Southern nation, and rendered it impossible for the dismembered fragments of the once United States to play the part of Dictator in the affairs of the world, stir up Fenianism in Ireland, threaten the annexation of Canada, and present insulting and unconscionable claims against this country on any future occasion. Are these things which the triumphant North should either ignore or depreciate? We think

not. We think, moreover, that the North owes its triumph as much to this very generous, but, as the result shows, somewhat foolish neutrality on the part of Great Britain, as to its own prowess, aided as the latter was by the adventurous rowdiness of Irishmen and Germans, who fought less for the sake of the North than for the sake of the previously unheard-of amounts of bounty-money offered to the volunteers. We do not accuse the American people; we only accuse the dominant faction that has got the upper hand, and hopes to retain it by the strong arm of military despotism in the South, and by hostility towards England—hostility which is cheap as long as it is confined to words and to speeches from its Sumners and Chandlers, but which might happen to become very dear if it passed from their mouths to the hands of responsible statesman.

And after all, great and powerful as the United States undoubtedly are, they are not so great and powerful as to afford to be laughed at. Mr. Motley is supposed to come to London fully charged with the ideas and the demands of Mr. Sumner—to hold a moral pistol at the head of poor John Bull, and demand not only his money, but his honour and self-respect. We believe nothing of the kind, however, and shall not do an eminent historian, philosopher, jurist, and statesman, or the President who nominated and the Senate which confirmed him, the injustice of supposing that he is authorised to present to Great Britain, as bases of diplomatic action, the rant of Mr. Sumner or the drivel of Mr. Chandler.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

THE TEMPTER.

SCARCELY a week passes that some indignant writer in the 'Times' does not publish the circular of a money-lender, setting forth the facility with which any sum of from five to fifty thousand pounds may be obtained without intervention of agency, and on the most reasonable terms—"bills renewable at any dates, at the discretion of the drawer." The outraged receiver of this proposal rushes at once into print to denounce the system of these infamous corrupters of our youth, and to expose by name and address the Satanic tempters who are leading our young men to ruin. Now the disclosures which from time to time occur as to these gentlemen's practices, the simple narratives how a loan of one hundred pounds can readily grow to five or even ten times the original amount, and then the clever calculation of what young men will pay to meet some sudden exigency, and what they will submit to for sake of secrecy, show that this has become one of the exact sciences, and that usury is now a great art compounded of arithmetic and physiology. These men, in fact, have set themselves to study the Rake's Progress with an intensity of appreciation that is quite peculiar to them. They see how inevitably—now from distinct disposition, now from example, now from easiness of temper—young men are led into habits of extravagance, and induced to launch out into expenses for which they have no adequate means. By patience, investigation, and minute inquiry, the usurer learns to distinguish between him who represents capital and him who represents nothing, and he separates the wheat from the chaff with an amount of skill that all the science of the miller cannot rival. Lazarus Levi is, in fact, a man who has investigated closely the habits of the

time he lives in, but he is also a well-read student in the family history of Great Britain, and you could far more easily impose on Doctors' Commons itself with a dubious title or a suspected legitimacy than on this obsequious little man with the guttural utterance and the diamond studs.

The doctors might envy the diagnostic skill of one who only asks three minutes' interview to know the whole "case" before him. The swaggering self-assurance of the man upon town—the rakish carelessness of the habitual spend hrift—the bashful awkwardness of the young sub. who has only "matriculated" in debt, and the cautious reserve of the man who, intending to pay at last, is careful to examine the terms on which the "accommodation" is offered him, are symptoms that pass under his eyes daily, and dismissed as easily as the physician prescribes for a catarrh or a sore throat. But there occur subtle cases. These are the men who, themselves gamblers, are occasionally driven to a day or an hour, and whose solvency depends on the success of this or that speculation. If gold falls—if "the five-twentys" go up—if Regulus wins the handicap—if—heaven knows which of the accidents of life incline to this side or that, then they pay or they break. It is here that Lazarus shows the extent of his resources, for he knows the effect of the rains in Bengal as well as he does how the deep ground will affect the Liverpool, and can estimate the damage to the Indigo crop as easily as the strain on a mare's back tendons.

What a knowledge of art and vertu does the man possess! Valuables of all kinds come before him, and he is as much at home with a Majolica cup as with a Sèvres jar, and knows pictures as well as he knows a good investment.

In a word, there is nothing on earth or air or water he cannot make marketable, and such is the range of his knowledge that he can appraise and estimate every material guarantee that comes before him. The cob you ride in the park, your wife's trinkets, your grandfather's reversion, your aunt's lappets of Brussels lace, your cousin's dock-warrants for tea, your book on the Riddlesworth, your troop in the Hussars, your presentation to a vicarage, seem each of them to have been a special study with him. He will advance you on anything except an Irish estate or a share in a theatre.

And now for the application. Are all these great acquirements, the result of years of patient labour and study—are they to go unrequited? Is this man simply to be regarded as an unlettered ignorant dealer—a mere human money-safe, instead of being, as he is, at the very top of the most learned profession? These men, whose knowledge of morals exceeds that of a whole bench of Bishops—who understand parchments like an equity lawyer, and have more skill in the science of temperament than the College of Physicians—are they not to be requited for their high cultivation? Is it nothing that they know, as no one else knows, all ranks and gradations of men; to what influences they yield, to what temptations they are submissive? If, as we are told, "the proper study of mankind is man," who has made it his study like one of these? Does he not know the very moment when the heart first yields to temptation, and the last when it closes against repentance? Does he not comprehend to a nicety how far a youth will go in wickedness at a certain cost, and when the price of vice will, for the first time, arrest him in iniquity, and make him reflective?

The abusive tone as-umed towards usury itself, is one of the most consummate humbugs of an age of humbug. When the inn-keeper provides you with a breakfast

whose intrinsic value is sixpence, and charges you half-a-crown for it, is not this usury? and yet you never think of exclaiming against his four hundred per cent., but simply admit that the accommodation, the prompt service, the ready attention, and the goodness of the fare, were ample requital for your money. Now, it is perfectly true that a penny roll and a cup of coffee at a street stall would be an immense economy on all this; but I never heard that a venerable parent had advised his son to this expedient, or thought of publishing the hotel reckoning as a public warning.

Nobody ever pretended that a doctor's five minutes were really worth a guinea, but nobody denies that the knowledge by which he is enabled to make that five minutes serviceable, the long task of years, the days and nights of intense application which have fitted him to employ those five minutes for your benefit—these, condensed as they are, are cheaply bought at the guinea, and are you going to deny the other great practitioner the reward of all his skill? Has he too not studied disease? disease the most fatal and destructive—does he not mix with all the contagion of vice till his constitution, by repeated attacks of wickedness, has become actually steeled against infection? Is there a moral plague-spot this man has not surveyed? Is there a shortcoming of youth or an iniquity of age he does not know?

Usury! as if everything about and around us were not usury. When the farmer sows his wheat, does he not look that every grain return him full five-hundredfold? Does your grocer sell you his coffee at cost price? Does your livery stable-man furnish your carriage at the current rate of forage, and no more? Does the bookseller give you your volume at the price of production, or are you not, for everything of your daily use, paying for what of all things is best worth paying for—the prompti-

tude and accommodation with which you are served? The great fact being that, to wish and to have are combined in the same link; and when this is the case, when the object sought is the source of all strength, the motive power everywhere—money—you are ready to cry out Usury! as though you who go in search of his corruption were the faultless one, and that he who served you was the fiend incarnate.

What stupid hue and cry is all this? It takes two to make a compact, says the Italian adage, and what arrant humbug it is to assert that in an iniquitous transaction, where consent and accord are asserted, there can be but one culpable! Ah, but the tempter!

Well, let us see what about this tempter. Now, be it borne in mind that it is after running the gauntlet of temptation that our young friend comes to the usurer. He has graduated at the Haymarket, and the *coulisses* of the opera; he has passed his little go at Newmarket, and taken honours at the Raleigh or the Badminton. The *ingenuus puer* by this time is, all things considered, not a bad match for the practised performer who dispenses the cash and calculates the renewals. Hear Lazarus himself on this head, and let him tell you what his experiences are of these unfledged birds who flutter up to him to mortgage the feathers that they promise themselves to possess some day.

I protest there is very little of temptation in the matter, or, if there be any, I know on which side stands the tempter.

I am full sure of one thing. In this raid against the usurer we are very indifferently serving the cause of him for whom we are interested. So long as we turn all our indignation against Mephistopheles, we are bestowing too much sympathy on Faust. Now, as it is Faust we are really interested for, as it is Faust we want to save, and Faust we are caring to rescue from evil, let us see if we are going the best way to the object.

Be firmly assured of one point, that of these innocent youths whose fathers rush so intrepidly into the 'Times,' there is not one in fifty—I might go farther and say one in five hundred—who has not gone the round of as many temptations as Faust himself. The *ingenuus puer* of the moralist would be as great a curiosity now as any of his chroniclers. I am not exactly sure where one should go to look for him; certainly not at our Universities, and I doubt much if at our public schools. Is he at the 'Rag?' I suspect not. Is he in the civil service—at F. O., for instance? I have my suspicions to the contrary.

Our *ingenuus puer*, so far as my observation goes, is far too much of a match for his own father! So far from being a fresh-hearted simple youth—new to life, and facile to all its seductions—he is a very artful young gentleman, deep in all the mysteries of play and the betting-ring, on excellent terms with stable keepers, jockeys, and grooms, and whose intimacies with the fast and loose of the other sex I will not speak of. Now, of all the craft he has cultivated there is none to which he has devoted more skill or intelligence than money-raising, whether it be from the over-indulgence of his aunt or his grandfather, his cousin or his guardian: to "screw a fiver out of them" is an achievement of which he feels as proud as he is delighted with the fact.

This is the great game that engages all the youth and intelligence of our public schools and college life, and follows our young men into the army and navy, and even tracks divinity lecturers and loiters amongst ordinations and inductions to vicarages.

Raising the wind is a pastime we cultivate from the perambulator to the Bath chair. In fact, money with us enters far more into all the relations of life than with any other people of Europe. The most sacred of all callings, the most chivalrous of all careers, we make

accessible by money, and we have taught ourselves to associate all our ideas of station and respectability with a certain amount of fortune.

And is it to a youth so trained and so imbued, I would ask, that the money-lender is dangerous? I suspect Mr. Levi could tell us another story. With the man of business under a momentary pressure for assistance; with the small trader, whose speculations are all based upon quick returns, and who has no stronghold of capital to fall back upon, Lazarus deals with comparative ease. It is a country with whose geography he is familiar; his real puzzles are the young fellows about town, whose wits are sharpened by daily practice in the betting-ring, the race-course, the club; whose nice calculations of odds can go to the extent of making an equation of their own chances of solvency, and weighing the lender's prospect of repayment against their own liabilities. It is the *ingenuus puer*, with a book on the "Leger," and a horse in training for the "Grand Prix," that Lazarus really dreads. This simpleton, with the "Racing Calendar" at his fingers' ends, and whose memory is stored with every roguery of the ring, whose whole life is a "hedge" against fortune, is the habitual client of Lazarus, and every club has its half-dozen, or rather its scores, of these Gamaliels, at whose feet young subalterns sit and learn knaveries; and it is this same young sub's father who writes to the "Times" his tremblingly indignant exposure of Levi's circular. Now, as the man said of tiger-hunting, it's capital fun so long as you hunt the tiger, but when the tiger hunts *you*—, so is it of money-raising. It's excellent sport so long as you hunt Lazarus; but Lazarus will have his day for all that, and we are idiots enough to expect that he will always show tail.

We are free to own that fox-hunting would not have its charm if divested of a certain danger

to life. It is the mimic war with its risk of peril that imparts its manliness, and yet we have no indignant fathers writing to the "Times" about the treachery of rotten embankments, the perfidy of drop-leaps, and the barbarous cruelty of coped walls. Be as generous and free, then, about the usurer. Let your son well know that in his pursuit of this dangerous animal, he runs a risk proportionate to the pleasure of the pursuit, and that he must lay his account to take his chances of hard usage. Warn him, to your heart's content, of all the consequences of this dangerous sport. Show him, to the best of your ability, that it is neither profitable in the present, nor creditable in the future, and that of the men who have escaped from the toils with unimpaired fortune, there are very few who have come away without tarnished honour; but, whatever you do, do not, by directing the full force of your indignation on the lender, seem to exculpate the borrower. This canting abuse of the usurer makes a victim of the client, who is taught to believe that because he acceded to an iniquitous bargain there is no indebtedness, and that the execration bestowed on the usurer is a certificate of honesty to himself.

It is to this unfortunate conclusion all these stupid letters are leading. The *ingenuus puer* is delighted to find that the exorbitancy of the terms he agreed to not only absolves him from debt, but gives him a receipt for character.

I don't think that Adam's plea of being tempted has secured him the unqualified respect and esteem of posterity; but at least "there was a lady in the case." Now, the young gentleman who wishes to screen himself under this pretext, should have some fairer cause than is set forth under a four shilling stamp, to be honoured at thirty-one days after date.

In one word, the tempter is not so subtle, nor is the tempted so simple, as we would make him.

SELLING A HORSE.

I have often thought that there was no more searching test of a man's temper and self-control than to submit him for an hour or so to the insolent demands and outrageous insinuations of a cross-examining barrister. If a painful operation in surgery were to be conducted, not for the extirpation of some baneful disease, or to arrest the progress of some dangerous malady, but solely to display what there might be of disordered or impaired organisation in the patient—if the man were to be operated on to discover whether the valves of his aorta were in good working order, his lungs free from adhesions, and his digestive organs in good repair,—it is just possible that the inquiry would cost a great deal more than the answer was worth; and yet the system of cross-examination proceeds very much on an assumption of this nature; and is far less directed to elicit truth and unravel difficulty than to confuse and confound some unhappy individual who, awed by the solemnity of the occasion and the novelty of the place, finds himself subjected to a series of impertinent reflections, corrections, and sneers, with the palpable design that, proving too much for his temper, he may betray himself into anger, and, worse, perhaps into self-contradiction.

How poor a figure men cut under this torturing process—even men of brains and ability—our daily journals inform us, since not only is the witness strictly limited to the terms of an unqualified reply, but the slightest attempt to resist the insolence of his questioner, or to retort on his rudeness, is suppressed by the court, at the threat of punishment held over him. The judge is like an old sportsman, in fact, who, though he no longer follows the hounds himself, enjoys a run amazingly; and while etiquette forbids him giving a "tally-ho," his concurrent smile and genial look show that his heart is with the

chase. It is indeed a *mauvais quart d'heure* that a man spends in the witness-box; but I solemnly declare that I'd rather be worried by Coleridge, or badgered by Chambers, than I'd go through the course of mortification, impertinence, and outrage incurred in the operation of selling a horse.

There are men who have never gone through the process, and who will not unnaturally perhaps set down what I have said to some peculiar fretfulness, or impatience, on my part—some native irritability, and say, Why should the sale of a horse be a greater trial of temper than that of a house, a farm, a pleasure-boat, or a bale of merchandise? And I reply, Simply because it is not a house, a farm, a pleasure-boat, or a bale of merchandise, but a horse is the thing to be sold. Of course I do not apply what I have said to all horses, nor to the screw you drive over to the station on damp mornings, or the slave that takes you out to dinner, and waits till all hours to bring you back; nor to the cob with the initial spavin, that starts always on three legs, and never comes to the fourth till he and you are bathed in perspiration; nor to that old wall-eyed grey that, being a daisy-cutter in youth, is now a stone-breaker, and stumbles over every third step in his trot: from each of these you accept severance with equanimity and calm. You took their services while you had them with as little sense of an identity about them as a mackintosh cape or an umbrella. I speak of the horse that you cared for and affectionated—the horse you rode with satisfaction to yourself, and admiration from the world—the horse you had carefully "made to your hand," whose temper, studied and well considered, you had adjusted exactly to your own requirements—the animal that knew you and your passing mood of chagrin, depression, good spirits or bad, as nothing else in your household did

or could know you—who exulted in your days of buoyancy with a bounding animation, as he sympathised in your sadder hours with a quiet demeanour—a thorough courtier, in fact, if it be not abuse of terms to call anything so loyal and so faithful, a courtier. It is, indeed, a hard necessity that compels you to part with him. No need to ask what the nature of the necessity. You have been at the wrong side of the post with fortune. There are various ways of being so, and that is enough. You are driven to that moral death which people blandly call retrenchment.

Only they who have gone through this operation know anything of its tortures. All the things which have grown up around you, till from familiarity they become part of you—the very complements of your nature, without which you could not address yourself to grave thought, nor give yourself up to gay enjoyment—all these to be chronicled and catalogued in an auctioneer's list, and scattered to the four winds of heaven! The arm-chair you had ruminated and reflected in till its padded back had seemed to have been designed for your occipital region, bought for a rheumatic invalid! Your study table, at which your woven fancies were manufactured into "copy," sent to a counting-house. Those green morocco *causeuses*, on which your choicest friends loved to lounge and smoke, while wit and wisdom blended themselves in the talk, and men showed how an Attic flavour could season the easy converse of daily life—these have caught the eye of a cigar-divan proprietor. And so it is with everything—the half-dozen pictures you picked up in your rambles abroad—that Cuyp at Haarlem; that Mieris at Bruges; the Andrea del Sarto of Bologna; and the sweet bit of golden glory and splendour by Paolo Veronese chanced upon at Venice—your wonderful '34 Margaux, sent to you as a special favour of that rare

producer and exquisite judge, M. Lallande—that delicious tippie of velvety softness and delicate aroma, every drop of which was priceless—bought in for a freshman at Oriel, to be "wined" at orgies over broiled bones and devilled biscuits, and suchlike abominations—emblems of all the baser uses we ourselves are coming to.

These things, however, you part with painfully, regretfully, and sorrowfully; but the sympathy with inanimate objects does not touch you in the tenderest point. At last you hear some one call out, "Is there not a liver-chestnut hackney? I thought I saw something about a six-year-old horse, warranted sound, and perfectly trained to the saddle." Now are your troubles about to begin in earnest: you have borne the taste of your drawing-room furniture to be abused—its over-gorgeousness, or its excessive severity; you have heard your Vandyke called a copy, and your Rembrandt a "croute;" your claret, too, has been pronounced flat from age, deficient in bouquet, and weak in colour; and your Persian carpet, for whose authenticity the faintness of the tints vouched, has been declared to be almost worn out. Well, you have gulped down your indignation, and perhaps consoled yourself in thinking of the ignorance of your critics; but now has come the moment when ignorance becomes insult, and censure an open offence. You bear up tolerably well at being told that it is a pity he is not grey, or black, or bay, or roan; that the purchaser hates chestnut; that chestnuts are hasty, fretful, hot-tempered, and so on, and that he would not take a present of a chestnut; then from another that he is too tall, or too short—without exactly saying for what—that he has something treacherous about his eye, or that his tail is not set on in some peculiar fashion which the buyer admires; but at length you come to more touching censures than these.

"Shows a deal of work—those fore-legs won't stand it much

longer—back tendon knotted a good deal!" cries one; "A leetle bit too straight in the pastern for my taste," says another, "and feet a trifle too small—bad shoeing would soon contract that heel for you."

"What's this here?—capped hock—ah! and a threat of blood-spavin too. That's enough for me."

"Are you sure his wind is all right?" asks a third. "I thought he flanked a good deal after that canter. Would you mind letting your servant give him a sharp gallop? has he carried a lady? will he run leader? how does he jump timber?" are all poured in upon you by people who have no thought of a deal; and once more come in the doubts upon "that eye, or that tendon, or that frog." Now, with a full conviction of your beast's soundness, and a thorough belief in your critics' ignorance, these suspicions are so many insults to your understanding, and wounds to your pride. Had there been no question of sale, you would have resented these impertinences as personal injuries. The converse of "Love me, love my dog" is, "Abuse my horse, abuse me."

Last of all comes the fellow who walks around your beast, with his eyes ranging from the pastern joint to the knee—never higher, and, with a jerk of the head to the groom, says, "Take him in." That wretch I could fire every barrel of my revolver at.

Although you are well aware that the animus of all these disparagements is to knock something off the price—that in every censure of your beast's ears, or mane, or tail, there is the question of a ten-pound note—the insolence is not diminished by that consciousness. You arrive at last at the fatal fact—that where money comes in, courtesy goes out, and that he who has to dispose of anything, enters the field as a dealer, and must look for no other civilities than such as are common with his craft.

Where a man's love for his horse has become a sort of family affec-

tion—where the honesty of the animal has made itself a place, like a trusted quality, in his regard—where you feel that sort of attachment that it is no abuse of terms to call friendship for your beast—it is a sore trial to hear his points discussed by ignorance, and his powers desecrated on by flippant insufficiency.

For my part, I have to own that I have never figured in the position without feeling like a slave-dealer. It was as though I was setting up to sale, not only the strong thews and sinews that had served me, but the sterling qualities of temper, courage, and endurance—the brave intrepidity that had carried me nobly through danger—the dash and spirit that had rallied my own heart to daring, and the loyal obedience that had yielded to my will, even when that will had been little better than a caprice, if not half a cruelty.

Perhaps the worst of all, however, is the sense that throughout the whole transaction you are treated like one little better than a swindler; every assertion you make doubted, and every assurance you gave of your beast's soundness, temper, or performance, set down to the score of an unprincipled rascal, who would perjure his soul for the chance of a stray five-pound note. The men who would listen to you with respect and deference possibly on any other subject, who would hear your opinions on matters of weightier moment, and accord you at least the courtesy of appearing to think you a person of truth and character, have here no scruple whatever in showing that they distrust and disbelieve you; that they look on you as a man pleading to a certain brief, and only eager for his fee. The people who would not impugn your veracity, nor think of treating you with discredit, have not the slightest hesitation now in listening to you with open incredulity, and actually permit themselves the liberty of cutting jokes on your assertions—and all this because you are about to *SELL YOUR HORSE!*

IRELAND—IN TERROREM.

Landlord murder in Ireland might seem, to any one unacquainted with the country, to be the most gratuitous and unrewarding of all crimes, since, shoot how they may, the race of proprietors will still be continued, and the son, or the nephew, or the far-off relative will succeed, and rent-day will return with the revolving year, and all the horrors of paying for his land will press on the heart and the patriotism of long-suffering Paddy.

Though this be all true, yet is there another side to the question, and by this side we see that the real efficacy of murder in Ireland lies in the terror it creates. Nothing can more clearly demonstrate this than the fact that very frequently the man singled out for assassination is neither a severe landlord nor a cruel taskmaster, nor is he one generally unpopular in his neighbourhood. As in the case which occurred a few months back,—Mr. Baker was a man well liked by the people, and reputed to be humane and kindly in all his dealings. The system, however, looks higher than the individual; and the result aimed at is such an amount of panic as may teach other landlords that they hold their properties by the most precarious of all tenures, and that all the prescription of title-deeds is not proof against the argument of the bullet.

I do not believe that throughout the length and breadth of Europe you will find a more fearless and gallant race of gentlemen than the landlords of Ireland. With facts of individual bravery which are known to me I could fill a volume; and I lay stress on the point because I am fully persuaded that, were these men as a class cruel, oppressive, or tyrannical, they never would have been able to maintain that courage we have seen them exhibit amidst perils

such as few are called on to encounter. Nothing but the consciousness of a good cause could have sustained them in such emergency as they have been placed in; for it is not alone the hand of the assassin they have to dread, but the force of a public feeling directed against them, with all the power of a hostile press; and they have to stand up and meet the imputation that to them and their treatment of the peasantry all the ills of Ireland are ascribable—that but for them and their grinding exactions there would be neither crime nor misery—that it is they who make the Irish difficulty, and that in the cruel assertion of their rights they have damaged the respect men should accord to law, and made the whole country ungovernable.

So long as the denunciations against them were only uttered by the local papers, so long as the sympathies with the defiant tenant were only extended by the organs of the rebellious press, which looks to calumny for its circulation, the landlords, sore-pressed and peril-bound as they were, still looked to England—the source of all law or order in the land—to maintain them in those rights which are the very foundation of property; but when they discovered that powerful journals which form and fashion public opinion in the empire took part against them, holding up as warning example individuals exceptionally cruel, and denouncing special cases as though they were specimens of a system—then, indeed, they appear to have lost heart, and the “ultima ratio” of the murderer gained an augmented force from that current of popular sympathy which loved to expatiate on the sufferings of the evicted tenant, but never wasted a thought on an impoverished landlord or a ruined gentry.

We have had some years of this now, and the result is not only an amount of crime only to be equalled by the darkest annals of Whiteboyism, but a degree of terror and apprehension throughout the land, to which no living man's memory can record anything the equal.

The Irish press does not condescend to be any longer apologetic for the crime of the country. It openly adduces the cases as they occur as the evidences of a system for which the people themselves have found out the cure; and a great English orator has only bewailed the geographical difficulty of Ireland, and declared that, with less proximity to England, the remedy of her ills had been completely in the hands of an avenging people.

Now, so long as these were the mere utterances of a very degraded press, or the impassioned outbursts of an after-dinner eloquence, insulting as they were, and unfair, they might yet be endured; but it is harder to bear them when we see them lifted to the elevation of a creed, and declared to be the basis of a Governmental policy.

A popular cant of the day declares that, to rule Ireland with success, the country must be administered with distinct reference to the feelings and ways of Irishmen. From various writers on the subject, Englishmen have learned that there are special peculiarities in this people which are unknown amongst their own; not that I believe they in the least understand what these peculiarities are, where they exist, or what they point to; and it is the Irishman of the stage, or of Punch, or, worse again, of Mr. Senior, who is in their thoughts, and not that composite Paddy who has more of good and bad welded together in his nature than any other human being in creation. Their ideal Pat, however, serves their purpose, though he be as like the real living Irishman as the turbaned Cockney of a fancy ball is like the impassive

dweller on the Bosphorus. To study this ideal personage—to imagine his instincts, divine his tendencies, and analyse his passions, would appear to be now the favourite task of our rulers; and in the spirit of that maxim that declares "who rules o'er freemen should himself be free," they have come to believe that to legislate for Ireland in an Irish spirit entails an unscrupulous contempt for everything that Englishmen cherish, and an open declaration, that to the west of St. George's Channel the rights of property have no other existence than such as may consist with the claims of party and the security of office.

A careful study of their Irishman has shown him to be the most bigoted and intolerant of all Catholics. What so likely, then, to gratify the fervent believer in his creed as the downfall and disgrace of the Church which opposed him? An equally acute investigation of Irish instincts has proved that the grievance of landlordism is remediable by the bullet, and the panic of an organised assassination has at length paralysed the power of the proprietor. Why not adapt this ingenious system, then, to the wants of Government, and make terror a weapon of administration? Confiscation of the Church property may well hint to landlords what awaits them if they will persist in the iniquity of demanding rent. The generous treatment which respected life-interests in the one case may possibly be transferred to the other. Who knows but by a stretch of liberality their "edifices" may be accorded to them, and on some favoured night of the session, when royal highnesses and illustrious visitors crowd the galleries of the House, the great rhetorician of the age will declare that the tenure of land in Ireland only needs Voluntarism to receive a stimulus which shall develop all the excellent qualities of the people, and make this country

the paradise nature had intended it?

The present Government has declared that it is the only one which ever really felt for the wrongs of Ireland. All previous Administrations—Whig and Tory alike—have been satisfied with that hand-to-mouth legislation which tries to deal with the grievances of the hour—that palliative system that never attempts to probe the wound to the bottom, nor assumes to confer a radical cure.

These are very high pretensions; and certainly if we only regard the powerful nature of the remedies employed, one cannot deny that the doctors are in earnest. As for Ireland herself, she has been so long the subject of treatment, and with remedies so various and often contradictory, that she only follows the traditional lot of the invalid in coming at last to the quack.

The present Cabinet, however, goes farther than mere claiming to be the first that ever sympathised with Ireland. It also assumes to be original in its plans; and it is this I deny, and this pretension that I now desire to stigmatise as a plagiarism.

To ascertain how the Irish would wish to be dealt with, our rulers have set themselves to see how the Irish deal with themselves; and this inquiry shows that Pat, having tried many things, has found nothing that answers his purpose like TERROR! The denunciation from the altar, the threatening notice, the warning nailed on the hall door, with a coffin at the top, the intimation to quit a new tenure or—, are all modes which aspire to considerable success. The denounced man in Ireland would not be an Irishman if he did not read in any misfortune that befel him the accomplishment of the curse pronounced on him; and thus it is that every possible accident of human life swells the list of penalties invoked on the ill-doer.

Didn't he get the palsy for it?

didn't his daughter die of the fever? didn't the smut come on his wheat? are the common expressions that show how the people connect injury with vengeance, and recognise the decrees of Providence as an agent to vindicate their wrongs.

Terror in one shape or other is the motive principle of Irish life. The landlord withholds the lease that he may have the threat of eviction, and the peasant shoots the landlord to make his successor more amenable to argument; and this system of Terror, organised and disciplined to a high perfection, the Liberals have stolen, and proclaim they alone have found out the original method to deal with Ireland.

Their language to the peasant—I mean the language of that pacification on which they pride themselves—may be stated thus: We see the admirable use you have made of TERROR; we recognise in it a great governmental principle; and we own the admirable success it has been attended with. Still, as physicians are reluctant to employ remedies which of themselves are baneful influences, and do not like to cure even ague by arsenic, we on similar grounds object to the bullet, heroic remedy though it be, for Irish wrongs; and we would then suggest that you would leave the TERRORISING to us! We have already disendowed the Church. Are the landlords of Ireland so stupid, think you, as not to see that once we have gone so far we can go further? It was no easy matter, one might suppose, to reconcile a British Parliament to an Act of Confiscation; but we have hit upon happy times, and in this political millennium the old Whig lies down with the Radical. If the proprietors of Irish property are not alarmed now, they must be more or less than human. Here is an Establishment linked to the very hearts of all that was loyal in Ireland—the strongest

bond that bound them to England, the main condition of the Act of Union, the refuge against the aggressions and extravagances of an intolerant Church, swept away by the triumphant vote of a party, whose elements, like those of a street mob, all agreed on destruction, and yet have no other tie between them. Must not estated proprietors see that, if pacification "call for it," they may be meted by the like measure? The Government that would introduce such a policy need not fear that worst of all political jibes—they cannot be called pedlars in politics. It will be assuredly a "great measure;" the bon-fires on a thousand hills that will hail the "first reading" will show the gratitude of that warm-hearted and oppressed people, who at length have found the man to understand Ireland and sympathise with Irishmen. The mighty newspaper, that rules public opinion, cannot but sustain a policy to which their ablest leaders have so long pointed. All who are sick

of Ireland, tired of her importunity, and wearied and worried by the contradictions of her condition, all these will be delighted to know that here at length is finality. There can surely come nothing after extinction.

No small merit will it be, besides, to the Premier to outbid Mr. Bright, and leave him halting lamely behind him. How meanly will any measure of leasehold or tenant-right seem beside the grand bill that sweeps away the proprietor like the parson, and tells him "that his mission has proved a failure;" that the happiness of a people is of more account than the "integrity of a system;" that there were two barren fig-trees in Ireland, and that he is one of them;—in fact, that he was the last remnant of a penal law which the enlightenment of the age repudiated, and that the hand of the clock can be no longer held back, in which Ireland must be treated with justice, and Irishmen be the owners of their own soil!

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